**Aristophanes, *Wasps* 891–1008**

The following extract from Aristophanes’ *Wasps* has been taken from Aristophanes Wasps edited with translation and commentary by Alan H. Sommerstein (ISBN: 978-0856686481).

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*[Bdelycleon takes his seat as presiding magistrate.]*

**BDELYCLEON:**

If any juror is outside, he should come in; we will not admit anyone while the speeches are in progress.

*[A slave takes down one of the court notices and gives it to Bdelycleon.]*

**PHILOCLEON:**

So who’s this defendant? How thoroughly he’ll be convicted!

**BDELYCLEON:**

Now hear the indictment. [*Reading*] “The Hound of Cydathenaeum indicts Labes of Aexone for the crime of having eaten up the Sicilian cheese all by himself. Proposed penalty: a figwood collar.”

**PHILOCLEON:**

No, a dog’s death, if once he’s found guilty.

*[During the reading of the indictment Xanthias has come out of the house, leading the Hound and**Labes. He shows Labes to the defendant’s place.]*

**BDELYCLEON:**

And here is the defendant, Labes, present.

**PHILOCLEON:**

Oh, the villain he is! What a thievish creature he looks, too! How he grins and thinks he’ll deceive me! But where’s the prosecutor, the dog from Cydathenaeum?

**HOUND** [*coming forward*]:

Bow-wow!

**BDELYCLEON:**

He is present.

**XANTHIAS:**

This one’s just another Labes – a good one for barking and for licking the pots clean.

**BDELYCLEON:**

Silence! Sit down! [*To Hound*] You take the stand and speak for the prosecution. [*The Hound mounts the speaker’s platform*.]

**PHILOCLEON** [*to himself*]:

Here now, in the meantime let me for my part pour this out and drink it. [*He helps himself to soup*.]

**HOUND:**

You have heard, members of the jury, the indictment I have entered against the defendant here. He has committed the most disgraceful of crimes against me and against the great yo-ho. He ran off into the corner and ensicilized a great amount of cheese and stuffed himself with it in the dark –

**PHlLOCLEON:**

By Zeus, but he plainly did! Why, just now the loathsome creature belched at me, and there was a dreadful smell of cheese!

**HOUND:**

– and didn’t give me a share when I asked. Now who will be able to look after your interests, unless some food is also thrown to me, your Hound?

**PHILOCLEON:**

He didn’t give a share to me, the public, either. The man’s hot stuff – as hot as this soup.

**BDELYCLEON:**

In the gods’ name, father, don’t prejudge him guilty; wait till you’ve heard both sides.

**PHlLOCLEON:**

But, my dear fellow, it’s a plain case. The facts speak loudly for themselves.

**HOUND:**

So don’t you let him off, because he’s also, of all dogs alive, by far the worst man for solitary eating. Why, he sailed right round the mortar, and he’s eaten the rind off all the cities.

**PHlLOCLEON:**

And *I* haven’t even enough mortar to mend my water-pot.

**HOUND:**

In view of all this, you must punish him – for one spinny can never feed two thieves – and then I won’t have been barking uselessly to no purpose. Otherwise, I won’t bark at all in future.

**PHILOCLEON** [*as the Hound resumes his place in the body of the court*]:

Hurrah! How many villainies he has denounced! A thieving sort of a man, this one! [*Turning to the cock*] Don’t you think so too, old bird? – He does, by Zeus; at any rate he’s winking agreement. [*Looking for Bdelycleon, who has left his seat*] Mr. President! Where is that man? I want him to give me a jerry.

**BDELYCLEON** [*who is at the house door*]:

Take it down yourself. I’m calling in the witnesses. [*Philocleon gets up and takes the pot from its peg. Bdelycleon calls into the house.*] Will these attend as witnesses for Labes: Bowl, Pestle, Cheese-grater, Brazier, Pot, and the other utensils scalded to give evidence. [*The kitchen utensils file out of the house and stand at the side of the court. Bdelycleon returns to his place. To Philocleon:*] Are you still pissing? Haven’t you sat down yet?

