The madman, his hair blazing orange, stood up and picked up the pot of sugar. Leaving the teapot at his place, he stomped over to Alice rather comically. Alice smiled as the man came closer. He deposited the pot graciously and continued his tale.

“Closing his eyes, Tweedledee ran as fast as his little legs could carry him, rushing towards where the Red Queen had stood but moments before. He hoped to crack her like an egg, just like Tweedledum had done, but she had disappeared! He hit a rock at the edge of the battlefield and fell to the ground with a soft, pained ‘Oof!’ He looked up, and saw the lion.

“But oh, I know what little girls like!” he said, eyes lighting up, “A good game of hopscotch!”

“I do like hopscotch, but it gets dreadfully boring,” said Alice. The Dormouse, ignoring their exchange, lapped at the saucer of milk he had just poured for himself.

“Oh, this isn’t ordinary hopscotch. We do things differently here, you see.” He led her from her seat and away from the table a short distance. When Alice saw the gigantic array, she began skipping towards it as fast as she could!

“Watch your step...” said the Mad Hatter ominously.
Act IV
Scene 2

Hazardous

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