

THE  
ENTIRE  
SHAKESPEARE  
PLAY AS A  
GRAPHIC  
NOVEL!

Classical  
COMICS



# The TEMPEST

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL  
William Shakespeare

Original Text

Plain Text

Quick Text



# New Title Information

Classical Comics Ltd., PO Box 7280, Litchborough, Towcester NN12 9AR. Tel: 0845 812 3000  
Fax: 0845 812 3005 Email: [info@classicalcomics.com](mailto:info@classicalcomics.com) [www.classicalcomics.com](http://www.classicalcomics.com)

**Title:** The Tempest The Graphic Novel  
**Sub title:** Original Text  
**Publisher:** Classical Comics Ltd  
**Author:** William Shakespeare

**ISBN:** UK: 978-1-906332-29-7 US: 978-1-906332-69-3

## 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 THY **BEST**  
**PLEASURE**;



BE 'T  
TO **FLY**, TO **SWIM**, TO  
**DIVE INTO THE FIRE**, TO **RIDE**  
**ON THE CUR'D CLOUDS**. TO THY  
STRONG BIDDING, **TASK** ARIEL,  
AND **ALL HIS QUALITY**.

HAST  
THOU, SPIRIT,  
PERFORM'D 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**, IN 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**.

**JOVE'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** SEEM  
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?**

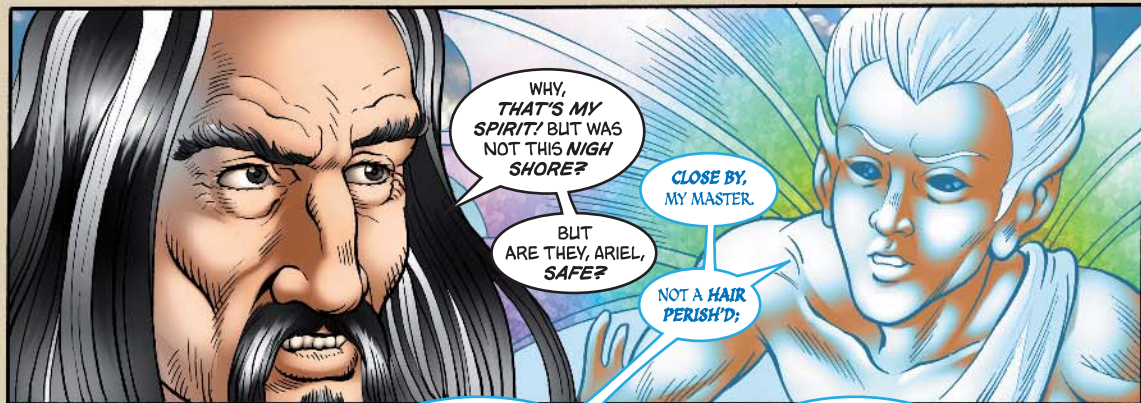
NOT A  
**SOUL** BUT FELT A  
**FEVER OF THE MAD**, AND  
PLAY'D SOME **TRICKS OF**  
**DESPERATION**.





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 NIGH  
SHORE?

BUT  
ARE THEY, ARIEL,  
SAFE?

CLOSE BY,  
MY MASTER.

NOT A HAIR  
PERISH'D;

ON  
THEIR SUSTAINING  
GARMENTS NOT A BLEMISH,  
BUT FRESHER THAN BEFORE: AND,  
AS THOU BAD'ST ME, IN TROOPS I  
HAVE DISPERS'D THEM 'BOUT  
THE ISLE.

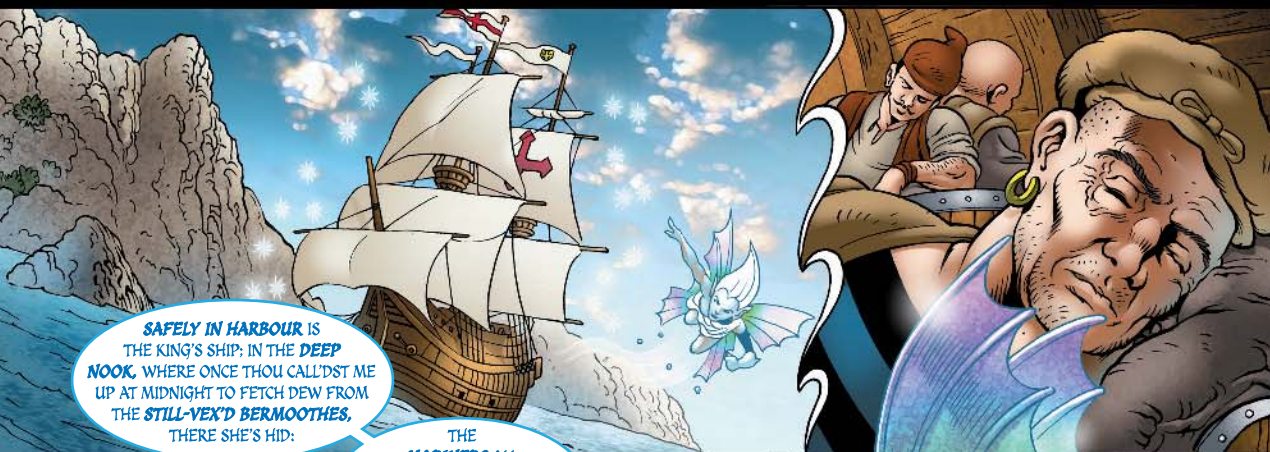
THE  
KING'S SON HAVE I  
LANDED BY HIMSELF; WHOM I  
LEFT COOLING OF THE AIR WITH  
SIGHS, IN AN ODD ANGLE OF THE  
ISLE, AND SITTING, HIS ARMS  
IN THIS SAD KNOT.





