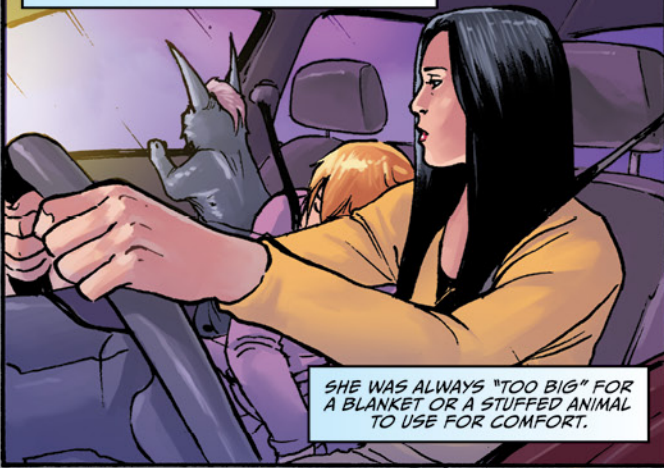
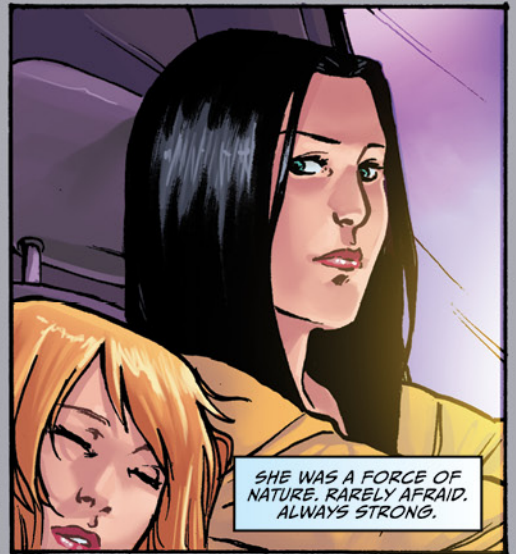


WHEN SHE WAS LITTLE, VIOLET WOULD TUCK HER KNEES UP UNDER HER CHIN, AND CHEW AT THE KNUCKLE OF HER THUMB.



SHE WAS ALWAYS "TOO BIG" FOR A BLANKET OR A STUFFED ANIMAL TO USE FOR COMFORT.



SHE WAS A FORCE OF NATURE. RARELY AFRAID. ALWAYS STRONG.

SHE'S STILL A FORCE OF NATURE, BUT NOW THE THUNDERSTORM HAS GROWN INTO A TORNADO, AND THE CALM IS ONLY THE EYE.



WHAT DOES THAT MEAN FOR OUR FUTURE? FOR WONDERLAND?

I CAN FEEL MY DAUGHTER'S BREATH ON MY ARM, SO TANGIBLE AND REAL. WONDERLAND SLIPS AWAY, BECOMING THE DISTANT DREAM THAT IT IS FOR SO MANY.

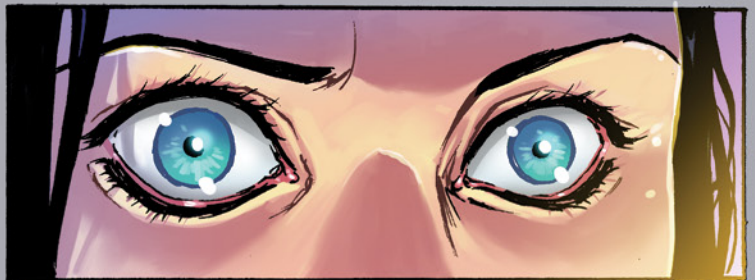


I REACH FOR WONDERLAND AS IF IT IS ANOTHER OF MY CHILDREN, BUT ITS FINGERS SLIP THROUGH MY GRASP. IT'S ONLY...

