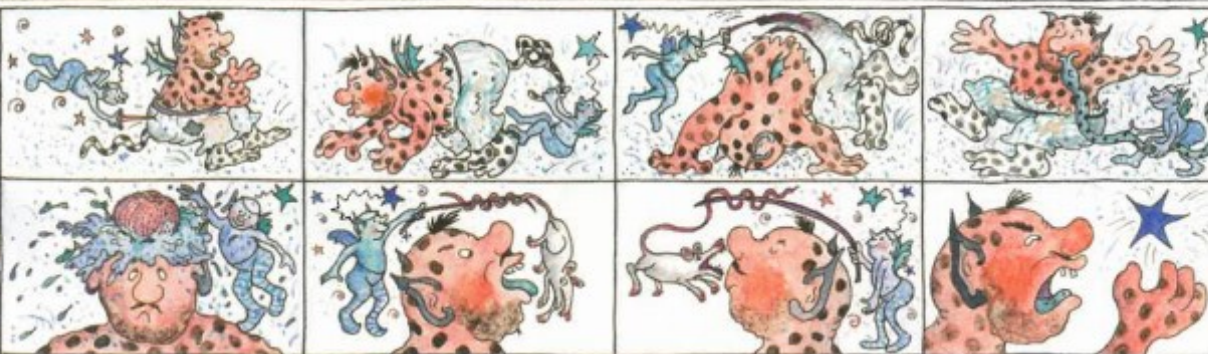


THE TEMPEST

Many years ago on a mystical isle, young Miranda and her loving father, Prospero, watched as a ship foundered in a fierce and terrible tempest. Prospero had been preparing for this moment for years, developing his magic powers from a rare book until he could control the elements. Miranda suspected that her father had caused the storm, but had no idea why such a gentle man should wish to harm anyone. So Prospero revealed how he and his daughter had been cast away on the island, twelve years before.



Prospero had been Duke of Milan until his brother Antonio, aided by Alonso, King of Naples, seized power. Prospero and Miranda were set adrift in a tiny boat, but luckily a friend, Gonzalo, had secreted books and provisions on board. These sustained the pair until they drifted on to an island.



The only inhabitants on this isle were the monster Caliban and the sprites his mother had trapped in trees before she died. Caliban became Prospero's servant, as did Ariel, an airy sprite. Ariel, who was invisible to all but Prospero, had been freed from a tree by Prospero's magic and in return had promised to serve him faithfully for twelve years.

By accident most strange,
bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady,
hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore.

Prospero told Miranda that the storm-tossed ship carried his old enemies. Then, seeing Ariel approach, Prospero put a plan into action and sent Miranda to sleep.

But are they,
Ariel, safe?

Not a hair
perish'd...
The king's son
have I landed
by himself.

Ariel spirited the ship's company ashore, isolating all but Antonio, Gonzalo and King Alonso. So the king feared that his son, Prince Ferdinand, must have drowned.

Go, make thyself like
to a nymph of the sea.

Ariel, now in the guise of a sea nymph, went to fetch Ferdinand to Prospero's cave.

Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel.
I must obey: his art
is of such power.

Having dispatched Caliban to gather wood, Prospero then woke Miranda.

I might call him
A thing divine.

O you wonder!

Drawn to the cave by Ariel's singing, Ferdinand stared in wonder at lovely Miranda.

...and hast put thyself upon this
island as a spy.

No, as I am
a man.

There's nothing ill
can dwell in such
a temple.

I'll manacle thy neck
and feet together.

Beseech you,
father!

The two youngsters fell in love, as Prospero had planned. Adversity, he hoped, would seal the bond, so he accused Ferdinand of spying.

He forbade Miranda to talk to Ferdinand and sent him to shift logs, which Ferdinand did willingly, to stay close to his beloved.

I'll bear your logs
the while.

No, precious
creature.

Take my daughter.

For hours, Ferdinand hauled logs. Miranda never left his side.

Prospero watched Miranda and Ferdinand's love blossom, and finally he relented.

He conjured up a flock of nymphs to sing a blessing on their engagement.

Lo now! Lo!
I'll fall flat.

Meanwhile, Caliban gathered driftwood until a looming figure made him hide under his cloak.

Alas! The storm
is come again.

It was Trinculo, King Alonso's jester who, fearing a storm, also crawled under the cloak.

This is some monster
of the isle.

Minutes later, Stefano, the king's drunken butler, fell over the heaving bundle.

Give us a
posy.

Can you
see Ariel?

No.

I think
Ariel's
hidden in
the star.

You don't
know
nothing.

He's right.

Who's
right?

I'm right.
Ariel's just
air.

Know-
all.

lug!

If they've been
shipwrecked, why
aren't they wet?

It's magic,
stupid.

I think
I can see
Ariel.

Only Prospero
can.

You're right
there, you
swiller!

PRIVATE
BOX
KEEP OUT

A little
adversity
does
wonders
for love.

We like
this,
already.

Potato?

Miranda,
there are
other men
in the world.

When I
was little
sprites
were two
ducat!

