

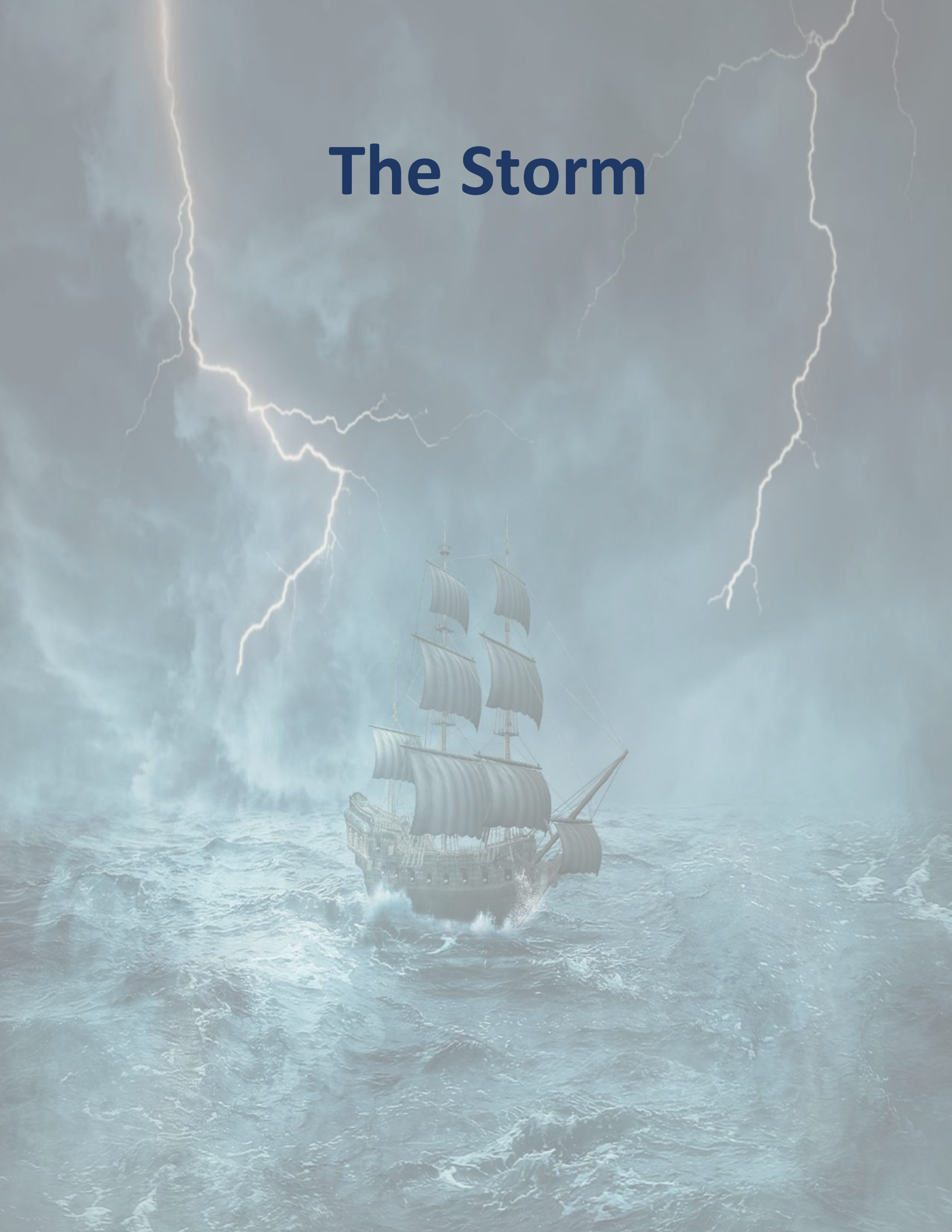
# The Tempest

*William Shakespeare*





# The Storm





Miranda stood on the island, gazing out to sea – where a wild storm was raging. The wind whipped the waves into a frenzy. In the distance, she heard desperate shouts. A ship was being driven onto the rocks...





She ran to find her father, Prospero the magician. “Please calm the storm,” she begged. “There’s a ship with people on it out there!” “They won’t be hurt,” promised Prosper, lowering his magic staff. He looked at Miranda. “I called up the storm for you. If you only knew...”





“Knew what?” asked Miranda. “You are too young to remember, but I was once a prince and the Duke of Milan. And you were a princess.”

“Oh!” gasped Miranda. “Then how did we come to this island?”





“My brother, Antonio, made a plot with King Alonso of Naples,” explained Prospero. “With the king’s help, Antonio stole my dukedom and tried to drown us. Luckily, my old friend Gonzalo helped us to escape in a boat. After many days at sea, we drifted here.”

“But why did you create the storm?” asked Miranda.

“To bring my old enemies here and mend our fortunes,” said Prospero. “But enough talk!”





He didn't want Miranda to know everything just yet. He waved his hand and her eyes slowly closed. Prospero gripped his staff and called his fairy servant. "Ariel!" "Hail, master!" sang to the fairy. "Have you done all I asked?" said Prospero.

"Yes," answered Ariel. "The castaways are safe and spread out around the island. The king and his followers are in one part, his servants are in another and Prince Ferdinand is alone on the shore."





