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Issue #3

Grimm  
Fairy Tales

# Return to Wonderland



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HEY  
JOHNNY, DO  
ME A FAVOR  
AND COVER  
THAT HOLE  
UP.



SURE  
THING,  
DAD.



SOMEONE  
MIGHT STEP IN  
THAT AND END UP  
BREAKING THEIR  
NECK.



YEAH...



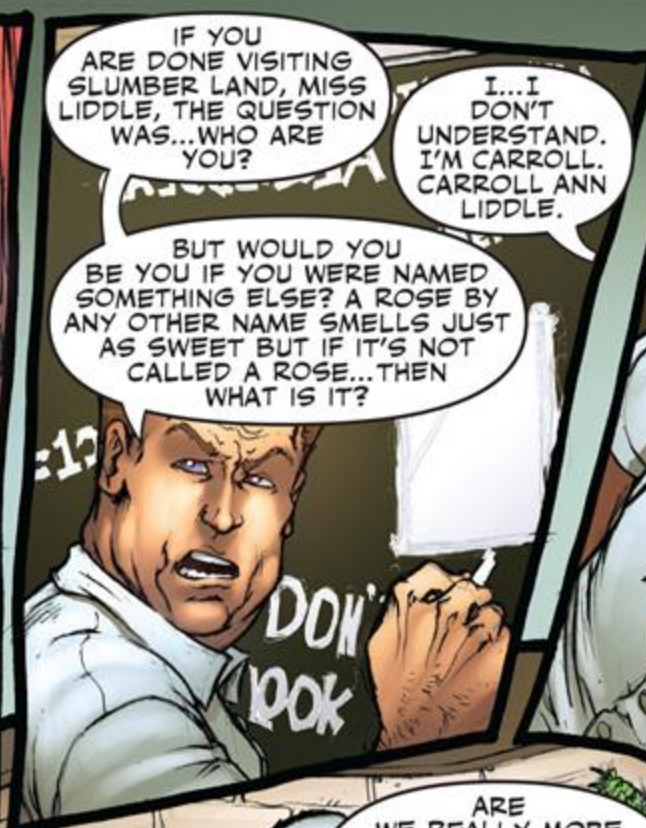
...WE WOULDN'T  
WANT THAT NOW,  
WOULD WE?





MISS LIDDLE!

HUH? WHOSAWHAT?



IF YOU ARE DONE VISITING SLUMBER LAND, MISS LIDDLE, THE QUESTION WAS...WHO ARE YOU?

I...I DON'T UNDERSTAND. I'M CARROLL. CARROLL ANN LIDDLE.

BUT WOULD YOU BE YOU IF YOU WERE NAMED SOMETHING ELSE? A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME SMELLS JUST AS SWEET BUT IF IT'S NOT CALLED A ROSE...THEN WHAT IS IT?

DON'T LOOK



DOES THE WHO, THE WHY, THE WHEN DETERMINE WHAT IT IS WE BECOME?

OR ARE WE ALL JUST CARBON-BASED LIFE FORMS WITH NO GREATER KNOWLEDGE OF OURSELVES THAN THAT OF A BABE FRESH FROM THE WOMB?



ARE WE REALLY MORE THAN THAT OF WHAT WE ARE IF WHAT WE ARE IS REALLY NOTHING LESS OR MORE THAN SOMETHING THAT WILL NEVER TRULY BE?



TELL ME, ALICE, IS AN APPLE JUST AN ORANGE IN ANOTHER FRUIT'S SKIN?

IS THE AIR REALLY THE AIR IF THERE ISN'T ANY WIND?



TELL ME, ALICE...

WHY DO YOU KEEP CALLING ME ALICE?



...IS WONDERLAND REALLY A WONDER...

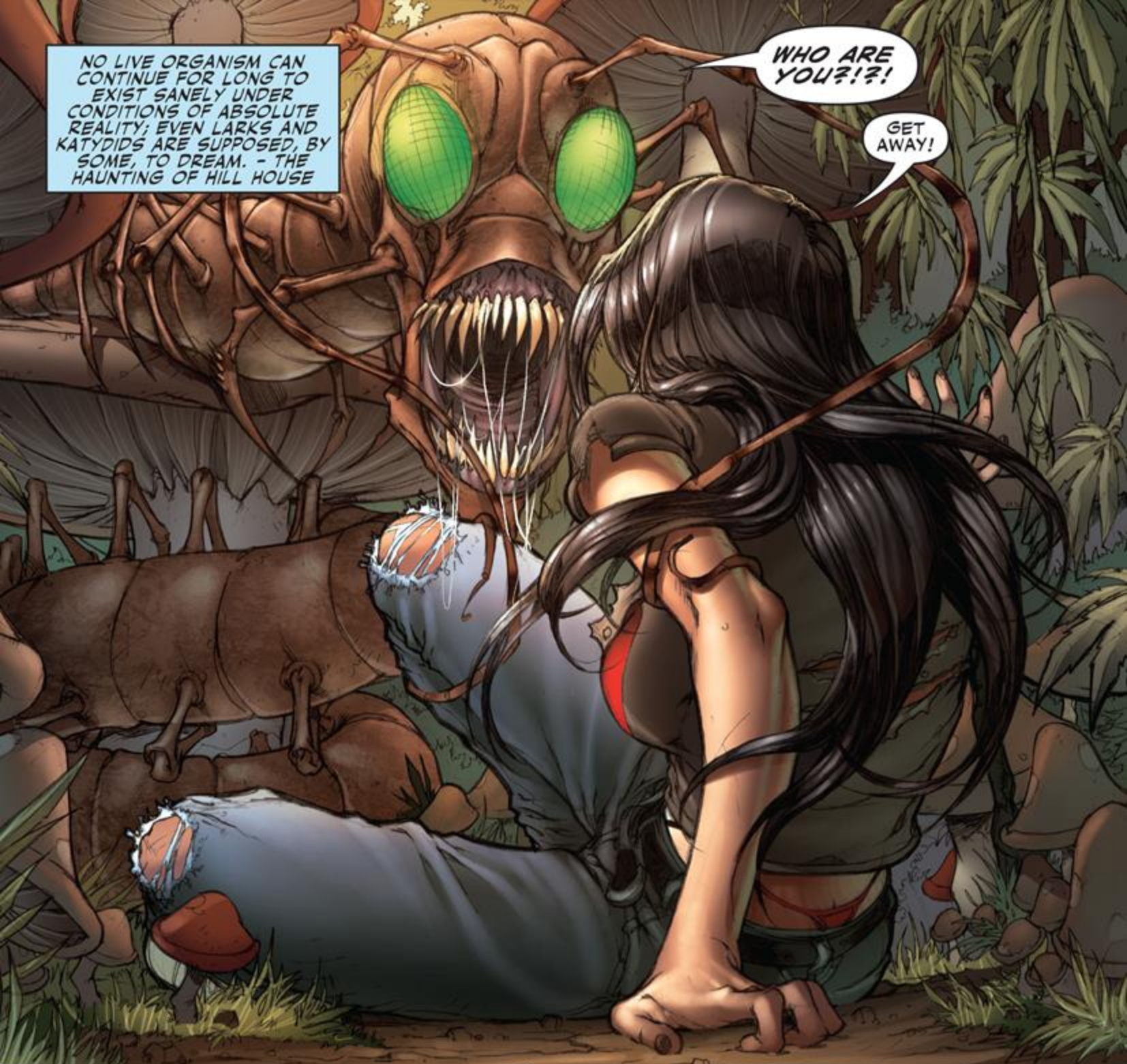
...IF YOU HAVE NOWHERE TO LAND?