It's a
sprite.

As the wise
old bear once
said, you're
never too
young for
adventure.

I bet he
picks his
nose.



Can I kiss the book?



O Stefano! Here, kiss the book. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

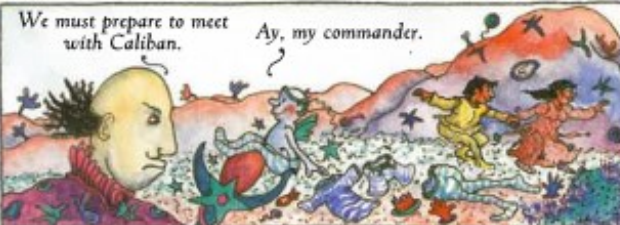
Trinculo and Stefano were delighted to be reunited. Caliban, unaware of the shipwreck, thought they had dropped from the moon.



Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serve thee. Monster, I will kill this man.

Thinking they must be very powerful, Caliban urged the pair to assassinate Prospero. Ariel overheard and flew off to tell his master.

I don't like not seeing Ariel.



We must prepare to meet with Caliban. Ay, my commander.

When the traitor Caliban drew near with his companions, Prospero was ready. Ariel had strewn Prospero's finest clothes before the cave.



O King Stefano! I'll have that gown. Let it alone, thou fool.

Caliban, Trinculo, and Stefano crept up, ready to kill Prospero, but were distracted by the array of handsome garments.

Phantom, but fierce!



Hey, Mountain, hey! Fury, Fury! There tyrant... Silver! There it goes, Silver!

When the murderous trio were half dressed, Prospero unleashed a pack of snarling phantom hounds. Driven by Ariel, the dogs chased the rascals far off across the island. Then Ariel returned to aid Prospero: the time had come for him to settle the score with his brother and King Alonso.

He's cuddling, not drowning.



He is drowned whom thus we stray to find.

King Alonso, Antonio, and the good Gonzalo had been vainly searching for Ferdinand.



I will stand to and feed.

Tired and hungry, they were in despair, but then a table of food suddenly materialized.



You are three men of sin!

Amazed, they were about to eat when Ariel, disguised as a harpy, made the food vanish.

Dad says my mum is a harpy.



Him and his innocent child.

Ariel reminded them of their sins against Prospero. Guilt and fear froze their spirits.



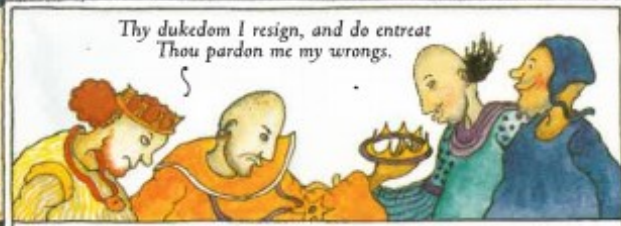
Ariel drew them into a magic circle, where they were held like unwilling statues.



Behold, as King, the wronged duke of Milan, Prospero.

Prospero, in his ducal robes, appeared before them as though risen from the dead.

Must I strong stuff?



Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat Thou pardon me my wrongs.

Antonio and King Alonso were awestruck into true repentance and begged to be forgiven. At last Prospero's anger was placated.



If this prove A vision of the island, one dear son Shall I twice lose.

Prospero released them from the circle and led them, and his old friend Gonzalo, to where Ferdinand and Miranda sat playing chess.

If you wriggle Caliban, get you!



I chose her when I could not ask my father. Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart That doth not wish you joy!

King Alonso was overjoyed at finding his son alive and embraced him warmly. Ferdinand told the king of his wish to marry Miranda. Seeing Miranda's beauty and his son's happiness, King Alonso gave his consent. He hoped the union would heal the rift between Milan and Naples.



Be it so: Amen!

Prospero's talking to himself again!

Good doggie I think I'll stay in England.



I have been in such a pickle. I am not Stefano, but a cramp. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Into the midst of their rejoicing came Caliban, Trinculo, and Stefano, urged on by Ariel. Prospero forgave them too, in return for a little hard labor. The party then made themselves comfortable, while Prospero recounted his adventures of the past twelve years.



Go, sirrah, to my cell... trim it handsomely.

Tell me when I'm over



Now my charms are all o'erthrown, And what strength I have's mine own.

They all planned to sail to Naples the next morning for the wedding of Miranda and Ferdinand, after which Prospero would return to Milan as its rightful duke. That night, Prospero released his faithful Ariel, who promised him fair winds for their journey. Then Prospero discarded his magic cloak, buried his staff deep in the ground, and threw his book of magic out to sea. After twelve years, Prospero was leaving the enchanted island to Caliban and the sprites. Prospero's tempest had served its purpose, and his dukedom was restored.

Could an ex if I'm invisible?

If I looked like that I'd be invisible too.

Go and eat that fire somewhere else, we're concentrating.

Enjoying your outing Grandpa?

You are Is this a tragedy?

NO! Is this a comedy?

NO! Is it a tragicomedy?

Like you!

I do hope I'm appreciated in years to come.