



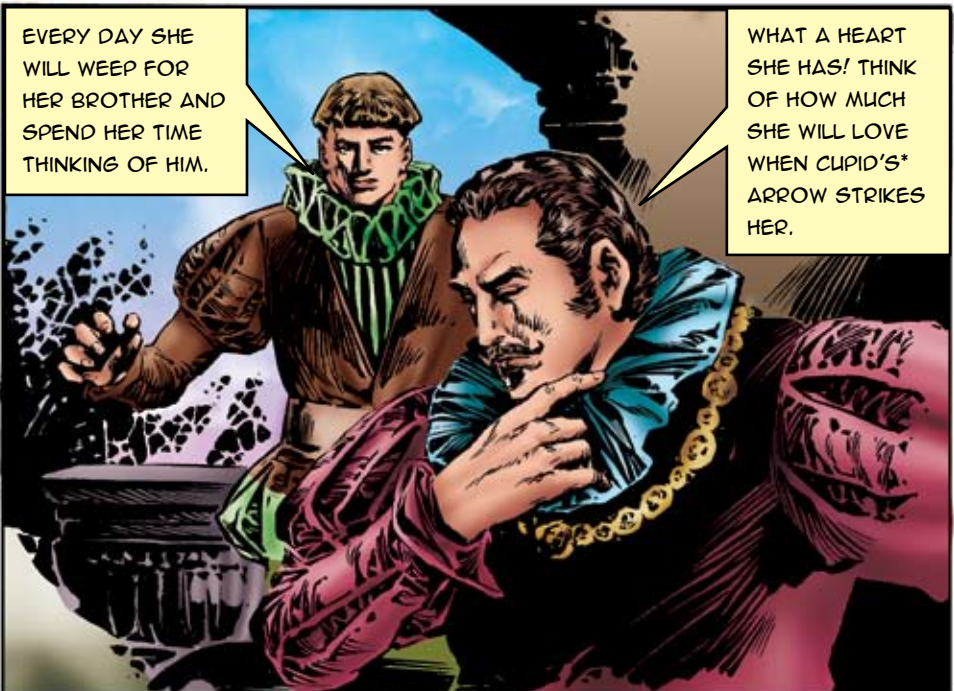
MANY YEARS AGO, ORSINO, DUKE\* OF ILLYRIA, SAT IN HIS PALACE THINKING OF OLIVIA, THE WOMAN HE LOVED.

IF MUSIC IS THE FOOD OF LOVE, PLAY ON. IF I AM FED TOO MUCH, MAYBE I'LL LOSE MY APPETITE\*\* FOR BOTH.

BUT OLIVIA WAS NOT INTERESTED IN THE DUKE. HER BROTHER HAD JUST DIED, AND SHE HAD DECIDED TO DO NOTHING BUT WEEP FOR HIM.

\* a noble title

\*\* desire for food



\* the god of love





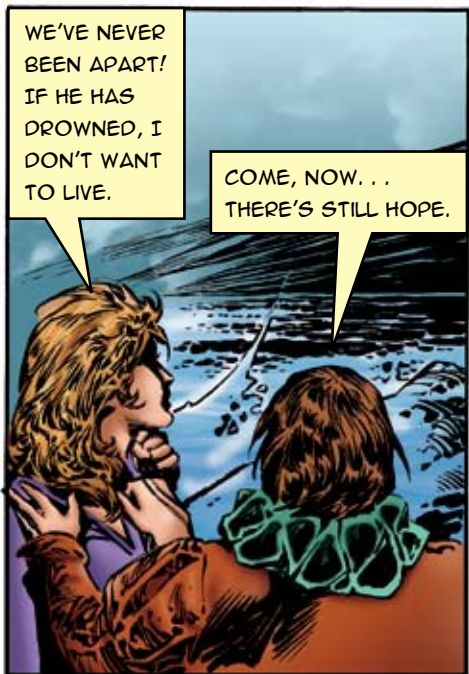
MEANWHILE, MANY MILES FROM THE DUKE'S PALACE, A STORM WAS RAGING ON THE SEA. A GREAT SHIP HAD JUST GONE DOWN, AND THE PEOPLE WERE FORCED TO SWIM FOR SHORE.

THE CAPTAIN, SOME SAILORS, AND A NOBLE YOUNG LADY NAMED VIOLA ARRIVED SAFELY.



WE'VE NEVER BEEN APART! IF HE HAS DROWNED, I DON'T WANT TO LIVE.

COME, NOW... THERE'S STILL HOPE.





\* one of the large poles to which a ship's sails were fastened





\* a noble lady's title



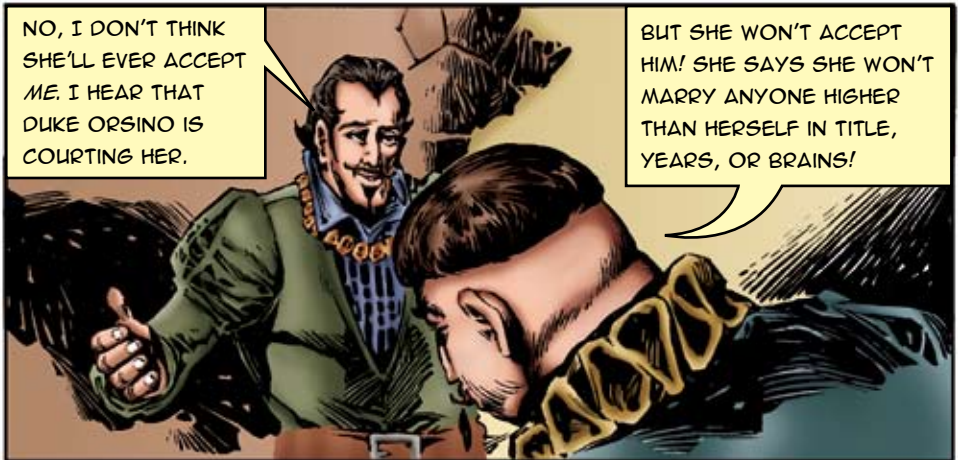
\* a personal servant





\* dared to fight

\*\* the daughter of one's sister or brother







\* true, never-changing