NO LIVE ORGANISM CAN  
CONTINUE FOR LONG TO  
EXIST SANELY UNDER  
CONDITIONS OF ABSOLUTE  
REALITY; EVEN LARKS AND  
KATYDIDS ARE SUPPOSED, BY  
SOME, TO DREAM. - THE  
HAUNTING OF HILL HOUSE

WHO ARE  
YOU?!?!?

GET  
AWAY!



STAY  
BACK!



I  
MEAN  
IT!







WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I DON'T WANT ANYTHING, LITTLE GIRL. WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I JUST WANT TO GO HOME.



WHY?

BECAUSE I HATE THIS PLACE.

YOU DON'T HATE THIS PLACE. YOU JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND IT.



I DON'T WANT TO UNDERSTAND IT. I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH... WITH ALL THIS... MADNESS.

YOU DON'T REALLY HAVE A CHOICE, LITTLE GIRL. ONCE WONDERLAND HAS YOU...



...IT NEVER LET'S GO.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND. I DON'T UNDERSTAND ANY OF THIS!

TALKING RABBITS, TELEPATHIC TABLES, CRAZY CARPENTERS, MAN-EATING PLANTS, MYSTERY GIRLS WITH A JEDI NIGHT FETISH AND NOW... NOW TALKING BUGS.

NONE OF THIS MAKES ANY SENSE.

IT ALL MAKES SENSE ...BECAUSE IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE...



...CARROLL LIDDLE.

HOW... HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?

I DON'T KNOW YOUR NAME.

I KNOW YOUR THOUGHTS AND SINCE YOUR THOUGHTS ARE KNOWN TO ME YOU THINK I KNOW WHAT I MOST ASSUREDLY DO NOT KNOW.

...WHAT... HOW...WAIT A MINUTE...YOU DON'T KNOW HOW I GOT HERE?

I KNOW MUCH OF YOUR JOURNEY, DAUGHTER OF ALICE. I KNOW THAT YOU, MUCH LIKE YOUR MOTHER, CAME THROUGH A HOLE INTO ANOTHER WORLD AND IN FOLLOWING THE WHITE RABBIT YOUR TRAVELS HAVE BROUGHT YOU TO ME.



I ALSO KNOW THE WHY OF WHY YOU ARE HERE BUT FOR NOW THAT SHOULD BE THE LEAST OF YOUR CONCERNS.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHY AM I HERE? WHY IS THIS HAPPENING TO ME?

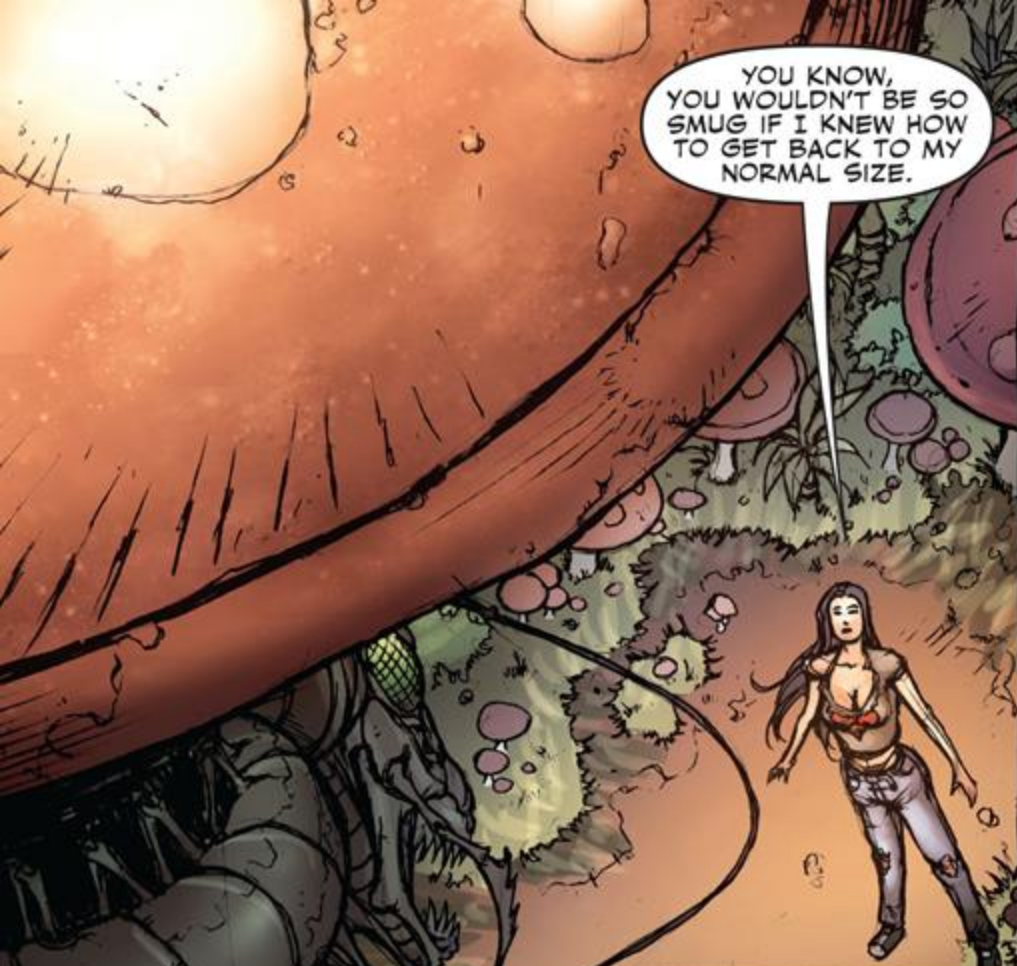
NO. WAIT. I SAID THAT WRONG. I MEANT YOU DON'T KNOW HOW YOU KNOW MY NAME.

