

Sunday, February 04, 2007

It's never just make-believe.

Fairy tales have been a part of me for as long as I can remember. I have never just read them. My imagination takes hold, my heart wraps around them, and hope flourishes. Everything in this world has an offshoot in the lands through the looking glass.

As I've grown up, so has my adoration for fairy tales. Now the adventures that capture my attention are ones that make my heart stutter, my wings flex, and my fingers clench around the pages. In short, they give me a glimpse of a life I never imagined for those characters - a lengthy explanation of why Dorothy's wicked witch is green or a brief and wholly satisfying glimpse at the life Tinkerbell lead once she was allowed to grow up and leave Peter.

I spent the weekend entrenched in the newest version of Alice in Wonderland.....[Looking Glass Wars](#). I'm entranced! I can't wait to sink into the next two installments. (*sigh* yes, it's a trilogy so I'll have to be patient) I'm particularly taken by the way the original version of Alice is not dismissed or discarded (as is often the case in retellings) but instead a whole wonderfully complicated history is presented that not only explains the existence of this first version, but ties events in Wondertropolis to events in our world...complete with maps and historical time lines.

I've finished the book, I've daydreamed, I've blogged...and now I believe I will go practice imagining things into existence. Wish me luck!