

Chapter 1 : And Be a Villain - Wikipedia

The quote "One may smile, and smile, and be a villain" is from Shakespeare's Hamlet. Learn who said it and what it means at blog.quintoapp.com

There are a few police officers lingering around the bound villain lying on his side, a muzzle-like device clamped around his mouth. He never finds out because someone grabs his shoulder, halting him. His grip is like steel but Midoriya refuses to crumble. I already told you that starting in the office is the first step to everyone working in the Police Force. Tsukauchi was already looking away, moving on to another police officer who surely had the necessary authorisation and skills to be on the field. Midoriya watches them discuss near the villain, occasionally eyeing the villain. He grits his teeth and swallows back any protest on the tip of his tongue. They accepted him in their ranks but he never truly belonged. Is there anything he can do or is he doomed to futility? Next thing he knows, a laser strikes the ground where Tsukauchi had been standing, leaving an impressive dent on the cement. Midoriya observes the crater, numb, and merely blinks when the detective jostles against him. Midoriya shakes his head, staring next to him only to find the spot devoid of the detective. Tsukauchi was handing the villain to another officer, barking orders at the cordon of police officers that broke the formation. Midoriya sprints to take cover as instructed, nearly getting hit as countless red beam shoot in his direction. People were screaming, arms raised above their head in a desperate manner to shield themselves, and rushing away from the scene. The laser keeps on decimating the asphalt, targeting police officers and even civilians. Their eyes are sweeping the buildings too fast, Midoriya notices, and not observing enough. They need to think. Where would a sniper hide? A girl cried out for her mother, making Midoriya whirl around. He takes the girl in his arms, clutching her as tight as she does with her bunny, and dashes. He avoids every beam aimed at him, zigzagging in the street like a drunkard. It was going well until one of them hits him square in the back. Midoriya gasps as his skin is set afire. The girl in his arm whimpers, her hands fisting his shirt. Drawing a shaky breath, Midoriya wills himself to stumble under a stone archway, scrambling to hide. Neither have time to curl their finger around the other when the earth rumbles beneath them. The girl squeaks, burying her face in his shirt. All Might was standing a few meters away from them. In one hand he was grasping the unconscious attacker by the collar. Tsukauchi was talking to the Pro Hero while the police officers were spreading around, helping the ones who had been hit. Some people were coming back to the scene, still a little startled. Midoriya rises and heads towards them, guiding the girl with one hand. Midoriya kneels and musters his brightest smile. Just like All Might. Midoriya almost chokes in his own saliva as he gazes towards the Pro Hero. But All Might was still looking at him. The three men watch the mother embrace her daughter tightly and giving her kisses on the forehead. Midoriya bites his lower lip and bows his head. When he was young, Midoriya pictured his encounter with the Symbol of Peace as a glorious moment where the Pro Hero would see him commit an admirable deed and tell him he could become a Hero as well. Saving people is what Pro Heroes do. Saving people like he did, only a few minutes ago, by sheltering this little girl and taking the blow for her. It was one girl and not an entire population to save. Why am I not enough? The bitterness making his blood boil drowns his inner voice.

Chapter 2 : “That one may smile, and smile, and be a Villain”™ “ Tim Walker

Smile and Be a Villain is a good British cozy with tales of forgiveness and letting go. They plan to take lots of walks on the scenic island, but on their first hike along a cliff, they find a dead man.