OR WHY I'M HERE AND YOU DON'T KNOW WHY THIS IS HAPPENING TO ME.



I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR ME UP THERE! ANSWER ME!





YOU KNOW,  
YOU WOULDN'T BE SO  
SMUG IF I KNEW HOW  
TO GET BACK TO MY  
NORMAL SIZE.

DON'T POUT, CHILD  
AND KEEP YOUR TEMPER.  
IT'S COMPLETELY UNBEPFITTING  
FROM SOMEONE OF YOUR  
MINISCULE STATURE.

ESPECIALLY  
WHEN THE ANSWER TO  
YOUR LAST QUESTION LIES  
RIGHT IN FRONT OF  
YOUR FACE.



RIGHT IN  
FRONT OF MY  
FACE?

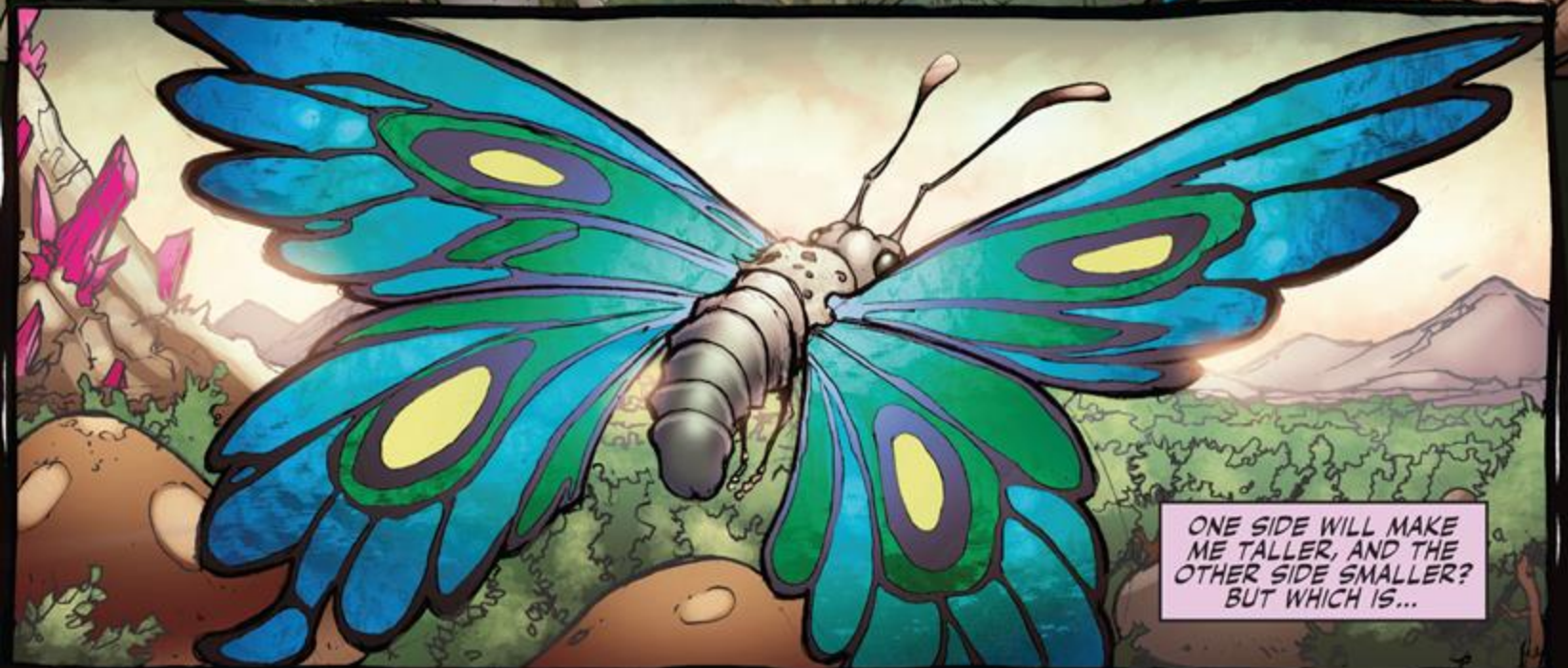
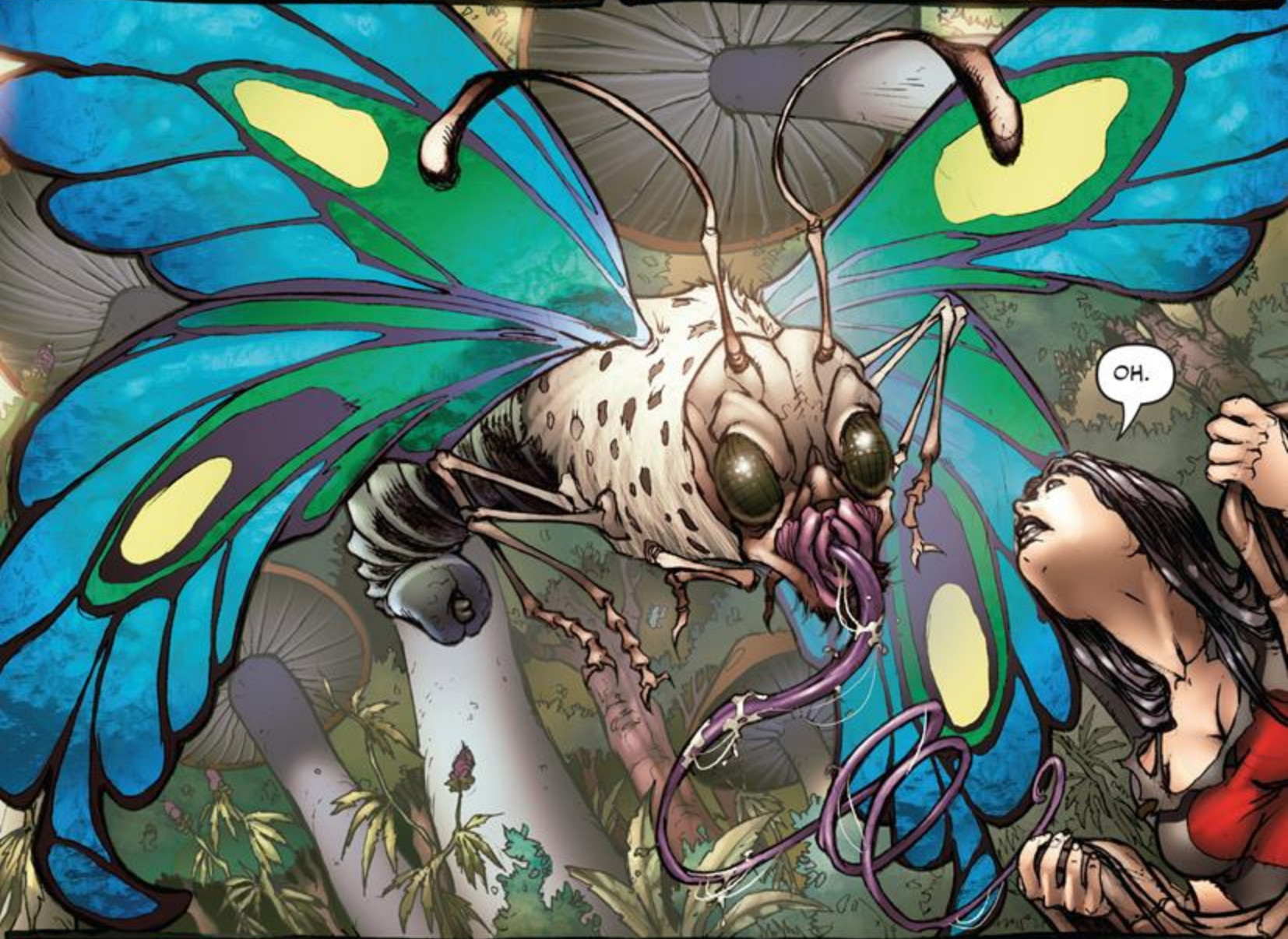
YOU TRULY  
ARE YOUR MOTHER'S  
CHILD.



