

SIDE 8 – FABIAN, ANDREW, TOBY

FABIAN More matter for a May morning.

ANDREW, *presenting a paper* Here's the challenge.

Read it. I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in 't.

FABIAN Is 't so saucy?

ANDREW Ay, is 't. I warrant him. Do but read.

TOBY Give me. *He reads. Youth, whatsoever thou art,
thou art but a scurvy fellow.*

FABIAN Good, and valiant.

TOBY *(reads) Wonder not nor admire not in thy mind
why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason
for 't.*

FABIAN A good note, that keeps you from the blow of
the law.

TOBY *(reads) Thou com'st to the Lady Olivia, and in my
sight she uses thee kindly. But thou liest in thy throat;
that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

FABIAN Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

TOBY *reads I will waylay thee going home, where if it be
thy chance to kill me—*

FABIAN Good.

TOBY (*reads*) *Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.*

FABIAN Still you keep o' th' windy side of the law.
Good.

TOBY (*reads*) *Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon
one of our souls. He may have mercy upon mine, but
my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as
thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,*
Andrew Aguecheek.

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll
give 't him.

Go, Sir Andrew. Scout me for him at the corner
of the orchard like a bum-baily. So soon as ever
thou seest him, draw, and as thou draw'st, swear
horrible, for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath,
with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives
manhood more approbation than ever proof itself
would have earned him. Away!

ANDREW Nay, let me alone for swearing.
He exits.

TOBY Now will not I deliver his letter, for the behavior
of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good
capacity and breeding; his employment between
his lord and my niece confirms no less. Therefore, 195
this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed
no terror in the youth. He will find it comes from a
clodpoll. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by
word of mouth, set upon Aguecheek a notable
report of valor, and drive the gentleman (as I know 200
his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous
opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This
will so fright them both that they will kill one
another by the look, like cockatrices.