



*Rewarding Learning*

ADVANCED SUBSIDIARY (AS)  
General Certificate of Education  
January 2009

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## English Literature

Assessment Unit AS 2

*assessing*

Module 2: The Study of Shakespeare

[ASL21]



ASL21

TUESDAY 27 JANUARY, AFTERNOON

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# RESOURCE BOOKLET

**You must make sure that you select the appropriate extract for the question you are doing. For example, if you are doing question 1(a), you must select extract 1(a).**

1 (a) *Richard II* (extract to go with question 1(a))

KING RICHARD

And let them die that age and sullens have;  
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

YORK

I do beseech your majesty, impute his words  
To wayward sickliness and age in him:  
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear  
As Harry, Duke of Hereford, were he here.

KING RICHARD

Right, you say true: as Hereford's love, so his;  
As theirs, so mine: and all be as it is.

(*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND)

NORTHUMBERLAND

My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

KING RICHARD

What says he?

NORTHUMBERLAND

Nay, nothing, all is said.  
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;  
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

YORK

Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!  
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

KING RICHARD

The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;  
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be.  
So much for that! Now for our Irish wars:  
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,  
Which live like venom, where no venom else  
But only they have privilege to live.  
And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,  
Towards our assistance we do seize to us  
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,  
Whereof our Uncle Gaunt did stand possessed.

YORK

How long shall I be patient? Oh, how long  
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?  
Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's banishment,  
Nor Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,  
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke  
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,  
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,  
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.  
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,  
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first.  
In war was never lion raged more fierce:  
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild  
Than was that young and princely gentleman.  
His face thou hast, for even so looked he,  
Accomplished with the number of thy hours;  
But when he frowned, it was against the French,  
And not against his friends; his noble hand  
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that  
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:  
His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,  
But bloody with the enemies of his kin:  
Oh, Richard, York is too far gone with grief,  
Or else he never would compare between!

KING RICHARD

Why, Uncle, what's the matter?

*(Act 2 Scene 1, lines 139–186)*

**N.B. Half the marks for this question (a maximum of 15/30) are available for your use of the above extract in your answer.**

(b) *Richard II* (extract to go with question 1(b))

RICHARD

Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal  
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,  
The time shall not be many hours of age,  
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,  
Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt think,  
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,  
It is too little, helping him to all;  
He shall think that thou, which knowest the way  
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,  
Being ne'er so little urged another way,  
To pluck him headlong from the usurpèd throne.  
The love of wicked men converts to fear;  
That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,  
To worthy danger, and deservèd death.

NORTHUMBERLAND

My guilt be on my head, and there an end!  
Take leave, and part, for you must part forthwith.

RICHARD

Doubly divorced? Bad men, you violate  
A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me,  
And then betwixt me and my married wife.  
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;  
And yet not so, for with a kiss 't was made.  
Part us, Northumberland! I towards the north,  
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime,  
My wife to France: from whence, set forth in pomp,  
She came adornèd hither like sweet May,  
Sent back like Hallowmas, or short'st of day.

QUEEN

And must we be divided? Must we part?

RICHARD

Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

QUEEN

Banish us both and send the king with me.

NORTHUMBERLAND

That were some love but little policy.

QUEEN

Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

RICHARD

So two, together weeping, make one woe.  
Weep thou for me in France; I for thee here.  
Better far off than near; be ne'er the near!  
Go count thy way with sighs; I mine with groans.

QUEEN

So longest way shall have the longest moans.

RICHARD

Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,  
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.  
Come, come! In wooing sorrow, let's be brief,  
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.  
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;  
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

QUEEN

Give me mine own again; 't were no good part  
To take on me to keep and kill thy heart.  
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,  
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

RICHARD

We make woe wanton with this fond delay.  
Once more, adieu! the rest, let sorrow say!