I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND.

ONE SIDE  
WILL MAKE YOU  
TALLER. THE OTHER  
SIDE WILL MAKE YOU  
SHORTER.

















KILL!!!!

KILL!!!!

KILL!!!!

KILL!!!!

KILL!!!!

KILL!!!!

KILL!!!!

KILL!!!!

KILL!!!!

KILL!!!!

KILL!!!!

KILL!!!!

KILL!!!!

KILL!!!!

!!!





OTHER  
SIDE TO MAKE  
ME...



CRASH



NO MORE.  
PLEASE...NO MORE.  
I JUST WANT TO  
GO HOME.

HOME  
IS A TERM THAT  
IS ONLY RELATIVE TO  
THE PERSPECTIVE OF  
THE ONE WHO SPEAKS  
THE WORD. BUT IF YOU  
WOULD LIKE TO GO TO  
A HOME YOU NEED  
LOOK NO FURTHER  
THAN TO THE SIGN  
AT YOUR  
REAR.

I  
THOUGHT YOU  
LEFT.



I  
DID. I CAME  
BACK.

YOU COULD  
HAVE WARNED ME ABOUT  
THE MUSHROOM.

THAT WAS  
EXACTLY WHAT  
I DID.

YOU KNOW  
WHAT...ARGH...  
JUST...NEVER MIND.  
JUST FORGET IT.  
I'M OUTTA...



...HERE.





I WOULD TURN BACK TO THE BUTTERFLY WHO USED TO BE A CATERPILLAR AND ASK WHICH SIGN TO FOLLOW BUT HE'S ALREADY GONE. I'M NOT SURPRISED. NOTHING REALLY SURPRISES ME DOWN HERE ANYMORE.

WHICH IN ITSELF COMES AS A SURPRISE.



GOD DAMN IT! I'M EVEN THINKING LIKE THOSE THINGS NOW. IS THE ONLY THING NORMAL ABOUT THIS PLACE, IS THAT NOTHING IS NORMAL? IS THE ONLY THING THAT MAKES SENSE, IS THAT NOTHING MAKES SENSE?

**SNAP**



HELLO? WHO'S THERE? I KNOW YOU'RE OUT THERE.

