

# An Abridged Wonderland

Von Midnight

## Down the Rabbit Hole

*"And, so they wrote it down, when they carried her coffin along the graveyard so they could burry young Merritlein they suddenly heard a noise out of it - as if someone was scratching on the wood. Disturbed they let down the coffin and opened it. Out climbed the girl. Pale as the moon, dressed in her white burrial-dress with the petite crown on her head. She rose a last time and gazed over her surroundings. One last time she looked at the man who tortured her to her end.....than she died.....The people say, on some nights when the moon is hidden and the stars wont shine - a night like tonight - when you walk through the forest you can still hear her silent song."*

He spoke it and the wind started to rush through the dark trees that surrounded the camp of the little group. And really, they could hear a voice. The soft voice of a child humming playfully - and so disturbingly.

*"Lalalalala.....lalalalalala....."*

Bakura inspected the faces of his fourheaded audience. In every face either a surprised ore disturbed expression. The pale man lifted down the flashlight and smirked satisfied.

"You know.....I wish, you could see your stupid faces right now!", he breathed while he rested his forehead in one palm, chuckling sadisticly.

His tanned friend on the other side of the fire rose up to whole sitting-size while his expression changed from shock into his typical ranting face.

"You mean old bitch!", Marik shrieked offended, "You cheated! You used your friggin' ring!"

The spirit tilted his head and attempted to look innocent - really hard work for him though.

"Cheating?! ME?!", he cooed, blinking with wide, red eyes.

"Cu' the crap, Moggy. You always cheat", his other opponent interrupted. Akefia sat up from his casual position a bit more to have a better look at his friend. Softly he stroke his white snake Diabound out of the colourless hair while he continued:

"You used that ol' thing around your neck to make the bloody sound. Not really your newest trick, y'know?"

"Doh, sod off, Keff! You only don't want to confess that you actually shit your bloody pants aswell!", Bakura pouted.

"Pff, sure thing. You see me shaking in intimidation", the Thiefking replied full of sarcasm, "Seriously, Moggy, your jokes are grimmer tales than tha'."

"Get lost! I saw your bloody expression-"

"What a romantic tale", came the sight from Akefias lap that interrupted the argument.

Both, spirit and thief gazed down, looking irritated at Melvin whose head still rested in Akefias lap smirking dreamy up to them.

Akefia shoke his head. "Seriously.....a bloody grim tale is a turn on for you?!", he muttered, earning only a goofy grin from the psychopath on his crotch.

"You're a freak, Mel!", he sighted, though a small grin escaped him meanwhile.

"As if it wasn't one for you, dear. And don't lie to me! I'm on the right positon to know the truth", Melvin cooed, snuggling his head closer to the other mans crotch, making him tremble a bit.

"Freeeeak!", the thief repeated with a smirk, lowerd his head and stroke Melvins lips with his own - wich grow to a passionate kiss pretty soon.

Bakura rolled his eyes.

"Fine!", Marik commented, only shortly interrupted from a deep yawn of his, "Another humping break for them. Jeez, as if we would spend the day with friggin bunnys, eh Ryou?!"

The egyptian turned to me - and froze a bit.

There I sat, my knees still by my chest, my gaze in the fire before us. Still I trembled. I couldn't joyn Akefias oppinion. Really couldn't. That whole tale, that poor girl abused by that priest, burried allive after her mind eventually fade away, and than that childs voice, dancing around in the night, now burned into my brain.....I was horrified....

Marik blinked surprised and crept a bit closer to me.

"You're alright, Ryou?", he asked, wich also woke my alter egos attention. He stood up walking around the fire to me and inspected me with his crimson eyes.

"O come on host, really? I choosed one of my weaker ones just because you are around!", he grumbled, making me lower my gaze in embarresment.

"Fluffy!", Marik whined, "You shouldn't be to rough to him. I mean.....I also was scared.....uhm.....a bit you know!" One tanned hand came to a rest on my shoulder. Shiely I looked up to the blound who stroke my back in comfort.

"That's okay, Limeyman, you don't wanna know what these freaks tried to scare the crap out of me at the beginning.", Marik continued cheerfully, "Hey, Bakura! Remember that time when Melvin posted that creepy comic-thingy on my laptop? And you stalked my emailaccount in order to put a prank in and found it and opened it!"

