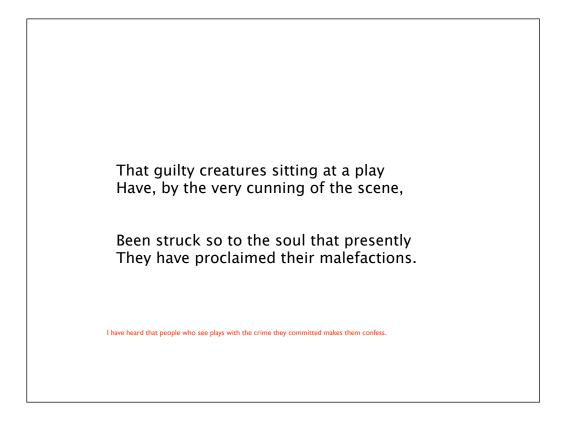


All I can do is talk about it, and not actually do anything All I've been doing is cursing.

And fall a-cursing like a very drab, A scullion! Fie upon 't, foh!

About, my brain.—Hum, I have heard

All he can say is words, and he cant do, which is interesting. Does he feel useless?



am I a coward? Is there anyone out there who'll call me "villain" and slap me hard? Pull off my beard? Pinch my nose? Call me the worst liar?	
What an ass I am. I'm so damn brave. My dear father's been murdered, and I've been urged to seek revenge by heaven and hell, and yet all I can do is stand around cursing like a whore in the streets. Damn it! I need to get myself together here! Hmm I've heard that guilty people watching a play have been so affected by the artistry of the scene that they are driven to confess their crimes out loud.	