



The Mad Hatter stood up and stretched, his body cracking and popping, and picked up the pitcher of milk. He walked around to Alice as he continued.

“I can do this, I can do this!” repeated Tweedledum to himself, snapping his smart suspenders against his puffy white chest. ‘I could do it, I bet I could!’ said Tweedledee from just behind him. They glared angrily at each other for a moment. Then Tweedledum span around; his little feet pattered against the hard ground, running as fast as he could for Humpty Dumpty, and headbutted him as hard as he could! The large egg, so fragile, cracked open. ‘Oh bother, who is going to put me back together again?’”

The milk hit the table with a thunk in front of Alice. “I met Humpty Dumpty once,” interjected the Dormouse, passing the biscuits to the March Hare. The messy old rabbit picked one up and dropped it into the teapot in front of him, laughing, before plunging his hand in to retrieve it. He howled in pain, but ate the biscuit anyway.

“So did I,” replied the Mad Hatter, “and they still hadn’t put him back together!”

The madman spilled some curious objects onto the table, and held them up for all to see. “He was giving away pieces of himself. Rather macabre, but I knew I couldn’t put it together.”

“Let me have a look! I love puzzles!” said Alice, looking closer...

