

[ASMR] OBITUARY [M4A][TRAGEDY][EMOTIONAL]

*You are the March Hare and today is one of mourning. Your friend, the Mad Hatter, finally lost his top at the hands of the Red Queen. You sit alone, sipping tea in honor of your lost friend. Not even the Dormouse came to your party for the Hatter...*

(Sigh) ...I've known your daring mind for years, Hatter, yet I never expected you to be so brash. Was it because of the jam in your teapot or the sugar in your eardrum? I will never know... for you now dance with the bats above as the teacup to their tea tray... All I can ponder now is that silly riddle of yours that you taunted poor Alice with... How is a raven like a writing desk? Heh. No wonder you went mad, my friend. None could imagine such an answer, especially on their unbirthday. (Sip your tea)

*You break from your mental solitude to recognize that you are no longer in solitude after a rustle in the bushes catches your ear.*

Alice?... Oh, a visitor who is clearly not Alice. There is no room here this day. Off with you! no room! (Listen: No room? But there's--) OH no no no, do not attempt to pretend to be who you are clearly not! You say there is no room when there clearly isn't! Not today or any day for that matter! Why, were you invited at all? (The listener shakes their head) I thought not! These seats are clearly marked for a special engagement and you were not on the list of invitees! Therefore, your presence is very, very rude! So I ask again for you to be off without delay!

*The listener does not leave. They are certainly persistent! Why would they come ruin your moment alone? Not even the Dormouse is this rude!*

And yet you stay. Silly person, you, do you know why you were not invited? Hmm? Perhaps not because you are clearly not dressed for the occasion! For shame! You insult the host with such a garb. (Listen: What's wrong with my outfit?) It simply does not fit! We are here to have tea not to frolic about the woods, pretending to be someone you again are clearly not! The queen would-- (You don't want to think about her.) ... well, regardless. I've stated enough to warrant your exit so, if you please. Away with you!

*Again, the listener will not leave! How dare they? They're even crossing their arms and giving you a frustrated glare? The nerve!*

Grrr! Why are you still here gawking? There is nothing for you here to observe! Birthday, unbirthday, it matters not for this is a private event! (Listen: In the middle of the woods?) Yes, in the middle of the woods! Where else would we have such a party? Indoors?

Bah! Foolish thought. Ridiculous, one would say! (Listen: What are you celebrating then?) “What are we celebrating?” Why, that is quite rude to ask! What part of PRIVATE do you not understand? The PRI or the VATE part?

*The listener raises an eyebrow at you. They very much act like Alice, yet they are twice as rude and ignorant. Pitiful, truly.*

My... you are quite a persistent one, aren't you? You act like Alice but you cannot fool my eyes. Your stubborn behavior would get you... mmph! (Must you bring *her* up?) Well, it would get you beheaded! That's what! Do you understand? There would be no head on your shoulders! No brain to defy courtesy! No hair to set a hat on... (Today's a day of mourning, not anger.) No... I cannot be angry today. Not today of all days. Another unbirthday perhaps, but not this one...

*The listener approaches, now with a look of concern. Is it their unbirthday? Has your outburst ruined it? The tea is getting cold.*

I... I apologize. Today is a rather special day in a way, you see. Very special indeed. (Listen: How so?) Well... perhaps you can sit for a moment so that I might explain properly. One of our guests has yet to arrive after all. They would not mind a warm seat upon their entrance, I'm sure. Come. Come, sit. The tea is getting cold and must not be left to get colder. That would be most unwelcome.

*You watch the listener take a seat near you. Out of muscle memory, you pour a cup of tea for them with little effort.*

This party is in honor of a great person. One whom many would agree to be quite a host in his own right. (Listen: Who is he?) Who is he indeed! As you are clearly not from here, there is no doubt you will not have known him in any regard. An upstanding gentleman with one of the finest wits and tongues of song and tea to ever grace this table! The Hatter, a man with the finest collection of caps and head dressings one would ever lay their eyes on. A man who once sang the most boisterous song for the royals of this land without fear! A man... (He's not here...) who is... not here.

