



Shakespeare Speaks

Classroom Guide
Grades 6 – 12

This classroom guide for *Shakespeare Speaks* is designed for Texas students in Grades 6 through 12. All activities in this guide are linked to Texas Essential Knowledge and Skills (TEKS) content standards. See Appendix for relevant standards addressed.

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William Shakespeare was baptised in Stratford-Upon-Avon, Warwickshire, on April 26, 1564. April 23, 1564 is the day that most believe to be his birthday, but there are no records that state what day he was born. His father, John Shakespeare, was a whittawer by profession and held several important town offices. His mother, Mary Arden, was from a fairly wealthy family. In all the Shakespeares had eight children, and William was their first son.

Shakespeare did not have an extensive education. He attended Stratford grammar school, a school that specifically served prominent citizens. It is not known how long Shakespeare attended, but it is assumed that this is the only education he recieved.

On November 28, 1582 Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway, a farmer's daughter. Anne was twenty six years old when they married, and William was only eighteen. Anne and William's first daughter, Susanna, was baptised on May 26, 1582. A set of twins, Hamnet and Judith, were born two years later. In 1596 Hamnet died at the age of eleven. Between 1585 and 1592 no records of Shakespeare were found, and that period of his life is usually referred to as "The Lost Years". Some have speculated that he either became a school teacher, became a butcher's apprentice, or was running from the law during this time.

The first evidence of Shakespeare after 1592 was in London. Here he had established himself as a playwright and actor and had found a sponsor, Henry Wriothsley. However, Shakespeare's work in the theaters came to a halt in January of 1593 when the theaters closed because of the plague. The company that Shakespeare worked for was called "Lord Chamberlain's Men" and changed their name to "The King's Men" after King James I took over in 1603. Because Shakespeare worked and performed for them, this company became the biggest and most famous acting company. Shakespeare became very wealthy as a director, writer, actor, and stockholder in "The King's Men".

In 1611 Shakespeare retired and left London. He made a will on March 25, 1616, and died on April 23, 1616. He was fifty two years old. The cause of Shakespeare's death is not known. Shakespeare also wrote his own epitaph because during his time, when the graveyard was full, people would dig up someone's corpse and burn it so that another could be buried in that person's place. This disgusted Shakespeare, and he didn't want this type of disrespect after his death. His epitaph reads as follows:

"Good Friends, for Jesus' sake forbear,
To dig the bones enclosed here!
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

To this day no one has disturbed Shakespeare's grave.

1. **Nobody knows Shakespeare's actual birthday.** Scholars think he was born on April 23, 1564, three days before his baptism was recorded at a church in Stratford, England. Strangely enough, his death in 1616 also occurred on April 23.
2. As far as we know, **he never went beyond grammar school**, probably finishing in his early to mid-teens. In those days, grammar school was way more advanced than now: Students learned Latin, math and religion; they read classical literature and studied using a hornbook (paper glued to a piece of wood and covered with clear animal horn).
3. **Shakespeare applied to the College of Heralds for a coat of arms for his father.** A coat of arms was a symbol of higher rank in British society. The Shakespeare family's coat of arms has a spear in the middle and a falcon on top. Shakespeare inherited the coat of arms when his father died and was then permitted to call himself a gentleman.
4. **Shakespeare and his wife, Anne Hathaway, had three children: Susanna and twins Judith and Hamnet.** The twins were named after neighbors who named their son William. Although Hamnet died at age 11, his name lives on: it was sometimes written as Hamlet. Shakespeare's last descendant, a granddaughter, died in 1670.
5. **"Shakespeare" was spelled 80 different ways**, including "Shaxpere" and "Shaxberd."
6. **Shakespeare is the most translated author ever.** His work is read in at least 80 languages, including Chinese, Italian, Armenian, Bengali, Tagalog, Uzbek, and Krio (spoken by freed slaves in Sierra Leone).
7. **Shakespeare is thought to have written 39 plays.** About half were printed in small booklets before his death. But some of his most famous works, including *Macbeth* and *Julius Caesar*, were not printed in his lifetime. They would not have been handed down to us had not two men in Shakespeare's acting company—John Heminge and Henry Condell—printed 36 of his plays in a book called the First Folio. When the book was published in 1623, seven years after Shakespeare's death, it sold for 1 British pound (several hundred dollars in today's money). One sold in 2006 for nearly \$5 million.
8. While most people regularly use about 2,000 words, **Shakespeare used more than 25,000 in his writing.**
9. If you Google "Shakespeare," you get about **157 million results**. Searching "Spielberg" yields 44.5 million results.
10. **Did Shakespeare really write Shakespeare?** Some people think that other authors wrote the works credited to him. This is a debate that likely will continue.