**GRRRRRRRR**

CAREFUL OF BIG CATS HIDING IN THE BUSHES

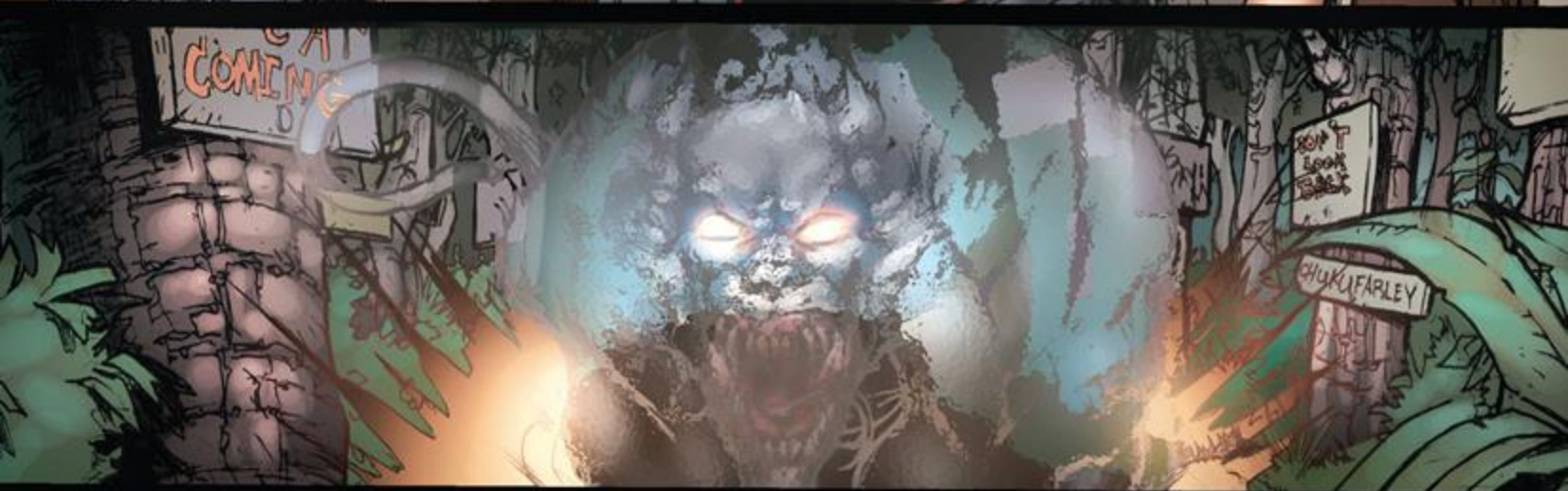




UM...  
HI. I...I'M  
LOST AND...  
AND...















MY NAME IS HATTER.

I...I'M VERY NICE...I MEAN GLAD...GLAD TO MEET YOU, MR. HATTER.

SO, WOULD YOU LIKE TO TELL ME WHAT HAS SO CONVENIENTLY BROUGHT YOU TO MY DOOR ON THIS FINE SUMMER DAY?

OH, THAT. SOME... *THING* WAS CHASING ME... THROUGH THE WOODS. I DIDN'T GET A GOOD LOOK AT IT BUT IT SOUNDED...WELL...IT SOUNDED MONSTROUS. I'M SORRY FOR BARGING IN.



THINK NOTHING OF IT, MY DEAR. IT IS A GOOD THING THAT FATE HAS BROUGHT YOU TO ME REGARDLESS OF THE IMPROMPTU INTRUSION.

THERE ARE MANY HORRIBLE BEASTS THAT CALL THE FOREST THEIR HOME AND IT WOULD HAVE TRULY BEEN A TRAGIC LOSS TO LOSE ONE AS BEAUTIFUL AS YOUR SELF TO SUCH AN UNFEELING COLDHEARTED CREATURE.

BUT ENOUGH OF THAT. WOULD YOU CARE FOR SOME TEA? I HAVE A FRESH POT BREWING AS WE SPEAK AND IT WOULD BE SUCH A SHAME TO TAKE TEATIME ALONE WHEN FATE HAS PROVIDED ME WITH SUCH LOVELY COMPANIONSHIP.

I WOULD LOVE...I MEAN...I WOULD LIKE THAT VERY MUCH.

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME.



HAVE...HAVE YOU BEEN OUT HERE A LONG TIME?

WHAT? SORRY, I COULDN'T MAKE OUT WHAT YOU WERE SAYING.

I SAID HAVE YOU LIVED OUT HERE FOR A LONG TIME?



THERE ARE DAYS WHEN IT SEEMS LIKE IT'S BEEN FOREVER. IT CAN GET QUITE LONELY OUT HERE AT TIMES. IT'S ALL I CAN DO TO KEEP MYSELF OCCUPIED. I SWEAR THERE ARE TIMES WHEN I FEEL I MIGHT GO MAD WITH LONELINESS.

SO HOW DO YOU PASS THE TIME?

OH, YOU KNOW, I FIND LITTLE ODD THINGS TO DO HERE AND THERE.





NOW  
DRINK UP.  
IT'D BE A SHAME  
TO LET IT GET  
COLD.

HOW IS  
YOUR TEA?



IT'S GOOD.  
THANK YOU.  
IT'S JUST WHAT  
I NEEDED.



YES,  
IT IS.

ARE YOU  
ALL RIGHT,  
MY DEAR? YOU  
DON'T LOOK  
WELL.



NO. NO.  
I...I'M FINE...  
JUST FEELING  
A BIT...  
WOOZY...



