



## We're All Mad Here

*Richard Rider*

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They're drinking lemonade from tall icy glasses, sprawled on a blanket under a tree behind Lindsay's mum's house with an old leather-bound book two inches thick and a Nintendo DS, both abandoned. Pip is resting his head on Lindsay's thigh, and both of them are deciphering patterns in the clouds and the maze of sun-drenched leaves overhead. It's like being back in Cambridge, Lindsay said, those endless summer days when the heat became too much and even he couldn't bear to be in the library. His fingers are idly playing with a bit of Pip's hair as they talk about everything and nothing.

"Shoes and ships and sealing-wax," Pip murmurs. "And whether pigs have wings."

"Mmm." Lindsay leans back against the tree trunk with a lazy smile. "It always makes me think of Richard."

"Richard who?"

"Richard II. 'Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ... and tell sad stories of the death of kings'. The rhythm of it."

"Shakespeare can suck my dick."

"I'd break his neck."

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### We're All Mad Here Details

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## From Reader Review We're All Mad Here for online ebook

### Emma Sea says

Trippy surreal ficlet from the Stockholm Syndrome universe. A beautiful glimpse of Pip and Lindsay

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### Shannon Herrington says

Wonderful! I love the fantastical style of this even though it was different than the normal Pip -n- Lindsay stuff. Beautifully written. Keep up the good work!

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### LauraSt says

Weird little shortie of an awkward dream.

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### Katerina says

A poetic addition. Thank you, Richard <3

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### Lala says

Weird, creepy and so beautifully written. It was like poetry.

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### MaDoReader says

No es malo, para nada, pero no es para mi.

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### John Fuller says

This is a very short piece but probably my favourite thing Richard Rider has ever written; it's like poetry.

"We haven't eaten for seven years" in particular gives me shivers, but the entirety of this piece is exquisitely and flawlessly written.

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### **Jazzy says**

Pip falls asleep with his head in Lindsay's lap and has the most bizarre dream - surreal, trippy, poetically beautiful.

Clearly this is what happens when one falls asleep after having eaten too much posh twats' food.

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### **Paul says**

sorry but WTF?

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### **Aimee ~is busy sleeping~ says**

Someone kindly let me know if this ever becomes available on Amazon or Smashwords, so I can one day finally read this.....

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### **Sheziss says**

This makes me want to quote Calderón de la Barca.

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### **Alice says**

"Shakespeare can suck my dick." "I'd break his neck." quality literature right there my friends

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### **Katrin Davidson says**

Very lyrical, short story. Didn't move the "overall " plot on but showcased Riders writing. 3 Stars.

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### **Em says**

Beautifully written and surreal.

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### **Syfy says**

\*sigh\*

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