**PHlLOCLEON** [*pulling down the pot and returning to his seat*]:

Well, I imagine *he* [*pointing to Labes*] will be *shitting* before the day is out.

**BDELYCLEON:**

Will you still not stop being harsh and ill-tempered, and with accused people, what’s more? Must you keep them in the grip of your teeth? [*To Labes*] Take the stand and make your defence. [*Labes mounts the platform, but remains silent.*] Why don’t you speak? Go on!

**PHlLOCLEON:**

He doesn’t seem to have anything to say.

**BDELYCLEON:**

No, I think he’s had the same thing happen to him that once happened to Thucydides when he was on trial; he suddenly got paralysed in the jaws. [*To Labes*] Move over out of the way; I’ll do the defending. [*He takes Labes’ place on the platform.*] It is difficult, gentlemen, to reply on behalf of a slandered dog, but nevertheless I will speak. He is brave, and he chases away the wolves.

**PHlLOCLEON:**

No, he’s a thief and a conspirator, he is.

**BDELYCLEON:**

Not at all; he’s the finest dog of today, capable of taking charge of a large flock of sheep.

**PHILOCLEON:**

So what use is that, if he eats up the cheese?

**BDELYCLEON:**

What use? He fights for you, he keeps guard on the door, and quite generally he’s an excellent dog. If he did pinch the cheese, forgive him: he’s never learnt to play the lyre.

**PHlLOCLEON:**

I could have wished he hadn’t learnt to read and write either; then he couldn’t have submitted dishonest accounts to us.

**BDELYCLEON:**

My dear sir, please hear my witnesses. Come up here, Cheese-grater. [*The cheese-grater comes to the platform.*] And speak up. You were actually the treasurer. Answer clearly whether you didn’t grate out what you received to the troops. [*The cheese-grater nods.*] It says it did.

**PHILOCLEON** [*as the cheese-grater leaves the platform*]:

To be sure, but it’s lying.

**BDELYCLEON:**

My dear sir, take pity on those in distress. This Labes will eat meat-scraps and fish-bones, and he never stays in one place for long. But the other – what a creature he is! He’s just a stay-at-home. He stays right here, and whatever anyone brings into the house, he demands a share of it, and bites if he doesn’t get one.

**PHlLOCLEON:**

Ah, what can this be that is making me soft? Some malady is overpowering me, and I am being won over.

**BDELYCLEON:**

Come, I beg you, have mercy on him, father, and don’t destroy him. Where are his children? [*A number of puppies come out of the house.*] Come up here, you poor things, and implore and beseech and whimper and weep. [*The puppies crowd around Bdelycleon and wordlessly display their grief and fear for their father Labes.*]

**PHlLOCLEON** [*in tears*]:

Step down, step down, step down, step down.

**BDELYCLEON:**

I will step down. And yet those words “step down” have deceived very many men before now. But all the same I will step down. [*Bdelycleon leaves the platform, followed by the puppies, who now group themselves around Labes.*]

**PHILOCLEON:**

Dammit, what a harmful thing soup-drinking is! I just burst into tears, and in my opinion the only reason was that I’d filled myself with that lentil soup.

**BDELYCLEON:**

So he’s not going to get off, then?

**PHILOCLEON:**

It’s hard to be sure.

**BDELYCLEON** [*giving his father a pebble*]:

Come on, father dear, turn to better ways. Take this pebble, shut your eyes, rush over to the second urn, and let him off, father.

**PHlLOCLEON:**

No. I never learnt to play the lyre, either.

**BDELYCLEON:**

Here now, let me take you round this way, it’s the quickest. [*He leads Philocleon to the urns by a roundabout route, so that they come first to the urn for acquittal.*]

**PHILOCLEON:**

Is this the first?

**BDELYCLEON:**

That’s it.

**PHILOCLEON:**

There, in she goes! [*He drops his pebble into the acquittal urn, and returns to his seat.*]

**BDELYCLEON** [*aside to the audience*]:

He’s been tricked; he’s let him off without meaning to. [*Standing over the urns*] Here, let me empty them. [*He turns the two urns upside down on the table, without revealing their contents.*]

**PHILOCLEON:**

So what result have we got?

