The lion stalked the battlefield, guarding the flanks and roaring for all to hear and tremble. He advanced, unafraid of the curiously twisting Daisy patch, and stood ready to bring down the greatest prize of them all - the unicorn!”

“Unicorns don’t exist,” said Alice, somewhat disappointed. She stared at the pitcher of milk before her, water condensing on its cool, white exterior.

“Of course they exist!” cried the Dormouse, “and they think they’re so fancy! Always strutting around at those damned fashion shows.”

The Mad Hatter slid the plate of biscuits over to the Hare, who placed one in his teacup and promptly drowned it in tea. “Fashion shows,” continued the Dormouse, “what a monstrous bore! Look at what they’re wearing nowadays!”

The tiny mouse drew a slip of paper from his impossibly small bag, and began unfolding it on the table. Deftly hopping over the saucers littering the table, he unfurled a strange picture...
Act I
Scene 2

Fashion Statements

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