“And the ship?” asked Prospero.

“It’s moored in a secret bay, with the sailors asleep on board.”

“Good,” said Prospero. “Soon I will set you free. But first, I have just a few more tasks for you.”





# Love at First Sight





Strange music played around Prince Ferdinand's ears. It was Ariel, singing. But the fairy had made himself invisible, so the sound seemed to come out of nowhere. "It must be magic," thought Ferdinand, listening closely.

"Alas," groaned Ferdinand. "The singer says my father is drowned." Lost in his sadness, he didn't notice Prospero approaching with Miranda.





“What do you see?” Prospero asked his daughter.

“Someone very handsome,” sighed Miranda. “Is he a kind of fairy?” Prospero laughed. “No, he’s a man. He was cast ashore by the storm.”





At the sound of their voices, Ferdinand looked up. When he saw Miranda, his heart leaped. He had never seen anyone so lovely. “Are you a goddess?” he said in wonder. It was Miranda’s turn to laugh. “No, I’m just a girl. Who are you?” “Ferdinand, Prince of Naples,” he answered boldly. “Or rather, King – for I fear my father is drowned...” He blushed, then blurted out, “And if you would have me, I would willingly make you, my queen.”

Miranda clapped her hands in delight.





Prospero nodded to himself. His plans were working – his daughter and the king's son had fallen in love at first sight. "But I mustn't make it too easy for them," he told himself. "I must test their love."

"Enough!" he said sternly. "This man is a spy. He wants to steal my island."

"No!" cried Miranda.

Prospero ignored her. "I will put the villain in chains and make him carry logs," he said, raising his staff. "Follow me!" And by magic, he forced Ferdinand to obey.





Miranda watched sadly as Ferdinand tramped to and fro, laden with heavy logs. “Don’t work so hard,” she whispered as soon as Prospero was out of sight. “Let me carry your logs while you rest.”

“No, my lady,” replied Ferdinand gallantly. “I’d rather die than watch you do my work. And I don’t suffer, so long as you are near.”

Miranda’s eyes shone. “You are mine and I am yours,” she promised.





# More Castaways





Meanwhile on the far side of the island, King Alonso was worrying about his son. “I fear Ferdinand is drowned,” he moaned.

Lord Gonzalo tried to comfort him. “I saw the prince swimming,” said Gonzalo. “He may have come ashore.”

The king shook his head sadly.





Two young lords watched him, smirking. They were Antonio, brother of Prospero and Sebastian, brother of the king. “What a fuss,” sneered Antonio.

Just then, a strange music started up. Ariel, invisible to the castaways, was casting a spell. In moments, King Alonso and Lord Gonzalo were fast asleep.

“How odd,” remarked Sebastian. “I don’t feel sleepy at all.”

“No, nor me,” agreed Antonio. “But seeing those two lying there gives me an idea.”





He paused slyly, then went on. "With Prince Ferdinand gone, you are the king's heir. If anything should happen to him..."

Sebastian grinned eagerly. "Like what happened to Prospero, when you took the dukedom?"

Antonio nodded. "Quick, let's strike now!" Together, he and Sebastian drew their swords...





Hastily, Ariel woke the sleepers.

“Aargh,” yelled Gonzalo. “Why the swords?” cried the king.

“We were just trying, er, to protect you,” lied Sebastian. “We heard a bellowing. It must have been lions...”

“A lot of lions,” agreed Antonio.

“Didn’t you hear them?”