*(Exeunt)*

*(Act 5 Scene 1, lines 55–102)*

**N.B. Half the marks for this question (a maximum of 15/30) are available for your use of the above extract in your answer.**

2 (a) *As You Like It* (extract to go with question 2(a))

CORIN

Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

TOUCHSTONE

That is another simple sin in you: to bring the ewes and the rams together and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated old cuckoldly ram out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds. I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape

CORIN

Here comes young Monsieur Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

*(Enter ROSALIND as GANYMEDE)*

ROSALIND *(reading from a paper)*

'From the East to Western Inde  
No jewel is like Rosalind;  
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,  
Through all the world bears Rosalind;  
All the pictures fairest lined  
Are but black to Rosalind;  
Let no face be kept in mind  
But the fair of Rosalind.'

TOUCHSTONE

I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted. It is the right butter-women's rank to market.

ROSALIND

Out, fool!

TOUCHSTONE

For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,  
Let him seek out Rosalind;  
If the cat will after kind,  
So be sure will Rosalind;  
Wintered garments must be lined,  
So must slender Rosalind;  
They that reap must sheaf and bind,  
Then to cart with Rosalind;  
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,  
Such a nut is Rosalind;  
He that sweetest rose will find,  
Must find love's prick – and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

ROSALIND

Peace, you dull fool. I found them on a tree.

TOUCHSTONE

Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

ROSALIND

I'll graft it with you, and then I shall graft it with a medlar;  
then it will be the earliest fruit i'th'country, for you'll be rotten  
ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

TOUCHSTONE

You have said – but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

*(Act 3 Scene 2, lines 53–97)*

**N.B. Half the marks for this question (a maximum of 15/30) are available for your use of the above extract in your answer.**

(b) *As You Like It* (extract to go with question 2(b))

HYMEN

Peace, ho: I bar confusion,  
 'Tis I must make conclusion  
 Of these most strange events.  
 Here's eight that must take hands  
 To join in Hymen's bands,  
 If truth holds true contents.  
 (To ORLANDO and ROSALIND) You and you no cross shall part  
 (To OLIVER and CELIA) You and you are heart in heart.  
 (To PHEBE) You to his love must accord,  
 Or have a woman to your lord.  
 (To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY) You and you are sure together  
 As the winter to foul weather. –  
 Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing,  
 Feed yourselves with questioning,  
 That reason, wonder may diminish  
 How thus we met and these things finish.

*Song*

Wedding is great Juno's crown,  
 O blessed bond of board and bed.  
 'Tis Hymen peoples every town,  
 High wedlock then be honoured.  
 Honour, high honour, and renown  
 To Hymen, god of every town.

DUKE SENIOR

O my dear niece: welcome thou art to me,  
 Even daughter; welcome in no less degree.

PHEBE

I will not eat my word now thou art mine:  
 Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

(Enter JAQUES DE BOYS, *the second brother*)



JAQUES DE BOYS

Let me have audience for a word or two.  
 I am the second son of old Sir Roland,  
 That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.  
 Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day  
 Men of great worth resorted to this forest,  
 Addressed a mighty power which were on foot  
 In his own conduct, purposely to take  
 His brother here and put him to the sword;  
 And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,  
 Where, meeting with an old religious man,  
 After some question with him, was converted  
 Both from his enterprise and from the world,  
 His crown bequeathing to his banished brother,  
 And all their lands restored to them again  
 That were with him exiled. This to be true,  
 I do engage my life.

DUKE SENIOR

  Welcome, young man.  
 Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:  
 To one his lands withheld, and to the other  
 A land itself at large, a potent dukedom. –  
 First, in this forest, let us do those ends  
 That here were well begun and well begot;  
 And after every of this happy number  
 That have endured shrewd days and nights with us  
 Shall share the good of our returned fortune  
 According to the measure of their states.  
 Meantime forget this new-fall'n dignity  
 And fall into our rustic revelry. –

*(Act 5 Scene 4, lines 109–161)*

**N.B. Half the marks for this question (a maximum of 15/30) are available for your use of the above extract in your answer.**

**3 (a) *King Lear* (extract to go with question 3(a))**

OSWALD

This ancient ruffian, Sir, whose life I have spared at  
suit of his grey beard, –

KENT

Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter! My  
Lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this  
unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a  
jakes with him. Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

CORNWALL

Peace, sirrah!  
You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

KENT

Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

CORNWALL

Why art thou angry?