Shakespeare added over 2,200 words to our modern vocabulary, including:

aerial	amazement	apostrophe	assassination
auspicious	baseless	bump	countless
courtship	critic	critical	dishearten
dislocate	dwindle	exposure	frugal
generous	gloomy	gnarled	hurry
impartial	lapse	laughable	lonely
majestic	misplaced	monumental	obscene
perusal	pious	premeditated	radiance
reliance	roadway	sanctimonious	silliness

Plus a bunch of phrases...

as luck would have it	as white as driven snow
bag and baggage	be all and end all
blinking idiot	budge an inch
but me no buts	dead as a doornail
elbow room	for goodness sake
foul play	give the devil his due
green-eyed monster	hold a candle to
in a pickle	it smells to heaven
laugh yourself into stitches	laughing stock
make a virtue of necessity	merry as the day is long
my own flesh and blood	not a mouse stirring
not slept one wink	one fell swoop
seen better days	sharper than a serpent's tooth
stood on ceremony	the more fool you
too much of a good thing	tower of strength
vanish into thin air	what the dickens
without rhyme or reason	

Meanings in Context

Using digital or print resources, look up the play or sonnet in which Shakespeare first used each of the above phrases. After reading each phrase in context, discuss what it means. Think of how we use some of these phrases today. Have any of their meanings changed since Shakespeare introduced them?

Zounds! Perchance thou hast felt like a common recreant when asked to anatomize a Shakespeare play. Anon, thou shalt toss off that coil, and with great dispatch, avoid feeling like a fustian caitiff.

If you're going to read or see a Shakespeare play, there are some words that come up again and again and might confuse you. Some of these are now archaic or arcane, and some are still in common use but their meaning has changed. Knowing the following words will turn the beginning reader into an instant expert.

addition: title
affined: bound by duty
alarum: call to arms with trumpets
anatomize: analyze in detail
ancient: ensign
anon: soon
arrant: absolute
aroint: begone
assail: make amorous siege to
attend: await
aye: yes
baffle: hang up (a person) by the heels as a mark of disgrace
baggage: strumpet, prostitute
balk: disregard
barm: froth on ale
belike: maybe
blank: a target
bolted: refined
brach: bitch hound
brake: bushes
brave: fine, handsome
bum: backside, buttocks
caitiff: wretched, humble person
catch: song
character: handwriting

chuck: term of endearment, chick
clout: piece of white cloth
cog: deceive
coil: trouble
cousin: any close relative
descant: improvise
dispatch: hurry
e'en: evening
enow: enough
fare-thee-well: goodbye
fie: a curse
fustian: wretched
got: begot
grammarcy: thank you
halter: noose
heavy: sorrowful
honest: chaste, pure
housewife: hussy, prostitute
impeach: dishonor
list: listen
mayhap: maybe
mess: meal, food
mew: confine
minister: servant
moiety: portion
morrow: day
nay: no
ne'er: never
office: service or favor

oft: often
passing: surprisingly, exceedingly
perchance: maybe
perforce: of necessity
politician: schemer
post: messenger
power: army
prithce: I pray thee, please
quest: a jury
recreant: coward
resolve: to answer, reply to
soundly: plainly
stale: harlot
subscription: loyalty, allegiance
tax: criticize, accuse
troth: belief
teem: give birth
tucket: trumpet flourish
verge: edge, circumference
verily: truly
want: lack
welkin: sky
well-a-day: alas
wherefore: why
yea: yes
zounds: by his (Christ's) wounds

Word Order in Shakespearean Writing

When Shakespeare wrote his prose, he often used a slightly different word order than we do. The subject, verb, and object did not always follow in a 1-2-3 order. Look at the following sentence. Rewrite the sentence four times, changing the word order each time. Put one word on each blank provided below the original sentence.

Original sentence: I lost my homework.

Rewrite #1: _____ _____ _____ _____.

Rewrite #2: _____ _____ _____ _____.

Rewrite #3: _____ _____ _____ _____.

Rewrite #4: _____ _____ _____ _____.

