We're All Mad Here (and sometimes I Wonder About You)

by karrenia_rune

Summary

Are there alternating degrees of crazy in the world underground and how can one tell what they are?

Title: We're All Crazy Here (and Sometimes I Wonder About You)
Fandom: Alice in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass-general book series
Author: karrenia
Character: the Jack of Hearts, the King of Hearts
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48/50
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It is said that crazy is as crazy does. If that were held true then sanity or its counterpart could well be said to be in the eye of the beholder. Even as he made yet another mark on the wall of his cell, marking the passage of the sun’s downward track from one side of the chamber to the another; which meant that at least five days and nights had now elapsed since his punishment had been decreed, the Jack of Hearts realized that he felt that it had become the kind of punishment that no longer fit the crime.

It also had become the kind of joke, that no one even found remotely amusing any more.

He had tried to keep his anger and frustration at bay by whistling and singing, the guards who stood or rather slumped at attention outside of his cell door, had by now tired of brusquely
ordering him to shut up and had adopted that ever so slightly dazed look that guards adopted that was a cross between bored and attentive.

The Jack of Hearts dropped the piece of charcoal that he’d been using to write on the stone walls and sat down with his legs crossed underneath him, rocking back and forth in a rhythmic fashion.

“I am not wrong, nor I am crazy because then we’re all crazy and sometimes I wonder about our dear majesty, as well.”

“You are not wrong,” another voice answered him, but then one the one hand he had not been addressing anyone else because he meant it to be a rhetorical question; and on the other, he had carried other conversations since he’d been locked up, to the point where it no longer mattered if he answered himself or not.

“How so?” he asked.

“Because I’ve had time to consider it,” the other voice replied, and it was quickly followed by the voice’s owner thrusting his head past the sleeping figures of the guards. “My dear wife, is a wonder and a marvel but she does get shall we say, over-wrought at times. You, my dear boy, have suffered long enough, so you are, I am happy to say, a free man!”

“About time,” muttered the Jack of Hearts. “I was going absolutely stir-crazy in here!”

“Stir-crazy? I hadn’t heard of that form of craziness,” replied the King of Hearts, but then

I suppose that in this world of ours it does take all kinds.” With that he removed the door to the cell from one of his pockets and thrust into the keyhole, jiggling it around and around until it the tumblers in the lock gave with a snick and a snap, and the door sprung open.

The Jack of Hearts got up and strode out, all the while to the bemusement of the half-sleeping guards.

“Oh, I feel better already!” But aren’t you going to get into trouble with Her Majesty?” he inquired of the King of Hearts.

“Don’t worry your head none about that, sonny,” replied the King of Hearts. “I have got it covered.”

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