KENT

That such a slave as this should wear a sword,  
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,  
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain  
Which are too intrince t'unloose; smooth every passion  
That in the natures of their lords rebel;  
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;  
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks  
With every gale and vary of their masters,  
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.  
A plague upon your epileptic visage!  
Smoile you my speeches, as I were a Fool?  
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,  
I'd drive ye crackling home to Camelot.

CORNWALL

What! art thou mad, old fellow?

GLOUCESTER

How fell you out? say that.

KENT

No contraries hold more antipathy  
Than I and such a knave.



(b) *King Lear* (extract to go with question 3(b))

EDGAR

*(Within)* Fathom and half, fathom and half!  
Poor Tom!

*(The FOOL, runs out from the hovel)*

FOOL

Come not in here, Nuncle; here's a spirit.  
Help me! help me!

KENT

Give me thy hand. Who's there?

FOOL

A spirit, a spirit: he says his name's poor Tom.

KENT

What art thou that dost grumble there i'th'straw?  
Come forth.

*(Enter EDGAR disguised as a madman)*

EDGAR

Away! the foul fiend follows me! Though the  
sharp hawthorn blow the cold winds. Humh! go to  
thy bed and warm thee.

LEAR

Didst thou give all to thy daughters?  
And art thou come to this?

EDGAR

Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath  
led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool,  
o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow,  
and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him  
proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over  
four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor.  
Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold. O! do de, do de, do de. Bless  
thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom  
some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have  
him now, and there, and there again, and there.

*(Storm still)*

LEAR

What! has his daughters brought him to this pass?  
Couldst thou save nothing? Would'st thou give 'em all?

FOOL

Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

LEAR

Now all the plagues that in the pendulous air  
Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!

KENT

He hath no daughters, Sir.

LEAR

Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature  
To such a lowness but his unkind daughters.  
Is it the fashion that discarded fathers  
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?  
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot  
Those pelican daughters.

EDGAR

Pillicock sat on Pillicock hill:  
Alow, alow, loo, loo!

FOOL

This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

*(Act 3 Scene 4, lines 37–80)*

**N.B. Half the marks for this question (a maximum of 15/30) are available for your use of the above extract in your answer.**

4 (a) *Coriolanus* (extract to go with question 4(a))

(Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA, mother and wife to MARTIUS.  
They set them down on two low stools and sew)

VOLUMNIA

I pray you, daughter, sing, or express yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour than in the embracements of his bed where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied and the only son of my womb, when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way, when for a day of kings' entreaties a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding, I, considering how honour would become such a person – that it was no better than, picture-like, to hang by th' wall if renown made it not stir – was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him, from whence he returned his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

VIRGILIA

But had he died in the business, madam, how then?

VOLUMNIA

Then his good report should have been my son. I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Martius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

(Enter a Gentlewoman)

GENTLEWOMAN (to VOLUMNIA)

Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

VIRGILIA

Beseech you give me leave to retire myself.

VOLUMNIA

Indeed you shall not.  
Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum,  
See him pluck Aufidius down by th' hair;  
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him.  
Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus:  
'Come on, you cowards, you were got in fear  
Though you were born in Rome!' His bloody brow  
With his mailed hand then wiping, forth he goes,  
Like to a harvest-man that's tasked to mow  
Or all or lose his hire.

VIRGILIA

His bloody brow? O Jupiter, no blood!

VOLUMNIA

Away, you fool! It more becomes a man  
Than gilt his trophy. The breasts of Hecuba  
When she did suckle Hector looked not lovelier  
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood  
At Grecian sword, contemning. –

*(To the Gentlewoman)*

Tell Valeria  
We are fit to bid her welcome.

*(Exit Gentlewoman)*

VIRGILIA

Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

VOLUMNIA

He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee  
And tread upon his neck.

*(Enter VALERIA with an usher and the Gentlewoman)*

VALERIA

My ladies both, good day to you.

VOLUMNIA

Sweet madam.

VIRGILIA

I am glad to see your ladyship.

VALERIA

How do you both? You are manifest house-keepers.  
(To VOLUMNIA) What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.  
(To VIRGILIA) How does your little son?

