

Now We're Down The Hole

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Now We're Down The Hole

by [willgrahamcrackers](#)

Summary

During Germany's Blitz on Britain, Hannibal Lecter and Will Graham use Alice's Adventures in Wonderland as a means to escape their troubled lives.

Notes

MAJOR credit to Sheik/Sater/Sater & Nelson (the writers of the script for ABH). I kinda sort of pulled most of the dialogue from this chapter directly from the script... TwT

I PINKY PROMISE I WON'T BE DOING THAT FOR FUTURE CHAPTERS, I really felt like this was the best way to get you all introduced to the setting of the story.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

West of Words

As the Germans dropped their bombs on London, Hannibal found himself lost in Wonderland. It was almost as if the Mad Queen and talking birds came alive with each word he read. He could barely even smell the burning flesh and shrapnel.

Hannibal was torn from Wonderland and thrown back into the harsh reality of Aldwych station. Every few pages he would read, he looked back at Will in his cot. God, he looked pale.

Alana sighed as she stroked Margot's hair.

"Darling, I've forgotten — is it day or night?" Margot mused.

"You pick." Alana quipped back.

Nurse Crawford handed out grey war blankets to everyone. He gave Cordell, the newest orphan in the bunker a quick once over. Cordell was rocking back and forth while he trembled.

"My mummy's coming home for me today. My mummy's coming home for me today." He sniffled as he whispered to himself.

Abigail raised her eyebrows as she watched from her vantage point. She really wasn't buying it.

"Oh, do you think?" She asked with a bit more venom than she had intended. "Just like mine and yours and his and hers?"

Doctor Chilton ran in, catching Nurse Crawford's attention. He started reading from his clipboard.

"Graham. Will Graham." This got Hannibal's attention. He put the book down and ran over to Will's cot.

"HANNIBAL! Back to your bed. NOW." Jack shouted. Hannibal opened his mouth to protest, but Nurse Crawford stared daggers at him.

Dr. Chilton continued in his thick German accent that Hannibal could barely understand. "Supraventricular Tachycardia, with Hypovolemia—"

"What does that mean?" Hannibal interrupted, trying to stay as calm as he could.

"Hyperhydrosis—"

"That means he'll be alright?" Hannibal asked. He didn't know if he wanted to scream or cry. "RIGHT?!" He yelled, blinking back tears.

Chilton continued robotically and unfeelingly. "Due to Mycobacterium Tuberculosis—"

"We must move that boy to the end of the line!" Jack said tartly.

"Will? No!" Hannibal gasped.

"Catch that cough, he'll be your death. Ward D!" Jack turned to Dr Chilton, whispering softly to him, "The good-as-dead."

"What?" Frederick moved closer, struggling to hear.

“Good-as-dead!” Jack spoke louder, hurting Hannibal’s ears.

“What are you talking about? He’s not dying!” Hannibal laughed. He couldn’t believe it.

“Is there family?” Jack asked, ignoring Hannibal entirely.

“None left.” Frederick huffed. “Lecter found him in the gutter buried him in the rubble. The whole block went down.” They were talking about Hannibal like he wasn’t even there!

“Will has me!” He butted in, trying to get Nurse Crawford to listen in any way he could. “He’ll get better near me.” When Jack got up to move, Hannibal stopped him. “Just... please don’t move him. He’s my dearest friend.”

Jack scoffed. “*Today* he is your dearest friend. Tomorrow, a statistic.”

Hannibal brought his book of Wonderland with him as he sat by Will’s cot. It was hard to see him so weak and fragile. He could get a whiff of Will’s sickly-sweet aroma as well as the disinfectant that Nurse Crawford used.

“Don’t listen to them, Will. I’ll read to you. You’ll feel much better.” Hannibal cooed, playing with Will’s curls.

Will let out another painful cough. It muffled Nurse Crawford’s dress shoes across the floor.

“HANNIBAL LECTER!” Jack seethed. “Thirty-thousand dead up there— and you with your head in Wonderland, for heaven’s sake.” Jack tried to snatch the book away. Hannibal

clutched it tightly. “**BACK! TO! YOUR! BED!**” Jack grabbed Hannibal’s wrist, pulling him away from Will. “And button up that blousey. Mousey.” He scoffed before he left.

“But it is— all buttoned.” Hannibal blushed as he headed to his cot. “It’s just grown smaller, really.”

Abigail chuckled as she strided up to Hannibal. “Funny how that happens when you start growing bigger.”

Alana shrieked suddenly. “My pearls, where are my pearls?” She searched her entire body for it, before turning to her girlfriend.

