

"I do hope you'll forgive our cold hospitality. A welcoming committee simply couldn't be arranged." The Cheshire Cat appears before you, its grin ever constant. For the first time since the danger started, you at last have a moment to chastise the cat. Appearing and disappearing, helping you and hindering you, it only proves to muddle your understanding of the bizarre events. "I'm afraid I can't help it," the cat purrs serenely, "my nature is madness. Everyone is mad in Wonderland, you see. You yourself are beginning to go mad, or else you wouldn't be here." You'd like to refute the cat, but you feel as if you are already walking a path of madness in trying to save Arkham from these bizarre occurrences.

The Cheshire Cat orbits you slowly, observing you from all angles as it speaks. "Still, I am a creature of Wonderland, and it is in my best interests to preserve my home, just as it is in your best interests to preserve yours. Quizzically, Alice has entrusted you with both." The cat rises up to stare you in the eye at an uncomfortably close distance. "You'll carry on, of course, but how will you carry on? Like a surgeon, cutting out the infection?" Its head detaches to punctuate the point. "Or like a miner, blasting all to oblivion?" The cat's body scatters as if blown apart, but the head remains eerily in place. "Whether you trim gently or tear it out by the roots, any future is preferable to being consumed utterly. Alice would agree, I should think. Assuming she is still lucid after being made into a gateway, of course."

The cat's head fades away, leaving only its grin behind once more. You have a lot to consider and a long road ahead.

- » As you travel through Alice's dreams, the fate of the mad realm of Wonderland also rests within your hands. Each denizen that you aid or destroy has a direct effect on the stability of the dreams. It may seem like a simple choice to cooperate with and save everyone you can, but the stronger Wonderland is, the more easily Gurathnaka can use it to strike out against the waking world. Will you protect Wonderland while bolstering the shadows? Or will you burn it away as you cauterize the wounds that the Eater of Dreams inflicted on Arkham?
- » How will Alice's psyche fare as you traverse her strange dreams? Be aware of anything that could help preserve her sanity.

Check the Campaign Log:

- » *If the investigators went down the rabbit hole,*
Proceed to Interlude: The Dodo on page 24.
- » *If the investigators went through the looking-glass,*
Proceed to Interlude: The White Queen page XXX.

THE DODO



The endless march down the corridor of doors ends at long last as the hallway dead-ends in a small enclave. In the center of the area stands a glass table with two curious objects on top: a bottle labeled "DRINK ME," and a cake with the words "EAT ME" written in its decorations. You scan the walls for any other way forward, and are shocked to discover an open door, only one that is scarcely knee high and impossible to squeeze through. With endless wandering as your only alternative, you resolve to find a way through. Minutes pass without success, and you return to consider the strange refreshments on the glass table. If this truly is part of Alice's dreams, then there's a chance that they might not be dangerous, and perhaps might even help. You pop the cork on the bottle and take a wary sip, but the drink's effects quickly flow through you. At first, it seems like the room is growing larger, but

you soon realize that you are shrinking! You brace for the worst, but find that the effect stops as you reach the right height to easily pass through the tiny door. At long last, you make your way forward to the sights and sounds of a vast sea.

A scene of commotion catches your eye as you step over a small dune and look down toward the shoreline. A motley pack of animals dashes about, seemingly without direction or destination. From the center, a Dodo shouts words of action as he runs a short rut in the sand. "Yes, that's it! Up that sandhill there, down the other side! There's no faster way to get dry!"

Dry? The suggestion seems absurd when most of their paths wander into and out of the surf. You walk over to investigate the bizarre event, and notice the animals are in a sorry state as you approach closer. Some of the less hardy creatures have collapsed completely, while others don't appear to be breathing whatsoever. The Dodo urges them onward all the same, seemingly oblivious to their exhaustion, let alone its own. "The race must be run... until the race is won... come, you must join us..."

» Any one investigator may choose to add Strange Refreshments to his or her deck. This card does not count toward that investigator's deck size.

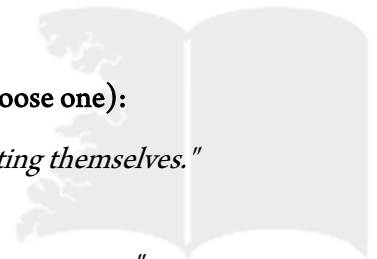
The Investigators must decide (choose one):

» *"We have to stop them from hurting themselves."*

Go to page 26.

» *"We want nothing to do with this nonsense."*

Go to page 28.



...you intervene.

You hold the Dodo in place and assure him that the race is over. "At last!" the Dodo cries out, "The race is over... and everybody has won!" The other animals ease to a stop, collapsing onto the sand with relieved groans. "There must be prizes for the winners..." the Dodo rasps, and he looks to you with a wild look as his frail body shivers with exhaustion. You rifle through your pockets and produce a number of random items, which the animals grab covetously.

