The March Hare stopped twitching for a moment, and looked longingly at the jug of milk in front of Alice. As the Mad Hatter resumed his tale, Alice passed the milk to the distressed rabbit, who gleefully took it and set it before him, before plunging his front paw up to his shoulder in the milk. Alice giggled.

“Sparing barely a glance for the fat little man-thing, the Queen took two menacing steps towards Alice. Her tiny mouth twisted on her enormous head, and she muttered hateful things: ‘All the ways about here belong to me! To me!!’”

“She doesn’t sound very nice,” said Alice.

“She doesn’t sound very nice,” repeated the Mad Hatter.

“I just said that!” said Alice.

“I just said that!” repeated the Mad Hatter once more.

“Are you repeating everything I say?” asked Alice cheerfully.

The Mad Hatter leaned over the trestle table, danger glinting in his wide green eyes. “Are you repeating everything I say?”

The Dormouse jumped up on top of the teapot and looked over at Alice. “Don’t worry, Alice, when he gets in these moods, you can make him say anything!”

“Don’t worry, Alice, when he gets in these moods, you can make him say anything!”

“Everything the Mad Hatter says is a lie.”

“Everything the... oh, you’re a clever little Dormouse, aren’t you?”

Alice listened as they continued their bizarre exchange.