

English test

En

KEY STAGE

3

LEVELS

4-7

2004

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 have studied on the covers of your answer booklets.

This booklet contains a writing task and a reading task.

- You should write your answer to the **writing task** in the writing task answer booklet.
- The **writing task** assesses your writing and has 20 marks.
- You should write your answer to the **reading task** in the reading task answer booklet.
- The **reading task** assesses your reading and understanding of *Twelfth Night* and has 18 marks.

The paper is 1 hour and 15 minutes long.

- You should spend about:

30 minutes on the writing task
45 minutes on the reading task

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Writing task

You should spend about 30 minutes on this section.

In *Twelfth Night*, a practical joke goes too far.

It was a joke...

You went to the school party with a can of shaving foam and as a result the hall ended up in a terrible mess.

Your Head of Year wants a written explanation.

You have to:

- explain how the joke got out of hand;
- describe how you feel about the consequences.

Write your statement explaining what happened.

20 marks including 4 marks for spelling

Turn over for the reading task

Reading task

You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Twelfth Night

Act 2 Scene 3, lines 75 to 129
Act 4 Scene 2, lines 10 to 57

In these extracts an audience might have sympathy for Malvolio at some points, but not at others.

Explain whether you think Malvolio deserves sympathy in these extracts, and why.

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

18 marks

Twelfth Night

Act 2 Scene 3, lines 75 to 129

In this extract, Malvolio tells Sir Toby, Sir Andrew and Feste they must be quiet and Maria decides to trick Malvolio.

Enter MALVOLIO

| | | |
|----------|--|----|
| MALVOLIO | My masters, are you mad? Or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you? | 75 |
| SIR TOBY | We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up! | 80 |
| MALVOLIO | Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, and it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell. | 85 |
| SIR TOBY | <i>[Sings]</i> Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone. | |
| MARIA | Nay, good Sir Toby. | |
| FESTE | <i>[Sings]</i> His eyes do show his days are almost done. | |
| MALVOLIO | Is't even so? | |
| SIR TOBY | <i>[Sings]</i> But I will never die. | 90 |
| FESTE | <i>[Sings]</i> Sir Toby, there you lie. | |
| MALVOLIO | This is much credit to you. | |
| SIR TOBY | <i>[Sings]</i> Shall I bid him go? | |
| FESTE | <i>[Sings]</i> What and if you do? | |
| SIR TOBY | <i>[Sings]</i> Shall I bid him go, and spare not? | 95 |
| FESTE | <i>[Sings]</i> O no, no, no, no, you dare not. | |
| SIR TOBY | Out o'time, sir? Ye lie! Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale? | |

Turn over

| | | | |
|------------|---|--------|-----|
| FESTE | Yes, by St Anne, and ginger shall be hot i'th'mouth too. | [Exit] | 100 |
| SIR TOBY | Th'art i'th'right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria! | | |
| MALVOLIO | Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand. | Exit | 105 |
| MARIA | Go shake your ears. | | |
| SIR ANDREW | 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him. | | |
| SIR TOBY | Do't, knight. I'll write thee a challenge, or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth. | | 110 |
| MARIA | Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight. Since the youth of the count's was today with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him. If I do not gull him into an ayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I can do it. | | 115 |
| SIR TOBY | Possess us, possess us, tell us something of him. | | |
| MARIA | Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan. | | |
| SIR ANDREW | O if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog! | | 120 |
| SIR TOBY | What, for being a puritan? Thy exquisite reason, dear knight? | | |
| SIR ANDREW | I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough. | | |
| MARIA | The devil a puritan that he is, or anything constantly but a time-pleaser, an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths. The best persuaded of himself: so crammed (as he thinks) with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work. | | 125 |

Act 4 Scene 2, lines 10 to 57

In this extract, Feste, disguised as Sir Topas, visits Malvolio in prison.

Enter [SIR] TOBY [and MARIA]

| | | |
|----------|---|----|
| SIR TOBY | Jove bless thee, Master Parson. | 10 |
| FESTE | <i>Bonos dies</i> , Sir Toby. For as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, ‘That that is, is’, so I, being Master Parson, am Master Parson; for what is ‘that’ but ‘that’ and ‘is’ but ‘is’? | |
| SIR TOBY | To him, Sir Topas. | 15 |
| FESTE | What ho, I say! Peace in this prison! | |
| SIR TOBY | The knave counterfeits well. A good knave. | |
| MALVOLIO | <i>(Within)</i> Who calls there? | |
| FESTE | Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic. | |
| MALVOLIO | Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady. | 20 |
| FESTE | Out, hyperbolic fiend! How vexest thou this man! Talk’st thou nothing but of ladies? | |
| SIR TOBY | Well said, Master Parson. | |
| MALVOLIO | Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad. They have laid me here in hideous darkness. | 25 |
| FESTE | Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms, for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Say’st thou that the house is dark? | |
| MALVOLIO | As hell, Sir Topas. | |
| FESTE | Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clerestories toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complain’st thou of obstruction? | 30 |
| MALVOLIO | I am not mad, Sir Topas; I say to you this house is dark. | |
| FESTE | Madman, thou errest. I say there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog. | 35 |

Turn over

| | | |
|----------|--|----|
| MALVOLIO | I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are. Make the trial of it in any constant question. | |
| FESTE | What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wildfowl? | 40 |
| MALVOLIO | That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird. | |
| FESTE | What think'st thou of his opinion? | |
| MALVOLIO | I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion. | |
| FESTE | Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness. Thou shalt hold th'opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well. | 45 |
| MALVOLIO | Sir Topas, Sir Topas! | |
| SIR TOBY | My most exquisite Sir Topas! | |
| FESTE | Nay, I am for all waters. | 50 |
| MARIA | Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not. | |
| SIR TOBY | To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him. I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. [<i>To Maria</i>] Come by and by to my chamber. <i>Exit [with Maria]</i> | 55 |

END OF TEST