

## 2.2

### TRINCULO

Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off  
any weather at all, and another storm brewing;  
I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black  
cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul  
bombard that would shed his liquor. If it  
should thunder as it did before, I know not  
where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot  
choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we  
here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish:  
he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-  
like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-  
John. A strange fish! Were I in England now,  
as once I was, and had but this fish painted,  
not a holiday fool there but would give a piece  
of silver: there would this monster make a  
man; any strange beast there makes a man:  
when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame  
beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead  
Indian. Legged like a man and his fins like  
arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let loose  
my opinion; hold it no longer: this is no fish,  
but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a  
thunderbolt.

### *Thunder*

Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to  
creep under his gaberdine; there is no other  
shelter hereabouts: misery acquaints a man with  
strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the  
dregs of the storm be past.

## 4.1

### TRINCULO

Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.

### STEPHANO

So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you,--

### TRINCULO

Thou wert but a lost monster.

### CALIBAN

Good my lord, give me thy favour still.  
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to  
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly.  
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

### TRINCULO

Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,--

### STEPHANO

There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

### TRINCULO

That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

### STEPHANO

I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

### CALIBAN

Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,  
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.  
Do that good mischief which may make this island  
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,  
For aye thy foot-licker.

### STEPHANO

Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

### TRINCULO

O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

### CALIBAN

Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

**TRINCULO**

O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery.  
O king Stephano!

**STEPHANO**

Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

**TRINCULO**

Thy grace shall have it.

**CALIBAN**

Let's alone  
And do the murder first: if she awake,  
From toe to crown she'll fill our skins with pinches,  
Make us strange stuff.

**STEPHANO**

Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line,  
is not this my jerkin?

**TRINCULO**

Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your grace.

**STEPHANO**

I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't:  
wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country.

**CALIBAN**

I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,  
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes  
With foreheads villanous low.

**STEPHANO**

Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this  
away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you  
out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

**TRINCULO**

And this.