<table>
<thead>
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<th>Title:</th>
<th>The Tempest The Graphic Novel</th>
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<tbody>
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<td>Sub title:</td>
<td>Plain Text</td>
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<td>Publisher:</td>
<td>Classical Comics Ltd</td>
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<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 full colour graphic novel presents Shakespeare's *The Tempest* in modern English verse-for-verse. 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.

- **THE ENTIRE PLAY TRANSLATED INTO PLAIN ENGLISH.**
- **Fully appreciate the work of Shakespeare in modern English. This version is ideal for anyone who may find Shakespeare's original language cryptic.**
- **Full colour graphic novel format.**
- **Teachers notes/study guide available.**
- **Perfect partner to the Original Text version (978-1-906332-29-7) that contains the full text.**

**Publisher information:**

Classical Comics is a UK publisher creating graphic novel adaptations of classical literature. True to the original vision of the author, their books are 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
NOW, NO MORE QUESTIONS. YOU LOOK SLEEPY. IT'S A NICE FEELING — GIVE IN TO IT. I KNOW YOU HAVE NO CHOICE.

COME ALONG, SERVANT. I'M READY. COME CLOSE, ARIEL.

GREETINGS, GREAT MASTER! GREETINGS, POWERFUL SIR! I HAVE COME TO DO YOUR BIDDING...

— WHETHER IT’S TO FLY, SWIM, JUMP INTO FIRE, OR RIDE ON TOP OF THE CLOUDS. ARIEL AND HIS COMPANIONS ARE READY TO DO WHATEVER YOU ASK.

DID YOU MAKE THE STORM DO EXACTLY WHAT I ASKED, SPIRIT?

TO THE LAST DETAIL. I FLEW AROUND THE SHIP LIKE A FIRE, CAUSING PANIC — ON THE PROW, IN THE MIDSHEIPS, ON THE DECK AND IN EVERY CABIN.
Sometimes I burned in many places at once - on the topmast, the yardarms and the bows - and then I came together into one flame.

I flashed about faster than lightning.

The fire and noise I produced seemed to overwhelm even mighty Neptune, making his powerful waves tremble and his fearsome trident shake.

You're a good spirit! Were any of them so brave and strong that this turmoil didn't send them crazy?

Every single man went a little insane and carried out acts of desperation.
ALL EXCEPT THE SAILORS DIVED INTO THE SEA TO GET AWAY FROM THE SHIP, WHICH WAS FULL OF MY FIRE.

THE KING’S SON, FERDINAND, WAS THE FIRST TO JUMP. HIS HAIR STOOD ON END, LIKE REEDS, AND HE SHOUTED, “HELL IS EMPTY – ALL THE DEVILS ARE HERE!”

WELL DONE, SPIRIT! BUT WAS THIS CLOSE TO THE SHORE?

ARE THEY ALL SAFE, ARIEL?

VERY CLOSE, MASTER.

NOT A SINGLE HAIR WAS HURT.

EVEN THEIR CLOTHES ARE UNSTAINED AND FRESHER THAN THEY WERE BEFORE. I HAVE SCATTERED THEM IN GROUPS AROUND THE ISLAND, JUST AS YOU ORDERED.

THE KING’S SON IS ALONE IN A REMOTE SPOT. I LEFT HIM SITTING AND SIGHING, WITH HIS ARMS BADLY ENTWINED.
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE KING’S SHIP AND HIS SAILORS - AND THE REST OF THE FLEET?

THE KING’S SHIP IS SAFELY HIDDEN IN A DEEP COVE, WHERE YOU ONCE SUMMONED ME AT MIDNIGHT TO BRING BACK DREW FROM THE STORMY BERMUDAS.

THE SAILORS ARE ALL SLEEPING BELOW DECKS, EXHAUSTED FROM THEIR HARD WORK AND FROM A SPELL I CAST OVER THEM.

AS FOR THE REST OF THE FLEET, THEY HAVE ALL JOINED UP AGAIN AFTER I SCATTERED THEM. THEY ARE SAILING SADLY ACROSS THE MEDITERRANEAN TOWARDS NAPLES, BELIEVING THEY SAW THE KING SHIPWRECKED AND KILLED.

YOU HAVE DONE EXACTLY AS I ORDERED, ARIEL, BUT YOU HAVE MORE WORK TO DO. WHAT TIME IS IT?

PAST MIDDAY.
AT LEAST TWO HOURS PAST! WE MUST BOTH USE THE TIME WELL, BETWEEN NOW AND SIX O’CLOCK.

WHAT’S THIS? GETTING MOODY? WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU WANT?

BEFORE THE AGREED TIME? NOT ANOTHER WORD!

MY FREEDOM. PLEASE --

.Clone -- REMEMBER THE GOOD WORK I HAVE DONE FOR YOU. I HAVE TOLD THE TRUTH, MADE NO MISTAKES AND NEVER GRUMBLE --

YOU PROMISED TO RELEASE ME AFTER A YEAR.

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THE HELL I FREED YOU FROM?

NO.

YOU HAVE! AND YOU THINK IT’S TOO HEAVY A BURDEN TO WALK ON THE SEABED, OR TO FLY ON THE NORTH WIND, OR TO WORK IN THE UNDERGROUND DIVERS FOR ME, WHEN THE EARTH’S HARDENED WITH FROST.

NO. I DON’T, SIR. --

YOU'RE LYING, WICKED THING! HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THE HORRIBLE WITCH, SYCORAX, WHO WAS STOOPED WITH AGE AND ANGER – HAVE YOU?

NO, SIR.

YOU HAVE! WHERE WAS SHE BORN? TELL ME!

IN ALGIERS, SIR.
OH, was she now? I have to remind you about this every month.

You know this damned witch Scorak was banished from Algiers for a number of crimes and spells, too terrible for human ears. However, for some reason, they refused to execute her.

Isn’t this true?

Yes, sir.

This blue-eyed hag was pregnant when the sailors brought her here and left her.

As you admit yourself, you became her servant. But your nature was too delicate to carry out her horrible orders.
YOU REFUSED, AND, IN A FIT OF RAGE, SHE WORKED HER STRONG MAGIC TO SEAL YOU UP INSIDE A PINE TREE.

THERE YOU WERE IMPRISONED, MOST PAINFULLY, FOR TWELVE YEARS. DURING THIS TIME, SYCORAX DIED AND YOU WERE TRAPPED, SCREAMING AND CRYING, OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

THERE WAS NO ONE ELSE ON THIS ISLAND AT THAT TIME, EXCEPT FOR SYCORAX'S SON - A SPOTTED, SCALY, INHUMAN WHELP --

YES, HER SON, CALIBAN.
THAT’S WHAT I SAID! CALIBAN, WHO NOW SERVES ME.

YOU KNOW BETTER THAN ANYONE HOW MUCH TORMENT I FOUNT YOU IN. YOUR SCREAMS MADE WOLVES HOWL AND EVEN MADE BEARS FEEL SORRY FOR YOU.

IT WAS THE KIND OF TORTURE ONLY THE DAMNED IN HELL SUFFER – AND SYCORAX Couldn’T UNDO IT. WHEN I ARRIVED HERE AND HEARD YOU, IT WAS MY MAGIC THAT OPENED THE TREE AND LET YOU OUT.