

THE  
ENTIRE PLAY IN  
QUICK MODERN  
ENGLISH FOR  
A FAST-PACED  
READ!

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.

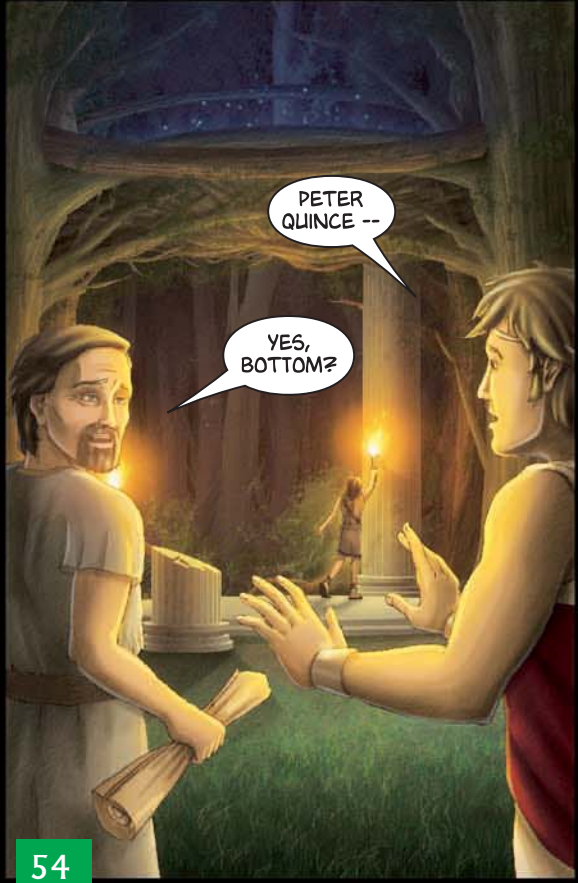
IS  
EVERYBODY  
HERE?

YES. THIS  
GRASSY SPACE CAN  
BE THE STAGE, AND  
THESE BUSHES CAN  
BE OUR DRESSING  
ROOM.



PETER  
QUINCE --

YES,  
BOTTOM?



THERE  
ARE THINGS IN  
THIS COMEDY THAT  
WON'T GO DOWN  
WELL.

THE  
LADIES WON'T LIKE  
PYRAMUS KILLING  
HIMSELF.



THAT IS A  
PROBLEM!

I THINK WE  
SHOULD LEAVE  
THE KILLING  
OUT.

NO, I  
KNOW HOW TO  
GET AROUND  
IT.





WRITE AN INTRODUCTION THAT TELLS THE AUDIENCE THAT HE DOESN'T REALLY DIE. TELL THEM THAT HE IS NOT PYRAMUS AT ALL, BUT ME, BOTTOM.



VERY WELL.

AND MAKE IT RHYME.



WON'T THE LADIES BE AFRAID OF THE LION?

GOOD POINT.



A LION IS A FIERCE BIRD - WE NEED TO SORT THIS OUT!

ANOTHER INTRODUCTION, TO SAY IT ISN'T A REAL LION?



WE SHOULD SAY WHO HE IS, AND THEY SHOULD BE ABLE TO SEE PART OF HIS FACE.

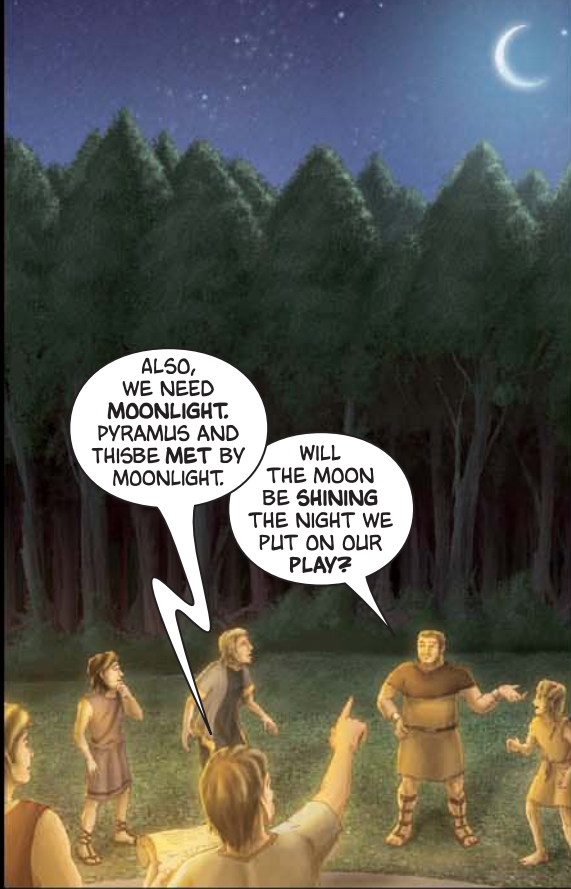
HE CAN SPEAK TO THE AUDIENCE AND TELL THEM NOT TO BE AFRAID.