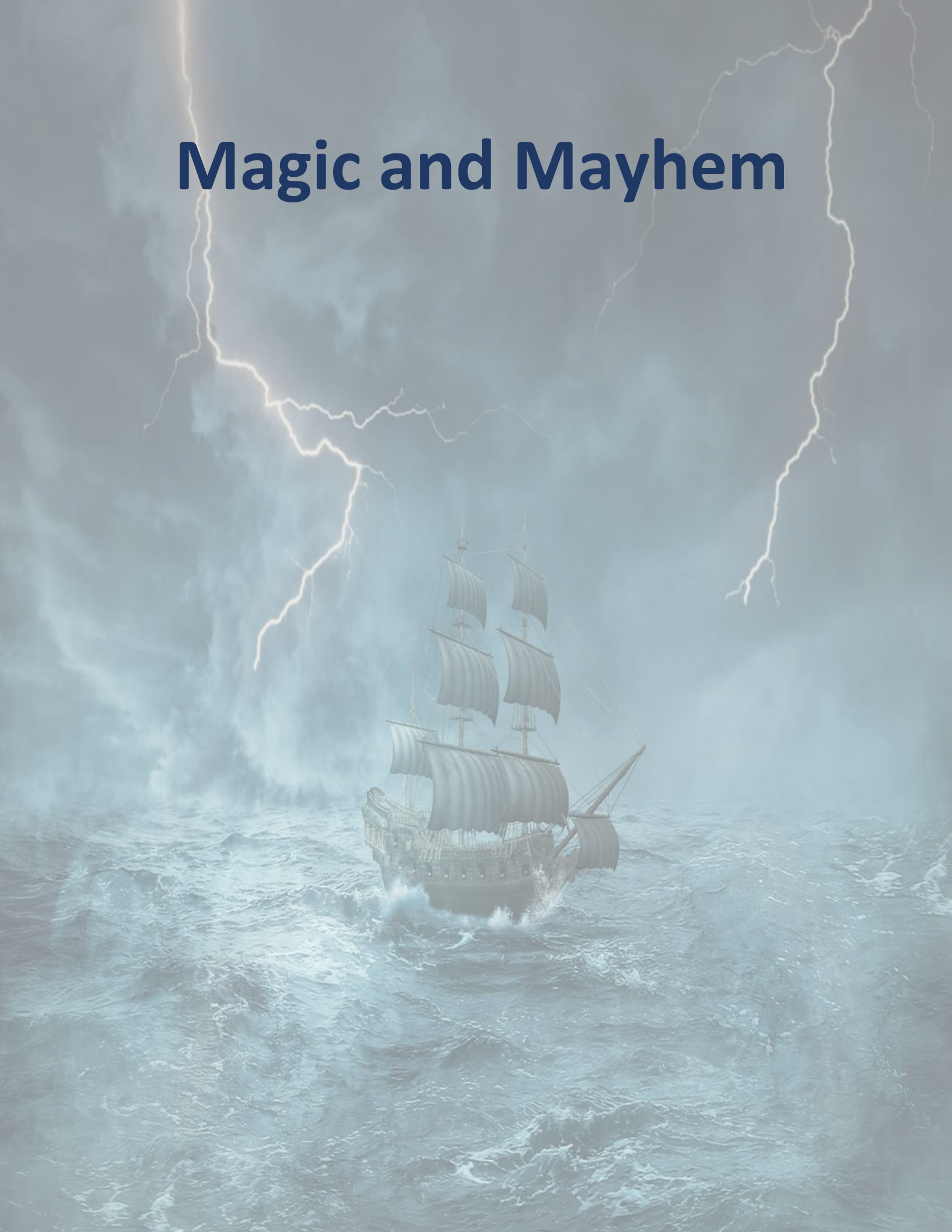
“Some kind of noise woke me up,” admitted Gonzalo. “We’d better be careful from now on.” “Let’s go and search for my son,” broke in the king, refreshed by his sleep. “If Gonzalo is right, he may be somewhere on this island.”

Ariel watched the four men go, then flew off to tell Prospero what he had done.





# Magic and Mayhem





Down on the beach, a huge, scowling man was picking up driftwood. It was Caliban, another servant of Prospero's, gathering fuel for their fire.

"I wish Prospero had never come to this island," he muttered. "I was king here till he came," Caliban went on. "Now I have to do what he says, or he sends fairies to pinch me." He heard footsteps. "Uh-oh, here comes one of them now." He dropped flat on his face and covered himself with his cloak.





But Caliban was wrong. It was not a fairy, but a castaway from the ship – Trinculo, the king's jester.

“What’s this – man or fish?” said Trinculo, spotting the cloak. He lifted a corner, wrinkling his nose in disgust. “It smells like a fish.”

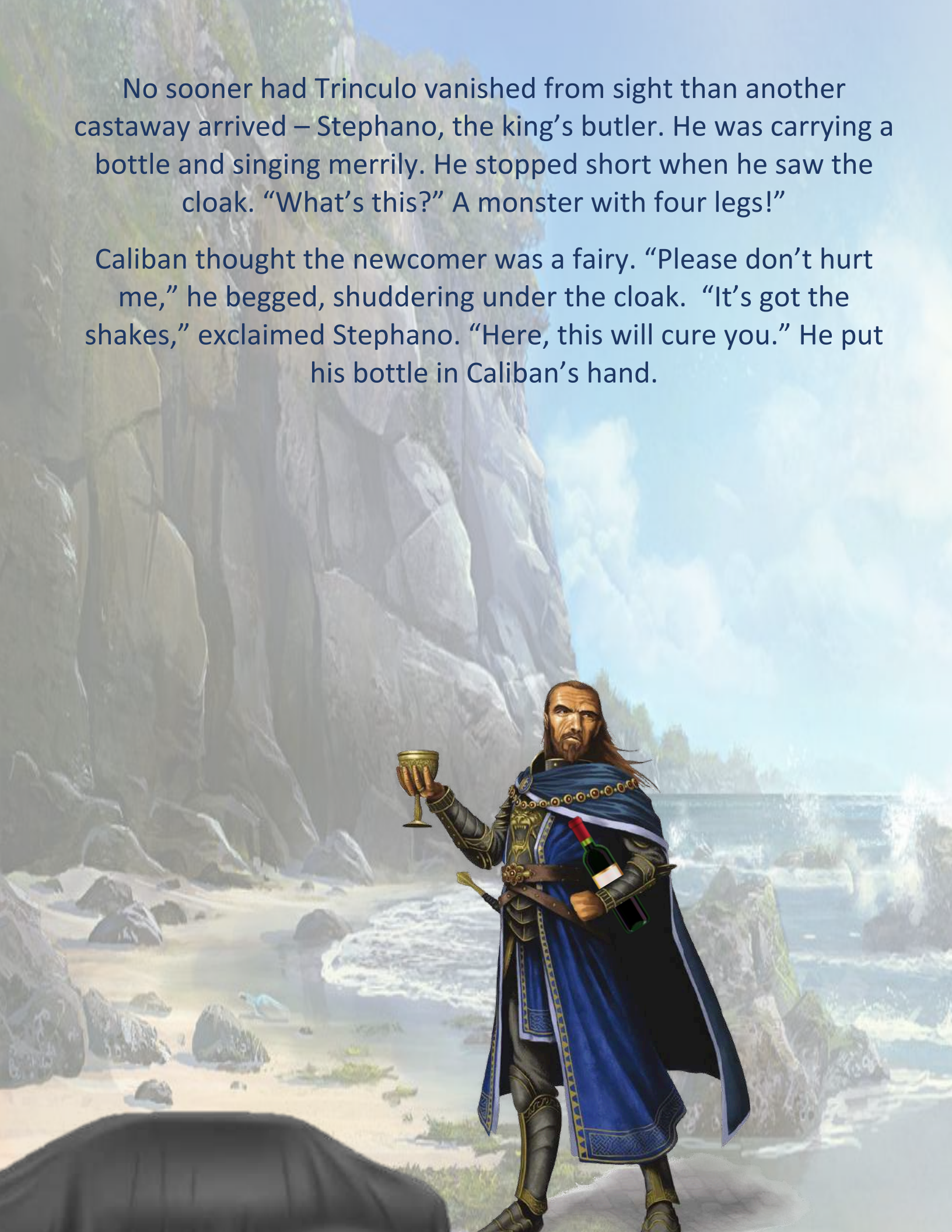
“Aha!” I see arms and legs. Maybe it’s an islander who was struck by lightning. Now it’s starting to rain. I’d better take shelter.” And Trinculo crawled under the cloak too.





