The March Hare motioned to the sugar pot in front of the Dormouse impatiently. “Come get it yourself!” said the feisty little mouse, jumping up onto the table to drag the teapot from Alice’s place to his own. The March Hare climbed under the table, his paws flashing up to grab the sugar, before returning to his place with it.

The Mad Hatter continued his tale.

“And then, something strange and wonderful occurred. The ground near Alice churned up, spewing thick, wet earth spraying into the air, and the beautiful roses were consumed in the torrent - only to reappear, blocking the path of the Old White King.”

The March Hare was now stirring the sugar into the pitcher of milk before him, and stopped at a furious look from the mad host. “Please excuse my guest, Alice; he has the manner of a beast, and shall not get any cake!”

The hare’s ears sagged dejectedly as the Mad Hatter reached into the centre of the table, picking up a platter and withdrawing the chrome lid with a flourish. Before Alice’s eyes was the most peculiar collection of miniature cakes...
Porcus

Author: Sean Gardiner

Act III
Scene 2

admiration; to speculate

cricketer’s instrument

break into tiny pieces

characterised by hard, high-pitched breathing

common breakfast drink (abbreviated)

downhearted; under average

in progress; afoot

passage from the mouth/nose to the lungs

destructs; ruins

fish related to salmon

radiation for examining bones

erode; don

striped insect

container reserved for outgoing files

archer’s instrument

typically Spanish cheer

someone assigned to a diplomatic mission

musicians Satriani or Walsh

follow; comply

rubbish; nonsense

the less complicated approach

distanced; cornered

site for online auctions

smoker’s receptacle