

8.AM

Dear Diary,

They who like tea, shall forever be blessed with my approval. My quote of the day. I cooked myself dinner this morning, brownies with ketchup, how marvelous. Today was the day I got to drink all the tea I wanted. Green tea, English tea, Chamomile tea, alphabet T, erm... that's it I suppose. There are only so many types of tea.

The DorMouse was sleeping in today, which I find extremely disrespectful, as it is Monday. I had to shout at her multiple times to get her to open her eyes. Therefore, I have made her a new alarm, with jam wiring and margarine switches.

10.AM

When I had arrived at the party venue, there was a strange looking tablecloth on the table. It was a hideous tablecloth, however it had potential to be an extravagant petticoat. I learnt to sew when I was younger, my mother taught me. I got out the sewing machine from my top hat. I whipped out the tablecloth from underneath all of the teacups, and I started sewing.

Only those who can sing like a bird are able to sew like me!

10.45AM

“Oh Mad Hatter!!” said the March Hare.

He came from around the corner, and he was wearing some ugly magenta socks and an aquamarine petticoat.

“About time.” I had said. I was fairly annoyed, not only was he late, he was also very unaware of his lateness.

“Do you understand that being late is like an owl roaring.... It's unsatisfying.”

We argued for a while, about birds, about tea and lastly, about time. His time management skills were never very strong, they lacked muscle.

Once we had argued, we got the party started. And, must I say- it was marvelous!

11.30AM

The March Hare, the Dormouse and I had finished our first cup of tea at around eleven forty four, to be precise. And by noon, we had finished over seven point five cups of tea. We were on a very steep sugar rush, might I say. So high that I thought I was going to fall and collapse. Amongst the sugar rushes, the commotion and the tea, there was a girl, standing under the buxus archway. She was like the girl in the books me and mother used to read. Erm... oh yes! Alice! That's who she was. She was teeny tiny, about the size of my top hat.

I remember her saying that she needed to go find the White Rabbit, which I ignored, as we had a whole tea party for her to attend!

12.PM

We insisted that she were to stay, as to be fair, we all had not seen anyone in a long time. She was far too curious and the way she sat was so... formal.

The March Hare offered Alice tea, which she replied,

“I’ve had nothing yet, so I can't take more.” Which is stupid of her to say, as everyone knows, its easy to take more than nothing. We played party games- such as riddles and scrabble. I won.

Then, something terrible happened, I was walking over to fill up Alice’s full teacup, when I spilt the teapots tea over Alice! “Oh dear! Im very sorry, I'm so very sorry!” The poor little girl was crying like a newborn sea lion. I felt awful, so I whipped out my sewing machine, and started sewing up a new dress.

2.PM

Who would have thought that this would be the outcome of today? Not me, maybe the Dormouse. Alice was bawling her eyes out. To be fair, it was kind of annoying. But I owed her, so I kept sewing up and down the seam line of the new dress.

“Erm, dear little Alice, this dress should do you quite well for the time being.” Is what I had said to her, after I had finished sewing the last details onto the gown. She looked up at me and I could see the twinkle in her eyes.

3.PM

As Alice was about to depart, I decided to give her some advice.

“Don't get lost,” I said, “Wonderland is full of madness and you need to stay on track.”

And off she went, smiling and skipping down the path and into the forest. At the time, I felt happy with myself. I may be crazy and mad, but I am the Hatter and I help people.

Sincerely,

The Hatter.

Reasoning:

I chose a diary entry because I thought it would be interesting to see another character's bold perspective during an event that happened in the story. Alice showed curiosity and courage in her point of view, and I wanted to switch it up and write a snippet of what I thought the Hatters perspective would have been like. I chose the

Mad Hatter because he is a very bold character. He symbolizes craziness and he is almost the symbol for wonderland. His personality is unique in a way that while he is making nonsensical riddles, he also has the time to show compassion for Alice and other characters.

One new thing we learn in this entry is that he was taught how to sew as a young child. This is important because we have no insight into the Hatters' past in the novel, and by telling us this could explain his distinct clothing choices. Also, in this entry we learn that sometimes in times of need, the Hatter is available to show compassion, and doesn't always want to be labelled as "crazy" or "bonkers".

One thing I think I struggled with is the time perspective and the perspective itself. I struggled with trying to make it sound like a page full of the Hatters thoughts while also integrating important dialogue from characters. However, I think for this being my first "diary entry" story, I feel like I've done fairly well getting both a story and a character's important thoughts across.