Look at each of your rewritten sentences above. Has the meaning of the original sentence changed? Did reordering the words make it difficult to understand the sentence? Think about how Yoda speaks in the Star Wars movies. We understand exactly what he says, even though the word order is slightly different than what we're used to hearing.

Make up a short sentence. Rewrite it several different ways, using the same words in each rewrite. Does the meaning change with the rewrites? Share your sentences with your class.

Original sentence: _____.

Rewrite #1: _____.

Rewrite #2: _____.

Rewrite #3: _____.

Rewrite #4: _____.

1. Shakespeare didn't just write in blank verse.

While most of Shakespeare's play text is blank verse, he also wrote in prose and rhyming couplets.

Prose is more like everyday speech, or sentences you might read in a novel. In Shakespeare's plays, it usually occurs in dialogue between two characters who know each other very well, and are familiar enough with each other to speak casually.

A **rhyming couplet** is two lines of verse, back to back, in which the last words rhyme. Rhyming couplets often signal the end of a scene. From the end of *Othello* I.ii:

For if such actions may have passage **free**,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen **be**.

2. Sometimes the iambic pentameter is funky.

Sometimes it seems that the emphasis should be on the *first* syllable, not the second: "**Now** is the **winter of** our **discontent**..." This is called a **trochee**, and we find them here and there throughout Shakespeare's plays.

If a line has fewer than 10 syllables, we sometimes find a word ending in -ed and pronounce the -ed as a separate syllable. For example, we would normally pronounce "charmed" as one syllable. But in this line, we pronounce the -ed to keep up the rhythm: "I **bear** a **charmed life**, which **must** not **yield**..." (*Macbeth* V.viii)

But what about this line: "Such tricks hath strong imagination." (*A Midsummer Night's Dream* V.i) We would say it as 9 syllables. So how to fix the rhythm? There aren't any -ed words! So we must look elsewhere: "imagination" becomes a 6-syllable word: "Such **tricks** hath **strong i-ma-gi-na-ti-on**."

Likewise, we find lines with too many syllables: "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?" (*Romeo and Juliet* II.ii) We would normally pronounce 13 syllables in this line. In cases like this one, you might choose to de-emphasize some syllables. For example, you could pronounce Romeo as a 2-syllable word sounding like "Rome-yo." That brings the spoken syllable count to 10.

3. Pay attention to words that end lines and phrases.

The last word in each line has a natural significance. Try to find the importance of the word in the context of the scene. Try reading a passage emphasizing the words at the end of each line through pronunciation, volume, or duration (holding or stretching the word). What did you discover? The words at the ends of phrases are also important: the audience should feel that you have arrived at that word for a reason. You should understand that reason, and your voice should give that word its importance. Do this will ensure that you never "run out of gas" before you reach the end of a line.

A plot summary of *Romeo and Juliet*, as Facebook status updates:

RECENT ACTIVITY

-  Count Paris and Juliet Capulet are now friends.
About 2 days ago [Comment](#) • [Like](#)
-  Lord Capulet likes this.
-  Peter, Samson and Gregory and 11 others are attending Capulet Ball.
About 2 days ago [Comment](#) • [Like](#) • [RSVP to this Event](#)
-  Romeo Montague and Rosaline Capulet are in a relationship
About 2 days ago [Comment](#) • [Like](#)
-  Romeo Montague and Juliet Capulet are now friends.
About 1 day ago [Comment](#) • [Like](#)
-  Romeo Montague is single.
About 1 day ago [Comment](#) • [Like](#)
-  Rosaline likes this.
-  Tybalt and Mercutio are attending DUEL.
About 1 day ago [Comment](#) • [Like](#) • [RSVP to this Event](#)
-  Romeo Montague and 58 others have joined the group RIP Mercutio.
About 8 hours ago [Comment](#) • [Like](#)
-  Lady Capulet and 34 others have joined the group RIP Tybalt.
About 8 hours ago [Comment](#) • [Like](#) • [RSVP to this Event](#)
-  Juliet Capulet ▶ Romeo Montague: :)
About 4 hours ago [Comment](#) • [Like](#)
-  Lord Paris and 135 others have joined the group RIP Juliet.
20 minutes ago [Comment](#) • [Like](#) • [RSVP to this Event](#)
-  Lord Capulet, Lady Capulet and 3 others have joined the group RIP Paris.
15 minutes ago [Comment](#) • [Like](#)
-  Benvolio and 62 others have joined the group RIP Romeo.
12 minutes ago [Comment](#) • [Like](#)
-  Lord Capulet and 6 others have joined the group RIP2 Juliet.
8 minutes ago [Comment](#) • [Like](#)
-  Lord Capulet is attending Poison Prevention Education.
Moments ago [Comment](#) • [Like](#) • [RSVP to this Event](#)

[Source: <http://www.buzzfeed.com/paulj2/romeo-and-juliet-on-facebook-85a>]

Have you read *Romeo and Juliet*?

