The March Hare leapt up onto the table, and locked his gaze with the Mad Hatter. In front of the madman were all the makings of a cup of tea - the teapot, a gleaming pitcher of milk, and a small pot of sugar. The Mad Hatter guarded them jealously, but the March Hare was too fast! He snatched the teapot and with a loud whooping cry returned to his seat, triumphant, as the man continued his tale.

“The Red Knight withdrew his wicked sword from the gutted animal, and had just begun to wipe the blood on the fallen hare’s fur when he heard a footstep behind him. The White Queen! He squealed in terror and leapt straight into the air, but could find no place to run from the White Queen. He retreated to the safest place left to him, protected by the fat walrus and Humpty Dumpty. Humpty Dumpty patted him on the shoulder reassuringly, but the fat walrus merely rolled his eyes and resumed sharpening his tusks.”

The Mad Hatter stopped abruptly. A vacant look passed over his face. “Are you quite alright, Mr. Hatter?” asked Alice, concerned.

“I feel it coming on, I can feel it in my bones!” he cried.

“Is it time again?” asked the Dormouse, as the March Hare began to bounce up and down on his chair.

“It is time, my minuscule friend. It is time for the Futterwhack!”

The madman leapt up onto the table and began dancing, moving and contorting in impossible ways. Alice watched, transfixed...
Act IV
Scene 4
In-Shufflin’ Feet
Author: Robert Tang
Act IV
Scene 4
In-Shufflin’ Feet
Author: Robert Tang
Act IV
Scene 4

In-Shufflin’ Feet

Author: Robert Tang
Act IV
Scene 4
In-Shufflin’ Feet

Author: Robert Tang