Or would you remain steadfast and righteous even if it means surrendering to evil? Todoroki Shouto, graduation from Yuuei one year ago. He shoots up on his feet, almost dropping his files once more, as Tsukauchi approaches their new collaborator. Midoriya just watches his own desk and feels his cheeks burning. Beside piles of documents he has yet to classify and analyse is a dried plant. Its leaves are brown, shrivelled, curving towards the ground. Just like the Judge. All Might told me a lot about you. Instead, Todoroki stares at it with an inscrutable expression. Midoriya almost winces as he observes him folding the letter in four, then burying it in his pockets. His letter will wait. Tsukauchi takes the sheet, frowning, and Todoroki spins on his heels. Instinctively, the detective grasps his shoulder before he can take a step towards the exit. Everyone pretends not to listen but Midoriya can see the glances they sneak in their direction. You want to meet All Might, or rather you wanted to. They stop their shifting all of sudden, fixing themselves on a spot behind Midoriya. The latter turns around to see All Might himself. He hates missing data. The Hero remembers his name? There are two stick figures holding hands: She was on her way to the precinct, actually. No one should brag about saving a life. Those who save for something else than this should be judged. One or two drafts might be alright, healthy, but seven? On the other side, his dried plant loses another leaf. Toshinori plans on writing another letter soon, or rather seven more at this rate. Todoroki already met me and he knows I work with you, Tsukauchi-san. The latter stumbles back, falling on his rear, as Tsukauchi grabs his collar, rising one fist in the air as if ready to collide it with his face. Now get up, we start over. Grabbing his water bottle, he gulps it down, wiping his brow covered in sweat. Apparently, his footing and reflexes are good but he needs to work on his strength. His punches are weak, barely leaving a bruise wherever he hits, although he targets strategic areas. What you have to do is to notice it before they do. While the blows he delivers are devastating, it takes energy that needs to be recharged. Midoriya sprints at Tsukauchi, his hands curling into fists. Midoriya shouts in both surprise and pain, hands flying to clutch his nose. He scrambles to his feet, stumbling to the wall on which he leans on. The light switch is a few inches away from his hands, an innocuous little thing that can tip the balance on his side if he uses it well. The gymnasium is plunged in darkness. Midoriya kicks his shoes off, knowing any squeaking sound can give away his location. He listens as he trails along the wall, one hand never leaving the wall. He knows Tsukauchi will either come forward or on the sides but not stab him in the back. Midoriya blinks, hoping that his eyes accustom themselves to the darkness soon. He staggers backwards, arms spread wide and searching his opponent, his own breathing sounding laboured to his ears. The lights flare to life, blinding both men. His legs buckle underneath him and Midoriya sits down, wheezing. Then why is he sitting in a gymnasium, looking like the world just ended? I am the Judge. The other officers exchange concerned glances as they mumble to themselves, glaring at what lays on the table. Tsukauchi shows the letter with a gloved hand. The Chief edges closer and remains quiet for a moment before nodding. The detective takes the envelope, tearing it open cautiously, his eyes narrowing down as he rubs his fingertips against the paper. He brings it to his nose, sniffing, then shakes his head. Tsukauchi unfolds the letter, reading in silence. Midoriya wants to rip the letter from his hands but contains himself, careful to hide his frustration. He rather transforms it into apprehension, nibbling his lower lip for good measure, and sending fleeting glances to his superiors. Make sure your last days count. The two sentences are written in the middle of the page, centred, and typed with a cursive font. Below stands a smiley face painted with dried blood, a rivulet streaming from the curve of its smile rolling down to the edge of the paper. I want it analysed. He grabs a few instruments, sweeping away one corner of a table to settle down. His hands are trembling as he puts on gloves, breathing through his nose. This smiley face is nothing but a provocation to him, the true Judge. Did the writer target the ones in charge of the investigation knowing the Judge was hiding among them? Almost on cue, Tsukauchi barges inside. Grasping the letter without anything to cover his fingers had been deliberate. Putting on the most sheepish expression he can muster, Midoriya bows his head as

an apology, not piping a word that would betray him. Tsukauchi sighs, rubbing the back of his neck. You made things worse. All you needed was a little push and so I gave it to you. But you need to be one. There are four types of people: Pro Heroes are those who learned how to use their skills to protect, rescue and tend to civilians according to high values and ideals that befit the profession, such as selflessness, justice, attention to others or generosity. The difference with Heroes is that they use their skills for the same goal but not for the same reason. Instead, they act for their own personal values or goal, such as power, fame or money. You can be a villain as much as a Hero and kill. It all depends of your motive. He remembers himself grumbling about reporters not focusing on the motive, and here he was doing the same mistake. A Pro Hero protects civilians for noble reasons. Can he retrieve the letter and dispose of it without hurting anyone? The more he thinks about it, the more it seems impossible. When he leaves, Tomura turns around to the computer, watching its pitch black screen flicker to life. Two bowls of rice along with two smaller ones of miso settle on the counter, both Midoriyas joining their hands and bowing before digging in. Inko opens the television, the usual news channel being broadcast. The weather forecast predicts showers along with cold temperature for the entire week. He still trains me. What do they say? Turn the volume up. From times to times, the windows would burst and spit a deluge of glass on the sidewalks. According to a source who wishes to remain confidential, the Judge case concerning the deaths of Pro Heroes Elemental Armor and Native has been progressing and critical evidence has been gathered in the laboratories, where the fire first started. Thankfully, everyone trusts him.

