Unexpected Surprises

by karrenia_rune

Summary

When the March Hare receives an unexpected present out of the blue, from the last person he could have ever anticipated sending it, it sends him into a little bit of a tizzy.

Disclaimer: the Alice books and the world that the characters who inhabit are not mine. They are the creations of the original author, Lewis Carroll.

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Much to the surprise of the March Hare, when he got up and uncurled from where he slept in his chair, sitting squarely in the center of the table, where the plethora of tea settings, forks, spoons, cream jar, and sundry other tea things had once sat, none of them all that clean, to begin with was an area that had been cleaned, and the contrast was quite startling. But that was not what had made him wipe his bleary eyes with the back of his paws, no, not at all.

No, it was the stack of brown packages tied up with red ribbon with a white tag, with each of their names written out in bold, block letters. He blinked, and cautiously approached the table, wondering if he were still asleep and this was just a product of his over-wrought subconscious, but the packages did not disappear. He next thought that he would try pinching himself, when that failed to produce anything another than a squeak of pain, he decided that they were real enough, so he came to the table, and cautiously removed the one with his name on them, slowly enough so that it would not overbalance the stack.

With his package cradled in his arms he took a seat in a nearby chair, and sniffed, felt and juggled the package curious as to what might be contained inside. He read the tag, to the March Hare, with Her Majesty’s fondest regard and compliments” the tag read.
“Hmmph, that does not sound at all like our august ruler,” griped the March Hare, still, one must never look a gift horse in the mouth, or is it the eye? I never could remember that right.”

At last, he opened the package, pulling on the red ribbon and then opening the package. Inside was a plate of raspberry jam tarts, still warm from the oven. It all smelled and felt wonderful. Feeling a bit sheepish that the others were not there to share this unlooked-for bounty with him, the March Hare, exclaimed, “Hallo! Hallo!” Mad Hatter, are you awake! I say, old fellow, there is a wonderful surprise awaiting you!”

Not receiving any response, the March Hare figured that he could not let the tarts get cold, so reached into the box and took up one of them, inhaling the aroma, and then popped it into his mouth. It tastes even better than it had smelled and chewed and rolled the flavor around on his tongue and then swallowed it. Although he was quite hungry, he figured that he would enjoy them more if he savored the thought of them for a while, with reluctance set the box on the table, and went to look for the Mad Hatter.

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