- If yes, do you think the updates tell the story well? What would you add or change?
- If no, do you have a pretty good idea of the plot now?

What kinds of information can you get from these updates?

Your Turn

Use a social media platform to tell the story of a Shakespeare play: create usernames that reflect character personalities, map their relationships, and present the plot. Work on your own, or use this student project as a guide: <http://english149-w2008.pbworks.com/w/page/19011402/Romeo%20and%20Juliet%3A%20A%20Facebook%20Tragedy>. Share your project with your class. What steps did you take? What challenges did you face? Which plays better on social media: comedy or tragedy? Why do you think so?

How do we begin to understand a character?

We read the play. In fact, we read the play a lot! It is often helpful to also read what others have written about the play and about the character we are to portray on stage. We need to get a sense of who the person is. Remember: Shakespeare's characters are humans (even when they're fairies or ghosts). One great thing about Shakespeare's characters, as opposed to characters in modern plays, is that they say what they mean! If they are good guys, they tell the audience so. If they are bad guys, they tell the audience, too. We can learn what we need to know about a character from the character's speech. We should also look and listen for anything other characters say about our character.

Making a **character study** is a helpful way to explore your character. Some steps to try:

1. As you read, make a list of descriptive words about your character (that your character says about him/herself, or that others say about him/her). When you finish, add your own words to the list.
2. Now make a list of everything you know about your character.
3. Imagine you're a reporter interviewing your character. Ask your character questions to get to know him/her better: favorite food, life ambition, greatest fear. Do you think your character would answer all of your questions truthfully? Why or why not?
4. Make a collage of images to serve as a visual map of your character. What colors, shapes, lines, textures, and ideas best represent your character? (Magazines and internet sites are two great places to find images.)
5. Try writing in a journal as your character. What would your character write about. What would they not trust even to their private journal?

What makes one actor's interpretation of a character different from another? The actor! You are an individual, and ultimately you will bring a sense of yourself to the character, but you must understand the character in context before you begin to make acting choices.

One of the reasons Shakespeare's plays have endured is that they tell stories that seem timeless. Shakespeare himself borrowed many stories from writers who came before him. These movies and books are based on stories we recognize as Shakespeare plays.

MOVIES

Hamlet

The Banquet (2006, China)
The Lion King (1994, USA)
Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead (1990, USA)
Strange Brew (1983, Canada)

Henry IV, Part 1

My Own Private Idaho (1991, USA)

King Lear

Ran (1985, Japan)
A Thousand Acres (1997, USA)

Macbeth

Maqbool (2004, India)
Men of Respect (1990, USA)
Scotland, PA (2001, USA)

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Get Over It (2001, USA)
A Midsummer Night's Rave (2002, USA)
Were the World Mine (2008, USA)

Othello

O (2001, USA)
Omkara (2006, India)

Romeo and Juliet

Gnomeo and Juliet (2011, UK/USA)
Romeo Must Die (2000, USA)
West Side Story (1961, USA)

The Taming of the Shrew

10 Things I Hate About You (1999, USA)
Deliver Us from Eva (2003, USA)

The Tempest

Forbidden Planet (1956, USA)
Yellow Sky (1948, USA)

Twelfth Night

She's the Man (2006, USA)

BOOKS

Hamlet

A Girl, A Ghost, and the Hollywood Hills (Lizabeth Zindel)
Something Rotten (Alan Gratz)
The Story of Edgar Sawtelle (David Wroblewski)

King Lear

A Thousand Acres (Jane Smiley)

Macbeth

The Third Witch (Rebecca Reisert)

Much Ado About Nothing

Confessions of a Triple-Shot Betty (Jody Gehrman)

Othello

Exposure (Mal Peet)

Romeo and Juliet

Romiette and Julio (Sharon Draper)
Starcrossed (Mark Schreiber)

Twelfth Night

The Madness of Love (Katharine Davies)

Shakespeare's work is filled with witty insults. With a sparring partner, try this conversation, which draws insults from 20 of Shakespeare's works.