HE CAN SAY THAT HE IS SNUG THE JOINER.



VERY WELL.



ALSO, WE NEED MOONLIGHT. PYRAMUS AND THISBE MET BY MOONLIGHT.

WILL THE MOON BE SHINING THE NIGHT WE PUT ON OUR PLAY?



WE NEED A CALENDAR!



YES, THE MOON SHINES THAT NIGHT.

THEN JUST LEAVE A WINDOW OPEN, AND THE MOON CAN SHINE THROUGH IT.



IT MIGHT BE BETTER IF SOMEONE COMES ONSTAGE, DRESSED AS THE MOON.

AND WE NEED A WALL - PYRAMUS AND THISBE SPOKE THROUGH A HOLE IN A WALL.

WE CAN'T BRING A WALL ONSTAGE.



SOMEONE CAN CARRY PLASTER, OR STONES, AND PRETEND HE'S A WALL -

AND HE CAN HOLD HIS FINGERS LIKE THIS, FOR PYRAMUS AND THISBE TO SPEAK THROUGH.



THAT MIGHT WORK.



LET'S REHEARSE!

YOU START, PYRAMUS, AND THEN GO INTO THE BUSHES WHEN YOU HAVE FINISHED YOUR SPEECH.



WHO ARE THESE FOOLS, SO CLOSE TO THE FAIRY QUEEN?

SPEAK, PYRAMUS. GET READY, THISBE.



THISBE, FLOWERS HAVE SWEET, ODIUS -



ODOURS!



- HAVE SWEET ODOURS AND A SMELL,

LIKE YOUR BREATH, MY DARLING THISBE. I HEAR A VOICE - WAIT HERE, MY DEAR; I SHALL SHORTLY REAPPEAR.

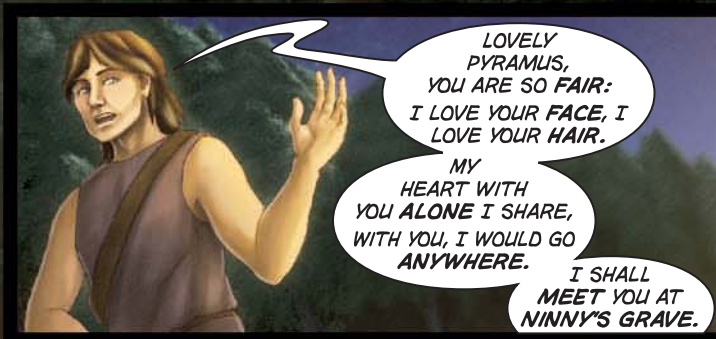


THAT'S THE STRANGEST PYRAMUS EVER!



SHOULD I SPEAK NOW?

YES. HE HAS GONE TO SEE WHAT THE NOISE IS, AND WILL SOON BE BACK.





I WILL  
**LEAD** YOU  
ROUND AND **ROUND**,  
LIKE **HORSE**,  
PIG, BEAR, OR  
**HOUND**;

OVER  
**HERE**, OVER **THERE**,  
I WILL **CHASE** YOU  
**EVERYWHERE**.



WHY DID  
THEY RUN  
AWAY? ARE THEY  
TRYING TO  
FRIGHTEN  
ME?



WHAT DO  
YOU LOOK LIKE,  
BOTTOM?



I LOOK  
LIKE WHAT  
YOU SEE, YOU  
DONKEY-  
BRAIN!



YOU'VE BEEN TRANSFORMED, BOTTOM!



THEY ARE TRYING TO MAKE AN ASS OUT OF ME, TO FRIGHTEN ME.

BUT I WON'T RUN AWAY - I SHALL SING, TO PROVE I'M NOT AFRAID!



BLACKBIRD HAS A YELLOW BEAK, THE WREN HAS A LITTLE SQUEAK.



WHO IS THAT ANGEL, SINGING?



WHEN THE CUCKOO STARTS TO SING, QUESTION NOT ITS WARNING.

WHO WOULD WASTE THEIR TIME, QUESTIONING A BIRD?