Margot grinned toothily, wearing them on her neck. “They insisted!” She giggled. Alana took them back with a sigh.

Hannibal was determined to see Will. *His* Will. He passed Cordell, still muttering to himself. When he was not more than halfway there, Mason Verger came up to stop him, leading Hannibal to his own cot.

“Shall we have some tea? Shall we?” Mason had a thousand yard stare that Hannibal found terrifying. “Tea for two?” He repeated, “for him and me — and me?”

“Absolutely!” Alana teased, speaking in posh English that you’d only hear royalty speak. “With just a spit of jam!”

Margot joined in, cackling like a hyena. “And a spot of Spam!”

“Spam! Spam! What is Spam?” Mason mused. “Spam is ham that didn’t pass its physical! But me, I’m sound. I’m all sound now, me. This time I’ll pass...”

Tobias slinked out of the darkness, pipe in hand. “You’ve passed, Mason. It’s past.” He sighed, taking another lazy puff.

“I have? SIR, YES, SIR! Verger. Mason Verger, reporting for duty, Sir.” He shouted as he jumped up, saluting Tobias. Margot and Alana glanced at each other, whispering and snickering to themselves.

Tobias grimaced at them. “*You* try losing your wits on the front, then coming home to the Blitz.”

Hannibal was about to make a run for it. At least, until he saw Dr Chilton jotting down notes on his clipboard.

He babbled to himself in medical jargon. “Misplaced wits: Hypanogic Hallucinations due to —“

“DR. CHILTON!” Jack yelled, trying to get his attention.

“What?” He responded, struggling to hear.

“Whaaaat?” Margot mocked, seeming very pleased with herself.

Abigail rolled her eyes. “Oh? That’s funny, is it? Would that a bomb blow out your eardrum? Mad, mad — we’ve all gone mad here,”

Cordell seemed to perk up at this. “O, let me not be mad, not mad.” Realization hit him. “My essay on King Lear! It’s due at noon!” He gasped, scrambling to collect himself.

Margot stopped him, thinking deeply about Abigail’s words. “I’ll write you a note, kid.” She said kindly. “You have a good excuse.”

Tobias pulled Hannibal into his lap, flirtatiously blowing smoke out of his pipe while he traced the curves of Hannibal's body.

"One puff — and all this fades away." He purred into Hannibal's ear. "You're in some other dream." He whispered, kissing Hannibal's neck.

"Anywhere but here." Alana sighed wistfully. Hannibal couldn't help but agree. He didn't want to admit it, but he imagined that it was Will touching him. He let out a soft and breathy sigh. As much as Hannibal tried to stay in the moment, he found himself drifting back into Wonderland.

When he got back from his daydream, he watched Nurse Crawford pass out the rations. God, they smelled awful. He looked back at Will helplessly.

"Tin tomatoes with your bacon!" Jack yelled. "And more of you than rations. Not a word about it."

Abigail watched Hannibal's desperation. She thought for a moment before she dropped a tin can on the floor. Nurse Crawford slipped and fell, sending the rest of the rations flying.

"Go!" Abigail mouthed.

The sound of the cans hitting the floor startled Margot. She screamed! The Nazis were attacking again!

She looked up, noticing how everyone was staring at her. Margot cleared her throat, blushing.

"Just trying to get the party started!" Margot covered.

“Abigail!” Jack scolded, “Such a trial!”

Alana watched Margot’s still frazzled expression. Maybe a joke would make her feel better.

“Well, we all know who gets the vote for Orphan of the Year!” Alana tittered.

“Had to save somebody.” Margot replied, maybe a bit louder than she meant to. “Well, since she couldn’t save her father!”

Abigail hissed at the girls.

Hannibal panted as he ran to the other side of the station. Will looked pale and deathly skinny.

“Will!” Hannibal ran up to his cot.

“Hanni...” Will choked out. “I’m falling away. The stars are so bright, they hurt my eyes—“

Hannibal held Will’s head to his breast. He brushed some sweat-soaked hair out of his gaunt face.

“That’s the fever talking, not you.” Hannibal insisted. “Let me read to you! I went back, I found our book! I’ll bring you to our world again!”

“Our world? What world?” Will croaked hoarsely.

Hannibal grasped Will's hand gently. "Come with me! You can run there! You can *breathe* there! Then they won't take you away. We'll have each other, always."

Will sighed, shaking his head. "We'll start reading and I won't be able to reach the end."

"Of course you will! All this— we can make it disappear." Hannibal closed his eyes, remembering their travels to Wonderland when they were boys.