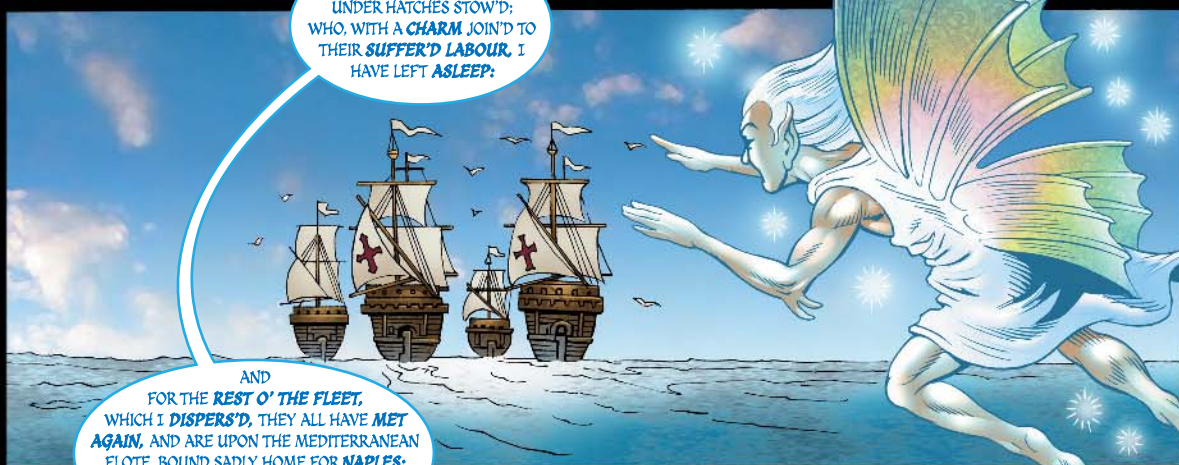


OF THE KING'S SHIP  
THE **MARINERS**, SAY HOW  
THOU HAST *DISPOS'D*, AND  
ALL THE *REST O' THE*  
*FLEET?*



**SAFELY IN HARBOUR** IS  
THE KING'S SHIP; IN THE **DEEP**  
**NOOK**, WHERE ONCE THOU CALL'DST ME  
UP AT MIDNIGHT TO FETCH DEW FROM  
THE *STILL-VEX'D* **BERMOOTHES**,  
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  
FLOTE, BOUND SADLY HOME FOR *NAPLES*;  
SUPPOSING THAT THEY SAW THE KING'S SHIP  
*WRACK'D*, AND HIS GREAT PERSON  
**PERISH**.



ARIEL, THY  
CHARGE *EXACTLY*  
IS PERFORM'D; BUT  
THERE'S *MORE*  
**WORK**. WHAT IS THE  
TIME O' THE  
DAY?



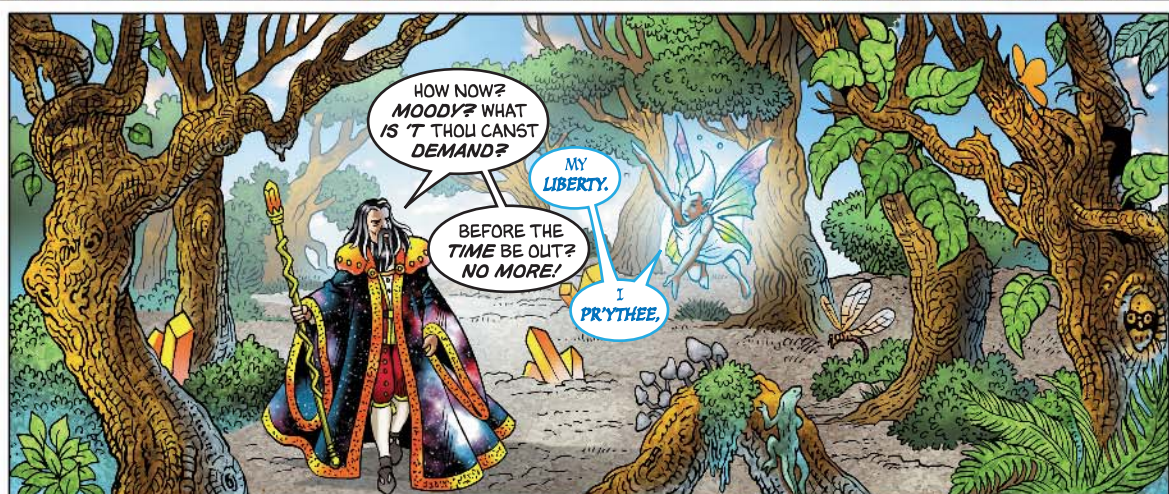
PAST THE **MID**  
**SEASON**.





