

Shakespeare paper: Twelfth Night

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 are writing about on the front cover of your answer booklet.

- The paper is 1 hour 15 minutes long.
- It has two sections:

Section A assesses your writing and has 20 marks;
Section B assesses your reading and understanding of
Twelfth Night, and has 18 marks.

- You should spend about:
30 minutes on Section A
45 minutes on Section B
- You should start your answer to Section B on a new page.

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Section A – Writing

You should spend about 30 minutes on this section.

In *Twelfth Night*, what the characters wear and how they look affects the ways other characters react to them.

How important is what you wear?

You read the following editorial in a teenage magazine:

We're looking for young people's comments on style and image to include in an article in next month's magazine.

Do you worry about your image?

Is fashion all a fuss about nothing?

Does the style of clothes you wear affect how people react to you?

What do **you** think about these issues?

Write your views for the teenage magazine.

20 marks including 4 marks for spelling

Turn over for Section B

Section B – Reading

You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Twelfth Night

Act 2 Scene 4, lines 75 to 117
Act 3 Scene 1, line 81 to the end of the scene

Viola is not always able to say everything she is thinking and feeling.

In these extracts, how does Viola use language to hide her true feelings from Orsino and Olivia?

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

18 marks

Twelfth Night

Act 2 Scene 4, lines 75 to 117

In this extract, Orsino tells Cesario (Viola in disguise) about the love he feels for Olivia.

ORSINO	Once more, Cesario, Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty. Tell her my love, more noble than the world, Prizes not quantity of dirty lands; The parts that fortune hath bestowed upon her Tell her I hold as giddily as fortune; But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.	75 80
VIOLA	But if she cannot love you, sir?	
ORSINO	I cannot be so answered.	
VIOLA	Sooth, but you must. Say that some lady, as perhaps there is, Hath for your love as great a pang of heart As you have for Olivia. You cannot love her. You tell her so. Must she not then be answered?	85
ORSINO	There is no woman's sides Can bide the beating of so strong a passion As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart So big, to hold so much. They lack retention. Alas, their love may be called appetite, No motion of the liver, but the palate, That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt, But mine is all as hungry as the sea, And can digest as much. Make no compare Between that love a woman can bear me, And that I owe Olivia.	90 95
VIOLA	Ay, but I know –	
ORSINO	What dost thou know?	100
VIOLA	Too well what love women to men may owe. In faith, they are as true of heart as we. My father had a daughter loved a man As it might be perhaps, were I a woman, I should your lordship.	

Turn over

ORSINO	And what's her history?	105
VIOLA	A blank, my lord. She never told her love, But let concealment like a worm i'th'bud Feed on her damask cheek. She pined in thought, And with a green and yellow melancholy She sat like Patience on a monument, Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed? We men may say more, swear more, but indeed Our shows are more than will: for still we prove Much in our vows, but little in our love.	110
ORSINO	But died thy sister of her love, my boy?	115
VIOLA	I am all the daughters of my father's house, And all the brothers, too – and yet I know not.	

Act 3 Scene 1, line 81 to the end of the scene

In this extract, Olivia declares her love for Cesario.

OLIVIA	What is your name?	
VIOLA	Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.	
OLIVIA	My servant sir? 'Twas never merry world Since lowly feigning was called compliment. Y'are servant to the Count Orsino, youth.	85
VIOLA	And he is yours, and his must needs be yours: Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.	
OLIVIA	For him, I think not on him; for his thoughts, Would they were blanks, rather than filled with me!	
VIOLA	Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts On his behalf.	90
OLIVIA	O by your leave, I pray you! I bade you never speak again of him; But would you undertake another suit I had rather hear you to solicit that, Than music from the spheres.	
VIOLA	Dear lady –	95

OLIVIA	Give me leave, beseech you. I did send, After the last enchantment you did here, A ring in chase of you. So did I abuse Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you. Under your hard construction must I sit To force that on you in a shameful cunning Which you knew none of yours. What might you think? Have you not set mine honour at the stake, And baited it with all th'unmuzzled thoughts That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving Enough is shown; a cypress, not a bosom, Hides my heart: so, let me hear you speak.	100 105
VIOLA	I pity you.	
OLIVIA	That's a degree to love.	
VIOLA	No, not a grise; for 'tis a vulgar proof That very oft we pity enemies.	110
OLIVIA	Why then, methinks 'tis time to smile again. O world, how apt the poor are to be proud! If one should be a prey, how much the better To fall before the lion than the wolf! <i>(Clock strikes)</i> The clock upbraids me with the waste of time. Be not afraid, good youth; I will not have you – And yet when wit and youth is come to harvest, Your wife is like to reap a proper man. There lies your way, due west.	115
VIOLA	Then westward ho! Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship! You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?	120
OLIVIA	Stay! I prithee tell me what thou think'st of me.	
VIOLA	That you do think you are not what you are.	
OLIVIA	If I think so, I think the same of you.	125
VIOLA	Then think you right: I am not what I am.	
OLIVIA	I would you were as I would have you be.	
VIOLA	Would it be better, madam, than I am? I wish it might, for now I am your fool.	

Turn over

OLIVIA	[<i>Aside</i>] O what a deal of scorn looks beautiful In the contempt and anger of his lip! A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon, Than love that would seem hid. Love's night is noon. Cesario, by the roses of the spring, By maidhood, honour, truth, and everything, I love thee so that, maugre all thy pride, Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide. Do not extort thy reasons from this clause, For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause; But rather reason thus with reason fetter: Love sought is good, but giv'n unsought is better.	130 135 140
VIOLA	By innocence I swear, and by my youth, I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth, And that no woman has; nor never none Shall mistress be of it, save I alone. And so, adieu, good madam; never more Will I my master's tears to you deplore.	 145
OLIVIA	Yet come again: for thou perhaps mayst move That heart which now abhors to like his love.	

Exeunt

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