"Sure....I stalked your account for a prank.", Bakura grumbled, making me smile a bit after I knew what he actually was up to.

"And you where like: "Huh? What a shitty comic. The grafic is so awfull. Why does that wanker post such bollocks", and than you scrolled down the comic and than that face of that murderer turned and you squeeked around like a five year old girl and made me fall out of the bed. Thought you ran into the mousetrap again - why do we need a mousetrap anyway?! After we have a kittykat."

"We don't have a cat, Marik!"

"Off course we have! You are the cat, Bakura. Friggin deal with it, kitty.....Huh, Akefia also sounds like kitty though. I mean listen to that! He purrs!"

"Get lost, Hikari! That's my kittykat!", Melvin yelled, before he continued snuggling with the Thiefking who grumbled a bit under that comment.

I let out a tiny sight while I had to smile over that charming bunch of freaks. I knew it from the point on where Bakura told me about the midnight picnic they were planning that it would be difficult for me. My boyfriend also warned me, offered me

to have another cushy evening with him at his castle instead. But this one time, this bloody one time I wanted to be a part of them. More than only a host and Hikari. They are my friends and my family now. Though it sounds awkward. I can trust them, way more than I ever could trust into Yugi and his group. There I always was on the outside. Marik and Florence are different and so are Melvin and Akefia. Hell, yes they are thieves and psychopaths and criminals, nerds, freaks, murderer and the buggery knows what else. But they have always been there for me and I lost my heart to them.

So I wanted to join them. I wanted to sit around in this bloody, creepy forest with them, drinking tea, eating sandwiches and tell creepy tales with them. That's why I rose up from my intimidated position, smiled nervously while I softly stroke down Marik's hand from my shoulder and said:

"Please don't be bothered by me, chaps! I'm alright. The story only was....pretty good."

"Sure....it was my story. So what else did you expect from the personated darkness?!", Bakura shrugged while he sat down on the blanket next to me. I felt his dark glare inspecting me still secretly a bit worried.

I chuckled shyly.

"Nothing else of course. I'm only insecure what I can tell at all after your tale.", I explained softly.

The spirit tilted his head. "Actually I was expecting the Raven or some Tim Burton tale from you or something similar."

"But you already know those! I don't want to bore you I.....wellll.....", I blushed a bit while my fingers were playing around with the fabric of the blanket I was sitting at. Bakura looked at me with a curious gaze. He blinked a few times, then eventually he seemed to realize what I wanted to say and let out a horse chuckle.

"You want to scare me?", he completed my sentence teasingly.

I coughed embarrassed. "Uhm....well at least to surprise you"

"Well, good luck with that, host.", he grinned, giving me a soft push. I tensed a bit, though I knew it was his attempt to show me comfort.

I watched him creeping closer to the fire to look after the water for the tea.

"Well, at least you should have enough time to think, limeyman.", Marik commented amused while wipping in his seat beside me, "they need hours for their friggin boiling balley anyway."

"Days at least", Bakura grumbled while he put the tea in the boiling water. "Though what had you expected from your alter ego anyway, Marik? When he's not running around with his bloody chainsaw chasing rabbits he humps Akefia. And after I confessed the saw so the police won't bother again like the last time....well.....pants down for the big bloody gangbang."

He sounded jealous somehow. Poor old Florence. I knew he suffered by the fact that Marik was actually deaf on that ear. Still I was insecure if he just didn't get my dear friend's affection for him or if he simply wanted to torture him. Today I know it was the second anyway. Back then though he still made a secret out of it, while he said: "As I told you, he is the gay one." and I could see a bit of a hurt smile sneaking over the spirit's face.

"The point is more that he is as mad as a hatter", he replied smirking.

"Doh, you're the mad hatter, Florence!", Melvin yelled between his attempts to wrestle down the Thiefking in their affected little battle.

"Urgh....whatever. Can't you fuck faster?! The tea is almost done, you bloody yunks!"

"We're not fucking, you old pervy!", Akefia deffended while he pinned his opponents face in the gras beneath them, "Actually we-"

"I don't care! Get done with it!"

