Alice leaned over the table and took the jug of milk from the Dormouse as the Mad Hatter continued.

“Thinking the better of this conflict, the Old White King stepped away.”

There was some silence as the guests waited for him to continue. “And then?” said Alice.

“Patience, girl! Besides, are you appropriately schooled?”

“Of course. I can do sums and read and write and...” she trailed off as the March Hare began drinking tea straight from the spout of the teapot!

“Oh, what a shame,” said the Mad Hatter, looking dejected.

“A shame? Why so, sir?”

“Well, if you know how to do it one way, it’s often quite hard to see how to do it another way.”

The Mad Hatter pulled an enormous typewriter from the folds of his cloak, and set it on the trestle table with a thunk and the crash of broken porcelain. Alice walked over, and was quite shocked at what she saw...
Digital Division

Act V
Scene 3

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