

Heart of Wonderland Excerpt

Chapter 1

April 21st...

For sinners, there is no such thing as happily ever after, just moments of relief found in between the sheets. What you wouldn't give to change how things are- to be able to find your prince charming and get him to stay. But you've discovered much like happily ever after he doesn't exist. The castle he promised you, nothing more than ruins. The horse he was supposed to ride in on- poisoned. Him, being your knight in shining armor- ha, never! Everything would almost be laughable, if you hadn't believed it to be true, once upon a time.

Sometimes you tell people he's gay and that's why he never came to rescue you. Of course, everyone knew that to be a lie but they don't say anything. And sometimes, you find yourself giving into the big bad wolf even though you know he's no good for you. The way you justify it is because you know his game and what he wants. He wants your body, your passion, your lust. It's all just so convenient for him and that is why he comes around when you're at your weakest. He knows you can't resist him.

A smart girl would run away and hide at I don't know- grandma's house or maybe even go as far as Oz just to escape his wolfish charm, and vivacious appetite. In your defense, you never claimed to be a smart girl. How many times have you fallen for repeat lies? Had your heart broken?

Sure the wolf's intentions may be wicked; he doesn't even have to talk for you to know that, but he does something for you that no one else does; for a couple hours, late at night he helps you pretend that fairy tales exist for people like you. In exchange for easing your pain even temporarily, you give him exactly what he wants and not a thing more 'cause you damn well know better than not to fall in love with the big, bad wolf.

Haven: "What do you think?"

Pinocchio: "Let me put it to you this way- I'm made of wood and this makes me want to drink."

Haven: "That bad?"

Pinocchio: "No, just depressing as fuck and whatever, happen to flying under the radar? This is going to offend a lot of people."

Haven: "How? It's just a start to a story."

Pinocchio: "Yeah, and at the end of it-the heroine kills herself and the wolf he's off to the next girl."

Haven: "So? Think of it as the anti-fairy tale... or a good scare."

Pinocchio: "This isn't scary. Scary is a woodpecker, lit matches, or the fact that I might be trapped in the body of a boy puppet for the rest of my life. I'm over two years old and I might be stuck like this, another... two hundred years!"

Haven: "Pinoc, stop. You'll get your chance to be made out of flesh. It just isn't today so please, don't hyperventilate. You know, I never know what to when you do that."

Pinocchio: "I'm not going...to... bag. I need a bag."

Haven: "Paper bag, I'm on it."

Immediately, I got a paper bag from the front room and handed it to Pinocchio.

Haven: "Breathe! Just remember to breathe."

It only took a few minutes for Pinocchio to calm down and when he did, he went right back to talking about my story. Truthfully, I would have been fine if he had wanted to talk about something else being that earlier, the topic at hand caused him to have a panic attack. Keeping my dear friends stress level low currently, was a priority so getting a critique ranked didn't matter so much at the moment; Pinocchio, being such a great guy though, continued to give me his honest opinion about my writing.

Pinocchio: "Sorry. Where was I?"

Haven: "You were saying that my story wasn't scary."

Pinocchio: "Oh yes, it isn't scary. It's just going to cause a lot of negative publicity. Most people already look at you as an outsider and this only going to alienate the masses more if it gets out."

Haven: “Maybe, getting people outside their comfort zones is a good thing.”

Pinocchio: “Haven, one day they will love you again. I promise you that, but this is not the way to win them back.”