A: Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat.

B: Let's meet as little as we can.

A: More of your conversation would infect my brain.

B: Away! Thou art poison to my blood.

A: Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson obscene greasy tal-low-catch.

B: Thou sodden-witted lord! Thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows.

A: Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born to signify thou came to bite the world.

B: Thou art a boil, a plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle in my corrupted blood.

A: There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell as thou shall be.

B: Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! You were born to do me shame.

A: Come, you are a tedious fool.

B: Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit, for I am sick when I do look on thee.

A: Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

B: Go thou and fill another room in hell.

A: Thou lump of foul deformity.

B: Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death.

A: Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you.

B: Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

A: Away, you three-inch fool.

B: Go rot!

Combine one word from each of the three columns below, prefaced with "Thou":

artless	base-court	apple-john
bawdy	bat-fowling	barnacle
beslubbering	beef-witted	bladder
bootless	beetle-headed	boar-pig
churlish	boil-brained	bug-bear
cockered	clapper-clawed	canker-blossom
clouted	clay-brained	clack-dish
craven	common-kissing	clotpole
currish	crook-pated	coxcomb
dankish	dismal-dreaming	codpiece
dissembling	dizzy-eyed	dewberry
droning	dog-hearted	flap-dragon
errant	dread-bolted	flax-wench
fawning	earth-vexing	flirt-gill
fobbing	fen-sucked	foot-licker
froward	flap-mouthed	fustilarian
frothy	fly-bitten	giglet
gleeking	folly-fallen	gudgeon
goatish	fool-born	harpy
gorbellied	full-gorged	horn-beast
impertinent	guts-gripping	hugger-mugger
infectious	half-faced	joithead
jarring	hasty-witted	lewdster
Loggerheaded	hedge-born	lout
lumpish	idle-headed	maggot-pie
mammering	knotty-pated	maltworm
mangled	milk-livered	mammet
mewling	motley-minded	measle
paunchy	onion-eyed	minnow
pribbling	plume-plucked	miscreant
puking	pottle-deep	mold-warp
puny	pox-marked	mumble-news
qualling	reeling-ripe	nut-hook
rank	rump-fed	pigeon-egg
reeky	shard-borne	pignut
roguish	sheep-biting	puttock
saucy	spur-galled	pumpion
spleeny	swag-bellied	ratsbane
spongy	tardy-gaited	scut
tottering	tickle-brained	skainsmate
unmuzzled	toad-spotted	varlot
warped	unchin-snouted	whey-face

The next several pages feature some of Shakespeare's best-known character monologues and sonnets. On each page, the original text is on the left. On the right is a translation prepared by the editors of *No Fear Shakespeare* at www.sparknotes.com.

Try translating each monologue or sonnet yourself into modern-day language:

- Fold the page in half lengthwise to hide the prepared translation.
- On a separate sheet, write your translation.
- Compare your translation to the prepared version.
 - How is yours similar?
 - How is it different?
- Who would be the best audience for your translation?

Scene: I.i

Character: Iago

Original:

For, sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,

Were I the Moor I would not be Iago.

In following him I follow but myself;

Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,

But seeming so for my peculiar end.

For when my outward action doth demon-
strate

The native act and figure of my heart

In compliment extern, 'tis not long after

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve

For daws to peck at. I am not what I am.

Translation:*

Let me tell you,

as sure as your name's Roderigo,

if I were the Moor I wouldn't want to be Iago.

I may seem to love and obey him, but in fact,
I'm just serving him to get what I want.

If my outward appearance started

reflecting what I really felt,

soon enough

I'd be wearing my heart on my sleeve

for birds to peck at. No, it's better to hide it.
I'm not who I appear to be.

Scene: I.iii

Character: Othello

Original:

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,

My very noble and approved good masters,

That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
ter,

It is most true. True, I have married her.

The very head and front of my offending

Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my
speech,

And little blessed with the soft phrase of
peace,

For since these arms of mine had seven years'
pith

Till now some nine moons wasted, they have
used

Their dearest action in the tented field,

And little of this great world can I speak,

More than pertains to feats of broils and bat-
tle,

And therefore little shall I grace my cause

In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious
patience,

I will a round unvarnished tale deliver

Of my whole course of love. What drugs,
what charms,

What conjuration and what mighty magic—

For such proceeding I am charged withal—

I won his daughter.