As the surviving racers begin recovering, the Dodo hobbles back over to you. "Fair play is satisfied! We have been running the Caucus Race ever since the pool of tears ran into a sea! Now at last, we are truly dry!" You humor the bird with a polite nod. "Finally, we can return to more academic pursuits. Perhaps I may educate you on several matters?"

You depart from the bizarre spectacle, following the shoreline steadily. Landmarks are far and few between, making the beach seem endless in either direction. As you ponder where to head next, the sound of the sea wind changes, and you hear faint tones resembling Alice's voice, though the words are indiscernible. You look out over the surf, and to your astonishment, the tide recedes all at once, leaving behind an arrangement of stones and shells. The debris portrays a vague map of your current position, with a series of arrows pointing down the beach and then inland. You breathe a sigh of relief as you make mental notes of the map's layout. No matter what lunacy may lie ahead, this is Alice's dream at its core. You don't know what degree of influence she holds over Wonderland in this state, but it's one less burden on your shoulders.

- » In your Campaign Log, record 1 tally mark under "Strength of Wonderland."
- » In your Campaign Log under "Wonderland Boons," record *The Dodo*.
- » Add 1 🦴 token to the chaos bag for the remainder of the campaign.

Check the Campaign Log:

- » *If the investigators went down the rabbit hole,*
Proceed to Scenario II-A: A Sea of Troubles on page 32.
- » *If the investigators went through the looking-glass,*
Skip to Scenario III: Lucid Nightmare on page XXX.

...you stand aside.

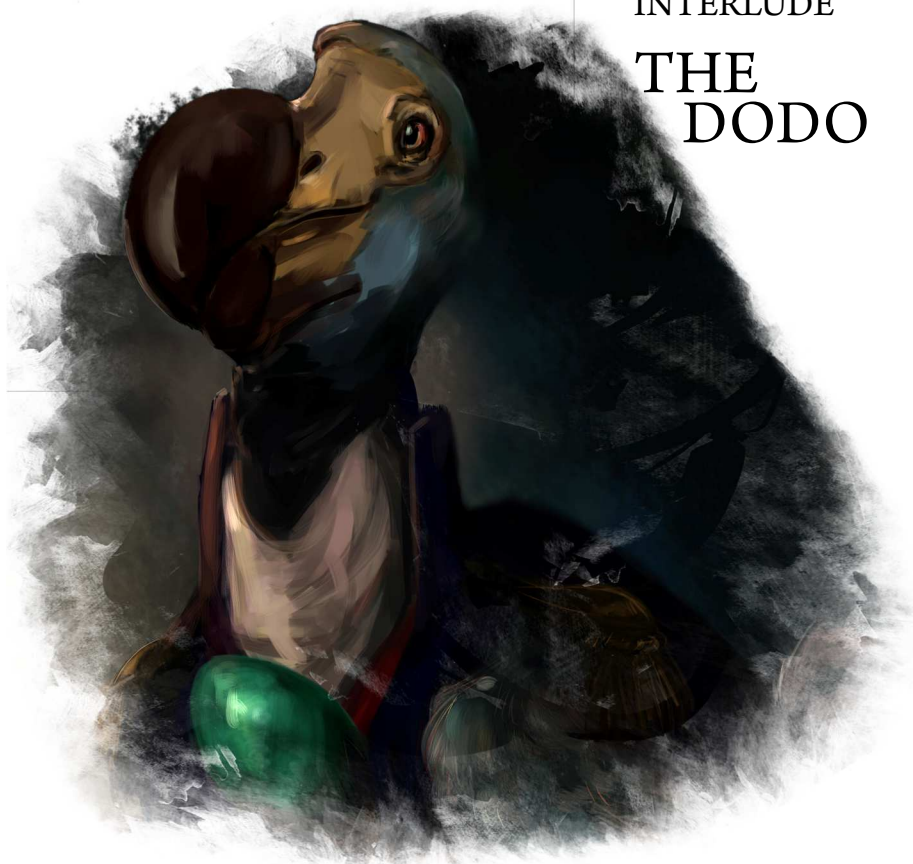
You give the Dodo a firm "no" and take a few steps back to let the strange animals continue their race without you. You're not sure what stopping them would accomplish, if anything, but you don't have time to reason with these deluded creatures. Before you can continue on your way, a rapid change sweeps over the runners. Each frantic step they take sends out a noise like a cracking bone, and their gaunt bodies begin to wither even further. The Dodo urges the racers to continue, even as his own body begins to skeletonize. "Onward... ever... onwa-" the Dodo's final urging is cut short as his bones take one final lurch forward and collapse onto the sand. You stare in bewilderment as the rhythmic sounds of the sea and wind replace the bedlam of the race. Perhaps Wonderland is just as unstable as Arkham at this point.