No sooner had Trinculo vanished from sight than another castaway arrived – Stephano, the king’s butler. He was carrying a bottle and singing merrily. He stopped short when he saw the cloak. “What’s this?” A monster with four legs!”

Caliban thought the newcomer was a fairy. “Please don’t hurt me,” he begged, shuddering under the cloak. “It’s got the shakes,” exclaimed Stephano. “Here, this will cure you.” He put his bottle in Caliban’s hand.





“That sounds like Stephano,” muttered Trinculo, beneath the cloak. “Four legs and two voices – it’s definitely a monster!” cried Stephano.

“No, no – it’s me!” said Trinculo, throwing off the cloak.

Caliban took a swig from the bottle and smiled deeply. “That tastes heavenly,” he sighed. “I’ll worship the man who gave it to me.” And he kissed Stephano’s feet.

“Well, since the king and prince are drowned, I may as well rule here,” laughed Stephano, taking back his bottle. “Monster, show us your island!”





So Caliban led the two castaways around the island – all the while complaining about Prospero. The grumpy servant had no idea that an invisible Ariel was listening to his every word.

“Prospero stole my island by magic,” Caliban told Stephano. “I wish you ruled here instead. You could take his place if you knocked him on the head...”

“Monster, I will,” promised Stephano airily.





“I’d better stop this,” thought Ariel. He began to hum, to lead the would-be killers astray. “What’s that?” cried Stephano and Trinculo, startled.

“Come, let’s follow the sound,” called Caliban, bewitched.



