

ALEXAS. One of Cleopatra's ladies; runs errands for Cleopatra.

CHARMIAN.

I forgive thee for a witch.

Come, tell Iras hers.

ALEXAS.

We'll know all our fortunes.

ENOBARBUS.

Mine, and most of our fortunes tonight, shall be drunk to bed.

SOOTHSAYER.

Your fortunes are alike.

IRAS.

But how, but how? give me particulars.

SOOTHSAYER.

I have said.

IRAS.

Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

CHARMIAN.

Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

IRAS.

Not in my husband's nose.