

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

THE TEMPEST

Ensemble Soliloquy: Caliban Act I, scene 2

There's wood enough within! Thou calld's't me poisonous slave, got by the devil himself...

As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd with raven's feather from unwholesome fen drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye and blister you all o'er!

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother, which thou takest from me. When thou camest first, thou strokedst me and madest much of me, wouldst give me

Water with berries in't, and teach me how to name the bigger light, and how the less, that burn by day and night:

And then I loved thee and show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle, The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:

Cursed be I that did so! All the charms of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!

For I am all the subjects that you have, and here you sty me in this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me the rest o' the island.

Yes, I didst seek to violate the honour of your child.

O ho, O ho! would't had been done!

Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else this isle with Calibans.

You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!