Translation:*

Noble, honorable gentlemen whom I serve:

it's true that I've taken this man's daughter
from him and married her.

But that's my only offense.

There's nothing more. I'm awkward in my
speech,

and I'm not a smooth talker.

From the time I was seven years old

until nine months ago I've been fighting in
battles.

I don't know much about the world

apart from fighting.

So I won't do myself much good

by speaking in my own defense. But if you'll
let me,

I'll tell you the plain story

of how we fell in love, and what drugs,
charms,

spells, and powerful magic—

because that's what I'm being accused of—

I used to win his daughter.

Scene: III.iii

Character: Othello

Original:

This fellow's of exceeding honesty

And knows all quantities, with a learned
spirit,

Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,

Though that her jesses were my dear heart-
strings,

I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind

To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black

And have not those soft parts of conversation

That chamberers have, or for I am declined

Into the vale of years—yet that's not much—

She's gone, I am abused, and my relief

Must be to loathe her. Oh, curse of marriage

That we can call these delicate creatures ours

And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad

And live upon the vapor of a dungeon

Than keep a corner in the thing I love

For others' uses. Yet 'tis the plague to great
ones,

Prerogated are they less than the base.

'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death.

Even then this forkèd plague is fated to us

When we do quicken.

Translation:*

This Iago is extremely honest and good,

and he knows a lot

about human behavior. If it turns out that she
really is running around on me,

I'll send her away, even though it'll break my
heart.

Maybe because I'm black,

and I don't have nice manners

like courtiers do, or because I'm getting old—

but that's not much—

She's gone, and I've been cheated on. I have
no choice

but to hate her. Oh what a curse marriage is!

We think our beautiful wives belong to us,

but their desires are free! I'd rather be a toad

in a moldy basement

than to have only a part of someone I love,

sharing the rest of her with others. This is the
plague of important men—

our wives betray us more than those of poor
men.

It's our destiny, like death.

We are destined to be betrayed

when we are born.

Scene: IV.ii

Character: Desdemona

Original:

Alas Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?

Good friend, go to him. For, by this light of heaven,

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,

Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,

Delighted them, or any other form,

Or that I do not yet, and ever did,

And ever will—though he do shake me off

To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,

Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much,

And his unkindness may defeat my life,

But never taint my love.

Translation:*

Oh God, Iago,

what can I do to win my husband back again?

Please go to him, my friend. I swear

I have no idea why he stopped loving me.

Here I'm kneeling to swear that if I ever did anything to destroy his love for me,

either by thoughts or actions,

or if I ever took pleasure in anyone else,

or if I never did love him, or don't love him now—

even though he tries to shake me off—

then I hope I have a life of misery! Unkindness is powerful,

and his unkindness may kill me,

but it'll never destroy my love.

Scene: III.v

Character: Phebe

Original:

I would not be thy executioner:

I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:

'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,

That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest
things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomies,

Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!

Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;

And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them
kill thee;

Now counterfeit to swound; why now fall
down;

Or, if thou canst not, O! for shame, for shame,

Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.

Now show the wound mine eye hath made in
thee;

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains

Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,

The cicatrice and capable impressure

Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine
eyes,

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,

Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes

That can do hurt.

Translation:*

I don't want to be your executioner:

I'm trying to avoid you so that I won't hurt
you.

You tell me my eyes are murderous:

That's a very pretty sentiment, and oh-so-
probable,

That my frail, soft eyes

(Which are so cowardly that they close their
gates against dust)

Are tyrants, butchers, and murderers.

I'm frowning at you with all my might right
now.

If my eyes can injure, let them kill you now.

Go ahead. Faint, fall down—

If you don't, then you're lying about my eyes
being murderers.

Come on, show me the wound that my eyes
have caused.

If you get scratched with a pin, it leaves a
scar;

Even if you lean on a rush,

It leaves an impression on your palm.

But my eyes,

Which I've darted at you, haven't even left a
mark.

Now I am sure that eyes can't hurt a person.

Scene: I.i

Character: Helena

Original:

How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know:
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things base and vile, folding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the
mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again.

Translation:*

It's amazing how much happier some people
are than others!
People throughout Athens think I'm as beauti-
ful as Hermia.
But so what? Demetrius doesn't think so, and
that's all that matters.
He refuses to admit what everyone else
knows.
But even though he's making a mistake by
obsessing over Hermia so much,
I'm also making a mistake, since I obsess over
him.
Love can make worthless things beautiful.

