I feel my teeth need sweetening. Pass the sugar, won’t you please?”

Alice slipped out from her chair and bore the pot to the Mad Hatter’s place. He began retelling his tale before she even got back to her seat.

“The Red Knight was closing in, and the White Queen knew she had to act. She stepped closer to him, spotting the Old Red King through the rose bushes, and prepared to strike.”

“Oh, that reminds me!” the Dormouse interrupted. “I’ve misplaced my garbernackle!”

“Your what?” asked Alice, clearly very confused.

“My garbernackle. It’s short for Garbernacklewonderkiprelfizzenpop. I know I put it somewhere…”

“Garbernacklewonderkiprelfizzenpop!” Alice repeated with glee. Her old, boring life was gone, replaced by this wonderful place with wonderful words and she laughed out loud.

The Dormouse, shooting her a cranky look, began to rummage through his bag and carelessly tossed out all manner of foreign objects, landing full-sized with heavy clunks and clanks on the table spread out before Alice...
Act II
Scene 3

Property

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