

# The Tempest

by William Shakespeare

Act 2, sc. 2 (line 1 - Verse)

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## Caliban

All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him  
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me  
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,  
Fright me with urchin--shows, pitch me i' the mire,  
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark  
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but  
For every trifle are they set upon me;  
Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me  
And after bite me, then like hedgehogs which  
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount  
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I  
All wound with adders who with cloven tongues  
Do hiss me into madness.

*Enter TRINCULO*

Lo, now, lo!

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me  
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;  
Perchance he will not mind me.