



Act II, Scene IV

A stormy countryside. Thunder and lightning. Enter Sir Reginald and his loyal companion, Horatio.

Horatio:

Good sir, we must needs find shelter anon,
For lo, the heavens do weep most grievously—
Nay, they do more than weep; 'tis as if they rain
Both cats and dogs in fury from their skies!

Sir Reginald:

Aye, Horatio, this tempest is fierce,
And hath left me sodden through. But onward still!
For we shall uncover yon treasure yet,
And claim it as our own—a task most simple.
Indeed, I say, 'tis but a piece of cake!

Horatio:

Your confidence doth hearten me, good knight,
Yet I confess my limbs grow weak with wear.
This chase hath no logic, no guiding star;
It seemeth a quest without rhyme or reason.

Sir Reginald:

Fie upon thy doubts, dear friend!
Think not upon thy weariness nor woes.
For did we not once in our salad days
Dream of such grand adventure? Nay, press on!
They arrive at a ruined inn. The door creaks as they enter.

Horatio:

What wretched hovel is this? The air hangs thick
With mold and ill intent. Methinks the keeper
Hath been eaten out of house and home.

Sir Reginald:

Or worse, dear Horatio—look yonder now!
The keeper lies still as stone, and cold.
He is as dead as a doornail, poor soul.

Horatio:

A grim sight, indeed! Shall we linger here?

Or shall we, like whispers in the night, lie low
Till the storm doth pass?

Sir Reginald:

Fie! I'll not cower in fear! Speak not of hiding—
Let us search for clues, for the treasure's truth
Must be revealed!
They examine the room. Horatio picks up a faded letter.

Horatio:

Pray, Sir Reginald, what means this parchment?
Its words are a muddle; 'tis Greek to me.

Sir Reginald:

Let me see, my loyal friend. Aha!
A map lies within these cryptic lines.
We must away to the western wood,
Where fortune's favor waits!

Horatio:

Yet my heart doth falter. This treasure—
Is it cursed? A fool's errand, perchance?
I've not slept a wink, consumed by doubts.

Sir Reginald:

Doubts, Horatio? Thou speak'st as though love
Hath never lit thy soul. Remember this:
Love's blind, and oft it leads us astray,
Yet it is the torch that lights our path.

Horatio (aside):

The knight is mad with fevered hope, methinks,
Yet his passion doth move me still.
Thunder roars. The ghost of the innkeeper appears.

Ghost:

Fools, begone! Seek not the treasure's gleam.
Your greed shall plunge thee deep in a pickle,
And ruin shall be thy reward!

Horatio:

What spectral vision doth appear before us?
Speak no more, phantom! Thy words bring naught but fear.

Sir Reginald (steadfast):

Good riddance to thee, pale shade! Be gone!
No wraith shall turn me from my destined path.

The ghost vanishes. Horatio trembles.

Horatio:

Brave knight, thy resolve is made of iron,
Yet I am tongue-tied with fright. Shall we press on?

Sir Reginald:

Aye, Horatio! For a man who lives without daring
Lives not at all. Fortune smiles on those
Who dare to seek. Onward to destiny!

They exit into the storm as lightning strikes.

Tasks

1. Read the scene carefully.
 - a. Highlight any words or phrases you do not yet understand. Use the vocabulary tracker and a dictionary for help and add your words and phrases to the vocabulary tracker.
 - b. Highlight any idioms you can find in another colour.
2. Rewrite the scene to your liking. While doing so, also consider the following questions:
 - a. Are there any parts of the scene that don't make sense to you?
 - b. Are the idioms used correctly?
3. Come up with a title for your scene.
4. Be ready to present your scene in class.

Vocabulary Tracker

Word	Definition

