

Trinculo/Stefano

TRINCULO

\ What have we here, a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish, a very ancient and fish-like smell. A strange fish! Were I in England now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver. There would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man. Legged like a man and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt.