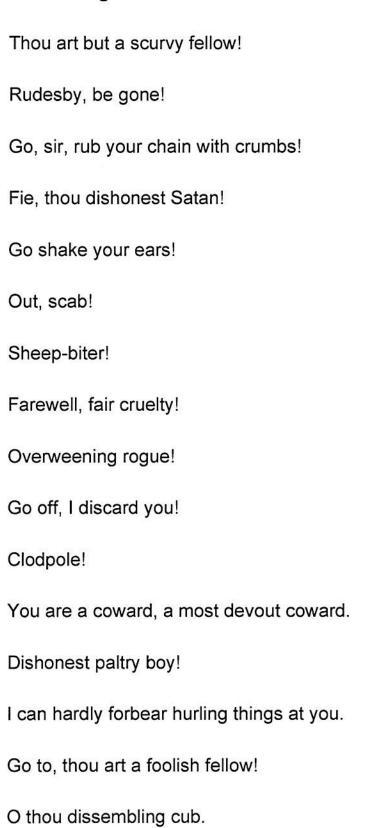
## **Twelfth Night Insults:**



Ungracious wretch! They praise you and make an ass of you. You corrupter of words! You are an ass-head, and a coxcomb. Vent thy folly somewhere else. A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. I tell you plainly that you are an ass. You are a fellow of the strangest mind in the world. O, you are sick of self-love and taste with a distempered appetite. If you be mad, be gone. Out, hyperbolical fiend! You are an idle, shallow thing! You are a knave, a thin-faced knave. Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty? You are a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to your wit. You speak nothing but madman.

You are tainted in your wits.