

Das Erste Fragment des Märchens

Alice's adventures in insomnja.



Knochen-kreuz*

http://exlibris-lab.com/knochen-kreuz/produkt/insomnja_alice/



不眠症のアリス

*Alice's adventures
in Insomnia.*



All in the silver midnight...



不眠症のアリスはいつもぼんやり
眠いのに 眠れない
何でかって?
だって頭の中でいつも誰かが喚いているんですもの!

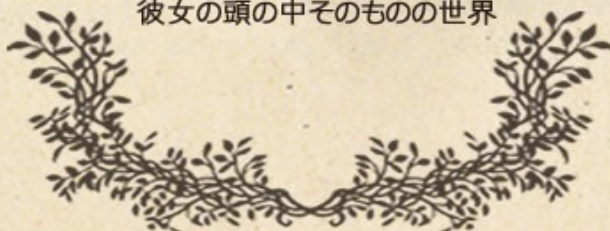
『XXXXXXXX!』 『XXXXXXXX!』

ああもう本当にうるさいったら!

静かに眠れる場所を探して森の中に入っていったら、
うっかり足を滑らせて兎の穴にまっさかさま!

何なのよまったく…本当に嫌になる

不思議な不思議なその国は
彼女の頭の中そのものの世界





序章：“Overture”

第1章：“Down the Rabbit-Hole”


第2章：“A Mad Tea-Party”

第3章：“Who Stole the pies?”

第4章：“Alice’s Evidence”

終章：“And that’s all...?”





がさこそふらふらばたばたどすん がさこそふらふらばたばたどすん

ああまた夜中に抜け出して
(お家の外は危険がいっぱい)

ああまた今日もふらふらと
(お気に入りのドレスも汚れちゃう)

毎日毎日いつもいつも
(悪いオバケにさらわれてしまうよ)

どうしてイイコで眠っていないの？
(大きな大きな暗闇が)

お母様にいつも言われているでしょう？
(大きな大きなお口をあけて)


夜に独りで森に入らないでって
(白い悪魔を案内役にして)

ほらほら、そのまま進んでしまったら…
(あなたを食べてしまうんだから)

ああほらやっぱり落っこちちゃった！

…そこはどんな世界なの？
What kind of world is there?

序章："Overture"





