



Alice walked up to the vacant seat at the foot of the table, and cautiously joined the three strange creatures at their tea party. Before her was an ornate silver platter, piled high with delicious chocolate-chip biscuits.

“Go ahead and have one, or two!” said the man with the fuzzy orange hair, holding a teapot in one hand and what looked to be a jug of milk in the other. He began pouring them, a tiny drip at a time from each, into the dazzling array of teacups set out before him. “Let me tell you how this story starts.

“The Old White King, though surrounded by his loyal allies, could no longer bear to feel the mad gaze of the Red Queen upon his back. He stepped behind his bold knight, feeling safer between the White Queen and the charming young Alice.”

“Do you mean me?” said the little girl, to which the Mad Hatter only smiled his perplexing smile.

The mouse in the red suit, leaning casually against a bowl of sugar, called over to the jittering old rabbit. “March Hare, give her her invitation!”

The March Hare leapt from his seat and landed on the dirt next to the table, before scurrying underneath. The table rocked and jolted as the Mad Hatter continued to pour his milk and tea in tiny drips, until the twitchy old hare emerged from beneath the tablecloth right in front of Alice, a roll of parchment clutched in his shaky hand.

But it wasn't the sort of invitation Alice was used to receiving. It seemed to be a series of curious questions...



Act III
Scene 1

Tongue-Tied

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not sift?y?
 marzipan-favouring?
 Mars Bar's inside par?
 remainder of a wrecked hip?
 not together with needles?
 able-snails?
 pure oneself from one's job?
 read leftovers?
 religious chats?
 legally ensure?
 sow or feature?
 courteous and chartable?
 fonder of homes, etc.?
 in a road or clear way?
 egg's god contents?
 asses replacing arrears?
 animal recognised by its long toot?
 save for preservation?
 sole power older?
 no rarely?
 weapon that famed Vietnam?
 icily, for example?
 oral, for example?
 set to hell?
 sort of resources?
 girl scots can sell these?
 hat succeeds one?