**WANTED!**

**Queen Mab**

**Directions:**

1. Read through Mercutio’s description of Queen Mab.
2. As you read, highlight and number at least 10 physical features of Queen Mab, her entourage, or her accessories.
3. Create a “wanted poster” with a drawing of Queen Mab (as accurately as possible).
4. On the wanted poster, label the 10 features (numbers only) that you highlighted in the passage. Be sure to include the reward amount for her capture.

**MERCUTIO**: O, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you.  
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes  
In shape no bigger than an agate stone  
On the forefinger of an alderman,  
Drawn with a team of little atomies  
Over men's noses as they lie asleep;  
Her wagon spokes made of long spinners' legs,  
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;  
Her traces, of the smallest spider web;  
Her collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams;  
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;  
Her wagoner, a small grey-coated gnat,  
Not half so big as a round little worm  
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid;  
Her chariot is an empty hazelnut,  
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,  
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.  
And in this state she gallops night by night  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;  
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight;  
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;  
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,  
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,  
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.  
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,  
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;  
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail  
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,  
Then dreams he of another benefice.  
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon  
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,  
And being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two  
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab  
That plats the manes of horses in the night  
And bakes the elflocks in foul sluttish hairs,  
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes.  
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,  
That presses them and learns them first to bear,  
Making them women of good carriage.  
This is she!