# New Title Information

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title:</th>
<th>The Tempest The Graphic Novel</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sub title:</td>
<td>Original Text</td>
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<tr>
<td>Publisher:</td>
<td>Classical Comics Ltd</td>
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<tr>
<td>Author:</td>
<td>William Shakespeare</td>
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## Contributors:
- **Script Adaptation:** John McDonald
- **Pencils:** Jon Haward
- **Inks:** Gary Erskine
- **Colouring & lettering:** Nigel Dobbyn
- **Design & Layout:** Jo Wheeler
- **Editor in Chief:** Clive Bryant

## Brief description of the book:
This is the unabridged play brought to life in full colour! Ideal for purists, students and readers who will appreciate the unaltered text. Although *The Tempest* was the first play to appear in the first official *Folio* printing of Shakespeare's plays, it was almost certainly the last play he wrote alone. It held pride of place in that first collection, presumably because the editors thought it to be his masterpiece; a crowning glory to the career of the most brightest of playwrights. Needless to say, we had to select the very best artists to do it justice, and to bring you the stunning artwork that you've come to expect from our titles. Poignant to the last, this book is a classic amongst classics. Coupled with stunning artwork, this is a must-have for any Shakespeare lover.

## Key sales points:
- ENTIRE, UNABRIDGED ORIGINAL SCRIPT - just as The Bard intended. Ideal for purists, students and for readers who want to experience the unaltered text.
- Full colour graphic novel format.
- Meets UK curriculum requirements.
- Teachers notes/study guide available.

## Publisher information:
Classical Comics is a UK publisher creating graphic novel adaptations of classical literature. True to the original vision of the author, the book has been further enhanced by using only the finest artists - giving you a truly wonderful reading experience.

## Edition:
- **First**

## Series:
- 1 of 3 versions available - Original Text, Plain Text & Quick Text

## Pub Date:
- UK: September 2009 | US: November 2009

## Classification:
- General Fiction, DDS, FX

## Price:
- £9.99 / $16.95

## Format:
- Paperback

## Size:
- 246mm x 168mm

## Pages:
- 144 pages

## Age range:
- General

## Illustrations:
- Full colour graphic novel illustrations throughout.

## Reviews:
"I came across your amazing site by accident while browsing on the internet for some ideas for 2008. I was thrilled to see that 'The Tempest' was available in comic form. I have downloaded it and can't wait to see my students' reactions. Thank you so much."

Kerryann, Teacher in South Africa

"Because Shakespeare is the only author we have to teach in the national curriculum, teachers appreciate any kind of help in making the plays accessible and enjoyable."

Ian McNeilly, National Association for the Teaching of English

http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/education/6647927.stm
HERE CEASE MORE QUESTIONS: THOU ART INCLINED TO SLEEP, ’TIS A GOOD DULLNESS, AND GIVE IT WAY: I KNOW THOU CANST NOT CHOOSE.

COME AWAY, SERVANT, COME! I AM READY NOW, APPROACH, MY ARIEL, COME!

ALL HAIL, GREAT MASTER! GRAVE SIR, HAIL! I COME TO ANSWER THEE MY PLEASURE.

BE ’T TO FLY, TO SWIM, TO DIVE INTO THE FIRE, TO RIDE ON THE CURL’D CLOUDS, TO TRY STRONG RIDING, TASK ARIEL, AND ALL HIS QUALITY.

HAST THOU, SPIRIT, PERFORMED TO POINT THE TEMPEST THAT I BADE THEE?

TO EVERY ARTICLE, I BOARDED THE KING’S SHIP: NOW ON THE BEAK, NOW IN THE WAIST, THE DECK, IN EVERY CABIN, I FLAM’D AMAZEMENT.
SOMETIMES I'D DIVIDE, AND BURN IN MANY PLACES; ON THE TOPMAST, THE YARDS AND BOWSPRIT, WOULD I FLAME DISTINCTLY, THEN MEET AND JOIN.

JOYE'S LIGHTNINGS, THE PRECURSORS O' THE DREADFUL THUNDER-CLAPS, MORE MOMENTARY AND SIGHT-OUTRUNNING WERE NOT.

THE FIRE AND CRACKS OF SULPHUROUS ROARING THE MOST MIGHTY NEPTUNE SEE, TO BESIEGE, AND MAKE HIS BOLD WAVES TREMBLE, YEA, HIS DREAD TRIDENT SHAKE.

MY BRAVE SPIRIT! WHO WAS SO FIRM, SO CONSTANT, THAT THIS COIL WOULD NOT INFECT HIS REASON?

NOT A SOUL, BUT FELT A FEVER OF THE MAD, AND PLAY'D SOME TRICKS OF DESPERATION.
ALL BUT MARINERS PLUNG'D IN THE FOAMING BRINE, AND QUIT THE VESSEL, THEN ALL A-FIRE WITH ME.

THE KING’S SON, FERDINAND, WITH HAIR UP-STARING, - THEN LIKE REEDS, NOT HAIR, - WAS THE FIRST MAN THAT LEAP’D: CRIED, ‘HELL IS EMPTY, AND ALL THE DEVILS ARE HERE.’

