Short Story

Where Is Wonderland? Who Is Neverland?

*Mahdieh Kheradmand**

Once upon a time, in Kensington Garden, Alice jumped out of a bush while she was chasing a nasty white rabbit and suddenly bumped into a boy who used to be called Peter Pan by his lost boys and nasty pirates. But there were no pirates left behind or no lost boy lingering around so no one called him Peter Pan anymore. Peter Pan had been searching for a lost boy for years, but unfortunately, parents became more cautious and so Peter left alone in Kensington Garden without adventure or a fairy. Poor dear Peter. Alice was thirsty and sick and tired of chasing the nasty little bunny, so she offered the strange boy who used to be called Peter Pan some tea and biscuits. He sat near Alice to have his tea with biscuits in the middle of the night and listened to her charming words about the Red Queen, her soldiers and Alice's nice adventure in Wonderland. What a lovely word it is, adventure. Alice talked and talked and Peter only talked while they had their cold tea and biscuits. Whereas dear Alice drank her tea with Mad Hatter's cake, cakes?! We had a biscuit, not a cake, wondered Alice, well, cake or biscuit, it doesn't matter. She gave an offer to Peter, why not trade our worlds? Really, why not?!

While the clock struck twelve, Alice and Peter decided to trade their worlds, leading on an adventure they would never forget for the rest of their lives. Of course, none of them forget their adventures, ever. Peter was bored. There were no lost boys, no Hooks with his pirates, and even Tinkerbell was dead a long time ago, and Peter couldn't remember them at all. In fact, he couldn't remember anything or anyone except that he was bored to death, and no adventure was alive in Neverland anymore. Alice was sick and tired of white rabbit, becoming tall and short, Wonderland's maddening madness, and its abnormality made her heat the roof. So why not?! Let's have a little fun, let's shake hands and fly to shining stars and jump into the deep black hole in the heart of the muddy earth. Really, why not?!

Alice flew to the dark sky with shining stars and bright Milky Way and then second to the right and straight on till morning; Peter chased the white Rabbit to its hole and then fell into the darkness, searching for what was hidden among white rabbit's thousand shelves. Alice passed the bright stars and said hello to the moon,

who says hello to the moon except the Mad Hatter, and saw a lovely island covered with huge trees and a smell she couldn't remember. Hold on, where was she? Why was she flying? Who was she?... And dear Peter was chasing the white rabbit for an hour and, in the end, dirty and tired, sat under a huge tree. It was embarrassing. Peter Pan the pirate killer, and father of natives, lost a little bunny, what a shame. The poor white rabbit searched for Peter and politely guided him to its hole on the ground. Peter jumped like a lost boy into the darkness and fell down down down down down down and again down down down down … Alice landed on Neverland and wondered where she was, why she was what she was who she was wh… Ouch! pain ran through her shoulder, blood covered her blue dress. Someone hit her with something sharp and painful; she couldn't remember the name of the sharp thing. Oh, it is an arrow and these sounds belong to Indians, she guessed. Alice ducked, another sharp thing, more another sharp thing. Why, how, when? Alice had no idea what was happening except that she needed to run to the woods to get out of the woods … At this time, Peter was still falling down down down and down; boring, where was the adventure? Where was Tinkerbell? Where was Wendy? Why did Peter find his lost memory? …. Indians ran toward her, no one said anything about them, wondered Alice, wait a minute who is this no one? wondered Alice again. Alice, poor dear little Alice really missed Cheshire with its smile and Hatter with his hat, oh, dear white deer, wait was it a deer or something else? wondered Alice. No time for wondering, wondered Alice and then jumped and ran with her bloody shoulder…. Meanwhile, Peter eventually reached the land and faced the doors, oh my God, Peter had no adventure at all. He ate a piece of stale cake with a musty taste, he drank something disgusting. He grew and shrunk and still had no adventure except talking to a mouse… Alice ran and Indians chased… Finally, after eight hours Peter opened a door to Wonderland, what a halcyon world, something was wrong, wondered Peter, where was adventure? Why did he remember? … Oh, my goodness, bloody Alice and chasing Indians… Opened the door and entered the beautiful garden. Welcome to Wonderland, Peter Pan, said Cheshire with his smile ear to ear… Wounded Alice hid under bushes while Chasing Indians chased phantom Alice… What a world, what a life. What a bored. Peter of Wonderland met Cheshire and Caterpillar, unfortunately he wasn't a kind of a boy who stood and listened to other people's advice, or, more specifically, their gibberish. All his life, he had Alzheimer, like an old man, and only looked for adventure. Yes, adventure. Now, where was the adventure in Wonderland? He searched everywhere to find the Red Queen and her soldiers, where are you Red Queen, where are you hiding, soldiers?

Let's have an adventure… Meanwhile, Alice of Neverland was wounded, hungry and had forgotten everything and everyone, even herself, lying emotionless under the bushes of some exotic flowers… Peter was shocked, he remembered every year, month and day that he had been living all these years; he remembered all events that had happened in those years. Oh my God, I have to be a fossil, wondered Peter of Wonderland. He stopped remembering and wondering, first adventure and then remembering the past, wondered Peter… Poor Alice, she wasn't dead already but she was alone and had forgotten by herself, she didn't remember a single past, just a fading smile with a long tale …Now, fighting, kicking, beating, biting, cutting, blood, wound and then handcuffed. Peter's adventure ended very soon. He was arrested by soldiers and then the Red Queen shouted "Off with his head", then his head rolling on the ground of Wonderland… Meanwhile, poor Alice closed her eyes and her heart stopped beating. Goodbye Alice, goodbye Peter. No one can go to your lovely worlds now. They will be forgotten and will only be words written by authors to earn decent money. No one can ever reach Neverland and Wonderland again, what a shame. Poor dear Alice and Peter, they didn't even have a chance to write new stories or books with fascinating titles. Even their new adventures in new old worlds aren't long enough to be a novella or a long short story; oh dear, they didn't even have an adventure, what a pity. Well, we have nothing else to say except goodbye Wonderland, goodbye Neverland. Goodbye Forever and Ever.

*Postgraduate in English Language and Literature, Ershad Damavnd University, Tehran, Iran. Email: mkh70705@gmail.com

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