*The listener sips their tea and smiles. “Is the seat I'm sitting in for him?”*

Uh-- I.. Is the seat your sitting in his seat? Oh, no no no. Not at all. He would never sit THERE. His seat is at the head of the table, much like a hat to a person's hair-and-skin covered skull. Of course, it would be reasonable to know that EVERY seat here is the Hatter's seat, as one cannot simply have tea with a dirty cup every time. It only makes

sense to have a clean cup for tea, you understand. (Listen: Then where is he?) Where is... I... um... (You're thirsty.) A drink first! We can't let the tea get cold!

*You watch the listener sip the tea before absolutely downing your cup and smashing it without care. The listener jumps in their seat. "Why did you do that?!"*

Ah! Why did I what? Smash the cup against the table? It was empty and one has no need for an empty cup, correct? Why let it sit there and collect dust when it is emptied? (Listen: That makes no sense!) Sense? No sense? Do you understand the nonsense YOU are bringing about with such emotional reactions? This is a party! We're supposed to have fun at parties! Have you ever been to a party?! This is not some dour place like a... courtroom... where one would judge... and... be... (Listen: Are you alright?) I...

*This is not going well. What would the Hatter say? Why is the listener not understanding what is going on? The tea is perfect. The table is perfect. What is there to misunderstand?*

(Sigh) This party is... in honor of the Hatter, you see... He is--... was... a brilliant man... and a great friend. (Listener: I'm sorry...) It's quite alright. He would have scolded me for my terrible manners towards a new guest. You may not be Alice, but what kind of gentleman would deny someone a cup of tea on their way to... well, wherever you are going. The Hatter was as brilliant as he was talented... and here I am allowing my own emotions to spoil the tea. Pathetic, March Hare...

*The listener places a hand on your shoulder. It's better to not be alone, despite the Dormouse also needing to heal in their own way.*

The Hatter was my friend beyond anything else. He and I shared hundreds of unbirthdays, each a special occasion. With our mutual friend, the Dormouse, we were inseparable and unstoppable in our desire for intellectual riddles and entertaining songs... oh the wonderful songs we would sing together... No matter how many times he'd chastise me for using butter instead of margarine or how his riddles befuddled the brain, he was indeed the truest of friends a hare like me could have had...

*The listener tries to comfort you, despite you simply needing time. "How did he die?"*

How did he... well, it was quite simple: he had lost his mind. That and his head. Both in tangent, you see. Beheadings are a nasty business, after all. The queen was not fond of his kindness to Alice-- the one you clearly pretend to be-- and did not hold back in her judgment against him when Alice escaped to wherever she may be now. It was

expected and none of us truly cared for the consequences. After all, all of us ran to our own pocket watches, but... when she gave the order... He was the only one to... smile.

*Why did he smile? What on earth begged his elation to paint over his face? Why did he leave you alone?*

I still cannot figure out why. His smile only angered his majesty more and, so, she came down with the axe in her own royal hands... and then... (It is too terrible of a memory to fully recall.) I-I apologize once again. I've spoiled tea time with this foolishness. I cannot celebrate his departure like this, or an unbirthday party for that matter... A very merry unbirthday to me indeed... (The listener rubs your back slightly in comfort) Oh do not worry about me, visitor. I'm sure you have many things to do here. One does not dally in one place for long here. Not enough biscuits for that. I only... wish to remember him and ponder his many riddles before the teapots chill. You may have loved them, perhaps.

*The listener straightens up in curiosity. "Really? What riddles did he tell?" A breath of fresh air.*

Oh he told plenty! Many would have knocked the jam out of your slippers. Tell me: How is a raven like a writing desk? Hmm? It is his masterpiece, haha!... and one I have yet to solve. He was such an intellectual, it had to have meant something groundbreaking! Just as genius as spreading marmalade on saucers for extra teacup stability! (Sigh) I wish to solve it... it will be my farewell to him, a grand one at that to finally answer his riddle in kind. (shrug) I guess until then, I will toast to him and his marvelous songs.

*The listener smiles. "May I help you?"*

May you help?... Well, perhaps this riddle will need more than just my inquisitive mind to solve... I would not turn down such a gesture, especially when the Dormouse has yet to return to the table. They are awfully late, but no matter... (A friend would be nice now.) Yes. Yes, I should love your assistance with this riddle. Thank you.