Will and Hannibal would play in their wonderful garden together. Will ran, and Hannibal would give chase.

"Oh my ears and whiskers! I'm late! So very late!" The young Will said as he sprinted, his tiny feet hitting the grassy floor.

"White Rabbit! White Rabbit!" Hannibal called as he ran after Will. He almost caught Will, but he slipped away every time.

"Dear, dear!" Hannibal giggled. "How queer is everything today!"

Will's hoarse cough snapped Hannibal out of his Memory Palace.

"I won't start what I can't finish." Will stated very matter-of-factly.

"I know— since forever!" Hannibal huffed. His mind wandered back to their childhood. Whenever Hannibal read to him, Will didn't move an inch from his spot at Hannibal's side until they were finished with the story.

"Even when you were six, staying well past dark, ignoring your mother's calls— you so had to finish it!" Hannibal sighed wistfully. "Come there with me!"

“I’ve no time left!” Will huffed. “Don’t you understand?”

“Don’t believe them!” Hannibal begged tearfully. “You can’t let them take this from us. Not this, too. It’s all we have. It’s Wonderland!”

“You go there without me now.” Will wiped the tears away from Hannibal’s face.

“You can’t lose heart!”

“Oh really?” Will snapped back. “After everything else we’ve lost?” He broke into a coughing fit.

Hannibal laid Will down on his lap and pulled out his book. It was tattered, but well loved.

“Chapter One: Down the Rabbit Hole.” Hannibal read. He saw a sad smile creep up upon Will’s face. “Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the riverbank—“

“HANNIBAL!” Nurse Crawford snarled. Hannibal, however, paid Nurse Crawford no mind.

“Once or twice she had peeped into the book—“

“Hannibal Lecter! Take a look around — we’re well past make-believe!” Jack lectured. “No wonder they’re burning books.”

And with that, Jack ripped up the pages of the book one by one. Hannibal lunged for Jack, but it was gone. All gone. The only thing that belonged to him was scattered over the floor of Aldwych Station.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

A little chapter for you guys because I'm going to write another big one for chapter 3 and I also want to go to bed.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"It's mine! It's all that's mine!" Hannibal blinked back his tears, swallowing despite the terrible lump in his throat.

Abigail wiped his tears away as she comforted him. "Well, Nurse Crawford can't take it away then. Nobody can!"

Hannibal clung to what little he had left of the pages. Margot scoffed.

"Clinging to some kiddie book now?" She chuckled.

"Appalling!" Alana scoffed.

Mason stood up, his eyes glossed over. "Duck, London Bridge is falling!" He screamed.

Hannibal ran over to Will, determined to get to him. He started towards his dearest friend.

"OFF OF THAT BED! NOW." Jack screamed.

Hannibal thought about what Abigail said. She was right. Nobody could take the stories in his heart away from him!

“No!” Hannibal yelled back as he stood up on his cot. “Off... off with your head!” Time seemed to freeze in place for everyone... well, except for Will. “STOP! You—“ He pointed at Alana and Margot, “And you!” He pointed at Mason. “And YOU!” He pointed at Nurse Crawford.

“I’ll show you!” He grinned determinedly. “Every single one of you!” He turned to Will. “I’ll *bring* you. I know it all by heart!” Hannibal beamed.

He begun to recite the story, bringing Will inside of his mind palace. “And so, with nothing to do, Alice was considering **what** to do... when suddenly—“

Will felt so much better! He could run, jump, and breathe! It was just like Hannibal said! And... did he seriously have bunny ears?

Hannibal looked at his beautiful rabbit, free once again! “—A white rabbit ran close by!”

Hannibal’s tight vest and blouse were gone! He was wearing a blue floral suit that fit him quite well. Before he knew it, Will had fallen down a rabbit hole under the hedge. Of course Hannibal had to follow!

“White Rabbit, White Rabbit!” Hannibal called as he jumped down the hole.

Chapter End Notes

I didn’t introduce the characters as their Wonderland counterparts like they do in the musical, so I guess you guys will just have to see... :3

End Notes

I'm so very grateful that you read this chapter! There will definitely be more to come in the future, so STAY TUNED!

Shoutout to my beta reader, @ghostofsal for encouraging me to write this when I stayed up until 4am a few nights ago :3

ALSO. I don't know how to write choreography for a book so the Hannigram theater fic is postponed until I figure that out! But this fic will be a huge undertaking so!

Also I might be releasing some fluffier pieces along with this one because it's kinda angsty and sad...

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!