With some trepidation, Alice skulked through the shadowy forest, her flowing sunshine curls and summer-blue dress belying the danger of the situation she had found herself in. Shaking off the cold damp mist, she held her head high and continued deeper into the darkness. (However, the drum-like sound of her racing heart threatened to drown her determination in an instant). Clutching tightly onto the strange wooden box she had been given, she approached a nearby Tumtum tree and sat, hugging her knees tightly, under the safe cover of its branches. After days of travelling in this peculiar Wonderland, Alice was beginning to feel weary and decided to rest for a while. Slowly, and almost unnoticed, the strange tree, which had wing-like branches, began to curl its leaves around the young traveller. Beneath this shield, Alice’s eyes began to close and the thumping fear in her heart started to quieten at last.

Just as Alice started to fall asleep, a shrill noise echoed through the forest, a noise so unearthly that even the trees shivered at the sound. Her eyes darted from side to side and a cold shiver snaked its way down her spine. Springing to her feet, she scanned the shadowy landscape, searching for the source of her dread. What could it be? Was it the foe she had been searching for? Was she finally about to meet the fearsome Jabbawock?

In the distance, she heard the brittle snapping of winter- bare tree branches falling to the ground and the dull thud of the unseen hideous beast. Fumbling for the wooden box, she reached inside and felt the cold hardness of the tiny glass bottle safely stored inside. Determined, single-minded and dedicated, Alice, who knew that the next few minutes would decide her fate, stepped out from under the safety of the Tumtum tree…

Through the dense trees came a huge, startling creature with razor-teeth bared and blood-red claws reaching out to swipe at everything in its path. Courageously, Alice, who was unbendable in her desire to defeat the hideous beast, raised her fist, dropped the ornate box she had been carrying, and ran towards the beast with all the fortitude she could muster. All at once, the shattering of glass could be heard: the tiny glass bottle, which had been clutched tightly in Alice’s hand, smashed against the scaly skin of the beast. Letting out a horrifying howl, the Jabbawock collapsed to the ground amid a swirl of horrendous smoke.

Nervously, Alice tip-toed towards the acrid smoke cloud, held her breath and waited. Minutes passed like years, but eventually the wailing sound of the Jabbawock diminished, along with the swirling smoke. There, sat shivering on the ground was the Jabbawock, no longer a towering terror, but a tiny creature the size of a butterfly and equally as harmless! (Thanks to the shrinking potion that had been contained within the glass bottle.) Placing the tiny creature inside the wooden box she had been carrying throughout her arduous quest, Alice whooped with delight and began the long journey home.