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# The Taming of the Shrew

## Act II, sc. 1

**PETRUCHIO:** No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle.  
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,  
And now I find report a very liar;  
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,  
But slow in speech, yet sweet as springtime flowers.  
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,  
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,  
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;  
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers;  
With gentle conference, soft and affable.  
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?  
O sland'rous world! Kate like the hazel-twig  
Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue  
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.  
O, let me see thee walk. Thou dost not halt.