

## **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

King Lear

*Edgar*, II.3

I heard myself proclaim'd,  
And by the happy hollow of a tree  
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free, no place  
That guard and most unusual vigilance  
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may scape,  
I will preserve myself;

My face I'll grime with filth,  
Blanket my loins, elf all my hair in knots,  
And with presented nakedness outface  
The winds and persecutions of the sky...

'Poor Turlygod! poor Tom!'  
That's something yet! Edgar I nothing am.