

In medias res, ‘into the middle of things’, applied to the common technique of storytelling by which the narrator begins the story at some exciting point in the middle of the action, thereby gaining the reader's interest before explaining preceding events by analepses (‘flashbacks’) at some later stage. It was conventional to begin epic poems in *medias res*, as Milton does in *Paradise Lost*. The technique is also common in plays and in prose fiction: for example, Katherine Mansfield's short story ‘A Dill Pickle’ (1920) begins in *medias res* with the sentence: ‘And then, after six years, she saw him again.’ (Source: <http://www.answers.com/topic/in-medias-res>)



Homer : Ὀδύσσεια (Odyssey)



Deus ex machina, Stage device in Greek and Roman drama in which a god appeared in the sky by means of a crane (Greek, *mechane*) to resolve the plot of a play. Plays by Sophocles and particularly Euripides sometimes require the device. The term now denotes something that appears suddenly and unexpectedly and provides an artificial solution to an apparently insoluble difficulty. (Source: <http://www.answers.com/topic/deus-ex-machina>)

never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned. In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut! man, one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish; 48
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die. 52

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is; 56

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd and tormented, and—Good den, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good den. I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery. 60

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book: but, I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language. 64

Serv. Ye say honestly; rest you merry!
[Offering to go.]

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read.

Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio and the lively Helena.

A fair assembly: whither should they come?

Serv. Up. 76

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's. 80

Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry!

[Exit.]

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's, Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st, 88

With all the admired beauties of Verona:

Go thither; and, with unattainted eye
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow. 92

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!

And these, who often drown'd could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars! 96

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being
by,

Herself pois'd with herself in either eye; 100

But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd

Your lady's love against some other maid

That I will show you shining at this feast,

And she shall scant show well that now shows
best. 104

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be
shown,

But to rejoice in splendour of mine own.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Room in CAPULET'S House.*

Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse.

Lady Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead, at twelve year old,—

I bade her come. What, lamb! what, lady-bird!

God forbid! where's this girl? what, Juliet! 4

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now! who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

Lady Cap. This is the matter. Nurse, give leave awhile.

We must talk in secret: nurse, come back again; 8

I have remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

Lady Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth—
And yet to my teen be it spoken I have but
four—

She is not fourteen. How long is it now

To Lammas-tide?

Lady Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year.

Exit, exeunt.