

They call me a slave! That wretched sorcerer forces aches and pains upon me. I suffer and I work. It wasn't always this way ...

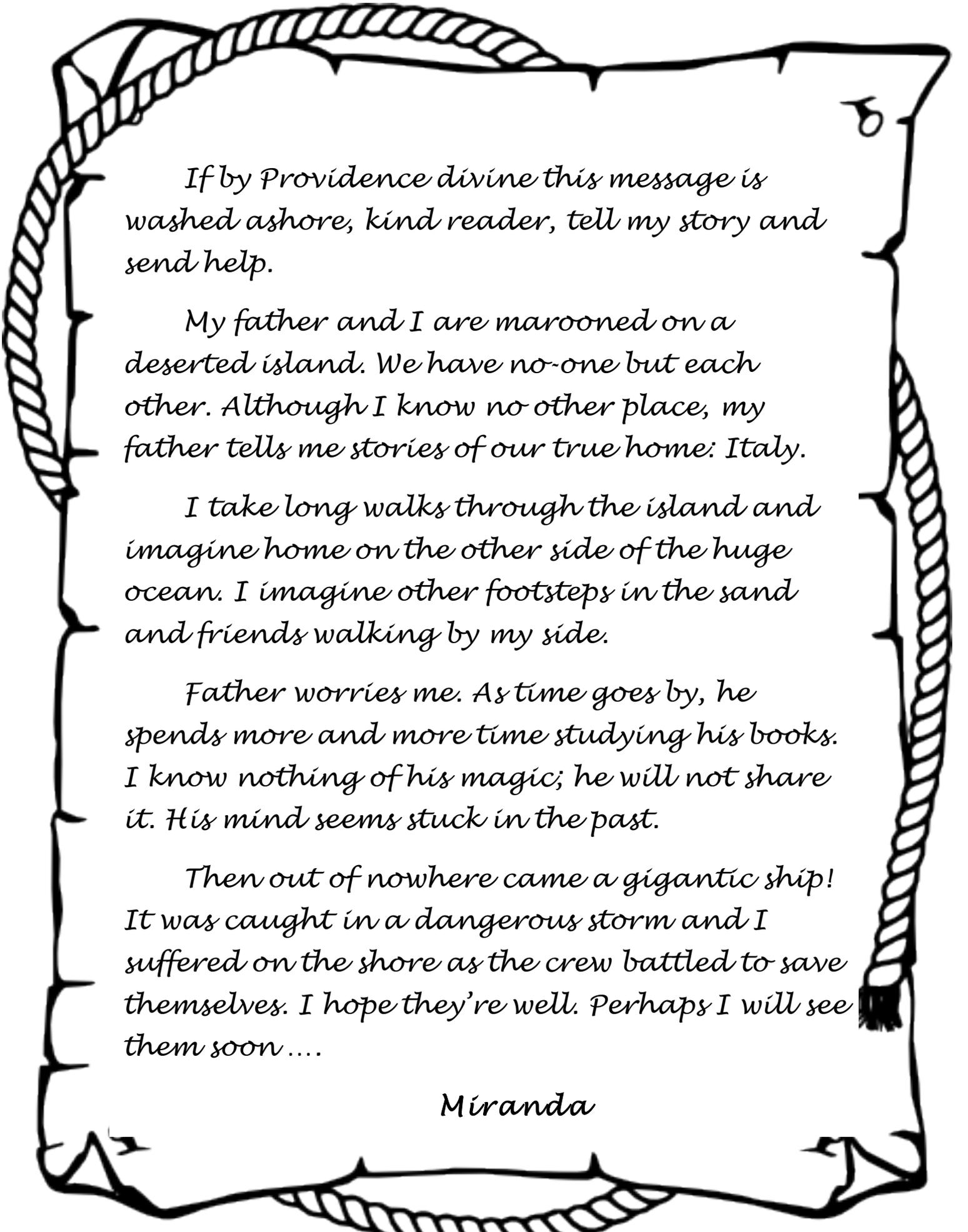
Before they came, I was free and happy. My mother promised me the island; she said that I would be a King. I tried to take the girl as my Queen and that's when things changed ...

This beautiful island has become a cage. I used to love the sounds of the island; the humming voices and tangling instruments. The cliffs ringed with yellow sands and sparkling seas, the peaceful atmosphere.

But now I carry firewood for their fires. Now I use their language. Now my heart is heavy.

I don't want someone to save me. I want to save myself.

Caliban



6

If by Providence divine this message is washed ashore, kind reader, tell my story and send help.

