


Act I
Scene 5
Lines 13-27

This means he is trapped in hell

What kind of crimes were these? Is the whole Family as corrupt as their uncle?

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,

I really like that he does not describe the tortures in detail. It leaves the Reader to picture their own fears.



I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.