



**A Special Place
by Vienna. Age 13
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I had always been jealous of Alice and her Wonderland. Green with envy.

It's stupid really, how a real, breathing person can be so covetous of a fictional being that exists purely in the letters and pages of a book. But how could I not be? Alice had a land so mystical, so mysterious, so utterly different from the boring life she led. The world had animals that could speak, cakes and drinks that make you grow smaller or taller and people so unorthodox and enchanting; it made it so very hard not to be jealous.

How come Alice got to escape from her dreadful life and I got stuck in place with mine?

"Katherine! Get down here now!" What did I do now? Get less than an A* on my schoolwork.

Slowly, I slunk out of my chair and began to walk the long walk to the living room in which my parents lurked like snakes, ready to sink their venomous fangs into my mind and skin. The golden gleam from the lights only made the winding hallways seem that much more mocking. It emphasised all the paintings and vases and other expensive trinkets my parents bought without leaving a single dent in their bank accounts. All the money in the world and yet they still couldn't be bothered to converse with their daughter, well unless you count the yelling and the words of disappointment.

As I neared the entrance to the vast room, I took notice of the fact that my father was sitting down in his velvet chair, wine glass in hand. That was good, when he drank he was more likely to let things slip and I could get away scot-free, but that was when he was alone.

With a deep breath, I stepped into the room, hands placed behind my back and eyes staring straight ahead, good posture was everything in this household. Upon hearing my footsteps, my mother spun on her heel sharply, eyes blazing furiously. Her dark brown hair was placed perfectly in a bun, not a single stray stand out of order, her pursed lips were painted in a crimson lipstick and her navy blue dress was glorious.

“Katherine,” She began, gritting her teeth, “Why did I receive a call from your school saying you were suspended because you broke a girl’s nose?”

“Oh.”

I had forgotten all about that.

“Oh? OH?” She hissed, “Is that all you have to say!?” I didn’t even attempt to answer her, there was no point, she would just say that I was back chatting her.

Her amber eyes grew brighter with rage, “You’re not going to say anything? How cowardly.”

I sighed; I was nearing the end of my patience already.

“You are such a disgrace to this family.”

And with that my patience ran out completely.

Silently, I turned and began to stride in the direction of my room, ignoring the enraged screams of my mother. I really couldn’t be bothered to deal with her and her tantrums today. As I went past a large window from the corner of my eyes I could see a wave of fog rising from the depths of the forests that surrounded the mansion and I grinned.

I changed my route and darted out into the cool dusk air and straight into the darkening forest.

I had always been jealous of Alice and her Wonderland but now I had a land so much better.

A land full of creatures and ghouls of all monstrous kinds, a land full of tricks of the mind and hallways that go on forever, a land for the insane to thrive. The further I went the more distorted it all became, the trees started to have faces and their branches moved, ominous sounds echoed from every direction.

Two people with odd masks passed by in the distance I smiled. Watchers watch and Snatchers snatch.

Tricksters of all kinds lived here, Watchers, Snatchers, Smilers, Frowners, Criers, hell even the monsters under the beds and in the wardrobes. They all lived in the Inbetween, a place hidden between the structures of time and reality.

Who needs a Wonderland when you have an Inbetween? I certainly don’t.