VIRGILIA

I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

VOLUMNIA

He had rather see the swords and hear a drum than  
look upon his schoolmaster.

VALERIA

O' my word, the father's son! I'll swear 'tis a very pretty boy.  
O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour  
together: 'has such a confirmed countenance! I saw him run  
after a gilded butterfly, and when he caught it he let it go again,  
and after it again, and over and over he comes, and up again,  
caught it again. Or whether his fall enraged him, or how  
'twas, he did so set his teeth and tear it! O, I warrant, how he  
mammocked it!

VOLUMNIA

One on's father's moods.

VALERIA

Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

VIRGILIA

A crack, madam.

VALERIA

Come, lay aside your stitchery. I must have you play the idle  
housewife with me this afternoon.

VIRGILIA

No, good madam, I will not out of doors.

VALERIA

Not out of doors?

VOLUMNIA

She shall, she shall.

VIRGILIA

Indeed, no, by your patience. I'll not over the  
threshold till my lord return from the wars.



VALERIA

Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably.  
Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

VIRGILIA

I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her  
with my prayers, but I cannot go thither.

VOLUMNIA

Why, I pray you?

VIRGILIA

'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

VALERIA

You would be another Penelope. Yet they say all the yarn  
she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths.  
Come, I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that  
you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with  
us.

*(Act 1 Scene 3, lines 1–87)*

**N.B. Half the marks for this question (a maximum of 15/30) are available for your use of the above extract in your answer.**

(b) *Coriolanus* (extract to go with question 4(b))

CORIOLANUS                    Are these your herd?  
Must these have voices, that can yield them now  
And straight disclaim their tongues? What are your offices?  
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?  
Have you not set them on?

MENENIUS  
Be calm, be calm.

CORIOLANUS  
It is a purposed thing, and grows by plot  
To curb the will of the nobility.  
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule  
Nor ever will be ruled.

BRUTUS  
Call't not a plot.  
The people cry you mocked them, and of late  
When corn was given them gratis, you repined,  
Scandalled the suppliants for the people, called them  
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

CORIOLANUS  
Why, this was known before.

BRUTUS  
Not to them all.

CORIOLANUS  
Have you informed them sithence?

BRUTUS  
How! I inform them?

CORIOLANUS  
You are like to do such business.

BRUTUS  
Not unlike,  
Each way to better yours.

CORIOLANUS

Why then should I be consul? By yon clouds,  
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me  
Your fellow tribune.

SICINIUS

You show too much of that  
For which the people stir. If you will pass  
To where you are bound, you must enquire your way,  
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,  
Or never be so noble as a consul,  
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

MENENIUS

Let's be calm.

COMINIUS

The people are abused, set on. This palt'ring  
Becomes not Rome, nor has Coriolanus  
Deserved this so dishonoured rub, laid falsely  
I'th' plain way of his merit.

CORIOLANUS

Tell me of corn!  
This was my speech, and I will speak't again –

MENENIUS

Not now, not now.

FIRST SENATOR

Not in this heat, sir, now.

CORIOLANUS

Now as I live, I will.  
My nobler friends, I crave their pardons.  
For the mutable, rank-scented meinie,  
Let them regard me, as I do not flatter,  
And therein behold themselves. I say again,  
In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our Senate  
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,  
Which we ourselves have ploughed for, sowed, and scattered  
By mingling them with us, the honoured number  
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that  
Which they have given to beggars.

MENENIUS

Well, no more.

FIRST SENATOR

No more words, we beseech you.

CORIOLANUS

How, no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,  
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs  
Coin words till their decay against those measles  
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought  
The very way to catch them.

BRUTUS

You speak o'th' people as if you were a god  
To punish, not a man of their infirmity.

SICINIUS

'Twere well we let the people know't.

MENENIUS

What, what? His choler?

CORIOLANUS

Choler!  
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,  
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

SICINIUS

It is a mind  
That shall remain a poison where it is,  
Not poison any further.

CORIOLANUS

'Shall remain'?  
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? Mark you  
His absolute 'shall'?

COMINIUS

'Twas from the canon.

CORIOLANUS

'Shall'?