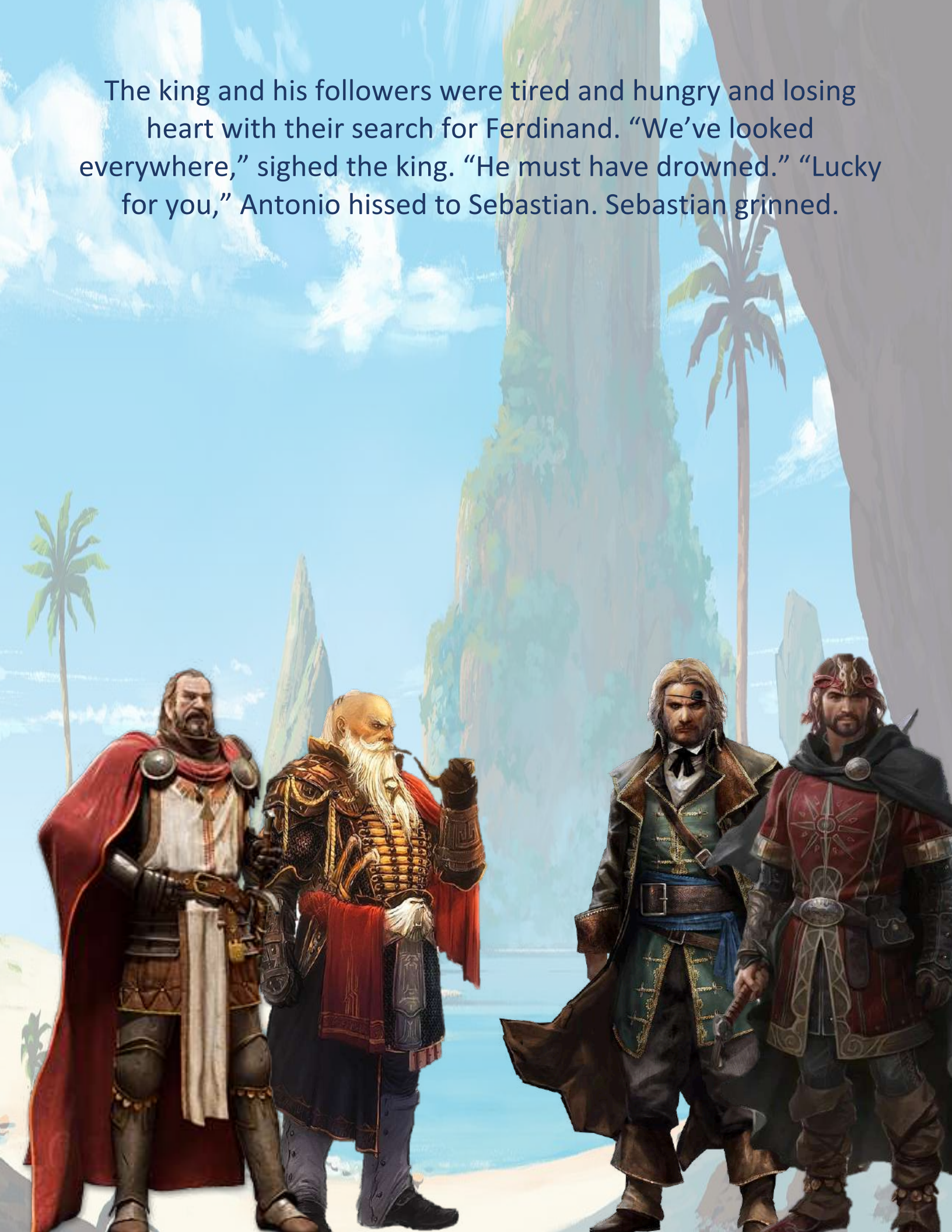


# Old Enemies and Young Lovers





The king and his followers were tired and hungry and losing heart with their search for Ferdinand. “We’ve looked everywhere,” sighed the king. “He must have drowned.” “Lucky for you,” Antonio hissed to Sebastian. Sebastian grinned.



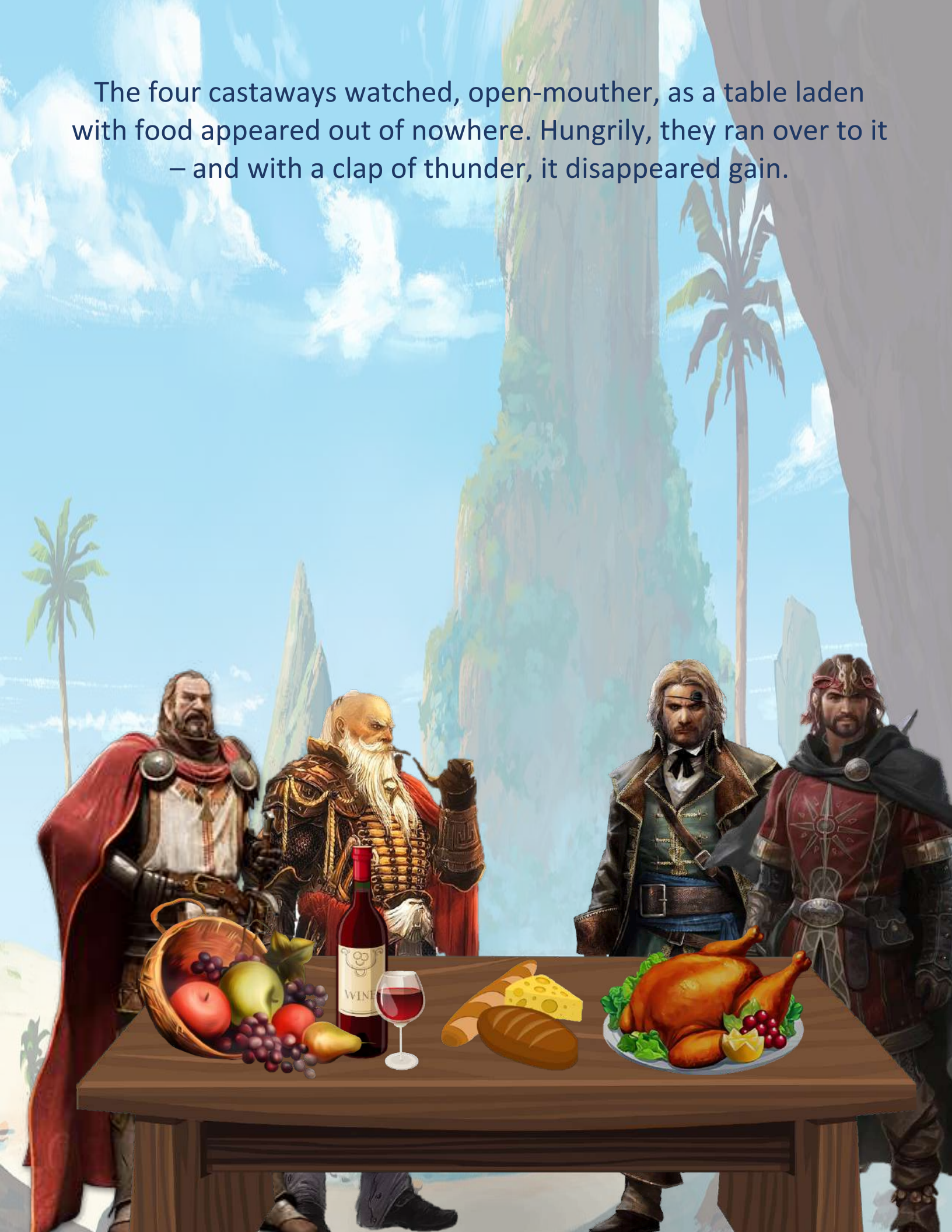


Unseen by them, Prospero had been watching his old enemies.  
Now, he cast a spell.