WHY, THAT’S MY SPIRIT! BUT WAS NOT THIS NIGHT SHORE?

CLOSE BY, MY MASTER.

BUT ARE THEY, ARIEL, SAFE?

NOT A HAIR PERISH’D;

ON THEIR SUSTAINING GARMENTS NOT A BLEMISH, BUT FRESHER THAN BEFORE! AND, AS THOU SAID’ST ME, IN TROOPS I HAVE DISSER’D THEM BOUT THE ISLE.

THE KING’S SON HAVE I LANDED BY HIMSELF; WHOM I LEFT COOING OF THE AIR WITH SIGNS, IN AN ODD ANGLE OF THE ISLE, AND SITTING HIS ARMS IN THIS SAD KNOT.
OF THE KING’S SHIP
THE MARINERS, SAY HOW
THOU HAST DISPOS’D, AND
ALL THE REST O’ THE
FLEET?

SAFELY IN HARBOUR IS
THE KING’S SHIP: IN THE DEEP
NOOK, WHERE ONCE THOU CALL’ST ME
UP AT MIDNIGHT TO FETCH DEW FROM
THE STILL-VEX’D BERMOOTHE,
THERE SHE’S HID:

THE MARINERS ALL
UNDER HATCHES STOW’D;
WHO WITH A CHARM JOIN’D TO
THEIR SUFFER’D LABOUR, I
HAVE LEFT ASLEEP:

AND FOR THE REST O’ THE FLEET,
WHICH I DISPERS’D, THEY ALL HAVE MET
AGAIN, AND ARE UPON THE MEDITERRANEAN
FLOTT. SOUND EASILY HOME FOR NAPLES;
SUPPOSING THAT THEY SAW THE KING’S SHIP
WRACK’D, AND HIS GREAT PERSON
PERISH.

ARIEL, THY
CHARGE EXACTLY
IS PERFORMD: BUT
THERE’S MORE
WORK, WHAT IS THE
TIME O’ THE
DAY?

PAST THE MID
SEASON.
AT LEAST TWO GLASSES. THE TIME 'TWIXT SIX AND NOW MUST BY US BOTH BE SPENT MOST PRECIOUSLY.

IS THERE MORE TOIL? SINCE THOU DOST GIVE ME PAINS, LET ME REMEMBER THEE WHAT THOU HAST PROMIS'D, WHICH IS NOT YET PERFORM'D ME.

HOW NOW? MOODY? WHAT IS 'T THOU CANST DEMAND?

BEFORE THE TIME BE OUT? NO MORE!

MY LIBERTY.

PRYTHEE.

REMEMBER, I HAVE DONE THEE WORTHY SERVICE; TOLD THEE NO LIES, MADE THEE NO MISTAKINGS, SERV'D WITHOUT OR GRUDGE OR GRUMBLINGS.

THOU DIDST PROMISE TO BATE ME A FULL YEAR.

DOST THOU FORGET FROM WHAT A TORMENT I DID FREE THEE?

NO.

THOU LIEST, MALIGNANT THING! THOU FORGOT THE FOUL WITCH SYCORAX, WHO, WITH AGE AND ENVY, WAS GROWN INTO A HOOPE? THOU FORGOT HER?

THOU HAST, WHERE WAS SHE BORN? SPEAK; TELL ME.

SIR, IN ARGIER.
O. WAS SHE SO? I MUST, ONCE IN A MONTH, RECOUNT WHAT THOU HAST BEEN, WHICH THOU FORGET’ST.

THS DAMN’D WITCH SYCORAX, FOR MISCHIEFS MANIFOLD, AND SORCERIES TERRIBLE TO ENTER HUMAN HEARING, FROM ARISER, THOU KNOW’ST, WAS BANISH’D; FOR ONE THING SHE DID THEY WOULD NOT TAKE HER LIFE.

IS NOT THIS TRUE?

AY, SIR.

THIS BLUE-EY’D HAG WAS HITHER BROUGHT WITH CHILD, AND HERE WAS LEFT BY THE SAILORS.

THOU, MY SLAVE, AS THOU REPORT’ST THYSELF, WAST THEN HER SERVANT, AND, FOR THOU WAST A SPIRIT TOO DELICATE TO ACT HER EARTH’Y AND ABHOR’D COMMANDS.
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee, by help of her more potent ministers, and in her most unmitigable rage, into a cloven pine.

Within which rift imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain a dozen years; within which space she died, and left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans as fast as mill-wheels strike.

Then was this island—save for the son that she did litter here, a freckled whelp, hag-born—not honour'd with a human shape.

Yes, Caliban, her son.
DULL THING, I say so; he, that Caliban, whom now I keep in service.

THOU BEST KNOW'ST WHAT TORMENT I DID FIND THEE IN; THY GROANS DID MAKE WOLVES HOWL, AND PENETRATE THE BREASTS OF EVER-ANGRY BEARS:

IT WAS A TORMENT TO LAY UPON THE DAMN'D, WHICH SYCORAX COULD NOT AGAIN UNDO: IT WAS MINE ART, WHEN I ARRIV'D AND HEARD THEE, THAT MADE GAPE THE PINE, AND LET THEE OUT.