

PROSPERO, *to Caliban*

Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth! (*Enter Caliban*)

CALIBAN

As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed 385
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both. A southwest blow on you
And blister you all o'er.

PROSPERO

For this, be sure, tonight thou shalt have cramps,
Thou shalt be pinched as thick as honeycomb,
Each pinch more stinging than the bees that made 'em.

CALIBAN I must eat my dinner. 395

This island's mine by Sycorax, my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,
Thou strok'st me and made much of me, wouldst
give me

Water with berries in 't, and teach me how 400
To name the bigger light and how the less,
That burn by day and night. And then I loved thee,
And showed thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place and
fertile. 405

Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you,
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me 410
The rest o' th' island.

PROSPERO Thou most lying slave,

Whom stripes may move, not kindness, I have used
thee,

Filth as thou art, with humane care, and lodged
thee

In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honor of my child.

CALIBAN

O ho, O ho! Would 't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me. I had peopled else 420
This isle with Calibans.