



The Mad Hatter poured himself another cup of tea before resuming his tale.

“The lion looked down, and saw Tweedledee. And he screamed in terror, backing up as fast as he could, crashing into the cruel crow, blubbering with cowardly tears! Tweedledee snapped his smart, red suspenders in pride, swaying slightly as he stood up. How scary and brave he must be! (Just between you and me, though, the lion was a rather cowardly lion!)”

The March Hare laughed at the turn of events, and fell off his chair in his mirth. Alice giggled as well, more at the rabbit’s antics than at the confusing story, and fiddled idly with the pot of sugar in front of her.

The Dormouse pushed the pitcher of milk over to the March Hare’s empty place and withdrew a piece of parchment from his bag. “I’ve got a story, too! More of a poem, actually.”

Alice listened intently...



Act IV
Scene 1

Wockyjabber

Author: Sean Gardiner



*Under the charge of electrive air
Soon opened the lines for maravision;
Exetricity sparks did flare
With Englese imprecision.*

*Of every apricum once grown,
Red's most engantic won award.
Did the diginary data shown
Perhaps get taught at Camford?*

*Over the pomerines sweetly displayed,
Some kind of foke began to form;
In a flash the recormeras played
To buy commation 'fore the storm.*

*In the hotor shade was propitious;
On the desk lay a lunkfast auspicious!
Now scans for storms come up softicious.*

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