These biscuits aren’t sweet enough. Pass the sugar, would you?” asked the Mad Hatter, and the March Hare pushed the pot over to him obligingly. He poured the sugar over the plate of biscuits as he continued.

“The Red Queen’s fixed, furious gaze faltered and tore from Alice’s back, for her nemesis was preparing to strike. Losing all composure, she turned to face the White Queen. ‘She is mine, and so is this place, sister!’ she cried as she lunged towards the White Queen, but stopped just short, realising what an error she had made. That little girl, the cause of so much strife, was now beyond her reach! The Old White King and the White Queen prepared to strike, as the brave knight stood by, powerless to stop them.”

The March Hare began dozing on his stool, and then began snoring loudly, his jowls flapping in his fitful rest.

“He, lazyface!” said the Dormouse, throwing the teapot at the rabbit’s head. It hit with a clang and soared into the air, and the March Hare sat up, wide-eyed with surprise, just in time for it to strike him again as it came back to earth. Alice and the Mad Hatter laughed as the two creatures shot furious glances at each other over the table.

“Now now, my guests, we wouldn’t want Alice to think we’re mad, would we?” said the Mad Hatter, and though he sounded serious, it made Alice laugh even harder.

“Let’s see if she’s mad like us,” said the Dormouse. “Give it to her, Hare!”

The March Hare, now somewhat recovered, leapt beneath the table and retrieved a glimmering, colourful cube. He bounced it off the tabletop, and it landed perfectly in Alice’s lap. What on earth could this be?
Characterisation

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