Alice And Rabbit Hole Essay, Research Paper

Like Alice tumbling down the rabbit hole, we don’t know where things will lead

us. Perpetually falling, landing, trying t claw our way up the slick metallic

walls only to lose our grips and fall back into the blackness, on our way back

to wonderland. But sadly we never quit get there. I wonder to myself. What are

we getting accomplished? Why live just to die? And why do things go so

drastically wrong, and then again maybe there not. In this man made and

mechanized new wonderland there are now a lot more rabbit holes than the one

Alice followed the little white rabbit down. They just come in different shades

now. Like different flavors of candy. Inside the hole lies a world full of

surprises. Some not every one is truly ready for. But since the technology of

our time is, some venture into the strangeness without a clue on what they will

find there. Some enter with out the intent on coming out. But don’t make it as

far down as they would like. Finding them self in a limbo between reality, and

an endless wood. But why when you get down to wonderland do you come back

forgetting the adventure that you had? Because the machine of modern life can’t

allow you to remember what has been discovered. Leaving you craving what you

once held like a dodo bird croquet stick. "It was all very well to say

`Drink me,’ but the wise little Alice was not going to do that in a hurry. `No,

I’ll look first,’ she said, `and see whether it’s marked "poison" or

not’." That bottle that one said "drink me" has been tosses aside

for the mushroom and a bottle that says "Budweiser". Thankfully the

bottle not marked "poison" or we might remember what’s killing us. The

mushroom no longer makes you taller than a tree, but it will make you feel that

way and now that’s all that matters. Wonderland will never get that back. Now a

days we let the house of cards fall on us and hope for the "magic" at

the bottom of the bottle to help us feel tall again Now people have found ways

into wonderland, which were to be forbidden to man. But the binary key has

decoded secretes of old. Instead of the white rabbit, the blinking mouse on the

computer screen leads the way to wonderland. Information in ones and zeros has

been dormant in the forest for only the caterpillar to blow in his smoke, is

being spied on by Cheshire cats with Macintosh looking glasses. Sadly the

world-wide-web does not have a www.wonderland.com address to take them all to

the rabbit’s house. The information that should only be over heard during a mad

tea party has been infiltrated by a web cam. It must be in the mouse’s teapot.

Unfortunately, you will never see what the March Hare has found through that

lens. Perhaps you need a different looking glass. Holes once restricted to

responsible individuals like Indian Shaman have been exploited and widened

enough that the ignorant and the naive have stumbled in. Natural stimulants used

by holly men of ancient cultures to find the knowledge to heal are now a

chemical escape route from reality. Natures keyhole that used to lock away

secretes have been pried open by addiction and false hope. Following the leader

like oysters following a walrus with a cigar, run around in a caucus race and in

a cloud of dependence. The Mushrooms hardly have the same effects as it did on

the girl in the blue dress. But then she did not buy them in a plastic bag in

the girl’s bathroom. The tea on the table is not 70 proof but in wonderland you

don’t need the drugs to be on the insane side. That why they live in wonderland.

What the endless forests of wonderland possess are thing that should be known

only to the jaberwalkie and the walrus and the carpenter. Once protected by the

fermious bandersnach. The possessions are now being persuaded by Tweeldle Dee

and Tweedle Dumb. Countless false Alice’s have tripped into the open holes but

all come out empty handed. With nothing more than memories that can only

expanded away as dreams. The thing that we all search so vigorously for is

simple. But it can’t be found in wonderland. Disappearing like a striped cat

that can stand on his head. Happiness in not to be point and clicked to. And no

form of drug will ever take you to the true wonderland. Happiness is not found

at the end of a rabbit hole. Happiness is in every one. It’s a different feeling

for different people. For the crocked and wrong who try to cut corners and cheat

and look for loophole instead of true happiness, it will continue to elude them,

like a little white rabbit.

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