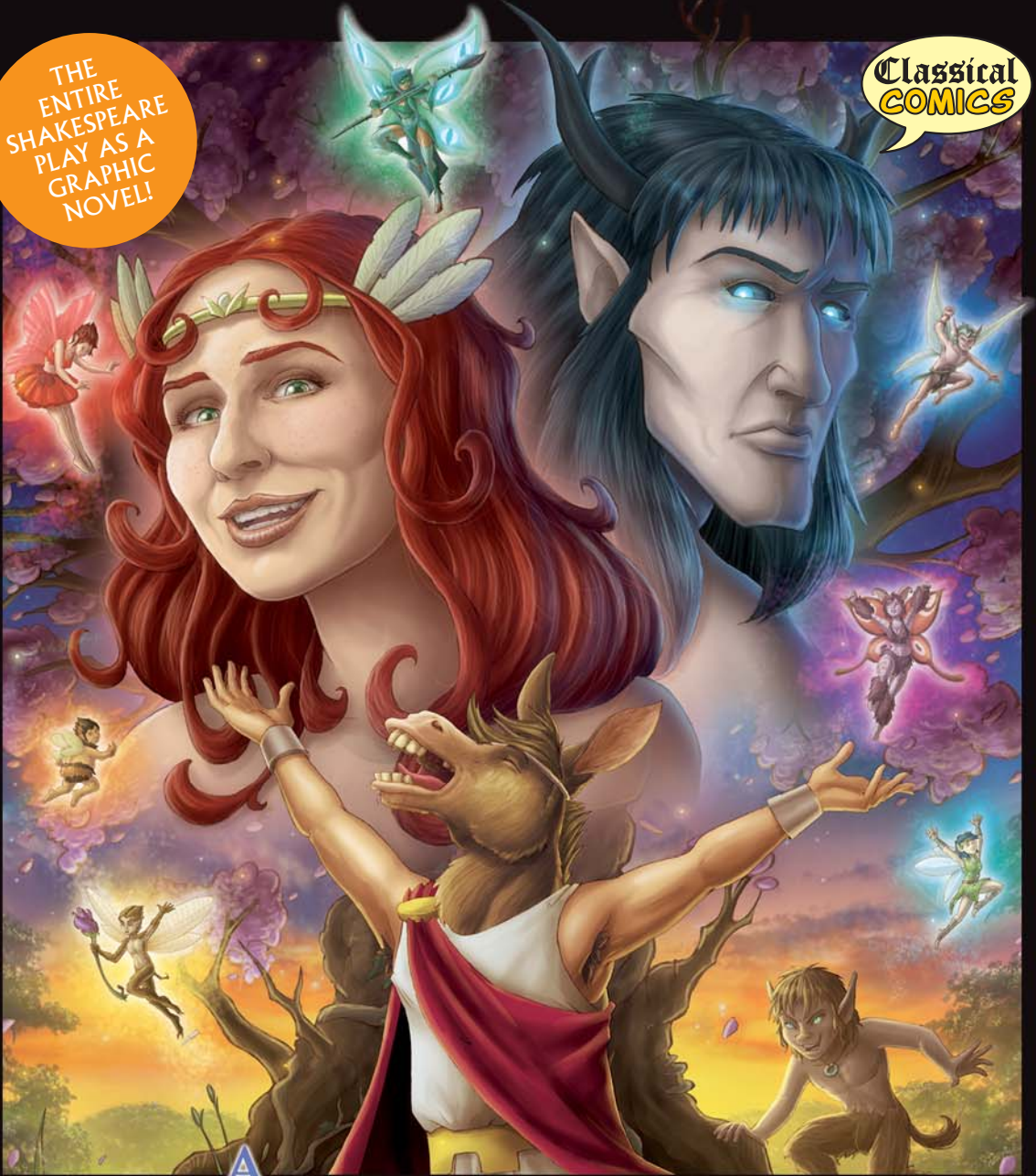


THE  
ENTIRE  
SHAKESPEARE  
PLAY AS A  
GRAPHIC  
NOVEL!