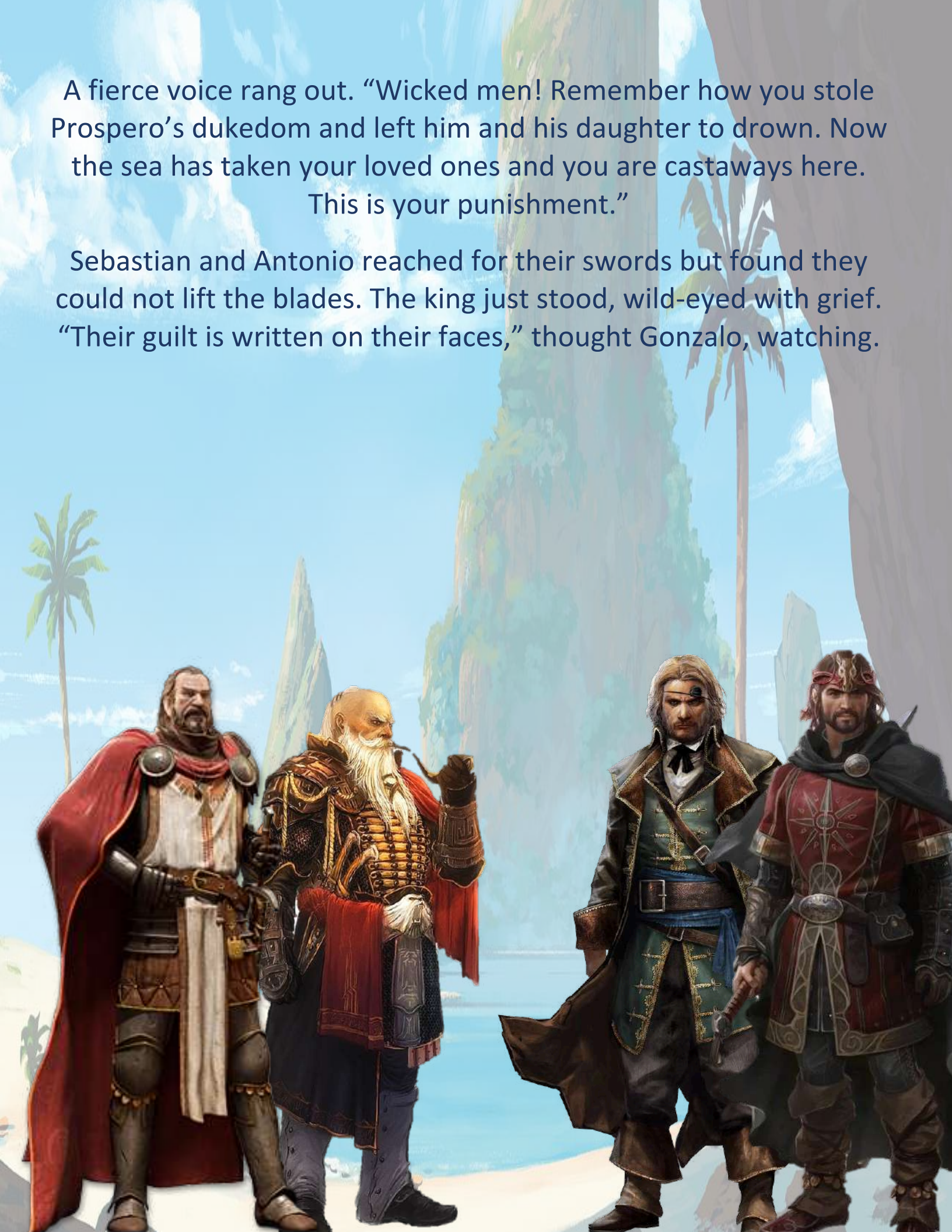
The four castaways watched, open-mouthed, as a table laden with food appeared out of nowhere. Hungrily, they ran over to it – and with a clap of thunder, it disappeared again.





A fierce voice rang out. “Wicked men! Remember how you stole Prospero’s dukedom and left him and his daughter to drown. Now the sea has taken your loved ones and you are castaways here. This is your punishment.”

Sebastian and Antonio reached for their swords but found they could not lift the blades. The king just stood, wild-eyed with grief. “Their guilt is written on their faces,” thought Gonzalo, watching.

