I’m getting horribly confused,” said Alice. “Everything seems twisted and turned around in unnatural ways.”

“It’s only unnatural if you’re a natural thing. I haven’t been natural for some time,” said the Mad Hatter, matter-of-factly. “But let me continue...

“The White Queen glanced across the battlefield, and saw the danger Alice was in. Responding in kind, she took another strident step towards the Red Knight, keeping Alice in her sights.”

“Have some tea, dear,” said the Dormouse as he pushed the kettle towards the small child. The March Hare jumped up onto the table, frantically poured some milk onto his seat, and sat back down. Looking from the mouse to the hare, Alice realised what a strange place this was, as if for the first time. She graciously accepted the tea, and sat back in her chair. It was then that she noticed the strangest pattern embossed into the tablecloth...
Act I
Scene 4

Polarity

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