**BDELYCLEON:**

I think that will be shown presently. [*He lifts the urns and solemnly counts the one vote.*] Labes, you are acquitted. [*The puppies jump for joy. Philocleon slumps in a faint.*] Father, father, what’s happened to you? My god! Where’s some water? [A *slave runs from the house with water, which Bdelycleon flings in his father’s face. Philocleon recovers consciousness.*] Raise yourself up.

**PHlLOCLEON** [*raising himself to a sitting position*]:

Well, tell me this: did he really get off?

**BDELYCLEON:**

Yes, he did.

**PHILOCLEON:**

Then I’m finished. [*He nearly collapses again, but Bdelycleon supports him.*]

**BDELYCLEON:**

My dear father, don’t worry about it, just get to your feet.

**PHlLOCLEON** [*rising with his son’s help*]:

Now how am I going to bear this on my conscience – having a man on a charge and letting him go? What on earth is going to happen to me? [*Stretching out his hands heavenward*] O most glorious gods, forgive me; I did it unintentionally, it was out of character.

**BDELYCLEON:**

And don’t be upset about it. I’m going to look after you well, father, and take you with me everywhere – to dinner, to parties, to shows – so that in future you’ll lead a life of pleasure, and you won’t be deceived and made a fool of by Hyperbolus. Now let’s go inside.

**Aristophanes, *Knights* 147–395**

The following extract from Aristophanes’ *Knights* has been taken from Aristophanes Knights edited with translation and commentary by Alan H. Sommerstein (ISBN: 978-0856681783).

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**DEMOSTHENES:**

Blest sausage-seller! Come here, come up here, beloved one, arisen a saviour to the city and to us!

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

What is it? Why are you calling me?

**DEMOSTHENES:**

Come here, so that you may learn how fortunate you are and how greatly blessed. [*The Sausage-seller mounts the platform in front of the house.*]

**NICIAS:**

You carry on, take his table off him and explain to him the meaning of the god’s oracle; I’ll go and keep an eye on Paphlagon. [*He goes into the house.*]

**DEMOSTHENES:**

Come now, first of all put your things down on the ground; then make obeisance to the earth and the gods.

**SAUSAGE-SELLER** [*doing as he is bid*]:

There you are. What *is* this?

**DEMOSTHENES:**

Blest man! man of wealth! today nobody, tomorrow a colossus! grand-marshal of Athens the blest!

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

My good man, why don’t you let me wash my tripe and sell my sausages, instead of making fun of me?

**DEMOSTHENES:**

What do you mean, tripe, you stupid fool? Look over here. Do you see the serried ranks of this assembled host [*meaning the audience*]?

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

Yes.

**DEMOSTHENES:**

Of all these you shall be the paramount chief, chief too of the market, the harbours and the Pnyx. You’ll trample on Council and trim back the generals; you’ll chain, you’ll imprison, you’ll … suck cocks in the Prytaneum.

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

Me?

**DEMOSTHENES:**

Yes, you; and you haven’t seen it all yet. Climb higher up, on this table, and look down on all the islands all around.

**SAUSAGE-SELLER** [*on the table*]:

I see them.

**DEMOSTHENES:**

What else do you see? The trading ports and the merchant ships?

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

Yes.

**DEMOSTHENES:**

How then can you say you are not greatly blessed? Now again, cast your right eye round to Caria, and the other to Carthage.

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

I *shall* be blest, if I twist my neck!

**DEMOSTHENES:**

It’s not that; it’s that all that expanse is to be bought and sold at your will. For as this oracle here says, you are to become a great man.

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

And how, tell me, am I, a sausage-seller, going to become a *man*?

**DEMOSTHENES:**

It’s for exactly that reason, don’t you see, that you are to become great, because you’re low and from the Agora and bold as brass.

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

I don’t consider myself worthy to hold great power.

**DEMOSTHENES:**

Heavens, whatever’s the matter, that you should say you’re not worthy? It seems to me you’ve something good on your conscience. You don’t come of good, upright stock, do you?

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

Good god, no! nothing but bad stock.