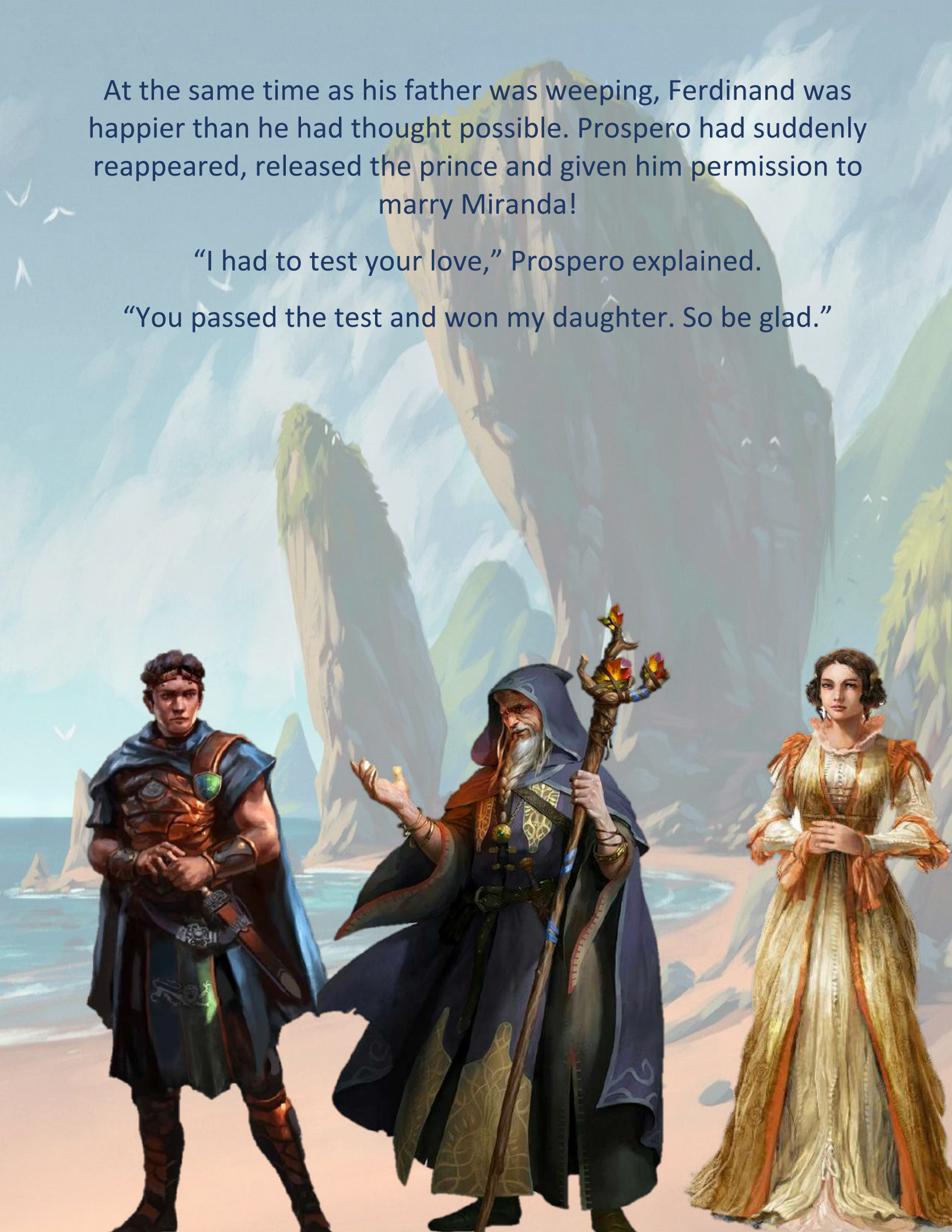




At the same time as his father was weeping, Ferdinand was happier than he had thought possible. Prospero had suddenly reappeared, released the prince and given him permission to marry Miranda!

“I had to test your love,” Prospero explained.

“You passed the test and won my daughter. So be glad.”





