

En

KEY STAGE

3

LEVELS

4–7

English test

Shakespeare paper: *The Tempest*

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 *The Tempest* and has 18 marks.

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

2007

The Tempest

Act 1 Scene 2, lines 237 to 299

Act 5 Scene 1, lines 58 to 134

In the first extract Prospero speaks to Ariel; in the second he speaks to the noblemen, first as a group and then one at a time.

What do you learn about Prospero from the ways he treats the different characters in these extracts?

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

18 marks

The Tempest

Act 1 Scene 2, lines 237 to 299

In this extract, Prospero reminds Ariel that it was he, Prospero, who had released Ariel from the witch's magic spell.

PROSPERO	Ariel, thy charge Exactly is performed. But there's more work. What is the time o'the day?	
ARIEL	Past the mid season.	
PROSPERO	At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now Must by us both be spent most preciousy.	240
ARIEL	Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains, Let me remember thee what thou hast promised, Which is not yet performed me.	
PROSPERO	How now, moody? What is't thou canst demand?	
ARIEL	My liberty.	245
PROSPERO	Before the time be out? No more!	
ARIEL	I prithee, Remember I have done thee worthy service; Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, served Without or grudge or grumblings. Thou did promise To bate me a full year.	
PROSPERO	Dost thou forget From what a torment I did free thee?	250
ARIEL	No!	
PROSPERO	Thou dost – and think'st it much to tread the ooze Of the salt deep, To run upon the sharp wind of the north, To do me business in the veins o' the earth When it is baked with frost.	255

Turn over

ARIEL I do not, sir.

PROSPERO Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? Hast thou forgot her?

ARIEL No, sir.

PROSPERO Thou hast. Where was she born? Speak. Tell me! 260

ARIEL Sir, in Algiers.

PROSPERO O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damned witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Algiers, 265
Thou know'st, was banished. For one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

ARIEL Ay, sir.

PROSPERO This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave, 270
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant.
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorred commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers, 275
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine. Within which rift
Imprisoned thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there – where thou didst vent thy groans 280
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island –
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born – not honoured with
A human shape.

ARIEL Yes, Caliban her son.

PROSPERO	Dull thing, I say so: he, that Caliban, Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st What torment I did find thee in. Thy groans Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts Of ever-angry bears. It was a torment To lay upon the damned, which Sycorax Could not again undo. It was mine Art, When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape The pine, and let thee out.	285 290
ARIEL	I thank thee, master.	
PROSPERO	If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak, And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till Thou hast howled away twelve winters.	295
ARIEL	I will be correspondent to command, And do my spiriting gently.	Pardon, master.
PROSPERO	Do so! And after two days I will discharge thee.	

Act 5 Scene 1, lines 58 to 134

In this extract, Prospero speaks to the noblemen who have been drawn into his magic circle.

Solemn music plays.

PROSPERO *marks a magic circle on the ground.*

Re-enter ARIEL. King ALONSO follows, moving as if driven mad, with GONZALO tending to him. SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO follow, also appearing maddened, accompanied by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO. All enter Prospero's magic circle and stand there, still, under the power of his spell. PROSPERO watches them, then speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boiled within thy skull! There stand, 60
For you are spell-stopped.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, ev'n sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace –

Turn over

And as the morning steals upon the night, 65
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces 70
Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter.
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
Thou art pinched for't now, Sebastian! Flesh and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertained ambition, 75
Expelled remorse and nature – whom, with Sebastian,
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,
Would here have killed your King – I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art! Their understanding
Begins to swell – and the approaching tide 80
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me. Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell.

Exit ARIEL.

I will discase me, and myself present 85
As I was sometime Milan. Quickly, Spirit!
Thou shalt ere long be free.

*Re-enter ARIEL, with hat and rapier. As he helps to dress
PROSPERO, and remove his magic cloak, he sings.*

ARIEL Where the bee sucks, there suck I.
In a cowslip's bell I lie.
There I couch when owls do cry. 90
On the bat's back I do fly –
After summer merrily.
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough!

PROSPERO Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee – 95
But yet thou shalt have freedom. So, so, so.
To the King's ship, invisible as thou art.
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches. The master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place, 100
And presently, I prithee.

ARIEL I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat.

Exit.

GONZALO	All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement Inhabits here. Some heavenly power guide us Out of this fearful country!	105
PROSPERO	<p style="text-align: right;">Behold, sir King,</p> The wrongèd Duke of Milan, Prospero. For more assurance that a living prince Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body – <i>(Embraces ALONSO)</i> And to thee and thy company I bid A hearty welcome.	110
ALONSO	<p style="text-align: right;">Whether thou be'st he or no,</p> Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me, As late I have been, I not know. Thy pulse Beats, as of flesh and blood – and, since I saw thee, Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which, I fear, a madness held me. This must crave – An if this be at all – a most strange story. Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Prospero Be living and be here?	115
PROSPERO	<p style="text-align: right;"><i>(To GONZALO)</i> First, noble friend,</p> Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot Be measured or confined. <i>(Embraces him)</i>	120
GONZALO	<p style="text-align: right;">Whether this be</p> Or be not, I'll not swear!	
PROSPERO	<p style="text-align: right;">You do yet taste</p> Some subtleties o'the isle, that will not let you Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all! <i>(Aside to SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO)</i> But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded, I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you, And justify you traitors. At this time I will tell no tales.	125
SEBASTIAN	<p style="text-align: right;"><i>(Aside)</i> The devil speaks in him!</p>	
PROSPERO	<p style="text-align: right;">No.</p> <i>(To ANTONIO)</i> For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive Thy rankest fault – all of them – and require My dukedom of thee: which perforce, I know, Thou must restore.	130

END OF TEST