**DEMOSTHENES:**

Oh, congratulations! what good luck! what an advantage you’ve got for political life!

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

But, my good man, I’ve not even had any education, except for reading and writing, and I’m proper bad at that.

**DEMOSTHENES:**

That’s your only impediment, that you know them at all, even “proper bad”. The leadership of the people is no longer a job for an educated man or one of good qualities, but for one who’s ignorant and foul. Don’t let slip what the gods offer you in their oracle.

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

What does the oracle say, then?

**DEMOSTHENES:**

It speaks good, by all the gods; it’s wrapped in rather complex and crafty riddling language:

“But when the crook-taloned eagle of leather shall seize in his beak the blood-quaffing blockhead serpent, even then perisheth the garlic-brine of the Paphlagons and to the sellers of tripe the god grants great glory, sith they prefer not rather to vend sausages.”

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

Well, what’s that got to do with me? Explain it to me.

**DEMOSTHENES:**

Well, the “eagle of leather” is Paphlagon here [*pointing to Cleon in the audience*].

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

And what’s “crook-taloned”?

**DEMOSTHENES:**

I fancy it speaks for itself: it means that he seizes things and carries them off with hands *crooked* like claws.

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

And what’s the point of the serpent?

**DEMOSTHENES:**

That’s patently obvious. The serpent is a long thing, and the sausage also is a long thing; then again, both the sausage and the serpent are “blood-quaffers”; so it says that the serpent is now about to vanquish the eagle of leather, “sith” he is not made soft by words.

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

The oracle tickles my pride; but I’m amazed how I’m supposed to be capable of exercising the stewardship of the people.

**DEMOSTHENES:**

Easy as pie: do the same things you do already. Mix all their affairs together and stir them into a hash, and always try to win the people over with little touches of elegantly prepared rhetoric as sweeteners. The other demagogic qualities you possess: a repellent voice, low birth, and you’re a typical product of the Agora. You have everything that’s needed for public life, and oracles and the voice of Pytho are in agreement. Now crown yourself and pour libation to the god Blockhead, and then let’s see you pay the man out.

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

But who will be my ally? For the rich are frightened of him, and the poor folk fart with terror.

**DEMOSTHENES:**

But there are the Knights, a thousand fine men, who hate him and will come to your aid, and all who are honest and decent among the citizens, and every man of intelligence in the audience, and myself along with them; and the god will lend his assistance. And have no fear, he’s not portrayed with his own face; the property-makers were too frightened for any of them to be prepared to make a portrait-mask of him. He’ll be recognised all the same; the audience is intelligent enough!

**NICIAS** [*within*]:

Heaven preserve us, Paphlagon’s coming out!

**PAPHLAGON** [*coming out of the house*]:

By the Twelve Gods, you two won’t get away with this long-standing conspiracy of yours against the people! What’s this Chalcidian cup doing? It can only be that you are inciting the Chalcidians to revolt. [*Screaming*] You will perish, you will die, you pair of villains! [*The Sausage-seller retreats in terror.*]

**DEMOSTHENES:**

Here, you, why are you running away? Stay put! Noble sausage-seller, don’t betray the cause! [*Calling into the wings*] Men of the cavalry, come here! Now’s the moment. Simon, Panaetius! drive, drive for the right wing! [*To the Sausage-seller*] They’re near us. Wheel round again and defend yourself! The dust-cloud is plain to see; they’re right close and attacking. Fight him, chase him, put him to flight! [*The Sausage-seller returns, and he and Demosthenes set upon Paphlagon as the chorus charge in.*]

**CHORUS-LEADER:**

Hit him, hit the villain, the harrier of the cavalry corps, the tax-farmer, the bottomless chasm and Charybdis of robbery, the villain, the villain! I’ll say it several times, for he was a villain several times a day. Strike him, chase him, harry him and worry him, abominate him (for so do we), and shout as you attack him! Take care he doesn’t escape you; for he knows the routes by which Eucrates used to make his getaway straight into clover!

**PAPHLAGON:**

Venerable jurymen! Brethren of the Order of the Three Obols, whom I feed by my loud denunciations, true or false! Come to my aid, for I am being beaten up by conspirators!

