English test

Shakespeare paper: *Much Ado About Nothing*

Please read this page, but do not open the booklet until your teacher tells you to start.

Write your name, the name of your school and the title of the play you have studied on the cover of your answer booklet.

This booklet contains one task which assesses your reading and understanding of *Much Ado About Nothing* and has 18 marks.

You have **45 minutes** to complete this task.

Much Ado About Nothing

Act 3 Scene 2, lines 59 to 100
Act 4 Scene 1, lines 80 to 138

In these extracts the male characters talk about Hero.

Explain the different attitudes the men show towards Hero in these extracts.

Support your ideas by referring to both of the extracts which are printed on the following pages.

18 marks

Much Ado About Nothing

Act 3 Scene 2, lines 59 to 100

In this extract, Don John claims that Hero is unfaithful.

Enter DON JOHN *the Bastard*

DON JOHN	My lord and brother, God save you.
DON PEDRO	Good den, brother.
DON JOHN	If your leisure served, I would speak with you.
DON PEDRO	In private?
DON JOHN	If it please you, yet Count Claudio may hear, for what I would speak of, concerns him.
DON PEDRO	What's the matter?
DON JOHN	Means your lordship to be married tomorrow?
DON PEDRO	You know he does.
DON JOHN	I know not that, when he knows what I know.
CLAUDIO	If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.
DON JOHN	You may think I love you not, let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest, for my brother (I think he holds you well, and in dearness of heart) hath help to effect your ensuing marriage: surely suit ill-spent, and labour ill-bestowed.
DON PEDRO	Why what's the matter?
DON JOHN	I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shortened (for she has been too long a-talking of), the lady is disloyal.
CLAUDIO	Who Hero?
DON JOHN	Even she, Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.
CLAUDIO	Disloyal?

Turn over

DON JOHN	The word is too good to paint out her wickedness, I could	80
	say she were worse, think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it:	
	wonder not till further warrant: go but with me tonight, you shall see	
	her chamber window entered, even the night before her wedding	
	day: if you love her, then tomorrow wed her: but it would better fit	
	your honour to change your mind.	85

| CLAUDIO | May this be so? |

| DON PEDRO | I will not think it. |

DON JOHN	If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know:	
	if you will follow me, I will show you enough: and when you have	
	seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.	90

| CLAUDIO | If I see anything tonight, why I should not marry her tomor- | |
| | row in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her. | |

| DON PEDRO | And as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee, | |
| | to disgrace her. | |

| DON JOHN | I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear | 95 |
| | it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself. | |

| DON PEDRO | Oh day untowardly turned! |

| CLAUDIO | Oh mischief strangely thwarting! |

| DON JOHN | Oh plague right well prevented! So will you say, when you | |
| | have seen the sequel. | 100 |

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 1, lines 80 to 138

> **In this extract, Don Pedro and Don John support Claudio in his accusation against Hero, and
> Leonato believes them.**

| HERO | I talked with no man at that hour, my lord. | 80 |

DON PEDRO	Why then are you no maiden. Leonato,	
	I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,	
	Myself, my brother, and this grievèd count	
	Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,	
	Talk with a ruffian at her chamber window,	85
	Who hath indeed most like a liberal villain,	

	Confessed the vile encounters they have had	
	A thousand times in secret.	
DON JOHN	Fie, fie, they are	
	Not to be named my lord, not to be spoke of,	
	There is not chastity enough in language,	90
	Without offence to utter them: thus, pretty lady,	
	I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.	
CLAUDIO	Oh Hero! What a hero hadst thou been,	
	If half thy outward graces had been placed	
	About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart?	95
	But fare thee well, most foul, most fair, farewell	
	Thou pure impiety, and impious purity,	
	For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,	
	And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,	
	To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,	100
	And never shall it more be gracious.	
LEONATO	Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?	

[*Hero faints*]

BEATRICE	Why how now, cousin, wherefore sink you down?	
DON JOHN	Come let us go: these things come thus to light,	
	Smother her spirits up.	

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John and Claudio*]

BENEDICK	How doth the lady?	105
BEATRICE	Dead I think, help, uncle!	
	Hero, why Hero: uncle: Signor Benedick: friar!	
LEONATO	Oh Fate! Take not away thy heavy hand,	
	Death is the fairest cover for her shame	
	That may be wished for.	
BEATRICE	How now, cousin Hero?	110
FRIAR FRANCIS	Have comfort, lady.	
LEONATO	Dost thou look up?	

Turn over

FRIAR FRANCIS	Yea, wherefore should she not?	
LEONATO	Wherefore? Why doth not every earthly thing	
	Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny	
	The story that is printed in her blood?	115
	Do not live, Hero, do not ope thine eyes:	
	For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,	
	Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,	
	Myself would on the rearward of reproaches	
	Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?	120
	Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?	
	Oh one too much by thee! Why had I one?	
	Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?	
	Why had I not with charitable hand,	
	Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,	125
	Who smirchèd thus, and mired with infamy,	
	I might have said, no part of it is mine,	
	This shame derives itself from unknown loins:	
	But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praised,	
	And mine that I was proud on, mine so much,	130
	That I myself, was to myself not mine,	
	Valuing of her: why she, oh she is fallen	
	Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea	
	Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,	
	And salt too little, which may season give	135
	To her foul tainted flesh.	
BENEDICK	Sir, sir, be patient. For my part I am so attired in wonder, I	
	know not what to say.	

END OF TEST

270022