Classical  
COMICS



A  
MIDSUMMER  
NIGHT'S  
DREAM

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL  
William Shakespeare

Original Text  
Plain Text  
*Quick Text*

Act III Scene I

THE FOREST,  
NEAR ATHENS.

ARE WE  
ALL MET?

PAT, PAT;  
AND HERE'S  
A MARVELLOUS  
CONVENIENT  
PLACE FOR OUR  
REHEARSAL.

THIS GREEN PLOT  
SHALL BE OUR STAGE,  
THIS HAWTHORN-BRAKE OUR  
TIRING HOLISE; AND WE WILL  
DO IT IN ACTION AS WE  
WILL DO IT BEFORE  
THE DUKE.



PETER  
QUINCE, -

WHAT SAY'ST  
THOU, BULLY  
BOTTOM?



THERE  
ARE THINGS IN  
THIS COMEDY OF  
"PYRAMUS AND THISBE"  
THAT WILL NEVER  
PLEASE.

FIRST,  
PYRAMUS MUST  
DRAW A SWORD TO  
KILL HIMSELF; WHICH  
THE LADIES CANNOT  
ABIDE. HOW ANSWER  
YOU THAT?



BY 'R LAKIN,  
A PARLOUS  
FEAR.

I BELIEVE  
WE MUST LEAVE THE  
KILLING OUT, WHEN  
ALL IS DONE.

NOT A  
WHIT: I HAVE A  
DEVICE TO MAKE  
ALL WELL.



WRITE ME A PROLOGUE; AND LET THE PROLOGUE SEEM TO SAY, WE WILL DO NO HARM WITH OUR SWORDS, AND THAT PYRAMUS IS NOT KILLED INDEED; AND, FOR THE MORE BETTER ASSURANCE, TELL THEM THAT I, PYRAMUS, AM NOT PYRAMUS, BUT BOTTOM THE WEAVER.

THIS WILL PUT THEM OUT OF FEAR.



WELL, WE WILL HAVE SUCH A PROLOGUE; AND IT SHALL BE WRITTEN IN EIGHT AND SIX.

NO, MAKE IT TWO MORE; LET IT BE WRITTEN IN EIGHT AND EIGHT.



WILL NOT THE LADIES BE AFEARD OF THE LION?

I FEAR IT, I PROMISE YOU.



MASTERS, YOU OUGHT TO CONSIDER WITH YOURSELVES: TO BRING IN - GOD SHIELD US! - A LION AMONG LADIES, IS A MOST DREADFUL THING; FOR THERE IS NOT A MORE FEARFUL WILD-FOWL THAN YOUR LION LIVING, AND WE OUGHT TO LOOK TO IT.

THEREFORE, ANOTHER PROLOGUE MUST TELL HE IS NOT A LION.



NAY, YOU MUST NAME HIS NAME, AND HALF HIS FACE MUST BE SEEN THROUGH THE LION'S NECK;

AND HE HIMSELF MUST SPEAK THROUGH, SAYING THUS, OR TO THE SAME DEFECT, -

"LADIES," - OR,

"FAIR LADIES, I WOULD WISH YOU," - OR,

"I WOULD REQUEST YOU," - OR,

"I WOULD ENTREAT YOU, NOT TO FEAR, NOT TO TREMBLE: MY LIFE FOR YOURS."



"IF YOU THINK I COME HITHER AS A LION, IT WERE PITY OF MY LIFE: NO, I AM NO SUCH THING; I AM A MAN AS OTHER MEN ARE;"

AND THERE, INDEED, LET HIM NAME HIS NAME, AND TELL THEM PLAINLY, HE IS SNUG THE JOINER.