When we're in love, we don't see with our
eyes but with our minds.
That's why paintings of Cupid, the god of
love, always show him as blind.
I'll go tell Demetrius that Hermia is running
away tomorrow night.
He'll run after her into the forest.

If he's grateful to me for this information,
It'll be worth my pain in helping him pursue
my rival Hermia.
At least I'll get to see him when he goes, and
then again when he comes back.

Scene: II.ii

Character: Puck

Original:

Through the forest have I gone.
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence..Who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.
When thou wakest, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:
So awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon.

Translation:*

I've been through the entire forest,
but I haven't found any Athenian man
to use the flower on.

Wait a second, who's this?
He's wearing Athenian clothes.
This must be the guy
who rejected the Athenian girl.
And here's the girl, sleeping soundly
on the damp and dirty ground.
Pretty girl! She shouldn't lie
near this rude and heartless man.

Jerk, I throw
all the power of this magic charm on your
eyes.
When you wake up, let love keep you from
going back to sleep.
Wake up when I'm gone,
because now I have to go to Oberon.

Scene: II.i

Character: Petruchio

Original:

No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as springtime flowers.
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers;
With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O sland'rous world! Kate like the hazel-twig

Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk. Thou dost not halt.

Translation:*

No, not a bit. I find you quite gentle.

I was told that you were violent, proud, and sullen.
But now I see that people have been lying about you,
for you are funny, playful, and beautifully behaved,
not sharp-tongued, but as sweet as flowers in springtime.
You haven't got it in you to frown or look displeased
or bite your lip as angry women do.

You don't take pleasure in bitter conversation.

No, you entertain your suitors
with mild and gentle conversation, quiet and pleasant.

Why does the world report that Kate is lame?

The world's a liar. Kate is
as straight and slender as a hazel-twig, her hair as brown
as hazelnut shells, and she herself sweeter than the kernels.
Take a few steps—I want to see you walk.
You don't limp at all!

Scene: IV.iii

Character: Katherine

Original:

The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.

What, did he marry me to famish me?

Beggars that come unto my father's door

Upon entreaty have a present alms;

If not, elsewhere they meet with charity;

But I, who never knew how to entreat,

Nor never needed that I should entreat,

Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;

With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed;

And that which spites me more than all these wants-

He does it under name of perfect love;

As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,

'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.

I prithee go and get me some repast;

I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Translation:*

The more I suffer, the more spiteful he becomes.

Did he marry me just to starve me?

Beggars at my father's door

are given money as soon as they ask for it.

And if they don't find charity there, they find it someplace else.

But I, who have never known how to beg

and never had to beg,

am starved for food, dizzy with lack of sleep,

kept awake with curses and fed with brawling.

And what irks me more than all these things put together

is that he does it under the pretense of love—

as though for me to eat or sleep

would bring on fatal illness or sudden death.

Please, go and get me something to eat.

I don't care what so long as it's nutritious.

Scene: I.i

Character: Orsino

Original:

If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more:
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high fantastical.

Translation:*

If it's true that music makes people more in
love, keep playing.
Give me too much of it,
so I'll get sick of it and stop loving.
Play that part again! It sounded sad.
Oh, it sounded like a sweet breeze
blowing gently over a bank of violets,
taking their scent with it. That's enough. Stop.
It doesn't sound as sweet as it did before.
Oh, love is so restless!
It makes you want everything,
but it makes you sick of things
a minute later, no matter how good they are.
Love is so vivid and fantastical
that nothing compares to it.

Original:

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of
 May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed,
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course un-
 trimmed:
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wand'rest in his
 shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st,
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Translation:

OOOOOH Baby, you're like a summer day!
But, you know, you're prettier and even bet-
ter: more calm,
Because sometimes it gets windy and the buds
on the trees get shaken off,
And sometimes summer doesn't last very
long.
Sometimes the sun shines too hot,
Or clouds cover it up,
And every gorgeous thing loses it looks
By getting hit by a truck, or just because eve-
ryone and everything gets old and shabby,
BUT (and here's the turn) your beauty will
last forever.
I'm going to make sure you never lose it.
And that nasty old Death can never brag about
owning you
Because I'm writing this poem about you.
As long as men can breathe (are you breath-
ing?) and as long as men can see (are you
looking at this poem?),
Then this poem lives, and it gives life and
memory to your beauty.