**CHORUS-LEADER:**

And rightly too; for you eat up the public funds before the lot has fallen on you, and you pick off the outgoing magistrates like figs, pressing them to see which of them is green or ripe or not yet ripe. Yes, and you seek out any private citizen who’s a silly lamb, rich and not wicked and frightened of public affairs, and if you discover one of them who’s a simple fellow minding his own business, you bring him home from the Chersonese, take him round the waist with slanders, hook his leg, then twist back his shoulder and plant your foot on him.

**PAPHLAGON:**

Do you join in the attack too? But, gentlemen, I’m being beaten up on your account, because I was about to make a proposal that it’s fitting to set up a monument to you on the Acropolis in honour of your courage.

**CHORUS-LEADER:**

What a fraud! What a supple rogue! Do you see how he tries to flatter us and humbug us, as if we were senile? Well, if he moves *this* way, he’ll be struck by this [*presenting his fist*]; and if he tries to duck out *this* way, he’ll butt against a leg. [*The chorus place themselves to block any attempt by Paphlagon to descend from the platform.*]

**PAPHLAGON:**

My city! My people! Look at these animals who punch me in the stomach!

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

Oh, you shout, do you, the same way you always try to make yourself master of the city?

**PAPHLAGON:**

With these same shouts for my weapons, I’ll put you first to flight!

**CHORUS-LEADER:**

Well, *if* you’re victorious with your shouts, you’re the hurrah-man; but if he surpasses you in shamelessness, then we take the cake.

**PAPHLAGON:**

I denounce this man; I say that he exports soup containing naval *stocks* for the Peloponnesians’ triremes!

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

And I, by Zeus, denounce *this* man, for running into the Prytaneum with an empty stomach and then running out again with a full one.

**DEMOSTHENES:**

That’s right – and taking prohibited goods out with him, bread and meat together and a slice of fish, which Pericles was never in his life thought to deserve.

**PAPHLAGON:**

The two of you will die this minute!

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

I’ll bawl three times as loud as you.

**PAPHLAGON:**

I’ll shout you down with my shouts.

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

I’ll bawl you down with my bawls.

**PAPHLAGON:**

I’ll smear you, if you become a general.

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

I’ll flay your back like a dog’s.

**PAPHLAGON:**

I’ll encircle you with claptrap.

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

I’ll cut off your lines of retreat.

**PAPHLAGON:**

Look me in the eye without blinking.

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

I too was bred in the Agora.

**PAPHLAGON:**

If you so much as grunt, I’ll tear you in pieces.

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

If you so much as talk, I’ll fling you on the dung-heap.

**PAPHLAGON:**

I avow myself a thief; you aren’t one.

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

Yes, I am, by Hermes of the Agora; *and* I can steal before witnesses and deny it on oath.

**PAPHLAGON:**

That’s plagiarism! And I expose you to the Prytaneis as being in possession of sacred tripe belonging to the gods on which no tithe has been paid!

**CHORUS:**

Villainous and loathsome screamer! Your audacity fills the whole earth, the whole Assembly, all taxes, all indictments, all lawcourts, you mud-churner, you who have thrown our whole city into chaos and confusion, you who have deafened our Athens with your shouting, watching like the tunny-fishers from the rocks above for shoals of tribute.

**PAPHLAGON:**

I know from what leather this plot has long since been stitched up.

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

Yes, if you don’t know about stitching leather I don’t know about making sausages! You used to cut the hide of a rotten old ox at an angle, so that it looked thick, and cheat the country people by selling it to them; and before they’d worn it on their feet a day, it was two handbreadths bigger!

**DEMOSTHENES:**

He did just the same thing to me, by heaven, with the result that I became a tremendous laughing-stock to my friends and fellow-demesmen. Before I got to Pergase I was swimming in my shoes.

**CHORUS:**

Did you not, then, right from the start display Shamelessness, the sole guardian deity of politicians? Trusting in her, you strip the most fruitful of the foreigners, you, the Number One, while the son of Hippodamus streams with tears as he watches. But now another man has appeared much more villainous than you, so that I rejoice, a man who will put a stop to you and will surpass you, it’s clear right away, in roguery and audacity and in power to humbug.