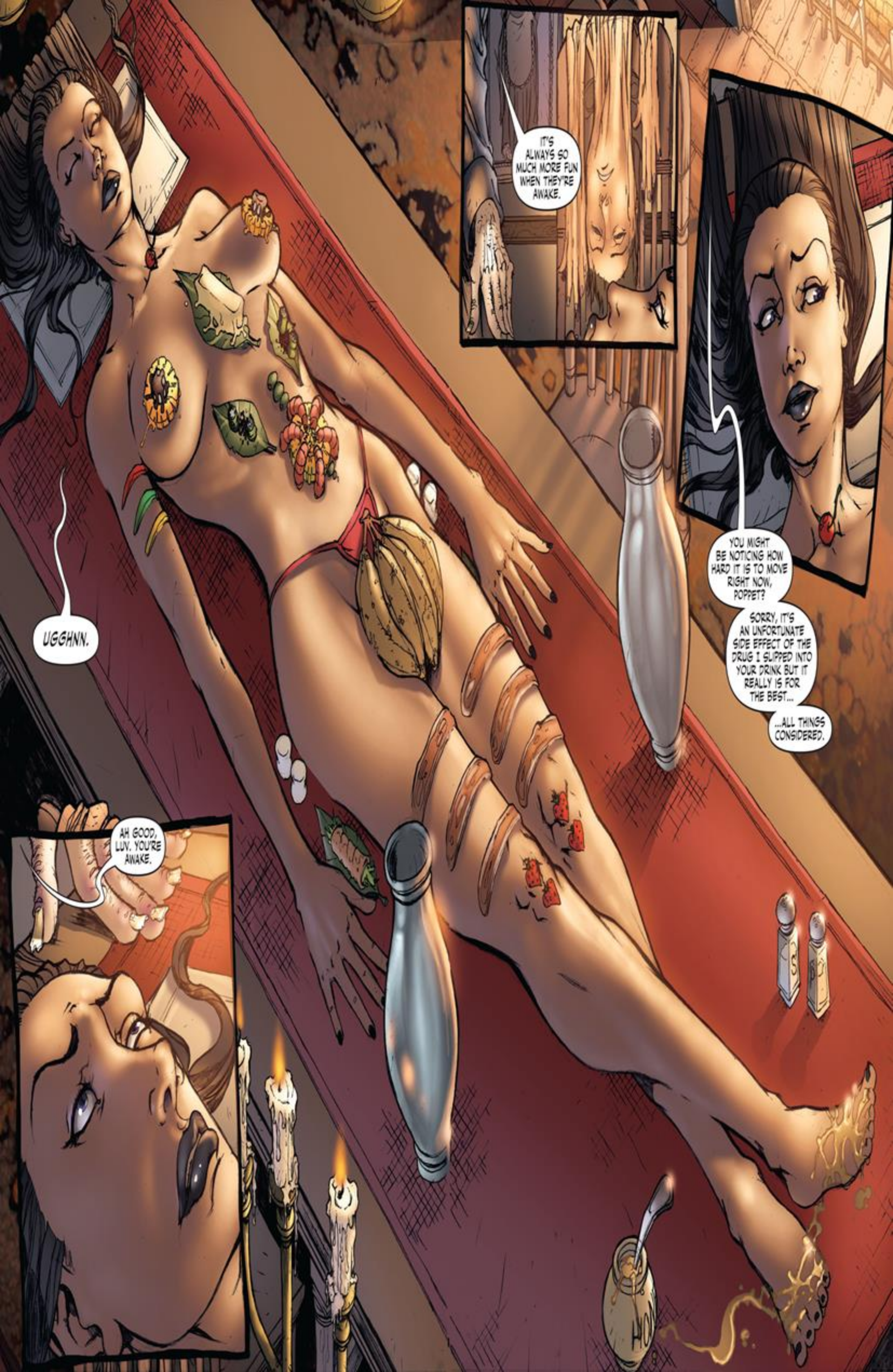
YES, I KNOW.  
TRY NOT TO FIGHT IT,  
MY DEAR. IT'S SO MUCH  
EASIER IF YOU JUST  
LET IT HAPPEN.

WHAT...  
WHAT DID  
YOU...?

DO?  
NOTHING YET,  
MY DEAR.

NOTHING...  
YET.





UGGHNN.

AH GOOD, LUV. YOU'RE AWAKE.

IT'S ALWAYS SO MUCH MORE FUN WHEN THEY'RE AWAKE.

YOU MIGHT BE NOTICING HOW HARD IT IS TO MOVE RIGHT NOW, POPPET?

SORRY, IT'S AN UNFORTUNATE SIDE EFFECT OF THE DRUG I SLIPPED INTO YOUR DRINK BUT IT REALLY IS FOR THE BEST...

...ALL THINGS CONSIDERED.





I BET  
YOU'RE  
WONDERING  
WHAT HAPPENED  
TO ALL YOUR  
CLOTHES.

SORRY TO  
SAY I FELT IT  
NECESSARY TO BURN  
THOSE FILTHY  
RAGS.

IT MIGHT BE  
A BIT CHILLING BUT  
WE COULDN'T VERY WELL  
HAVE YOU WALKING AROUND  
IN SUCH MEDIOCRE  
GARMENTS.



BUT NOT  
TO WORRY,  
LUV.



I'LL  
KEEP YOU  
WARM.





THAT'S IT.



YUM

JUST  
RELAX. IT'LL  
BE OVER  
BEFORE YOU  
KNOW IT.



ACTUALLY  
THAT'S A LIE.  
I PLAN ON USING  
YOUR BODY LONG  
AFTER YOU'RE  
DEAD.



HEY?  
YOU SHOULDN'T  
BE ABLE TO MOVE  
LIKE THAT.



WHAT  
ARE YOU...





I REMEMBER WHEN I WAS YOUNGER MY DAD WOULD ALWAYS TAKE ME TO SEE SOME LATE NIGHT HORROR FLICK AT THE LOCAL MATINEE.



ARGH! SHIT! YOU BITCH.

AND SOMEHOW THE WEAK EXCUSE OF LEGS WITH BOOBS WOULD GET THE UPPER HAND AND SURPRISE THE KILLER AND KNOCK HIM OUT.



THEN FOR GOD KNOWS WHAT REASON SHE'D RUN OFF INSTEAD UP PICKING UP SOMETHING REALLY HARD AND HEAVY AND FINISHING THE SCUM BAG OFF.



FUCK YOU!!!

WHAT, DID YOU THINK I WAS FINISHED WITH YOU? DID YOU THINK I WAS DONE, YOU SICK PERVERTED CREEP?



WE'RE JUST GETTING STARTED.