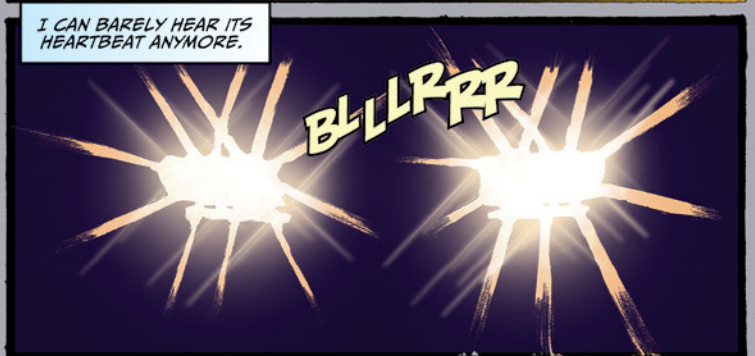
BLOODY...



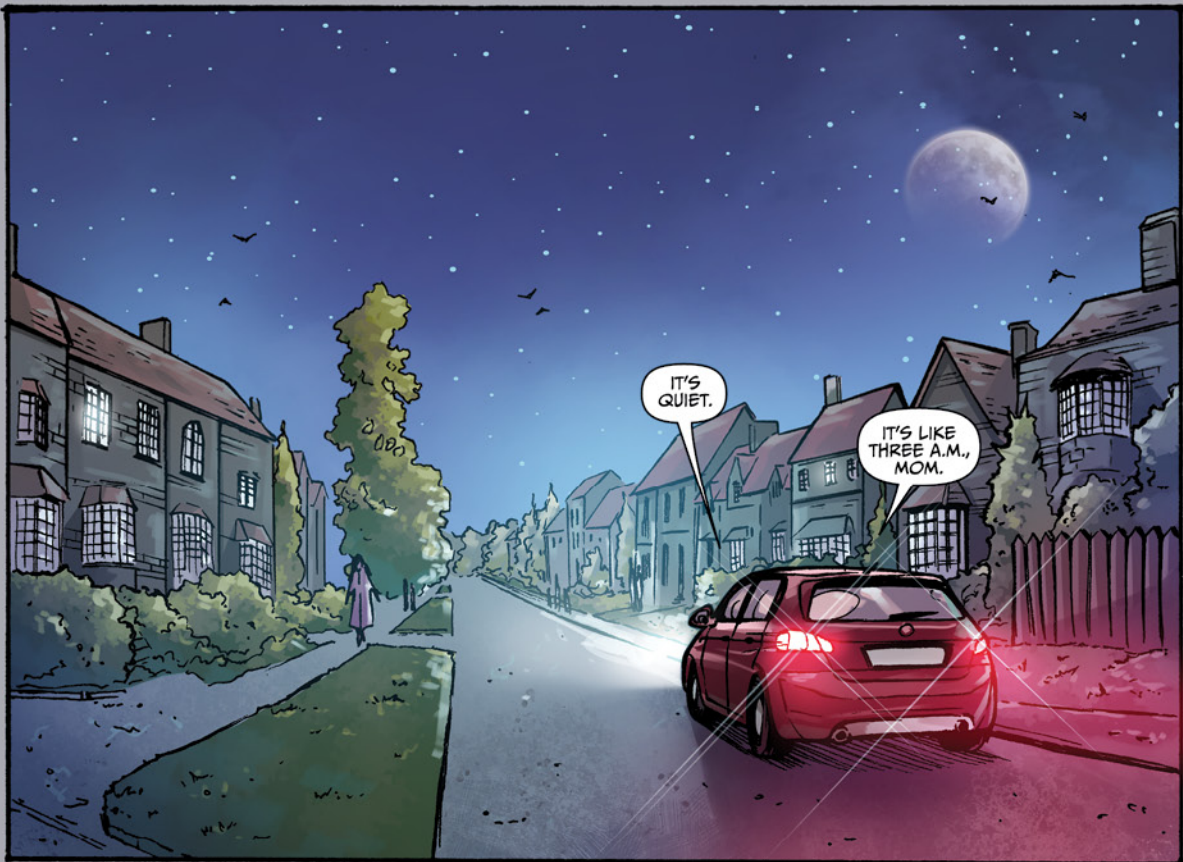
DISTANCING ITSELF FROM ME... IT'S MOTHER. THE WHITE QUEEN



I CAN BARELY HEAR ITS HEARTBEAT ANYMORE.

