**A Midsummer-Night’s Dream**

**Helena.** Lo! She is one of this confederacy. Now I persieve they have conjoined all three to fashion this false sport in spite of me. Injurious
Hermia, most ungreatful maid, have you conspired, to bait me with this foul derision? Is all the counsel that we two have shared, the sister’s vows, the hours that we have spent, when we have chid the hasty-footed time for party us—O! Is all forgot? All schooldays friendship, childhood innocence? We, hermia, like two artificial gods, have with our needles created both one flower, both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion, both warbling of one song, both in one key; as if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds, had been incorporate. So we grew together, like to a double cherry, seeming parted, but yet an union in partition, two lovely berries moulded on one stem. So with two seeming bodies, but one heart, due but to one, and crowned with one crest. Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it; though I alone do feel the injury.