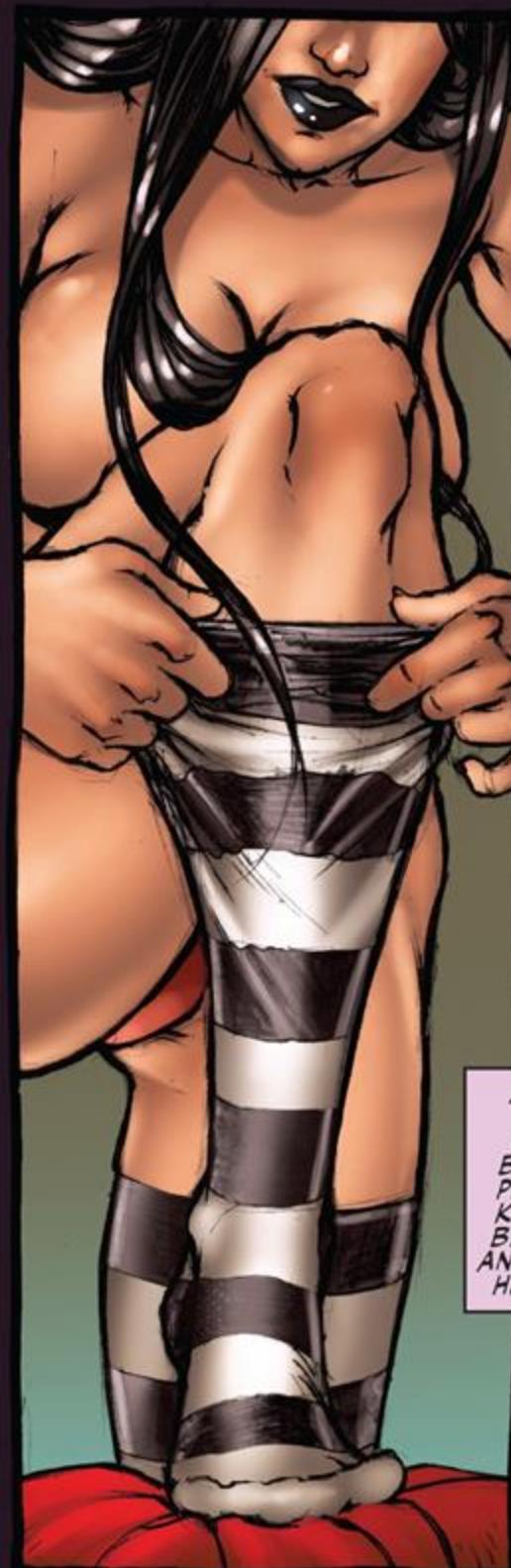


YOU STUPID LITTLE ...



I LEARNED A LOT FROM WATCHING HORROR MOVIES.



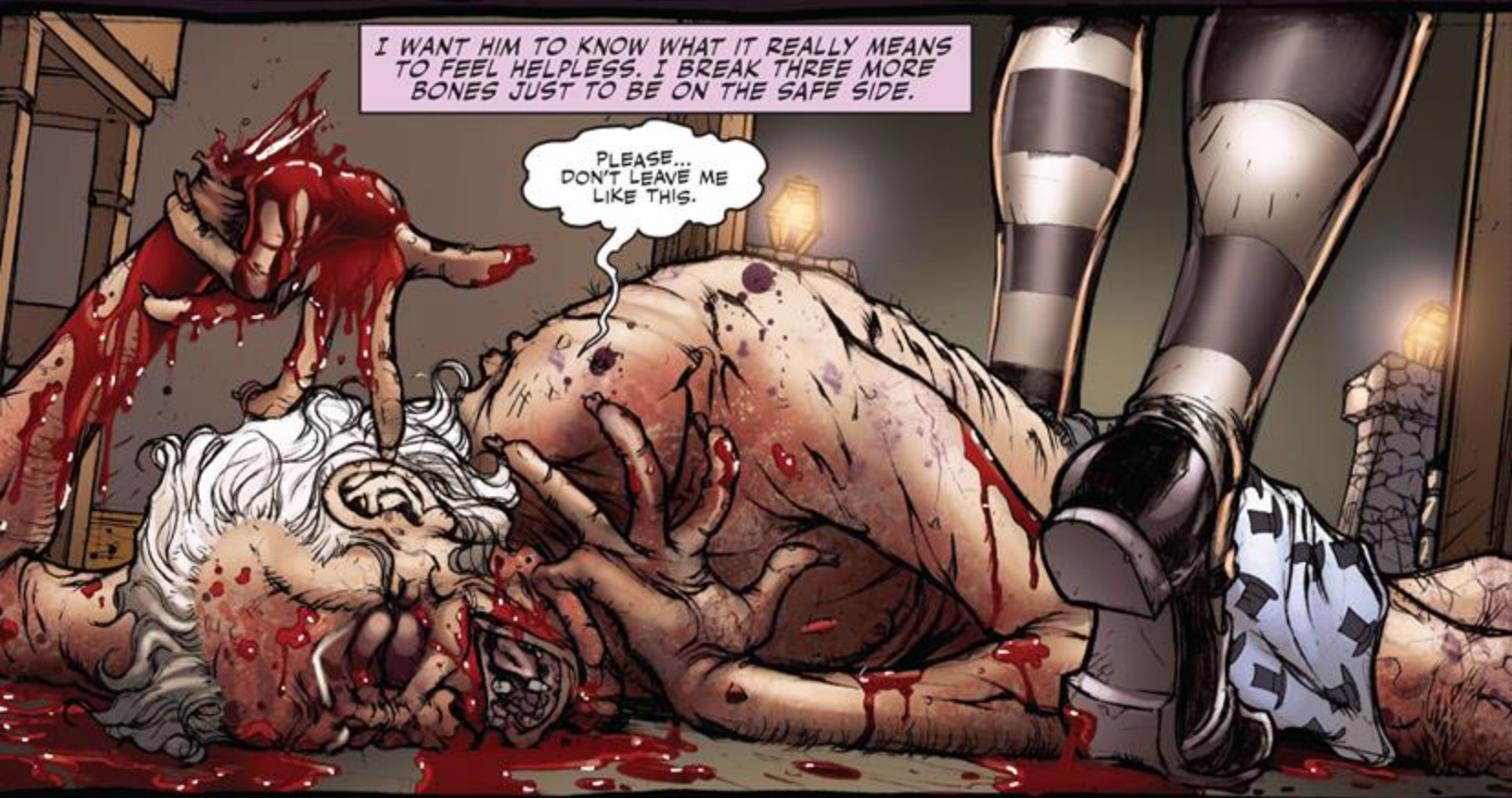


AFTER I FINISH WITH THE SICK BASTARD I FIND A DRESS THAT MUST HAVE BELONGED TO ONE OF HIS PREVIOUS VICTIMS. I DON'T KNOW WHY BUT WEARING IT BRINGS ME COMFORT. THAT AND KNOWING HE WILL NEVER HURT ANOTHER GIRL AGAIN.