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

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

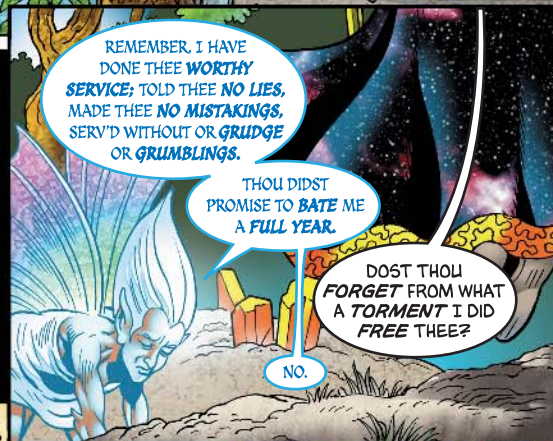


HOW NOW? **MOODY?** WHAT IS 'T THOU CANST **DEMAND?**

MY **LIBERTY**.

BEFORE THE **TIME** BE OUT? **NO MORE!**

I **PR'YTHEE**,



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**.

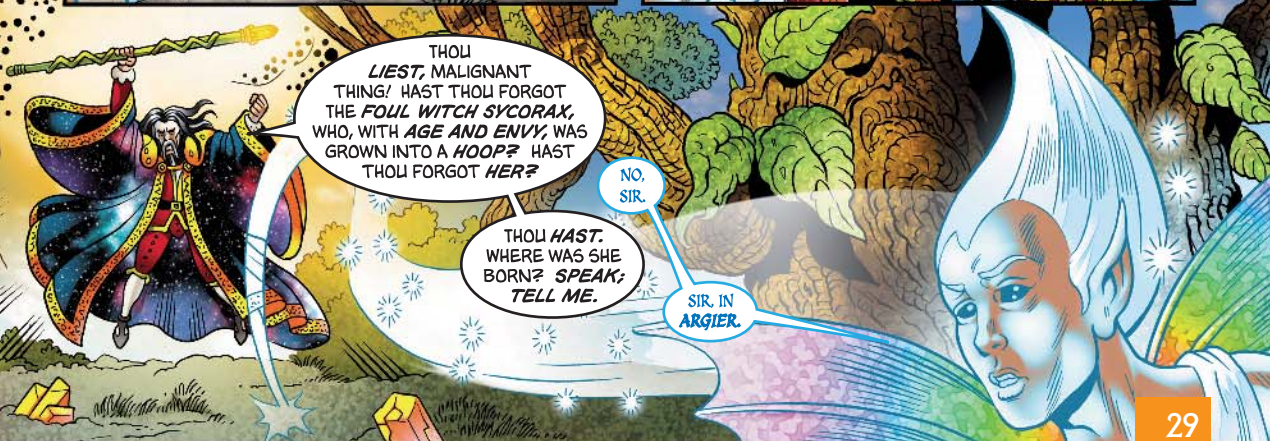
DOST THOU **FORGET** FROM WHAT A **TORMENT** I DID **FREE** THEE?

**NO.**



THOU **DOST**, AND THINK'ST IT **MUCH**, TO TREAD THE **OOZE** OF THE **SALT DEEP**, TO RUN UPON THE **SHARP WIND OF THE NORTH**, TO DO ME **BUSINESS** IN THE **VEINS O' THE EARTH**, WHEN IT IS **BAK'D** WITH **FROST**.

I **DO NOT**, **SIR**.



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

**NO, SIR.**

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.

THIS  
DAMN'D WITCH  
SYCORAX, FOR MISCHIEFS  
MANIFOLD, AND SORCERIES  
TERRIBLE TO ENTER HUMAN  
HEARING, FROM ARGIER, 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  
EARTHY AND **ABHORR'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 **FRECKL'D**  
**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 **LINDO**: IT WAS **MINE ART**,  
WHEN I ARRIV'D AND HEARD  
THEE, THAT MADE **GAPE THE**  
**PINE**, AND LET THEE  
**OUT**.