Alice looked over at the March Hare, who seemed transfixed by the jug of milk sitting before him. He jumped when the Mad Hatter continued his tale, and Alice didn’t even notice the Dormouse creep up and snatch the pot of sugar from in front of her and take it back to his spot.

“In the confusion, the unicorn leapt up, beautiful rainbows streaming in its wake! It dashed into the crow, spearing the nasty thing with its beautiful, pearly horn.”

“It’s always the horn, isn’t it? Pass me the tea, would you?” said the Dormouse.

The Mad Hatter stood up, picking up the teapot and circling the table. Alice’s head swivelled as she watched the man stalk around the chairs once, twice, three times with an odd, halting gait.

“Why aren’t you playing your game? Has our guest distracted you?” asked the Mad Hatter.

The March Hare looked between the Dormouse and the Mad Hatter. “I cannot be distracted by that girl, Hatter! And I’m going to beat you, Mr. Hare!” cried the Dormouse, clearing away the clutter to expose the board underneath. It was etched with unfamiliar markings, but the March Hare and the Dormouse bent over, concentrating intensely.

The madman placed the teapot at the base of the picture in front of the Dormouse and returned to his place at the head of the table. “Now finish your game, and may the best mammal win!”
Act II
Scene 1

Super Effective
Author: Scott Mooney