O good but most unwise patricians, why,  
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus  
Given Hydra here to choose an officer  
That, with his peremptory 'shall', being but  
The horn and noise o'th' monster's, wants not spirit  
To say he'll turn your current in a ditch  
And make your channel his? If he have power,  
Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake

Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,  
Be not as common fools; if you are not,  
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians  
If they be senators, and they are no less  
When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste  
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate,  
And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall',  
His popular 'shall', against a graver bench  
Than ever frowned in Greece. By Jove himself,  
It makes the consuls base, and my soul aches  
To know, when two authorities are up,  
Neither supreme, how soon confusion  
May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take  
The one by th' other.

COMINIUS

Well, on to th' market-place.

CORIOLANUS

Whoever gave that counsel to give forth  
The corn o'th' storehouse gratis, as 'twas used  
Sometime in Greece –

MENENIUS

Well, well, no more of that.

*(Act 3 Scene 1, lines 33–118)*

**N.B. Half the marks for this question (a maximum of 15/30) are available for your use of the above extract in your answer.**

5 (a) *The Tempest* (extract to go with question 5(a))

(Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance, unseen)

MIRANDA

Alas now, pray you,  
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had  
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!  
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,  
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father  
Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself:  
He's safe for these three hours.

FERDINAND

O most dear mistress,  
The sun will set before I shall discharge  
What I must strive to do.

MIRANDA

If you'll sit down,  
I'll bear your logs the while: pray give me that;  
I'll carry it to the pile.

FERDINAND

No, precious creature;  
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,  
Than you should such dishonour undergo,  
While I sit lazy by.

MIRANDA

It would become me  
As well as it does you: and I should do it  
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,  
And yours it is against.

PROSPERO

Poor worm, thou art infected!  
This visitation shows it.

MIRANDA

You look wearily.

FERDINAND

No, noble mistress: 'tis fresh morning with me  
When you are by at night. I do beseech you, –  
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers, –  
What is your name?

MIRANDA

Miranda. – O my father,  
I have broke your hest to say so!

FERDINAND

Admir'd Miranda!

Indeed the top of admiration! worth  
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady  
I have ey'd with best regard, and many a time  
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage  
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues  
Have I lik'd several women; never any  
With so full soul, but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,  
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,  
So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best!

MIRANDA

I do not know  
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,  
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen  
More that I may call men than you, good friend,  
And my dear father: how features are abroad,  
I am skillless of; but, by my modesty,  
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish  
Any companion in the world but you;  
Nor can imagination form a shape,  
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle  
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts  
I therein do forget.

*(Act 3 Scene 1, lines 15–59)*

**N.B. Half the marks for this question (a maximum of 15/30) are available for your use of the above extract in your answer.**

(b) *The Tempest* (extract to go with question 5(b))

SEBASTIAN

What stuff is this! how say you?  
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis;  
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions  
There is some space.

ANTONIO

A space whose ev'ry cubit  
Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel  
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,  
And let Sebastian wake." Say, this were death  
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse  
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples  
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate  
As amply and unnecessarily  
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make  
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore  
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this  
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

SEBASTIAN

Methinks I do.

ANTONIO

And how does your content  
Tender your own good fortune?

SEBASTIAN

I remember  
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

ANTONIO

True:  
And look how well my garments sit upon me;  
Much feater than before: my brother's servants  
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

SEBASTIAN

But for your conscience.

ANTONIO

Ay, sir; where lies that? if' twere a kibe,  
'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not  
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,  
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,  
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,  
No better than the earth he lies upon,



If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;  
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,  
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,  
To the perpetual wink for aye might put  
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who  
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,  
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;  
They'll tell the clock to any business that  
We say befits the hour.

SEBASTIAN

Thy case, dear friend,  
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,  
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke  
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest;  
And I the King shall love thee.

ANTONIO

Draw together;  
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,  
To fall it on Gonzalo.

SEBASTIAN

O, but one word. (*They talk apart.*)

(*Re-enter ARIEL invisible, with music and song.*)

(*Act 2 Scene 1, lines 249–291*)

**N.B. Half the marks for this question (a maximum of 15/30) are available for your use of the above extract in your answer.**