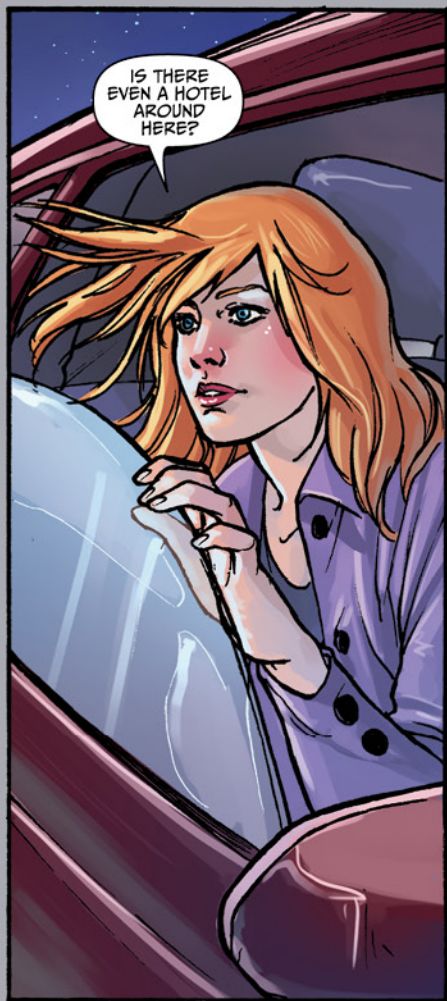




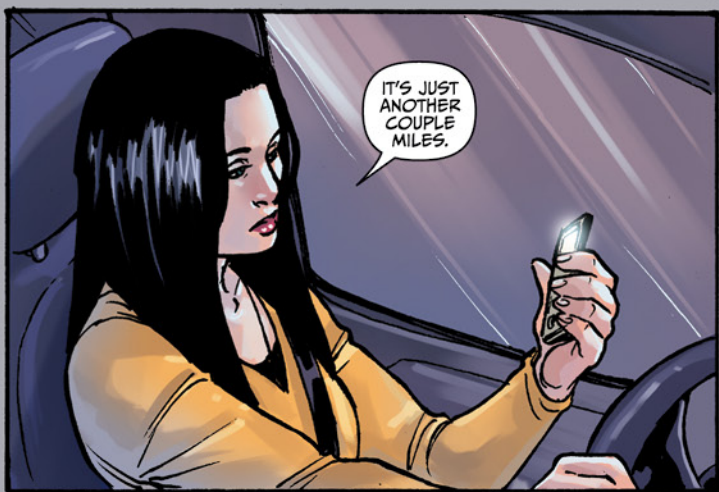


IT'S QUIET.

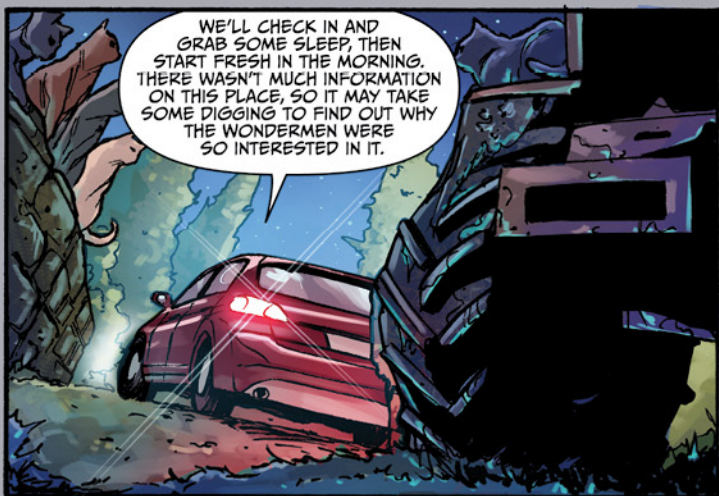
IT'S LIKE THREE A.M., MOM.



IS THERE EVEN A HOTEL AROUND HERE?



IT'S JUST ANOTHER COUPLE MILES.



WE'LL CHECK IN AND GRAB SOME SLEEP, THEN START FRESH IN THE MORNING. THERE WASN'T MUCH INFORMATION ON THIS PLACE, SO IT MAY TAKE SOME DIGGING TO FIND OUT WHY THE WONDERMEN WERE SO INTERESTED IN IT.