You depart from the bizarre spectacle, following the shoreline steadily. Landmarks are far and few between, making the beach seem endless in either direction. As you ponder where to head next, the sound of the sea wind changes, and you hear faint tones resembling Alice's voice, though the words are indiscernible. You look out over the surf, and to your astonishment, the tide recedes all at once, leaving behind an arrangement of stones and shells. The debris portrays a vague map of your current position, with a series of arrows pointing down the beach and then inland. You breathe a sigh of relief as you make mental notes of the map's layout. No matter what lunacy may lie ahead, this is Alice's dream at its core. You don't know what degree of influence she holds over Wonderland in this state, but it's one less burden on your shoulders.

- » In your Campaign Log under "Wonderland Banes," record *The Dodo*.
- » Each investigator earns 1 bonus experience as he or she gains insight into Wonderland's stability from the creatures' deaths.
- » Add 1 🦴 token to the chaos bag for the remainder of the campaign.

Check the Campaign Log:

- » *If the investigators went down the rabbit hole,*
Proceed to Scenario II-A: A Sea of Troubles on page 32.
- » *If the investigators went through the looking-glass,*
Skip to Scenario III: Lucid Nightmare on page XXX.



INTERLUDE THE DODO

The crash of waves dulls as you make your way up the beach. Each step through the shifting sands seems weighted further as you reflect on your choices and hardships. Could your journey's end finally be over the next sand dune? Does Alice's dreamland keep building upon itself infinitely? Or is Gurathnaka actively warping Wonderland, keeping you from your goal no matter how far you may travel? Dogged determination pushes you onward even as you question your steps. Someone has to try to undo this madness, and if not you, then who? Slowly you proceed, for good or ill.

A scene of commotion catches your eye as you step over a small dune and look down toward the shoreline. A motley pack of animals dashes about, seemingly without direction or destination. From the center, a Dodo shouts words of action as he runs a short rut in the sand. "Yes, that's it! Up that sandhill there, down the other side! There's no faster way to get dry!"

Dry? The suggestion seems absurd when most of their paths wander into and out of the surf. You walk over to investigate the bizarre event, and notice the animals are in a sorry state as you approach closer. Some of the less hardy creatures have collapsed completely, while others don't appear to be breathing whatsoever. The Dodo urges them onward all the same, seemingly oblivious to their exhaustion, let alone its own. "The race must be run... until the race is won... come, you must join us..."

» Any one investigator may choose to add Strange Refreshments to his or her deck. This card does not count toward that investigator's deck size.

The Investigators must decide (choose one):

» *"We have to stop them from hurting themselves."*

Go to page 26.

» *"We want nothing to do with this nonsense."*

Go to page 28.



SCENARIO II A

A SEA OF TROUBLES

The scenery continues for mile after mile until at last you find an anomaly. Some distance up the beach from a saltwater pool and near the edge of a dense forest sit the remains of a quaint cottage. It looks like a disaster photograph, with the thatch roof exploding upward and the wooden walls splintering out, but with each piece suspended in air. You approach the house cautiously, and as you circle the building, you see the White Rabbit - the same one that traversed Arkham not long ago! The rabbit wails anxiously to two other figures that regard him sadly - a man and a lizard. "My house, my poor house! Oh the monster that must have done this!"

The dirt-caked man shakes his head forlornly and strokes his chin as he surveys the damage. "And a monster that didn't even finish what it started, your honor! It didn't think to let the pieces fall before it vanished away!"

"Never you mind the pieces, Pat!" the White Rabbit snaps, "Call someone to put it back together! Oh, how late I shall be..."

You take a half step forward, only for the grinning head of the Cheshire Cat to wink into existence before you. "The poor rabbit, not a roof over his head to speak of." The cat's paw appears and gestures toward the shattered house. "As Gurathnaka claws at your world with its front, its back nails gouge into Wonderland. The shadows crept at the corners until now, only seen by those who also lurk in the dark, solitary as oysters." Its eyes glance in the direction of the beach and vanish, leaving only its smile to linger a few moments after. You have only a few seconds to consider the cat's words.

"You there!" You look down from the suspended grin to see the White Rabbit looking up at you haughtily. "Standing with idle hands when there's a monster about! Come come, help Bill to find this beast and drag it back! It has much to answer for!" His finger points to the lizard who tips his cap back at you hesitantly.

Before you can reply in any fashion, the White Rabbit turns back to the cottage and resumes his despairing. You rub the back of your neck, at a loss for words as you weigh your options. Forced into work as you are, there's a chance you might learn something by venturing out into the surf.

Continue to Setup on page 34.