Original:

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are
dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her
head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress
reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the
ground:
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

Translation:

My lady's eyes are dull;
Coral's way more red than her lips are;
If snow is white, her breasts are dingy;
If hairs are wires, her head's covered with
black ones.
I've seen gorgeous red and white roses,
But nothing like that lives on her face;
And perfume smells a lot nicer
Than my lady's stanky breath.
I love it when she talks, but, man...
Music is better.
I won't tell a lie: I've never seen a goddess
walk;
My lady, when she decides to move around,
walks on the ground;
I'm telling you my love for her is rare—
As rare as anyone who's ever lied about how
beautiful their lady is.

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Grade 6

<u>Activity</u>	<u>Standard(s)</u>
1	E110.18.b.5, F117.34.c.5
2	F117.34.c.1-2,5
3	F177.34.c.1-3,5
4	F117.34.c.4
5	E110.18.b.2
6	E110.18.b.14,19
7	E110.18.b.5
8	E110.18.b.5, T126.14.c.1
9	F117.34.c.1-2,5
10	F117.34.c.4
11	F117.34.c.1-2
12	F117.34.c.1-2
13	E110.18.b.5

Grade 9

<u>Activity</u>	<u>Standard(s)</u>
1	E110.31.b.4, F117.64.c.5
2	F117.64.c.1-2,5
3	F117.64.c.1-3,5
4	F117.64.c.4
5	E110.31.b.1
6	E110.31.b.13,17
7	E110.31.b.4
8	E110.31.b.4, T126.22.c.1
9	F117.64.c.1-2,5
10	F117.64.c.4
11	F117.64.c.1-2
12	F117.64.c.1-2
13	E110.31.b.4

Grade 12

<u>Activity</u>	<u>Standard(s)</u>
1	E110.34.b.4, F117.67.c.5
2	F117.67.c.1-2,5
3	F117.67.c.1-3,5
4	F117.67.c.4
5	E110.34.b.1
6	E110.34.b.13,17
7	E110.34.b.4
8	E110.34.b.4, T126.22.c.1
9	F117.67.c.1-2,5
10	F117.67.c.4
11	F117.67.c.1-2
12	F117.67.c.1-2
13	E110.34.b.4

Grade 7

<u>Activity</u>	<u>Standard(s)</u>
1	E110.19.b.5, F117.37.c.5
2	F117.37.c.1-2,5
3	F177.37.c.1-3,5
4	F117.37.c.4
5	E110.19.b.2
6	E110.19.b.14,19
7	E110.19.b.5
8	E110.19.b.5, T126.15.c.1
9	F117.37.c.1-2,5
10	F117.37.c.4
11	F117.37.c.1-2
12	F117.37.c.1-2
13	E110.19.b.5

Grade 10

<u>Activity</u>	<u>Standard(s)</u>
1	E110.32.b.4, F117.65.c.5
2	F117.65.c.1-2,5
3	F117.65.c.1-3,5
4	F117.65.c.4
5	E110.32.b.1
6	E110.32.b.13,17
7	E110.32.b.4
8	E110.32.b.4, T126.22.c.1
9	F117.65.c.1-2,5
10	F117.65.c.4
11	F117.65.c.1-2
12	F117.65.c.1-2
13	E110.32.b.4

Grade 8

<u>Activity</u>	<u>Standard(s)</u>
1	E110.20.b.5, F117.40.c.5
2	F117.40.c.1-2,5
3	F177.40.c.1-3,5
4	F117.40.c.4
5	E110.20.b.2
6	E110.20.b.14,19
7	E110.20.b.5
8	E110.20.b.5, T126.16.c.1
9	F117.40.c.1-2,5
10	F117.40.c.4
11	F117.40.c.1-2
12	F117.40.c.1-2
13	E110.20.b.5

Grade 11

<u>Activity</u>	<u>Standard(s)</u>
1	E110.33.b.4, F117.66.c.5
2	F117.66.c.1-2,5
3	F117.66.c.1-3,5
4	F117.66.c.4
5	E110.33.b.1
6	E110.33.b.13,17
7	E110.33.b.4
8	E110.33.b.4, T126.22.c.1
9	F117.66.c.1-2,5
10	F117.66.c.4
11	F117.66.1-2
12	F117.66.1-2
13	E110.33.b.4