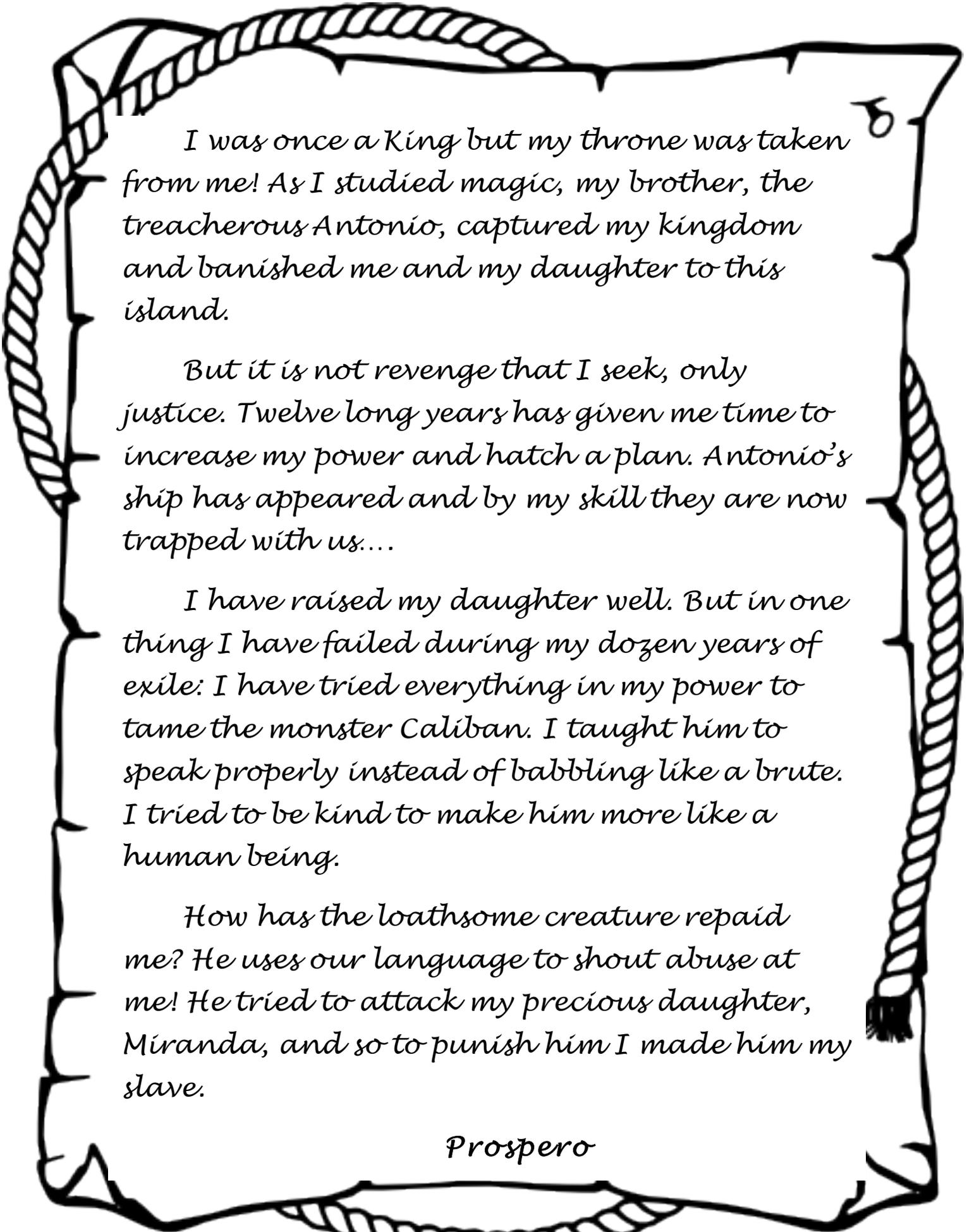
My father and I are marooned on a deserted island. We have no-one but each other. Although I know no other place, my father tells me stories of our true home: Italy.

I take long walks through the island and imagine home on the other side of the huge ocean. I imagine other footsteps in the sand and friends walking by my side.

Father worries me. As time goes by, he spends more and more time studying his books. I know nothing of his magic; he will not share it. His mind seems stuck in the past.

Then out of nowhere came a gigantic ship! It was caught in a dangerous storm and I suffered on the shore as the crew battled to save themselves. I hope they're well. Perhaps I will see them soon....

Miranda



I was once a King but my throne was taken from me! As I studied magic, my brother, the treacherous Antonio, captured my kingdom and banished me and my daughter to this island.

But it is not revenge that I seek, only justice. Twelve long years has given me time to increase my power and hatch a plan. Antonio's ship has appeared and by my skill they are now trapped with us....

I have raised my daughter well. But in one thing I have failed during my dozen years of exile: I have tried everything in my power to tame the monster Caliban. I taught him to speak properly instead of babbling like a brute. I tried to be kind to make him more like a human being.

How has the loathsome creature repaid me? He uses our language to shout abuse at me! He tried to attack my precious daughter, Miranda, and so to punish him I made him my slave.

Prospero