Oh, this is the good part,” said the Dormouse as the March Hare delivered the pot of tea to Alice. Even though she hadn’t finished her last cup, she graciously poured herself another, adding a dash of milk.

Gesticulating with the sugar pot, the Mad Hatter continued his story in a low voice.

“Alice swallowed hard, trying to make her fears tiny and small and blow them away. Carefully, so carefully, she took a step forward. The unicorn watched her closely, but so did the black and beady eyes of the cruel, clever crow.”

The March Hare chewed noisily on the biscuits, and then began wiping his face with the napkin set to the side of the platter. Alice noticed that there was something odd drawn on the napkin.

“What’s that, mister Hare?” she inquired. Confused, the March Hare cocked his head to the side and opened his mouth, pointing at the chewed remains of the biscuit and then to the platter.

“No, not that, that!” she said again, pointing at the napkin. She walked around the table and examined it. It looked like a map of a foreign city, perhaps. She examined it more closely...
Act III
Scene 4

City Crowns
Author: Scott Mooney

a) d-j-a-g
b) a-h-e-g
c) e-f-d
d) h-c-e-i-j-a
e) d-a-j-e-h
f) a-h-c-e-g-b-a
g) g-h-c-e-i-h
h) g-a-h
i) a-f-g-e-c-h
j) g-b-f-j-a