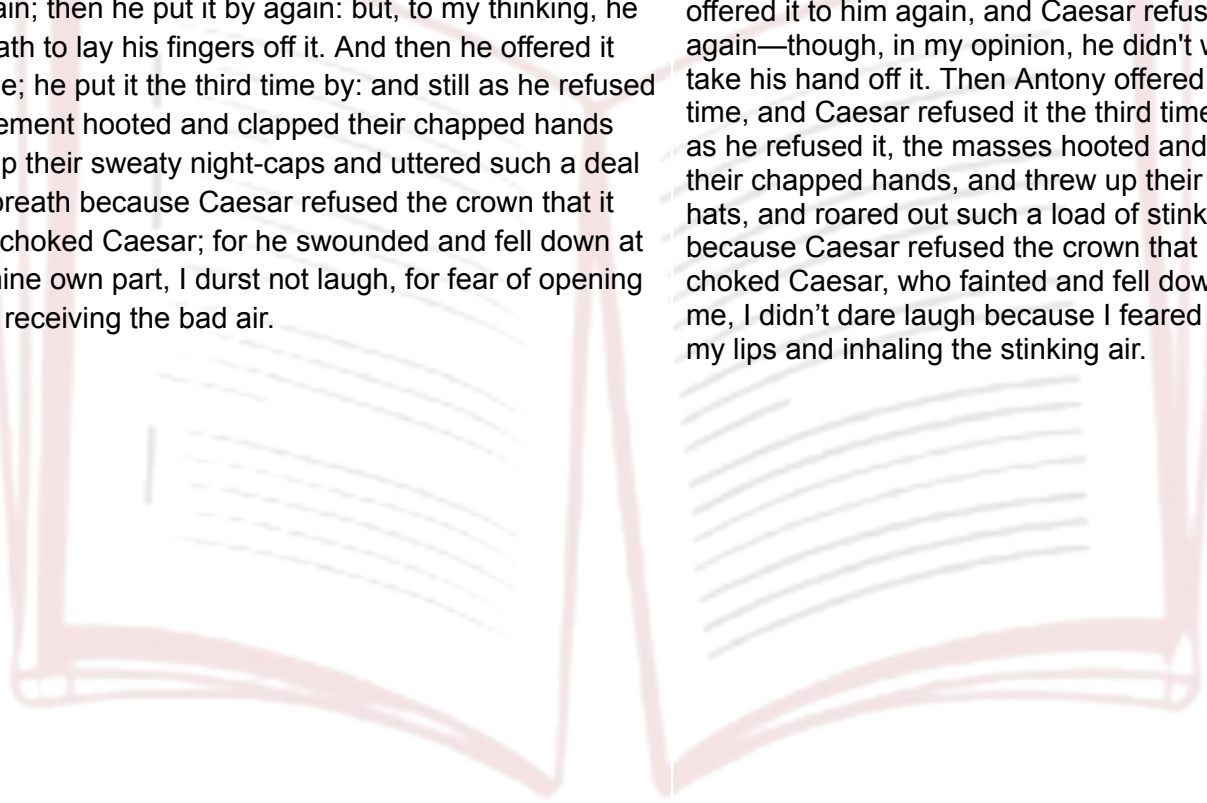


CASCA

I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chapped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown that it had almost choked Caesar; for he swounded and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

CASCA

I'd just as soon be hanged than describe it! It was all foolishness. I paid no attention. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown—though it wasn't a real crown, it was more like a wreath—and, as I told you, Caesar refused it once. Although, in my opinion, he would've gladly taken it. Then Antony offered it to him again, and Caesar refused it again—though, in my opinion, he didn't want to take his hand off it. Then Antony offered it the third time, and Caesar refused it the third time. Yet even as he refused it, the masses hooted and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty hats, and roared out such a load of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown that it nearly choked Caesar, who fainted and fell down. As for me, I didn't dare laugh because I feared opening my lips and inhaling the stinking air.



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