Title: On Building Sand Castles
Fandom: Alice in Wonderland, general book series
Characters: the Walrus and the Carpenter
Rating: general audiences
Prompt: #04 sand, Table 1

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"On Building Sand Castles" by Karen

They could later say that they had been spurred on by the fervor of their own imaginations and after a good long breakfast of tomato, cheese and green pepper omelets.

After breakfast the Carpenter had gathered borrowed a wheelbarrow from his neighbor, the blacksmith and had proceeded to load with all manner of equipment regardless of either its suitability or its condition.

His wife watched all of this activity with a frown furrowing her brow and hands planted firmly on her hips; however, she said nothing and eventually continued with her chores around the house.
He finished loading the wheelbarrow and spitting on his hands and squaring his shoulders, bent down, grabbed the handlebars and lift.

Proceeding down the narrow cobbled street of their small village the Carpenter whistled a tuneless but merry song as he followed the path that led down to the seashore where he had prearranged for his friend, the Walrus to meet with him. Their previous discussion had fired his imagination and his was eager to attempt a bold experiment.

It was now getting towards the midpoint of the day and the sun was now almost level with the treetops.

Meanwhile, at the edge of the sea the Walrus sat waiting for his friend the pounding surf lapping at his hind flippers. He looked up at the sun wondering if maybe just maybe they may have made a miscalculation somewhere along the way.

After all, there were entirely too many variables that could go wrong while they were in the midst of conducting their experiment; just look at all that sand, and the wind, if his sensitive nose and delicate whiskers were reliable indicators, the wind this morning blew in from the northeast and could in all likelihood change at its own whim, making the entire project considerably more difficult.

With his flippers he could not very well hold onto any of the human-made tools, could he, no there were simply way too many variables and as soon as his friend, the Carpenter arrived he would tell him so, straightaway and no bones about it, that's the ticket," thought the Walrus as he blew out his whiskers. In the back of his mind, he thought, "there really is much, too much sand for the two of us to, after all, sand is sand, is it not?"

Aloud he said, "Maybe we would better off making use of the element instead of trying to get rid of it."

Just as he finished saying this the Carpenter's lanky frame and a rather sheepish-looking face popped up over the hill followed by the rest of him and the wheelbarrow, his face bathed in sweat.

"Greetings, my friend."

"Good morning," replied the Walrus.

"It would seem that our thoughts run parallel to each other," said the Carpenter.

"Indeed, replied the Walrus waving one flipper in the air. "I was having second thoughts about conducting our experiment and I was just about to mention it to you when you arrived."

"Sand Castles?" the Carpenter asked in a tone that made it more of a statement than a question allowing the handlebars of the wheelbarrow to slip from his sweating hands and then sank to a seat on the sandy shore with a sigh.

"Sand Castles, the Walrus nodded, "We certainly have plenty of building material from which to choose from."

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