**Shakespearean "Conversations"**

An Insulting Conversation

A: Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat.

B: Let's meet as little as we can.

A: More of your conversation would infect my brain.

B: Away! Thou art poison to my blood.

A: Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene,

greasy tallow-catch.

B: Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

A: Thou sodden-witted lord! Thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows.

B: Go forward, and be choked with thy ambition!

A: Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born to signify thou came to bite the world.

B: Your heart is crammed with arrogancy, spleen and pride.

A: Thou art a boil, a plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle in my corrupted blood

B: There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell as thou shall be.

A: Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! You were born to do me shame.

B: Come, you are a tedious fool.

A: Beg that thou may have leave to hang thyself.

B: Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit; for I am sick when I do look on thee.

A: Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

B: Go thou and fill another room in hell.

A: Heaven truly knows that thou are as false as hell.

B: Thou lump of foul deformity.

A: Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death.

B: Away, you three-inch fool.

A: Hang cur! Hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker.

B: Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

A: Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you.

B: Go rot!