The Mad Hatter searched the folds of his cloak, his many pockets spraying forth an array of bizarre objects as he spoke.

“The wise old man heard the tell-tale clanging of metal and saw the carpenter moving in to strike, but his wise old mind had other plans. He stepped slowly but surely out of the way, slipping around the frog and away from the terrible gaze of the Red Queen. Tweedleddee realised that he could see the Red Queen - oh how he longed to show up Tweedledum! ‘I can do this, I can do this!’ he repeated to himself, snapping his smart suspenders against his puffy white chest.”

In an impossibly large pile around the Mad Hatter were all sorts of things, from the mundane such as needle and thread, to contraptions Alice couldn’t even dream.

“What use is sugar without tea? Pass me the tea, March Hare!” commanded the Dormouse, sitting atop the sugar pot. The March Hare rushed to comply.

“Ah, here it is!” cried the Mad Hatter, holding out what looked to be a sculpture of some sort. “This is my snowdial!”

“What’s a snowdial?” asked Alice.

“Silly girl, you know what a sundial is, don’t you?”

“Yes, of course! You can tell what time it is by the sun.”

“Well, logically,” said the Mad Hatter patiently, “the snowdial will tell you what time it is by the snow!”
Act III
Scene 3
Snowdial
Author: Ivan Guo