

Ariel's story

My name is Ariel.

I want to tell you my story.

My master is the great Prospero: the magician who rules this island. I have served him for twelve years. In many ways he is a kind and benevolent master.

My last mistress - the witch Sycorax - was cruel and evil. She captured me and enslaved me and trapped me inside a pine tree for twelve whole years. I couldn't fly. I couldn't move. I couldn't speak.

It was Prospero who defeated the witch and set me free. I thank him for that. He gave me some liberty. But I still live to serve. I simply serve a kinder master. Am I still a slave and a prisoner?

Prospero sends me away to create magical storms, to fulfil great missions in the very veins of the Earth, and to create music to fill this strange and beautiful island. When I conjured the great storm, Prospero called me his 'Brave Spirit'.

But sometimes he screams and yells. He calls me a malignant slave and a dull thing, and he says I am ungrateful for wanting my freedom. I suppose some might say he used to be a great duke and he is used to having servants.

But spirits like I were not meant to be servants. We were born to sing on the wind. One day I hope I will be free.

