

The third sister



Arissy

Fanfiction: Alice in Wonderland (movie)

Genre: introduction of a new character, sequel to the first movie

Teaser:

After her trip to China, Alice had found a way to return to Wonderland. When she arrived there was general excitement: Arissy, the purple queen, had come back to her sisters' territory after a long disappearance. Everyone asked the same question WHY?

1st chapter: the come back

She went through the door and all the people in the Great Hall stopped what they were doing to stare at her. She crossed the corridor as if she didn't see them, she had an empty gaze, and her green eyes were terribly expressionless. She was used to being stared at like that but there was a new thing in their look...

It didn't matter, she had changed too.

On the contrary, Salazem Grum, the frightening fortress of Iracebeth de Crims, hadn't changed; the walls were still as red and still covered with hearts, red hearts, of course. This castle had never frightened her. She had seen it being built stone by stone and she knew each room, each corridor and each secret passage.

The owner of the place arrived, followed by Mirana, the White Queen: she must have been warned by one of Iracebeth's pages.

-“Iracebeth, Mirana”, nodded curtly the green-eyed girl

-“Arissy”, they answered to her with one voice on the same tone while the courtiers of the two queens bowed to the newcomer.

Imitating them, Alice and the Mad Hatter made a curtsy and bow to welcome the young queen.

-“Who is she?”, asked Alice to the Mad Hatter.

-“It's Arissy, the little sister of the Red and White Queens.”, he whispered quickly.

-“I have never seen her.”, continued the blond girl, frowning.

-“Of course you never have”, explained the Hatter, “We haven't seen her since the death of her parents. We didn't know if she was still alive at all.”

-“She looks very real for a ghost”, joked Alice

-“Indeed”, blew the Hatter with one of his unspeakable smiles.

The young girl looked like a doll; she had a porcelain complexion, pink cheeks, brown hair with toffee reflections which fell until her waist, a fringe which arrived just above her eyes, green eyes speckled with brown and a beauty spot under her right eye. But something in her expression seemed to show her personality was very different from her physical appearance.

As suggested her title, she was completely dressed in purple but not a light purple, a darker, more alarming shade of purple.

Even if it was visible that there was a certain coolness between the three sisters, Mirana, who was known for her kindness, took some steps in the direction of her sister and asked with a smile:

-“How are you Sisi?”

She took Arissy in her arms then she let go of her.

-“Fine, thank you Ana.”, she answered with a detached look.

Silence reigned in the room then the impressive clock rang eight.

-“Time for dinner”, decreed Iracebeth, “I'm going to change, dinner will be served in dining room number six.”

Arissy arrived first at the dining room, as her oldest sister had said. She had stopped a few moments in the room which her sister had attributed to her. She had stood out from it an elegant bun wrapped on top of her head.

Dining room number six was the biggest dining room in the whole castle; the walls and the stone floor were magenta with some touch of gold here and there. In the middle of the room sat a huge table surrounded by twelve chairs.

She didn't have the time to do the tour of the room with her eyes when Mirana entered followed by the Red Queen.

Iracebeth took place at the end of the table, Mirana sitting on her left and Arissy on her right. The Mad Hatter settled down next to the White Queen and Alice next to the Purple Queen. All being settled, dinner began.

-“So...”, began Mirana, “What did you do all that time Sisi?”

-“oh... I don't think that this should interest you.” Arissy answered by taking a piece of pie.

Mirana seemed shocked by the indifference of her sister. She tried to explain:

-“What do you mean?”

-“Nothing.”

Alice could swear that she had heard a touch of annoyance in Arissy's voice, she didn't know her but she was sure that something had happened between the sisters and she had the feeling that she didn't know the whole story.

For the first time since the beginning of the meal, Iracebeth pronounced a sentence, a rigid sentence whose purpose was to hurt:

-“We didn't force you to leave!”

Arissy stopped her movement and abruptly and violently flung the cutlery she held in her hands on her plate, stood up from her chair and left, noisily slamming the door.