

Ali in winterland

~~Alice in Wonderland~~

A Fairytale Remake

Alice - I mean, Ali - was tired of sitting on the snow bank with nothing to do. So, she whipped out her cell phone faster than you can say "Rich Hatter."

"Ugh, you're so addicted to that thing," her sister rolled her eyes. "Don't you want to play in the snow?"

"This 'thing' can do pretty much anything such as: order you Skip the Dishes, cure boredom with Candy Crush and-" Ali was about to say message all your friends when she spotted a little White Rabbit hopping by. He had a blue shirt on that said "Rock on!" plastered across the front with a picture of an electric guitar. "Who is that? I'm going to google him." Then, she typed "Little White Rabbit" in as quick as the speed of light. "OMG!!! His name is the White Rabbit and he has forty-five million followers on Instagram! I need to go get a selfie with him to post on my account!" Ali squealed.

"Ali! Come back! It's just a picture! Who cares?! I just want to spend time with you!" her sister shouted as Ali chased the rabbit.

Ali ignored her sister. The White Rabbit hopped down a rabbit hole and Ali followed. She seemed to fall for ages. Her stomach churned as she fell and she

thought her feet would never touch solid ground. Ali figured that falling like this must be what it feels like to skydive. It was an odd rabbit hole. It had shelves nailed to the sides. On the shelves were phone chargers, coupons for various ice cream shops, devices, and gift cards galore!

"White Rabbit!" Ali called. He didn't reply.

Finally, she landed on fresh glistening snow. "Where am I?" Ali questioned with a confused look on her face.

Ali scanned her surroundings. She saw snow all around her. It was as white and as soft as a pillow. There was a mansion straight up ahead. A pink and purple striped cat sat on a tree sprinkled with shimmering icicles above her.

"Ah! Who are you?" asked Ali, a little afraid.

"I'm the Cheshire Cat, little girl," the cat adjusted his scarf.

"The what? Nevermind, I don't care. Can you just tell me where I am?" Ali rolled her icy blue eyes.

"You're in Winterland. Duh. It's all over the web,"

"It is?" she pulled her phone out of the pocket of her jeans, "OMG, yeah! It is! Why have

I never seen it online before?"

"Get with the times! Anyways, if it's your first time visiting Winterland, you should go see the Rich Hatter. He designs the most stylish winter toques. He lives in that mansion up ahead at the top of that hill. He's a bit snobby but he throws the best pizza parties," the Cheshire Cat suggested.

"I'm so hungry! I could definitely go for some pizza!" and Ali took off for the Hatter's mansion.

Ali rang the doorbell once. Nobody answered. She rang it again. Nothing. "Ugh! Why won't the Rich Hatter open the door?!" Ali rang the doorbell frantically a dozen times. "Hello?" the Rich Hatter opened the door, a phone in his hand, "Who are you?" "I'm Ali! Can I join the party?" Ali practically had to yell over the blasting music.

"I guess. Just don't touch anything!" he warned her.

Ali stepped into the mansion. She took off her blue winter coat, boots, earmuffs, and mitts. Ali immediately noticed that every single person at the party was glued to their phones. She wanted to mingle and get to know some people at the elegant mansion. She was desperate to make some friends and get some attention. "Who wants to play a game? We could play musical chairs or have a dance party!" Ali suggested.

She looked around the room, expecting a response from someone, but everyone just kept typing away on their phones. "Why is nobody listening to me?!" Ali fumed.

She decided to leave as nobody seemed to care about her presence. Ali quickly googled how to get home. She was following Google Maps, when she noticed the Cheshire Cat perched on the same tree he was sitting on before. "Are you stalking me?!" Ali backed away slowly. "Of course not! That would just be creepy! I was simply watching you to see what advice I could give you," the Cheshire Cat explained.

"Advice?" Ali tilted her head to the side.

"Yes, that's what I do here in Winterland. I give people advice. Do you want to hear my advice for you?" the Cheshire Cat offered.

"I guess," Ali shrugged, thinking she didn't need any advice.

"You're always on your phone, Ali. You ignore the people around you. At the Rich Hatter's party, everyone ignored you. They didn't listen to your ideas. They were too busy playing games and texting to listen to anyone. That's how your family, especially your sister, feels everyday. You need to disconnect in order to reconnect."

Ali stood in silence, stunned by how true the Cheshire Cat's statement was. "I think... I think you may be right. Thank you, Cheshire Cat, but I think I need to go now!"

Suddenly Ali's eyes popped open. She rubbed them frantically to discover that she was home on the snowbank with her sister. "That was a dream?!" Ali exclaimed, puzzled.

"Yeah, you fell asleep," her sister said.

Ali thought for a moment. "Do you want to play in the snow?" she asked her sister.

"Really? I'd love nothing more," her sister beamed.

Ali spent hours playing with her sister in the snow that day, shocked by how entertained she was once she took in the beautiful world around her and appreciated the people in her life. From that day on, Ali spent more time with the ones who loved her and less time on her phone.

Sometimes all it takes is time away from screens to discover what really, truly matters.

The End!!!