**CHORUS-LEADER** [*to Sausage-seller*]:

Now, you who were reared in that place whence all men come who are real men, show us now just how worthless a decent upbringing is.

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

Now listen and hear what sort of a citizen this man is!

**PAPHLAGON:**

Are you still not going to let me speak?

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

No, because I’m a low fellow too.

**DEMOSTHENES:**

And if that doesn’t make him yield, add that you’re of low ancestry as well.

**PAPHLAGON:**

Are you still not going to let me speak?

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

No, by Zeus.

**PAPHLAGON:**

By Zeus, yes.

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

By Poseidon, no; I’ll fight it out first for the right to speak before you.

**PAPHLAGON:**

By god, I’m ready to burst.

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

No, I *won’t* let you.

**DEMOSTHENES:**

In heaven’s name, let him, let him burst!

**PAPHLAGON:**

What gives you this assurance, that you see fit to speak in opposition to me?

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

Because I’m as capable as you of speaking and of stirring things up.

**PAPHLAGON:**

Speaking, he says! Oh, you’d do a fine job if a case fell to you and you had to take it all torn and raw – you’d handle it excellently! Do you know what I think’s come over you? What comes over most people. I suppose you gave a good speech in a piffling little case against an alien immigrant, after muttering it over all night, repeating it to yourself in the streets, drinking water, rehearsing to an audience and exasperating your friends – and then you thought you were capable of public speaking. You fool, what an absurd idea!

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

Well, what is it *you* drink, that you’ve made the city such that now you yourself alone can master her with your tongue and reduce her to silence?

**PAPHLAGON:**

Do you compare any man alive to me? I’ll swallow down hot slices of tunny, and then drink a jugful of neat wine to follow, and straight away I’ll screw the generals at Pylos!

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

And I’ll gulp down reed tripe and hog’s tripe, and then drink off the gravy, and before washing my hands I’ll throttle the politicians and ruffle Nicias.

**DEMOSTHENES:**

I was pleased with the rest of what you said; but one thing doesn’t appeal to me – that you mean to lap up the political gravy all by yourself.

**PAPHLAGON:**

*You* won’t devour the Milesians’ bass and then fall on them like a hurricane.

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

But I’ll eat sides of beef and then buy mining leases.

**PAPHLAGON:**

I’ll leap upon the Council and give it a violent shaking.

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

And I’ll stuff your arse like a sausage skin.

**PAPHLAGON:**

And I’ll drag you out of doors by the buttocks, head downwards.

**DEMOSTHENES:**

By Poseidon, if you drag him, you’ll have to drag me too!

**PAPHLAGON:**

How I’ll clap you in the stocks!

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

I’ll indict you for cowardice.

**PAPHLAGON:**

Your hide will be stretched on the tanning-bench.

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

I’ll flay you into a thief’s hold-all.

**PAPHLAGON:**

You’ll be spread out and pegged to the ground.

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

I’ll make mincemeat out of you.

**PAPHLAGON:**

I’ll pluck out your eyelashes.

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

I’ll cut out your crop.

**DEMOSTHENES:**

And, by Zeus, we’ll shove a peg in his mouth as the butchers do, then pull out his tongue and take a good and proper look at him, there with his gaping ... arse, to see if he’s measly.

**CHORUS:**

So there really are other things hotter than fire, and speeches more shameless than the shameless speeches that are uttered in the city; and this business is not just something trifling <or insignificant>. Attack him, make him twist and twirl; do nothing by halves; for now he is gripped by the waist.

**CHORUS-LEADER:**

I tell you, if you soften him up now with your attacks, you’ll find him a coward; I know his nature.

**SAUSAGE-SELLER:**

And yet, having been that sort of character all his life, he’s now managed to pass for a man by reaping another’s harvest. And now, those ears of corn he brought home from there, he’s clapped them in prison and is parching them and hoping to sell them.

**PAPHLAGON:**

I have no fear of you, while the council chamber lives, and while Demos continues to sit booby-faced on the Pnyx.