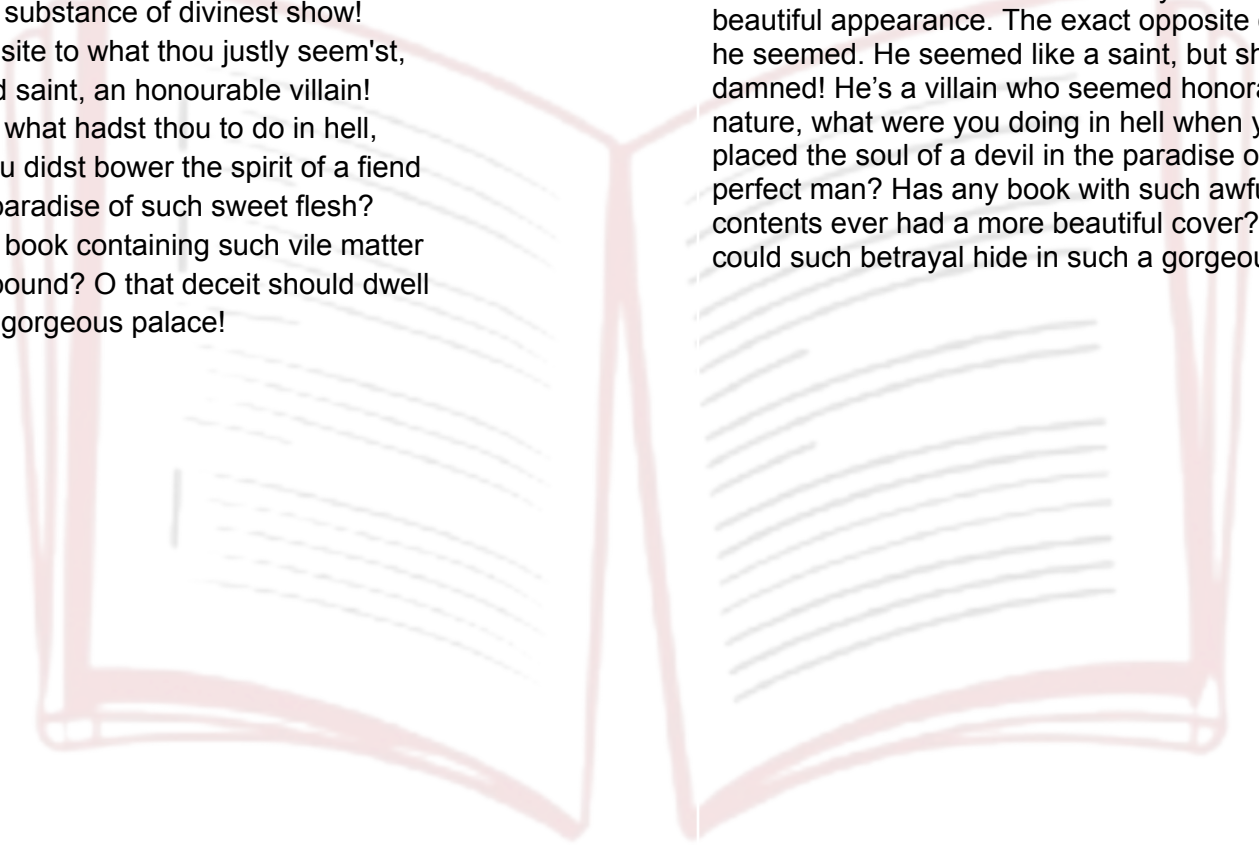


JULIET

O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain!
O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In moral paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

JULIET

Oh, he has a traitor's heart hidden behind a pretty face! Did any dragon ever nest in such a pretty cave? He's a beautiful tyrant! A fiendish angel! A raven hiding under the feathers of a dove! A lamb that kills like a wolf! A hateful reality hidden by a beautiful appearance. The exact opposite of what he seemed. He seemed like a saint, but should be damned! He's a villain who seemed honorable! Oh nature, what were you doing in hell when you placed the soul of a devil in the paradise of such a perfect man? Has any book with such awful contents ever had a more beautiful cover? Oh, how could such betrayal hide in such a gorgeous body?



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