HOW MANY MINUTES, HOURS PASS, I DON'T KNOW. WHAT I DO KNOW IS WHEN I'M DONE THE BASTARD'S STILL BREATHING.




THAT'S GOOD. I WANT HIM ALIVE. I WANT HIM TO SPEND EVERY LAST WAKING MINUTE LEFT OF HIS LIFE IN AS MUCH PAIN AS IS HUMANLY POSSIBLE.



I WANT HIM TO KNOW WHAT IT REALLY MEANS TO FEEL HELPLESS. I BREAK THREE MORE BONES JUST TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE.

PLEASE... DON'T LEAVE ME LIKE THIS.



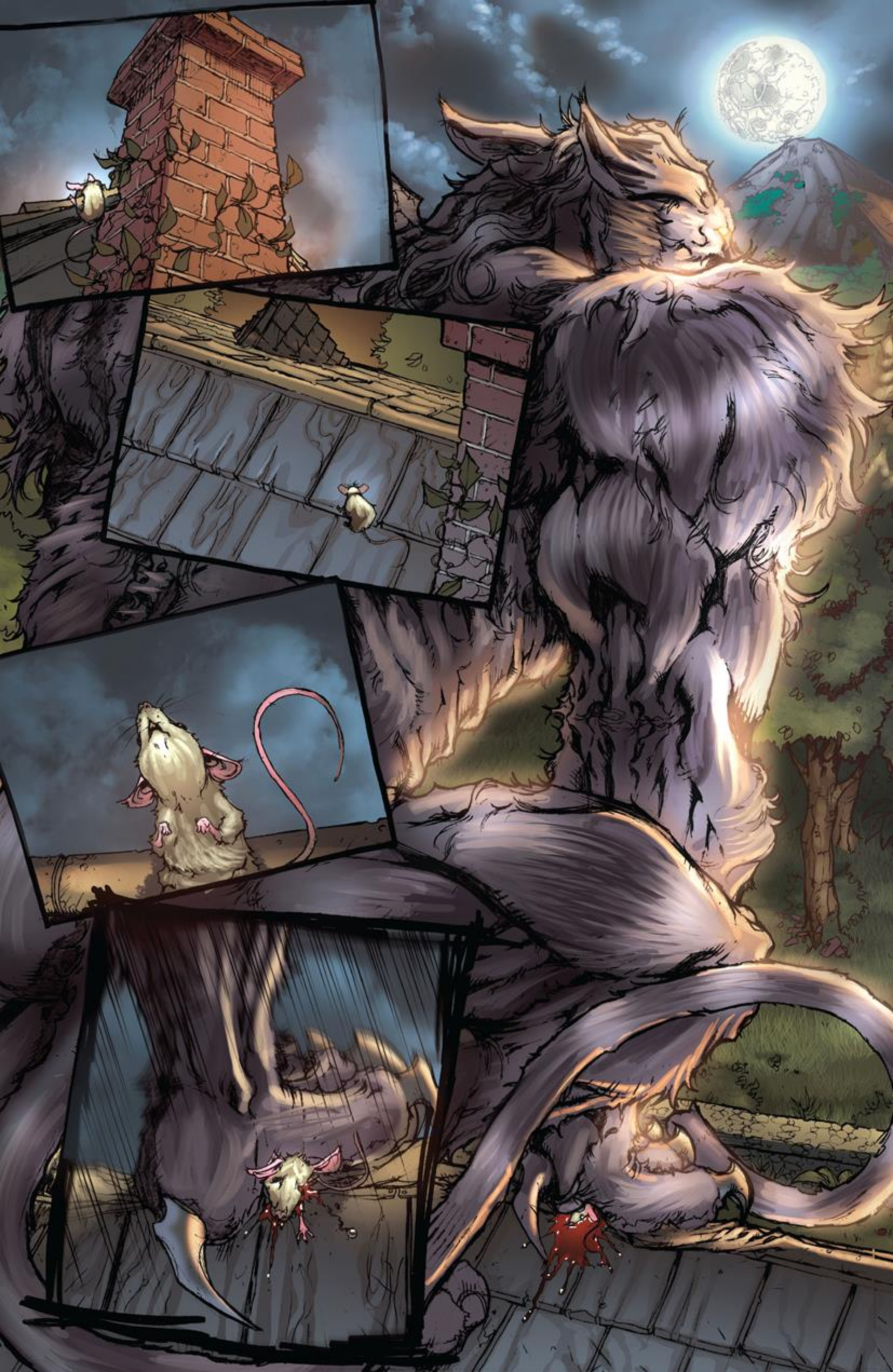
A woman with long, flowing black hair and a black dress with a large white bow at the waist is shown from the waist up. She is holding a large axe with a wooden handle and a metal head, which is covered in blood. She has a determined and slightly menacing expression. The background shows a doorway leading to a dark, starry night sky.

IF I WAS  
YOU I'D HOPE I  
COULD REACH THE  
DOOR IN TIME.


A woman with long, flowing black hair and a black dress with a large white bow at the waist is shown from the waist up. She is holding a large axe with a wooden handle and a metal head, which is covered in blood. She has a determined and slightly menacing expression. The background shows a doorway leading to a dark, starry night sky.

IT'S NOT  
SAFE TO LEAVE  
THE DOOR OPEN  
IN A PLACE LIKE  
THIS.










YOU NEVER KNOW  
WHAT KIND OF  
MONSTERS ARE OUT  
THERE WAITING.



IT'S NO USE GOING BACK TO  
YESTERDAY, BECAUSE I WAS  
A DIFFERENT PERSON THEN.  
--ALICE'S ADVENTURES  
IN WONDERLAND

TO BE CONTINUED.