Chapter 3 : SleuthSayers: Smile and Be a Villain

Oh, you villain, villain, you damned, smiling villain! Where's my notebook?" "It's a good idea for me to write down that one can smile and smile, and be a villain.

Greenleaf Joker is depressed that Batman is always busy stopping other criminals, and devises a plan to trap Batman using the other Gotham supervillains as bait, forcing Harley to choose between her love for Joker and her friendship with the other Arkham inmates. I missed you so much! Why are you back so soon? Your devoted Harley girl will make it all better. You got it," said Harley, puzzled. It was all too easy! And not even a hint of the Bat! You know the value of that rock? Fear gas in the ladies dormitories. Not a pretty sight, but then I went to college there, and frankly girls screaming and running around at all hours of the night was fairly common. But Bats went there to stop people getting hurt. I guess that seemed more important to him than you stealing the diamond. What is it about Gotham City that seems to attract these exotic supervillains? And more importantly, whatever would we do without Batman to stop them? Answering these questions is our special guest!" But they never discovered who the special guest was, as Joker suddenly ripped out his gun and shot the television screen several times. The Clown Prince of Crime! Not to mention the cleverest, strongest, most handsome man in the whole entire universe, both this one and that Marvel one!" "And what the hell is the matter with Batman?! What have I done to be treated like this by him?! Joker seized her round the throat. To have a punching bag handy, I guess. Who could care about a useless waste of space like you? I should do what I do to all lost puppies, and just put a bullet through your head! It would be such a relief, and such a pleasure, because I hate you, Harley. Everytime I said I loved you, in fact, because I never, ever did!" She broke away from his grip with a scream, and punched him hard across the face, knocking him backward at the force of the blow. He looked up at her and grinned. Then Joker fought back, punching her across the face, laughing. She fell to the ground, but recovered quickly, attacking him again. She just lay on the ground, sobbing from both physical and mental agony. J," she whispered, tears trailing down her face. You made your Mr. Never to my precious little baby. My sweet little cupcake, my beautiful, gorgeous Harley girl. I love you, baby," he whispered, kissing her tenderly. He chuckled, and kissed her nose. J, I love it when you talk like that! She struggled to her feet, wincing in pain as she hobbled across the room into the kitchen. Joker watched her leave, then sighed as he picked up the cape and mask, throwing them into a corner. He sighed again, reaching for the newspaper on the coffee table. He grew more and more angry as he read stories about the exploits of The Penguin, Mr. Freeze, Catwoman, and The Mad Hatter. Useless, second-rate criminals, the lot of them, but still getting more press coverage than he was. And Batman had put all of them away again. Always Batman," he retorted. He has to pick and choose, and you know Bats. People in danger are always going to outweigh the loss of expensive artifacts. He believes human lives are more priceless than treasure, the big dope. That is, unless one of these other criminals was also planning on killing a bunch of people. Then he might have a dilemma. Your mindless rambling has just given me an idea, a fantastic, brilliant, ingenious idea. And none of the those other pathetic excuses for criminals will be able to compete with me for his attention, because!" He giggled. And he will, Harley. They asked for it. Would you like to hurt me? J," she replied, shutting her eyes tightly. He kissed her again. Bats will save them all anyway, you know he will. And we can all laugh about this later in the Rec Room at Arkham. They all know how to take a joke, after all. He kissed the top of her head. Your review has been posted.

