A Few of My Favorite Things

by karrenia_rune

Summary

When he gets a little downtime, the White Rabbit discovers that it sometimes helps to itemize things and do a little bit of reflecting.
Whatever Will Be, Will Be

Disclaimer: Alice in Wonderland is the original creation of Lewis Carroll and whomever owns his estate now; as are the characters who inhabit that particular 'verse'; they are not mine.

"A Few of My Favorite Things" by Karen

A certain degree of decorum was expected of all court envoys; that was only logical taking into consideration that sloughing off would not only represent badly on the individual but on the envoy and messenger of the court.

"Just think how it would reflect badly on the court itself should word of the disgrace get back to them."

Rumor like the proverbial wildfire spread quickly these days; but there were times when the White Rabbit could learn that particular trick of the White Queen used to travel so quickly; however, he was well aware that as a low-level functionary that such a mode of rapid transit was a privilege reserved for the royalty.

The satchel that he had slung over his shoulder upon setting out that evening had worn a creased groove in shoulders of his white tunic, but he could not afford the luxury of stopping and rearranging the lay of the satchel bag to ease the discomfort and repair the damage to his garments.

With his free hand the White Rabbit reached down and pulled out an old-fashioned, finely-crafted pocket watch and consulted its delicate whirling hands by the light of of the waning day. Studying the time-keeping watch that dangling by its chain he sighed and stuffed back into its case and then back inside his cloak.

"Late again, "he sighed and squaring his shoulders rocked back and forth on his heels, considering, "So, what else is new?" Tilting his head back he looked up at the sky and grinned, reflecting as he did so:

"One should be content with what one has," the White Rabbit remarked to no one in particular as he confidently stepped forward skirting a prickly hedge and then back once more to the paved roadway, and warming to his topic, he continued in a more philosophical bent, "and one should be wishing for things that one lacks and has no way means of acquiring."

He chuckled and increased his pace, realizing that she should take advantage of the light before it faded completely and would be forced to find shelter for the evening.
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'You know what they say about hindsight; it gives one perfect clarity of vision when it is far too late to do anything about a given situation. On the one hand that is too limiting a definition especially in world such as the one we live in.

One should be cautious when applying narrowing definitions; after all, one should avoid making assumptions shortly after undertaking a task, with the mistaken belief that one has all the answers.

Even our heroine; our beloved little girl, Alice, shared that touch of naiveté but to be fair, she questioned just about everything that she heard, was told and experienced wandering through the quaint and just a tad be eccentric landscape of our world.

However, if we have learned anything for the privilege of having known her than it there is a lesson and a caution for you, and no mistake.

I could have told the principals in this tale that if anyone had asked for my opinion on the matter; but of course, did they? Of course, they did not, and it that is to be expected. I was only the messenger, the catalyst, the beginning of the story. But every story leaves room for more than one interpretation.

There is also the as yet unanswerable question if the events which were recounted did in point of fact actually take place, or where simply the product of the Red King's dream in which Alice, having slipped into the dream within a dream, took part going from pawn to queen in the space of approximately twelve to thirteen moves.

In my capacity as messenger and courier, the scope of my expertise does lend itself to interpreting dreams, real or imaginary; I cannot give you the answer to that one. I should leave that to wiser heads then mine.

Dream or not, there is one thing that is uppermost in my mind, it has and will to continue to leave its indelible impression on all of those caught up in it, and no mistake.

As he filed his report the White Rabbit, allowed himself a smile thinning of his lips, hiding for a brief moment the his incisors, sometimes it was good to be the observer, to be the one on the outside looking in, rather than on the main stage. It was at the instant that he felt some if not all of the resentment at having been left out, of having his opinion ignored in favor of others, slip away.

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