
Subject: Im taking a shot in the dark

Posted by [The Mad Hatter](#) on Mon, 11 Apr 2005 16:50:09 GMT

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I'm mad.

I have various titles: Ernest Blofeld, Goldfinger, Scaramanga, El Diablo*, El Cangrejo**, El Masta Di Henche***

Hobbies & Interests: Being a megalomaniac, destroying the world with various over-elaborate plans, setting easily escapable traps for heroes who foolishly oppose me, killing people in unnecessarily extravagant ways which often backfire, pretending to die only to return to threaten the globe again, sharing a name with a character from a book I've never read, waging war with different nations with my army of indomitable chimps, making new enemies, plotting, smiting, and generally looking cunning.

Before major battles I like to bolster my chimp army's morale with passionate speeches. I shall give you one such speech as an example;

"My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:

If we are mark'd to die, we are enow

To do our country loss; and if to live,

The fewer men, the greater share of honour.

God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,

Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;

It yearns me not if men my garments wear;

Such outward things dwell not in my desires:

But if it be a sin to covet honour,

I am the most offending soul alive.

No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England :

God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour

As one man more, methinks, would share from me

For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when the day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian:'
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars.
And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
Old men forget: yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day: then shall our names
Familiar in his mouth as household words
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;

And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remember'd;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day."

Pretty self-explanatory.

El Diablo* - The Devil

El Cangrejo** - The Crab

Masta Di Henche*** - Gibberish

Quote:Walrus is derived from alice in wonderland, the walrus and the carpenter.

Isn't that a poem as well? Or is it a poem from the book? Where the characters trick some oysters and eat them?