Chapter 4 : Smile and Smile and be a Villain | Rose Longworth Counseling

'That one may smile, and smile, and be a Villain ' timwalker British Politics, China, Chinese, Economy, Investment, Nuclear October 20, October 20, 3 Minutes It's almost as if Shakespeare foresaw the visit of Chinese Premier, Xi Jinping, to the UK today.

Posted on December 14, by rlongwort One of our guides in India had very good English. He knew Jap Ji prayers and he joined in when we said them that morning in the bus and broke into song as the prayer finished up. I engaged with him over his singing and I had the nerve to ask him to massage my feet as he told me his life story on the back seat of the bus. He told me he wants to be married and when his parents found someone for him to consider, he interviewed her, to see if she would be someone he could marry. He felt she did not smile enough and did not follow up with her. As he massaged my feet, he said that when he found his new wife, he would massage her from top to bottom and he indeed had a light sensual touch as he went over my feet, my ankles and half way up my calves, as far as my tight leggings would allow. As we talked I became the priest, hearing his sins, the things he withholds about himself from his parents, when he drinks alcohol and meet women on tour. He noted that he knew educated men who have wives and maintained an alternative life with other women, when they can. By this time I had drawn a picture of him as he talked and in my drawing fish appeared on his head and beside him a tiger. I had a question for him about his relationship with God and how his prayers play into this. The tiger, as metaphor for the passions, was pulled around between us and the need for him to sit on his tiger rested there in the air. The fish as symbol of love was kept high above his head, that which would be required if he ever is to have a happy marriage. I was the last off the bus as I gathered my things scattered on the back seat. Then I took the hand of the driver offered to me to help me down the steps, to join the others. Follow up to the story: When he woke up, light came into his eyes, and he knew in his dreams that he had fallen in love with the questions about his prayers and his fellowship with God and that the Divine Feminine had come true in the picture of the fish and tiger. I managed to be listening and engaged while I drew and got out of the way as the picture appeared. That is my offering. Now I look at his offer as the great compliment it is to be that person embodying the feminine, who came through me, and accosted the block, insisted on the questions, out onto paper, never the same again. And he, not knowing what to do with it, that need to join with this inner light of the feminine in himself, projected onto me and made his offer. And now when I look back on that magnificent trip to India, and think of that early morning bus ride, I smile and smile! May all love surround all guides both inner and outer.

Chapter 5 : One may smile, and smile, and be a villain - eNotes Shakespeare Quotes

O villain, villain, smiling, damn'd villain! My tables—meet it is I set it down That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain— Hamlet Act 1, scene 5, Hamlet had it right.

My tables—meet it is I set it down That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain— Hamlet Act 1, scene 5, Hamlet had it right. When we write the villains in our stories, we want to give them a chance to smile. Too many writers portray the bad guys as literary devices and not as actual people. They become abstractions, obstacles in the way of our hero winning the day. We know instantly not to trust them when they appear, and without any redeeming characteristics whatsoever, all we can do is root against them. Well-developed antagonists, on the other hand, give us pause. Take one of my favorite literary characters, for instance—Miss Becky Sharp of Vanity Fair: Rebecca Sharp looked like a child. But she had the dismal precocity of poverty. No wonder this anti-heroine grows up thinking she needs to be grasping and greedy. A complex villain is more intriguing to ponder than a straightforward one, especially those who trouble to hide their cunning side. Taking the current mania for Game of Thrones as an example while avoiding spoilers, we love to hate both Cersei Lannister and her son, Joffrey Baratheon. Joffrey, in particular, is everything we picture as the caricature of a villain: We can picture him as the kind of young boy who pulled off butterfly wings and tortured puppies. Yet other characters in George R. R. Martin's *A Song of Ice and Fire* are very different from our clearly antagonistic feelings toward Joffrey. Villains need to have some quality that our heroes must contend with. Our favorite superhero villains, for example, are the smartest, most inventive ones—the Dr. Dooms and Lex Luthors. She actually has to do something—set fire to the house, torture the victim, steal the treasure. And besides, action is what fuels conflict in your story and ramps up its tension. Just as your hero wants something, and that desire underscores the plotline, the villain has his own set of ambitions. Indeed, often he could care less about the hero. This is why letting the villain speak for himself—allowing him to be the focal character—can be incredibly revealing to the writer. She has a whole range of hopes and desires that, yes, are often in direct conflict with your hero, but just as often are hers alone. She has to face the mirror every morning. Considering how much more lively he was than the staid, moralistic heroes of that book, it's little wonder. A well-written, well-conceived villain pops off the page. Often writing villains reminds us why we became writers in the first place. Inhabiting their ambitions, devolving into their characters, and writing their voices can give your story dimension that it would otherwise lack. So treat your villains well—write them with care, give them reasons for being the way they are, even allow them to win some of the time.