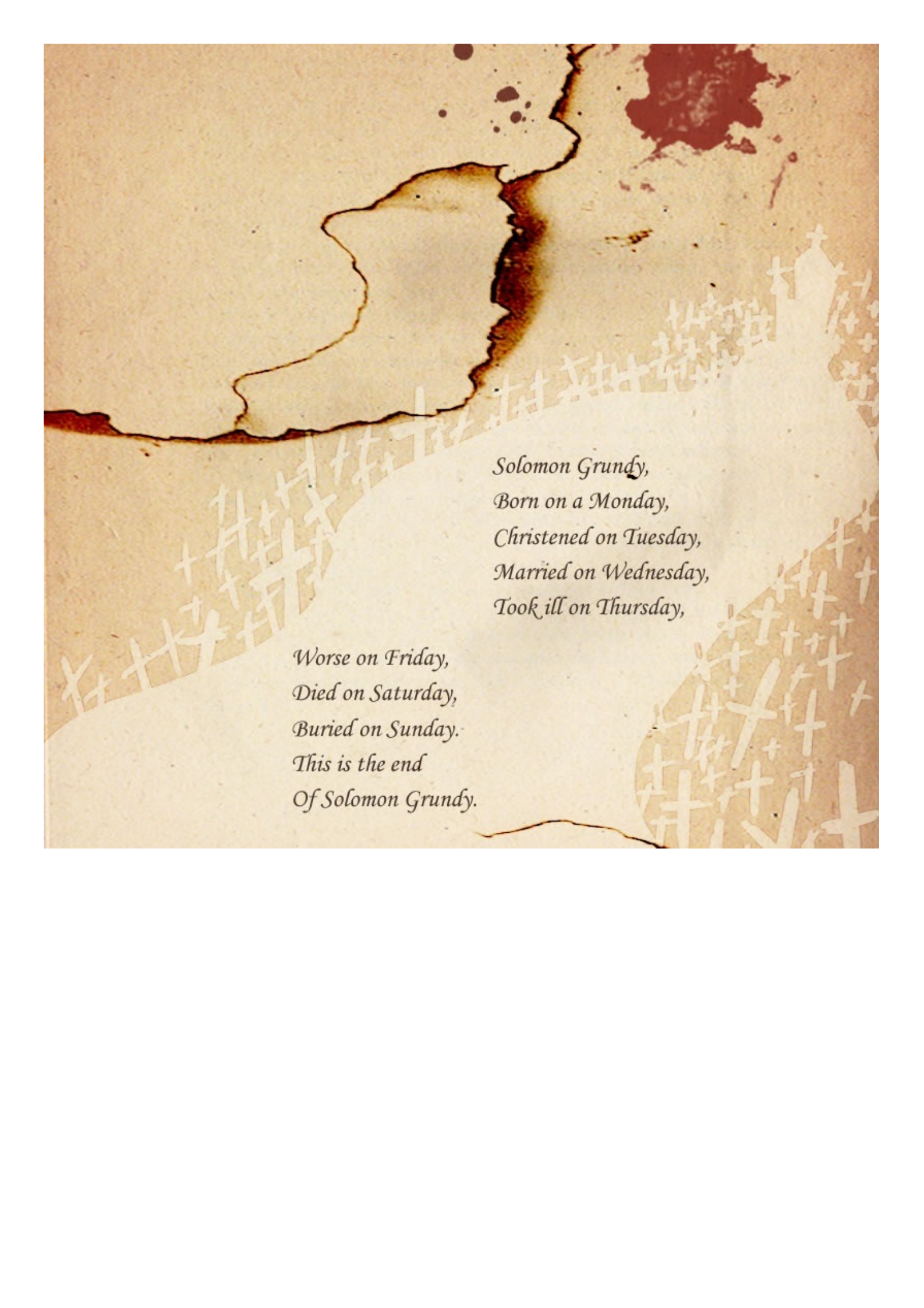
01. Overture
(Toy parade -Insomnia mix -)

music : りてる

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*Solomon Grundy,
Born on a Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,*

*Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday.
This is the end
Of Solomon Grundy.*

*Thus grew the tale of Wonderland:
Thus slowly, one by one,
Its quaint events were hammered out—
And now the tale is done,
And home we steer, a merry crew,
Beneath the setting sun.*

*Alice! A childish story take,
And, with a gentle hand,
Lay it where Childhood's dreams are twined
In Memory's mystic band.
Like pilgrim's wither'd wreath of flowers
Pluck'd in a far-off land.*







Why don't you
join us?

(.....ところで本当にパイは盗まれたのかしら?)



*The Queen of Hearts,
She made some tarts
All on a summer's day.*

*The Knave of Hearts,
He stole the tarts
And took them clean away.*



*The King of Hearts,
Called for the tarts
And beat the Knave full sore.*

*The Knave of Hearts,
Brought back the tarts
And vowed he'd steal no more.*

Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town,
Up stairs and down stairs in his night gown,
Tapping at the window, crying at the lock,
"Are the children in their bed, for it's now ten o'clock?"

"Hey, Willie Winkie, are you coming in?
The cat is singing purring sounds to the sleeping hen,
The dog's spread out on the floor, and doesn't give a cheep,
But here's a wakeful little boy who will not fall asleep!"

Anything but sleep, you rogue! glowering like the moon,
Rattling in an iron jug with an iron spoon,
Rumbling, tumbling round about, crowing like a cock,
Shrieking like I don't know what, making sleeping folk,

"Hey, Willie Winkie, the child's in a reel!
Wiggling from everyone's knee like an eel,
Tugging at the cat's ear, and confusing all her thrums
Hey, Willie Winkie - see, there he comes!"

Wearied is the mother who has a dusty child,
A small short little child, who can't run on his own,
Who always has a battle with sleep before he'll close an eye
But a kiss from his rosy lips gives strength anew to me.

Dearest my sister "Aijson".





**People may doubt what you say,
but they will believe what you do.**