

Views of a Sinner

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This is Alice's older mature story retold, in a different format. Rewritten, but story left unharmed. Nothing has been touched about our loved story, but I wished to push the barrier on our Alice. I wanted to see how much she felt about this, let us

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http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Cheshire_Of_Doom/8212/Views-of-Sinner

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Book 1

Sanity Reveled, Hopelessness Discarded

For years my imagination cradled me;

In its warm arms I would sleep,

Until the day the cradle made its last creak.

It was then that I fell with a loud thud,

Against the snow ridden mud.

The world around me grew frightfully dark,

Never again would I hear the angels golden harp.

Now I lay here shrouded in my red stained covers.

My thoughts constantly on my father and mother.

Like pictures embedded into my mind,

Oh how I wish at times that the mind were blind.

Outside a hectic storm blazes

The dark clouds that loom overhead stare at me with confused faces,

And the black roses on my window seal constantly mock me with laughter.

Do they all not know that I am there master?

Now I can hear muffled footsteps,

Clip Clop Clip Clop,

Like the sound of brass horse shoes.

My door begins to open with a slight creak

And the light comes in to cover the bleak.

The nurse, the nurse, oh how I despise that bloody nurse!

Her heart is wicked and her intentions are mad,

Sometimes I think that she should lie in this slag.

Beneath her hefty arm lies a small white rabbit,

It comes back to me like a bad habit.

She smiles at me; her teeth are large and white,

I feel as if she is getting ready to take a bite.

She lifts my arm and places the doll in my care,

Her hands then find their way through my long brown hair.

I sneer at her and she quickly steps back,

I want to rear up and give her a smack.

Watch her blood tumble to the floor,

But I'm not the mad, not like that, no more.

The small rabbit warms the side of my arm,

I could never cause such a creature any type of harm.

My mind begins to wander as the nurse closes my door,

This rabbit I know I've seen him before,

I remember those days long past

Like a sailing ship with a tall mast

My heart used to ache for that place...

The place I called "Wonderland".

Against my arm I can feel a soft heart beat,

I am afraid to look for I may shriek.

A small voice whispers into my ear

"Come back Alice, Please help us my dear."

Now I know that I am not dreaming,

For the real world is still surely screaming.

My eyes lock onto the small doll,

When I see its eroded face I quickly let it fall.

Against the tiled floor it lands with a crash,

I begin to feel dirty, misplaced like a piece of trash.

Tears begin to form in my eyes

How long I have forgotten wonderland, no wonder they must call for me, its no surprise.

Tea parties and Croquet games

The smell of pepper, and the soft fur of the Cheshire cat.

Anxious rabbits and questioning caterpillars.

Oh how I long for those days,

When the world was young

And souls had yet to be hung.

My hands quickly grab the discarded doll

I hold it tightly to my chest

I can feel its small puffs of breath

The doll I place at my side as I begin to close my water filled eyes

I'm coming back for you Wonderland,

For today I have been reminded of what I left behind

My sanity is there still young in its prime.

Today is my unbirthday

And what a great one it has been.

Maybe now I can finally pull in the win.

Small glimmers of hope lie at my side,

And it is with that which I hold my pride.

May all who oppose me know they are next,

Their bodies will surely lie among the rest.

Wonderland here I come, though I know you're my only escape

I can't help but feel that you've become like a dried grape.

Left out in the sun to long they mold to its whim.

Hopefully that has not happened to you... hopefully not when...