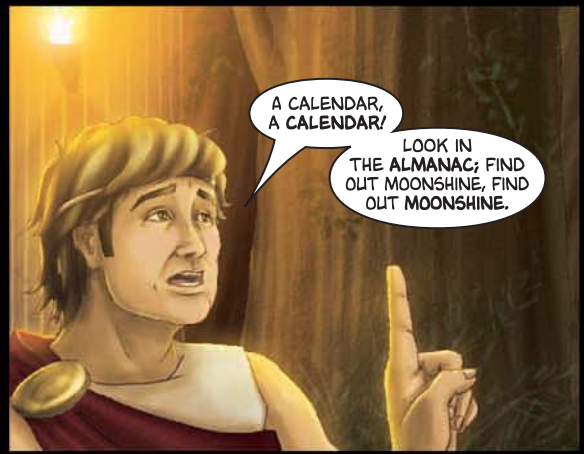


WELL, IT SHALL BE SO.



BUT THERE IS TWO HARD THINGS: THAT IS, TO BRING THE MOONLIGHT INTO A CHAMBER; FOR, YOU KNOW, PYRAMUS AND THISBE MEET BY MOONLIGHT.

DO TH THE MOON SHINE THAT NIGHT WE PLAY OUR PLAY?



A CALENDAR, A CALENDAR!

LOOK IN THE ALMANAC; FIND OUT MOONSHINE; FIND OUT MOONSHINE.



YES, IT DO TH SHINE THAT NIGHT.

WHY, THEN MAY YOU LEAVE A CASEMENT OF THE GREAT CHAMBER-WINDOW, WHERE WE PLAY, OPEN;

AND THE MOON MAY SHINE IN AT THE CASEMENT.



AY; OR ELSE ONE MUST COME IN WITH A BUSH OF THORNS AND A LANTERN, AND SAY, HE COMES TO DISFIGURE, OR TO PRESENT, THE PERSON OF MOONSHINE.

THEN, THERE IS ANOTHER THING: WE MUST HAVE A WALL IN THE GREAT CHAMBER; FOR PYRAMUS AND THISBE, SAYS THE STORY, DID TALK THROUGH THE CHINK OF A WALL.

YOU CAN NEVER BRING IN A WALL. WHAT SAY YOU, BOTTOM?



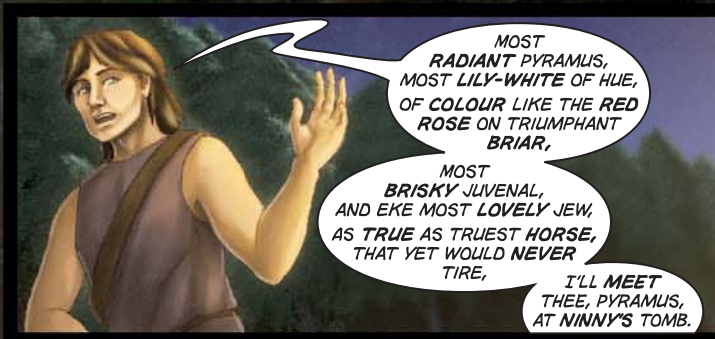
SOME MAN OR OTHER MUST PRESENT WALL; AND LET HIM HAVE SOME PLASTER, OR SOME LOAM, OR SOME ROUGH-CAST ABOUT HIM, TO SIGNIFY WALL;

AND LET HIM HOLD HIS FINGER THUS, AND THROUGH THAT CRANNY SHALL PYRAMUS AND THISBE WHISPER.



IF THAT MAY BE, THEN ALL IS WELL.