"Killjoy!", Melvin commented while he rolled over his friend torturing his stomach with tickeling fingers.

Bakura rolled his eyes muttering something about "a bloody flea circus", though I could hear in his voice they actually amused him. I softly shoke my head leaning myself back. My thought ran circles in my mind, searching for a tale. There had to be something. Something he didn't know allready. Damnit, anything! I wanted to see my dear friend widening his eyes in true surprise. I wanted to impress him. Something.....something.....Pit and the Pendulum.....bollocks, no Poe! Edgar Allan Poe was his favorite writer, that could never surprise him.....Gejatter and Jack.....first book of blood.....no way! He buyed me that as a christmas present. For sure he had allready read it.....he knew the Ring.....the tale from that Hitler time travel thing aswell.....

I sighted in disappointment. I would never find a good plot.

*Tick Tock Tick Tock.....*

Surprised I rosed up again. What was that noise?! It sounded like a clock. But neither I nor the others had one that could actually tick.

Curiously I looked around.....and there he was. Walking up and down confused nearby my blankett, scanning the ground with worried hazel eyes as if he had lost something - and he actually looked exactly like my boyfriend. The only diffrence: He had long white ears.

Astouned I stood up, unseen by my friends who where busy with themselves at the moment, and I carefully stepped closer to the confused man.

"Uhm.....Pegasus? Is that you?", I asked shiely.

My opponent yelped in surprise turning around and gazed me a bit afraid.

"Don't move!", he shrieked. Quickly inspectingy me with hunted eyes.

"W-what? Why?!"

"You could step on my clock! My poor little thing! I must have dropped it here somewhere!", he explained hasty, now scanning the ground again.

"Your clock? I didn't know you have one."

"Say, Sir, do we know each other?",

"Well.....after you ask.....it doesn't seem so. Though....you look like someone I know very well. I do beg your pardon for my mistake, Sir."

"Oh, that's okay, young man. With such fine manners like yours I can excuse every- OH SWEET CAROTTE JUICE! THERE IT IS!"

The man who looked like my boyfriend with bunny-ears interrupted our little smalltalk with a loud shriek and jumped down on his knees. With careful fingers he fished something shiny up from the wet gras and snuggled it to his chest.

"Oh, there you are! Oh, my poor little baby! What luck!", he cooed affected softly stroking the gras from the metal."

With caution I stepped closer. "Your clock, Sir?"

"Exactly!", the longeared male cheered happily as he turned to me and opened the little pocket clock that now rested in his hands. "Huh, for once I have luck. I'm lost without my clock after I have such an unfabulous sense for time. I always have the feeling, I was to-"

He froze as he looked down on the clock.

"Late....."

His face grew pale.

"Sweet liberatio!", he whined shocked quickly putting the clock back in his pocket.

"LATE! Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, oh dear! The Queen will behead me! I'm so horribly late! LATE!"

And with that he started to run into the woods. A blink later I was on my feet aswell.

The middle of the night in a dark creepy forest a man-bunny-hybrid appears with a large pocketclock bluthering about a queen that beheads people for beeing late - looking like my boyfriend by the way. That's it! My curiosity blew out my mind and I couldn't do else than chasing that weird fellow.

"W-wait! What are you talking about? What queen? Elizabeth II. you cannot mean see is such a fine- damnit, wait for me! MISTER RABBIT!", I screamed after him. He didn't care though. So I kept running. The fact I was leaving the savety and warmth of the camp, running mindlessly in the darkness didn't bother me at this moment. The Hunt had just begun!

At some point I stopped counting, how often I tripped and almoust fell and how often branches hit my cheeks while I ran after that blasted rabbit like some lunatic. Then I couldn't see him anymore in the dark. That damn bugger was pretty fast after all. Only his repeating screaming "I'm late! I'm late! I'm late!" made me not lose my longeared target. Suddenly even his voice disappeared in the dark. Next I tripped and I fell and there were no bottom anymore so I kept falling and screaming in fear.....than I must have past out.

When I opened my eyes again I sat on a floor patterned like a chessboard above me a large rabbithole. No clue of the Bunny-hybrid....