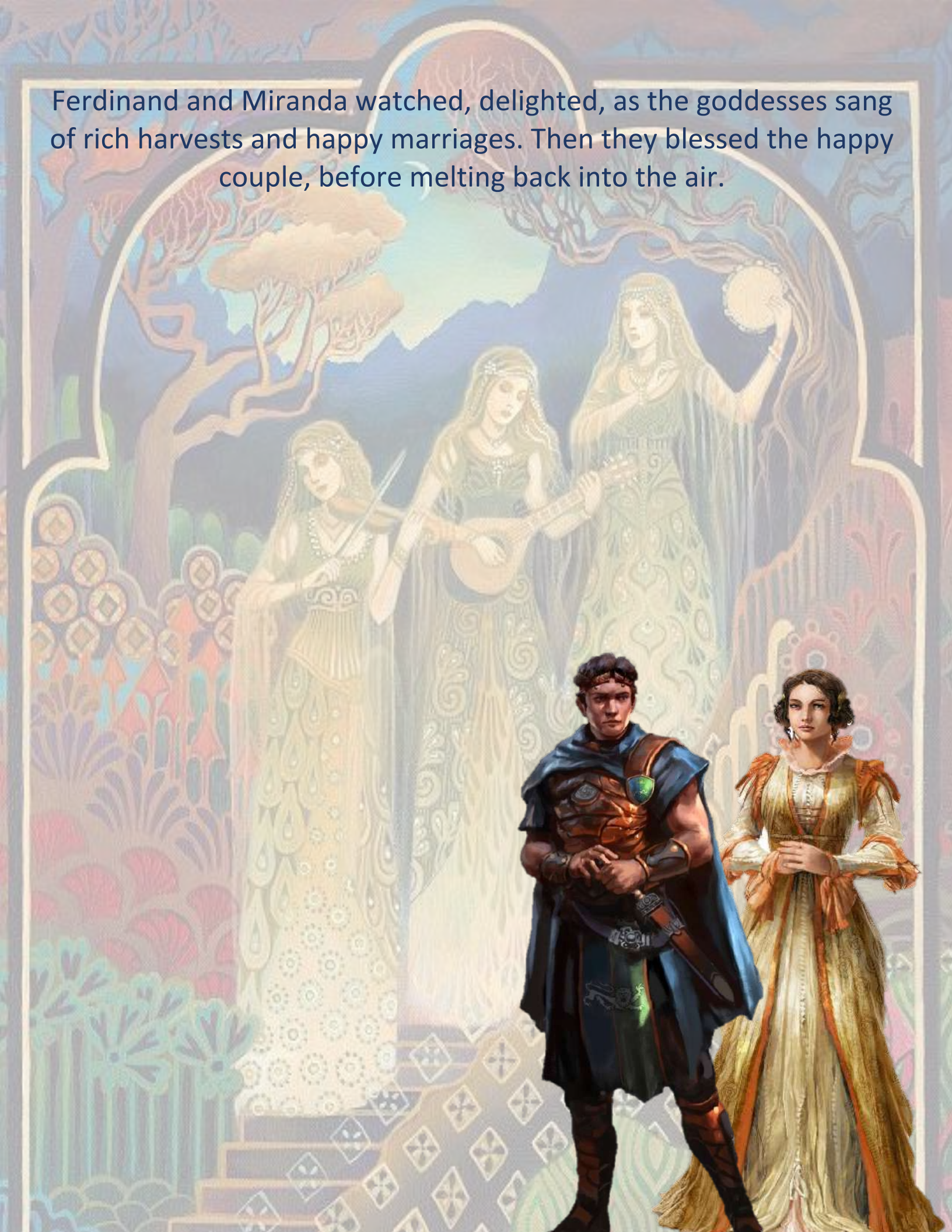
Ferdinand clasped Miranda's hands in joy, while Prospero called Ariel.

"Bring us a show to celebrate the occasion," he whispered to the fairy. Ariel nodded and began to hum, conjuring up a vision of three goddesses.





Ferdinand and Miranda watched, delighted, as the goddesses sang of rich harvests and happy marriages. Then they blessed the happy couple, before melting back into the air.





“This is paradise,” sighed Ferdinand happily. “But I nearly forgot,” muttered Prospero frowning. “There is still Caliban’s plot to worry about ... He and his friends would have me here like this vision!” Suddenly, the magician looked old and tired.

“Are you all right, Father?” exclaimed Miranda. “I must take a walk,” insisted Prospero. “Ariel, come with me.”

Making themselves invisible, Prospero and Ariel went to find the plotters – who were wading through a marsh and squabbling.





“We should never have followed that music,” groaned Stephano.

“Now I’ve dropped my bottle!”

“Hush,” hissed Caliban. “We’re nearly at Prospero’s hut.”

Stephano gave a drunken grin.





Ariel hummed a spell and a string of fresh, gleaming clothes appeared on the trees. Trinculo and Stephano rushed over and began trying them on. “No, no,” moaned Caliban. “You’re wasting time...”





Ariel hummed a little louder and suddenly the air filled with the cries of hunting dogs. The three plotters dropped everything and fled.





“Now all my enemies are at my mercy,” said Prospero. “My work is nearly done.”

His thoughts were interrupted by Ariel, returning with the castaways and Caliban. “Welcome friends,” cried Prospero to the amazed gathering. “Behold, I am Prospero, rightful Duke of Milan.”





King Alonso shook his head in confusion. “I don’t know how this can be. But if you are Prospero, I beg your forgiveness.”

“I forgive you all,” said Prospero. “Even though I know some of you have been hatching plots!”

Caliban and Stephano trembled, and Antonio and Sebastian exchanged guilty looks.





“King, I share your loss,” Prospero went on. “Today, in the storm, you lost a son, and I lost a daughter.”

“Oh heavens, if only they were alive, they could be King and Queen of Naples!” sighed King Alonso. “I’d gladly give my life for theirs.”





Prospero smiled – and pulled back a curtain of ivy, to reveal Ferdinand and Miranda playing chess. Alonso gasped. Miranda gazed back at the strange lords in amazement. She had never seen so many men.





Ferdinand ran to embrace his father and introduce Miranda.  
“This lady is to be my wife,” he said gaily. “A happy ending,”  
cried Gonzalo. “Ferdinand has found a wife and Prospero has  
found his dukedom.”





Prospero nodded wisely. “Look down at the bay,” he said. “Your ship is ready to take us home. It only remains for me to free my servants. Caliban, the island is yours once more. Ariel, be free!”





Prospero watched as the whole party set off down to the bay, talking busily of what they would do when they got home. When they were out of sight, he quietly put down his staff and book – and with them, his magic powers. He turned and spoke, as if asking an unseen audience for applause.

Then, with a bow, he followed the others down to the ship.







# THINK

DIGITAL ACADEMY