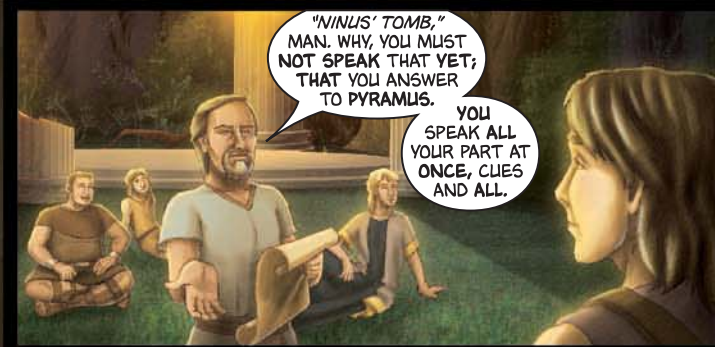




MOST  
RADIANT PYRAMUS,  
MOST LILY-WHITE OF HUE,  
OF COLOUR LIKE THE RED  
ROSE ON TRIUMPHANT  
BRIAR,

MOST  
BRISKY JUVENAL,  
AND EKE MOST LOVELY JEW,  
AS TRUE AS TRUEST HORSE,  
THAT YET WOULD NEVER  
TIRE,

I'LL MEET  
THEE, PYRAMUS,  
AT NINNY'S TOMB.



"NINUS' TOMB,"  
MAN. WHY, YOU MUST  
NOT SPEAK THAT YET;  
THAT YOU ANSWER  
TO PYRAMUS.

YOU  
SPEAK ALL  
YOUR PART AT  
ONCE, CLUES  
AND ALL.



PYRAMUS,  
ENTER:  
YOUR CLUE IS  
PAST;

IT IS,  
"NEVER  
TIRE."

O, - AS TRUE  
AS TRUEST HORSE,  
THAT YET WOULD  
NEVER TIRE.



IF I WERE  
FAIR, THISBE,  
I WERE ONLY  
THINE.

O MONSTROUS!

O STRANGE!

WE ARE  
HAUNTED. PRAY,  
MASTERS! FLY,  
MASTERS!

=GASP=

HELP!

?!?



I'LL  
**FOLLOW** YOU, I'LL  
LEAD YOU ABOUT A **ROUND**,  
THROUGH BOG, THROUGH **BUSH**,  
THROUGH BRAKE, THROUGH  
**BRIAR**:

SOMETIME  
A **HORSE** I'LL BE,  
SOMETIME A **HOUND**,  
A HOG, A **HEADLESS**  
BEAR, SOMETIME  
A **FIRE**;

AND NEIGH,  
AND BARK, AND GRUNT,  
AND ROAR, AND **BURN**,  
LIKE HORSE, HOUND, HOG,  
BEAR, FIRE, AT **EVERY**  
TURN.



**WHY DO  
THEY RUN AWAY?  
THIS IS A KNAVERY  
OF THEM, TO MAKE  
ME AFRAID.**



**O BOTTOM,  
THOU ART CHANGED!  
WHAT DO I SEE  
ON THEE?**



**WHAT DO  
YOU SEE? YOU  
SEE AN ASS-HEAD  
OF YOUR OWN,  
DO YOU?**



BLESS THEE, BOTTOM! BLESS THEE! THOU ART TRANSLATED.



I SEE THEIR KNAVERY: THIS IS TO MAKE AN ASS OF ME; TO FRIGHT ME, IF THEY COULD.

BUT I WILL NOT STIR FROM THIS PLACE, DO WHAT THEY CAN: I WILL WALK UP AND DOWN HERE, AND I WILL SING, THAT THEY SHALL HEAR I AM NOT AFRAID.



THE OUSEL-COCK, SO BLACK OF HUE, WITH ORANGE-TAWNY BILL,

THE THROSTLE WITH HIS NOTE SO TRUE, THE WREN WITH LITTLE QUILL.



WHAT ANGEL WAKES ME FROM MY FLOWERY BED?



THE FINCH, THE SPARROW, AND THE LARK, AND THE PLAIN-SONG CUCKOO GREY,

WHOSE NOTE FULL MANY A MAN DOTH MARK, AND DARES NOT ANSWER NAY;

FOR, INDEED, WHO WOULD SET HIS WIT TO SO FOOLISH A BIRD?

WHO WOULD GIVE A BIRD THE LIE, THOUGH HE CRY "CUCKOO" NEVER SO?