

En

KEY STAGE

3

LEVELS

4–7

Year 9 English test

Shakespeare paper: *As You Like It*

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

Write your name on the cover of your answer booklet.

This booklet contains one task which assesses your reading and understanding of *As You Like It* and has 18 marks.

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

As You Like It

Act 1 Scene 1, lines 1 to 55

Act 2 Scene 3, lines 1 to 68

In the first extract, Orlando complains to Adam about his situation and then fights with Oliver; in the second, Adam praises Orlando and offers to help him.

What impressions do you get of Orlando in these extracts?

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

18 marks

As You Like It

Act 1 Scene 1, lines 1 to 55

In this extract, Orlando is telling Adam about his problems. Orlando's brother Oliver arrives and they argue.

The orchard outside the country house of the de Boys family.

Enter ORLANDO with ADAM

ORLANDO As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion
bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns,
and, as thou say'st, charged my brother – on his blessing
– to breed me well. And there begins my sadness. My
brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks
goldenly of his profit. For my part, he keeps me
rustically at home or, to speak more properly, stays me
here at home unkept – for call you that 'keeping' for a
gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling
of an ox? His horses are bred better: for besides that
they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their
manage, and to that end riders dearly hired. But I, his
brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the
which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound
to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully
gives me, the something that Nature gave me his
countenance seems to take from me. He lets me feed
with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as
much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my
education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me. And the
spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to
mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it
– though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter OLIVER

ADAM Yonder comes my master, your brother.

ORLANDO Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake
me up.

25

ADAM *moves away.*

OLIVER Now, sir, what make you here?

ORLANDO Nothing. I am not taught to make anything.

OLIVER What mar you then, sir?

Turn over

ORLANDO	Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made – a poor unworthy brother of yours – with idleness.	30
OLIVER	Marry, sir, be better employed – and be naught awhile.	
ORLANDO	Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent that I should come to such penury?	35
OLIVER	Know you where you are, sir?	
ORLANDO	O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.	
OLIVER	Know you before whom, sir?	
ORLANDO	Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition of blood you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better in that you are the first-born – but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me as you, albeit I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.	40
OLIVER	What, boy!	45
<i>He strikes ORLANDO</i>		
ORLANDO	Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this!	
<i>He seizes OLIVER, overpowering him.</i>		
OLIVER	Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?	
ORLANDO	I am no villain! I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys. He was my father – and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so! Thou hast railed on thyself.	50
		55

Act 2 Scene 3, lines 1 to 68

In this extract, Orlando meets Adam, who warns about Oliver's plan to kill him.

Outside the de Boys house.

Enter ADAM, as ORLANDO approaches.

ORLANDO	Who's there?	
ADAM	What, my young master? O my gentle master – O my sweet master! O you memory Of old Sir Rowland! Why, what make you here? Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you? And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant? Why would you be so fond to overcome The bonny prizer of the humorous Duke? Your praise is come too swiftly home before you. Know you not, master, to some kind of men Their graces serve them but as enemies? No more do yours. Your virtues, gentle master, Are sanctified and holy traitors to you. O, what a world is this, when what is comely Envenoms him that bears it!	5 10 15
ORLANDO	Why, what's the matter?	
ADAM	O unhappy youth, Come not within these doors! Within this roof The enemy of all your graces lives. Your brother – no, no brother, yet the son – Yet not the son, I will not call him son Of him I was about to call his father – Hath heard your praises, and this night he means To burn the lodging where you use to lie, And you within it. If he fail of that, He will have other means to cut you off. I overheard him, and his practices. This is no place, this house is but a butchery: Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it!	20 25
ORLANDO	Why – whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?	
ADAM	No matter whither, so you come not here.	30

Turn over

ORLANDO	What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food? – Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce A thievish living on the common road? This I must do, or know not what to do – Yet this I will not do, do how I can. I rather will subject me to the malice Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.	35
ADAM	But do not so! I have five hundred crowns! The thrifty hire I saved under your father, Which I did store to be my foster-nurse When service should in my old limbs lie lame, And unregarded age in corners thrown. Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed, Yea, providently caters for the sparrow, Be comfort to my age. Here is the gold. All this I give you. Let me be your servant. Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty – For in my youth I never did apply Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood, Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo The means of weakness and debility. Therefore my age is as a lusty winter, Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you. I'll do the service of a younger man In all your business and necessities.	40 45 50 55
ORLANDO	O good old man! How well in thee appears The constant service of the antique world – When service sweat for duty, not for meed! Thou art not for the fashion of these times, Where none will sweat but for promotion, And having that, do choke their service up Even with the having. It is not so with thee. But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree That cannot so much as a blossom yield In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry. But come thy ways, we'll go along together – And ere we have thy youthful wages spent, We'll light upon some settled low content.	60 65

END OF TEST

