

The Tempest
by William Shakespeare

PROSPERO, ARIEL

PROSPERO:Come away, servant, come! I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel! Come!

Enter Ariel

ARIEL: All hail, great master! Grave sir, hail! I come to answer thy best pleasure, be't to fly, to swim, to dive into the fire, to ride on the curled clouds. To thy strong bidding task Ariel and all his quality.

PROSPERO: Hast thou, spirit, performed to point the tempest that I bade thee?

ARIEL: To every article. I boarded the King's ship. Now on the beak, now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin I flamed amazement. Sometime I'd divide, and burn in many places. On the topmast, the yards, and boresprit would I flame distinctly, then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors o'th'dreadful thunderclaps, more momentary and sight-outrunning were not. The fire and cracks of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble, yea, his dread trident shake.

PROSPERO: My brave spirit! Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil would not infect his reason?

ARIEL: Not a soul but felt a fever of the mad, and played some tricks of desperation. All but mariners plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel, then all afire with me. The King's son Ferdinand, with hair up-starting - then like reeds, not hair - was the first man that leaped; cried, 'Hell is empty, and all the devils are here!'

PROSPERO: Why, that's my spirit! But was not this night shore?

ARIEL: Close by, my master.

PROSPERO: But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARIEL: Not a hair perished. On their sustaining garments not a blemish, but fresher than before; and as thou bad'st me, in troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle. The King's son have I landed by himself, whom I left cooling of the air with sighs in an odd angle of the isle, and sitting, his arms in this sad knot.

PROSPERO: Of the King's ship, the mariners, say how thou hast disposed, and all the rest o'th'fleet?

ARIEL: Safely in harbour is the King's ship, in the deep nook where once thou called'st me up at midnight to fetch dew from the still-vexed Bermoothes, there she's hid; the mariners all under hatches stowed, who, with a charm joined to their suffered labour, I have left asleep. And for the rest o'th'fleet, which I dispersed, they all have met again, and are upon the Mediterranean flote bound sadly home for Naples, supposing that they saw the King's ship wracked, and his great person perish.

PROSPERO: Ariel, thy charge exactly is performed, but there's more work. What is the time o'th'day?

ARIEL: Past the mid-season.

PROSPERO: At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now must by us both be spent most preciously.

ARIEL: Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains, let me remember thee what thou hast promised, which is not yet performed me.

PROSPERO: How now? Moody? What is't thou canst demand?

ARIEL: My liberty.

PROSPERO: Before the time be out? No more.

ARIEL: I prithee, remember I have done thee worthy service, told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served without or grudge or grumblings. Thou did promise to bate me a full year.

PROSPERO: Dost thou forget from what a torment I did free thee?

ARIEL: No.

PROSPERO: Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze of the salt deep, to run upon the sharp wind of the north, to do me business in the veins o'th'earth when it is baked with frost.

ARIEL: I do not, sir.

PROSPERO: Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot the foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was grown into a hoop? Hast thou forgot her?

ARIEL: No, sir.

PROSPERO: Thou hast. Where was she born? Speak! Tell me!

ARIEL: Sir, in Argier.

PROSPERO: O, was she sol I must once in a month recount what thou hast been, which thou forget'st. This damned witch Sycorax, for mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible to enter human hearing, from Argier, thou know'st, was banished. For one thing she did they would not take her life. Is not this true?

ARIEL: Ay, sir.

PROSPERO: This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child, and here was left by th'sailors. Thou, my slave, as thou report'st thyself, was then her servant. And for thou wast a spirit too delicate to act her earthy and abhorred commands, refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee, by help of her more potent ministers, and in her

most unmitigable rage, into a cloven pine; within which rift imprisoned, thou didst painfully remain a dozen years, within which space she died, and left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans as fast as millwheels strike. Then was this island- save for the son that she did litter here, a freckled whelp, haghorn - not honoured with a human shape.

ARIEL: Yes, Caliban her son.

PROSPERO: Dull thing, I say so! He, that Caliban whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st what torment I did find thee in. Thy groans did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts of ever-angry bears. It was a torment to lay upon the damned, which Sycorax could not again undo. It was mine art, when I arrived and heard thee, that made gape the pine, and let thee out.

ARIEL: I thank thee, master.

PROSPERO: If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak, and peg thee in his knotty entrails, till thou hast howled away twelve winters.

ARIEL: Pardon, master. I will be correspondent to command, and do my spriting gently.

PROSPERO: Do so, and after two days I will discharge thee.

ARIEL: That's my noble master! What shall I do? Say what! What shall I do?

PROSPERO: Go make thyself like a nymph o'th'sea. Be subject to no sight but thine and mine, invisible to every eyeball else. Go take this shape, and hither come in't. Go! Hence with diligence!

(Exit Ariel)