

What is the significance of the physical environment? How is it affected by human activities?	
In what ways is place connected with identity?	
Are elements of nature treated as subject or object?	
How are humans/communities connected to the living world? Are these connections equal or unequal?	
How do characters engage with (re)sources?	
What are the links between place and food?	
What role do literary forms and devices play in shaping attitudes towards the living world? (here you might want to consider anthropomorphising, metaphor, idiom and so on)	

-

Shakespeare, *The Tempest* (from Act 1 Scene 2)

PROSPERO

Shake it off. Come on,
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

MIRANDA, *rising* 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

PROSPERO

But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him. He does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us.—What ho, slave, Caliban!
Thou earth, thou, speak!

CALIBAN, *within* There's wood enough within.

PROSPERO

Come forth, I say. There's other business for thee.
Come, thou tortoise. When?

Enter Ariel like a water nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

He whispers to Ariel.

ARIEL

My lord, it shall be done.

He exits.

PROSPERO, *to Caliban*

Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter Caliban.

CALIBAN

As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both. A southwest blow on you
And blister you all o'er.

PROSPERO

For this, be sure, tonight thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up. Urchins
Shall forth at vast of night that they may work
All exercise on thee. Thou shalt be pinched
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

CALIBAN

I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine by Sycorax, my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,
Thou strok'st me and made much of me, wouldst
give me
Water with berries in 't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light and how the less,
That burn by day and night. And then I loved thee,
And showed thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place and
fertile.
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you,
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island.