Chapter 6 : "That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain" - Hamlet. What does this mean? | Yahoo

Give it back!" I yelled uselessly. Pathetically. Sure, I had my hands on the getaway driver through the open car window, but there was little I could do. Later, I thought of a million different things I wanted to do.

Unfortunately, the typesetting process let the professor down. Over time, different editions of *And Be a Villain* represent the formula differently, changing for example exponents from 2 to 3. Furthermore, the equation contains a mysterious "V" which is in fact just the leftmost portion of a radical sign. A more accurate discussion of the probability density function can be found at *Normal distribution*. Hence hanky-panky with the bottle of substitute liquid and resulting doubt as to whom the dose was intended for. Archie is spectacular in word and deed. He selects a case upon which the New York Police Department has been working for six days without getting anywhere, and he sends Archie Goodwin out as his envoy to persuade the people involved that it would be to their interest to employ Wolfe. The case has to do with what happened on a radio program sponsored by the manufacturers of a beverage called Hi-Spot. Cyril Orchard, a guest on the program, drank a glass of Hi-Spot and dropped dead. The other persons present drank the same beverage, but there was no cyanide in their glasses. So much, and nothing more of any consequence, is known to the police. It seems to him that Wolfe is not even trying, but he is mistaken. Wolfe is thinking, and when that giant intellect goes to work let the malefactor beware. Nero "takes crazy dive into two-foot tank" and snares blackmail killer in hurricane off-stage finish of major adventure. Publication history[edit] , New York: Issued in a black, white, red and green dust wrapper. The cover of its [book club] edition is smooth, while the trade edition is heavily textured. The estimate is for a copy in very good to fine condition in a like dustjacket. Viking Mystery Guild , November , hardcover The far less valuable Viking book club edition may be distinguished from the first edition in three ways: The dust jacket has "Book Club Edition" printed on the inside front flap, and the price is absent first editions may be price clipped if they were given as gifts. Book club editions are bound in cardboard, and first editions are bound in cloth or have at least a cloth spine. Such a listing does not appear in the BCEs. Book League of America , December , hardcover , Toronto: Macmillan , , hardcover , London: Bantam , September , paperback , New York: The Viking Press, Full House: Panther, , paperback as *And Be a Villain* , London: The Viking Press, Triple Zeck: The Audio Partners Publishing Corp. A Catalogue of Crime. The Mysterious Bookshop, limited edition of copies , pp. A Checklist of Primary First Editions.

Chapter 7 : Smile and be a Villain (Dorothy Martin #18) by Jeanne M. Dams

A Man May Smile, and Smile, and Be a Villain W HILE Charlotte was enjoying some small degree of comfort in the consoling friendship of Mrs. Beauchamp, Montraville was advancing rapidly in his affection toward Miss Franklin.

Chapter 8 : Smile and Smile and Be a Villain Chapter 1, a batman fanfic | FanFiction

A short story about how the Divine Feminine can come through you and disturb the inner man in another. How story and drawing brings another layer to be considered, connected to spiritual in man.

Chapter 9 : "One may smile, and smile, and be a villain" " Nation Speaks

"A villain is a person who uses his skills to disrupt the civilians' peace for their own selfish desires. I'm acting for society, unlike you." It isn't the wisest idea to insult one of the few people who know his double identity, but Midoriya knows where he stands.