**“A Midsummer Night’s Dream” Act 3:2 INSULTS**

**Setting: The four young people are in the forest. Puck has put the magic flower on both Lysander and Demetrius eyes so they both love Helena. As you can imagine, there is a lot of anger between Hermia and Helena.**

      HERMIA (to Helena)
282   O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
283   You thief of love! what, have you come by night
284   And stolen my love's heart from him?

      HELENA
284                                                               Fine, i'faith!
285   Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
286   No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
287   Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?

288   Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

      HERMIA
289   Puppet? why so? ay, that way goes the game.
290   Now I perceive that she hath made compare
291   Between our statures; she hath urged her height;

292   And with her personage, her tall personage,
293   Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
294   And are you grown so high in his esteem;

295   Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
296   How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
297   How low am I? I am not yet so low
298   But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

      HELENA
299   I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,

300   Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;

301   I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
302   I am a right maid for my cowardice:
303   Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,

304   Because she is something lower than myself,

305   That I can match her.

      HERMIA
305                                     "Lower"? hark, again.

      HELENA
306   Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.

307   I evermore did love you, Hermia,

308   Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
309   Save that, in love unto Demetrius,

310   I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
311   He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him;
312   But he hath chid me hence and threaten'd me
313   To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:

314   And now, so you will let me quiet go,
315   To Athens will I bear my folly back
316   And follow you no further: let me go:

317   You see how simple and how fond I am.

      HERMIA
318   Why, get you gone: who is't that hinders you?

      HELENA
319   A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

      HERMIA
320   What, with Lysander?

      HELENA
320                                 With Demetrius.

      LYSANDER
321   Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

      DEMETRIUS
322   No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

      HELENA

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323   O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd!
324   She was a vixen when she went to school;
325   And though she be but little, she is fierce.

      HERMIA
326   "Little" again! nothing but "low" and "little"!
327   Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
328   Let me come to her.

      LYSANDER
328                                 Get you gone, you dwarf;

329   You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;
330   You bead, you acorn.