

To sit in solemn silence in a dull, dark, dock, in a pestilential prison, with a life-long lock, Awaiting the sensation of a short, sharp, shock, from a cheap and chippy chopper on a big black block

What I want to see is a room with a view filled with the sea's natural beauty and vigour. I want to imagine myself tossed by the waves of freedom and winds. Enraptured by the inhabitants that do not judge me, unlike this world above

Don't torment me with these lies you tell yourself and others. I am free. Free to decide who I want to be, who I wish to be with and who I am allowed to be in this modern society.

The strangeness of his alter'd countenance? With what a majesty he bears himself, How insolent of late he is become, How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself? We know the time since he was mild and affable

And if we did but glance a far-off look, Immediately he was upon his knee, That all the court admired him for submission: But meet him now, and, be it in the morn, When everyone will give the time of day, He knits his brow and shows an angry eye, And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee, Disdaining duty that to us belongs.

Small curs are not regarded when they grin; but great men tremble when the lion roars; And Humphrey is no little man in England. First note that he is near you in descent, and should you fall, he as the next will mount.