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**ADVANCED**

**General Certificate of Education**

**2019**

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# English Literature

Assessment Unit A2 1

*assessing*

Shakespearean Genres



AEL11

**[AEL11]**

**FRIDAY 31 MAY, AFTERNOON**

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## TIME

1 hour 30 minutes.

## INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Write your Centre Number and Candidate Number on the Answer Booklet provided.

Answer the question on your chosen play.

The extracts referred to in the questions can be found in the Resource Booklet provided.

This unit is closed book.

## INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

The total mark for this paper is 50.

Quality of written communication will be assessed in all responses.

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## Shakespearean Genres

### You will be marked on your ability to:

- articulate informed, personal and creative responses to literary texts, using associated concepts and terminology, and coherent, accurate written expression (AO1)
- analyse ways in which meanings are shaped in literary texts (AO2)
- demonstrate understanding of the significance and influence of the contexts in which literary texts are written and received (AO3)
- explore connections across literary texts (AO4)
- explore literary texts informed by different interpretations (AO5)

Answer the question on your chosen Shakespeare play.

1 *Othello*

**Othello's fatal flaw is his sense of honour.**

By referring closely to extract 1 printed in the accompanying Resource Booklet and to other appropriately selected parts of the text, **show to what extent** you would agree with the view expressed above.

Your **argument** should include relevant comments on Shakespeare's dramatic methods, and relevant external contextual information on the nature of Shakespearean Tragedy.

**N.B. Equal marks are available for your treatment of the given extract and other relevant parts of the text.** [50]

2 *King Lear*

**Lear's punishment far exceeds his crime.**

By referring closely to extract 2 printed in the accompanying Resource Booklet and to other appropriately selected parts of the text, **show to what extent** you would agree with the view expressed above.

Your **argument** should include relevant comments on Shakespeare's dramatic methods, and relevant external contextual information on the nature of Shakespearean Tragedy.

**N.B. Equal marks are available for your treatment of the given extract and other relevant parts of the text.** [50]

3 *The Taming of the Shrew*

**Baptista is a responsible father.**

By referring closely to extract 3 printed in the accompanying Resource Booklet and to other appropriately selected parts of the text, **show to what extent** you would agree with the view expressed above.

Your **argument** should include relevant comments on Shakespeare's dramatic methods, and relevant external contextual information on the nature of Shakespearean Comedy.

**N.B. Equal marks are available for your treatment of the given extract and other relevant parts of the text.** [50]

4 *As You Like It*

**Orlando does not deserve the love of Rosalind.**

By referring closely to extract 4 printed in the accompanying Resource Booklet and to other appropriately selected parts of the text, **show to what extent** you would agree with the view expressed above.

Your **argument** should include relevant comments on Shakespeare's dramatic methods, and relevant external contextual information on the nature of Shakespearean Comedy.

**N.B. Equal marks are available for your treatment of the given extract and other relevant parts of the text.** [50]

5 *Measure for Measure*

**In *Measure for Measure* it is impossible to sympathise with Angelo.**

By referring closely to extract 5 printed in the accompanying Resource Booklet and to other appropriately selected parts of the text, **show to what extent** you would agree with the view expressed above.

Your **argument** should include relevant comments on Shakespeare's dramatic methods, and relevant external contextual information on the nature of Shakespeare's Problem Plays.

**N.B. Equal marks are available for your treatment of the given extract and other relevant parts of the text.** [50]

6 *The Winter's Tale*

**Leontes does not receive the punishment he deserves.**

By referring closely to extract 6 printed in the accompanying Resource Booklet and to other appropriately selected parts of the text, **show to what extent** you would agree with the view expressed above.

Your **argument** should include relevant comments on Shakespeare's dramatic methods, and relevant external contextual information on the nature of Shakespeare's Last Plays.

**N.B. Equal marks are available for your treatment of the given extract and other relevant parts of the text.** [50]

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**THIS IS THE END OF THE QUESTION PAPER**

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**RESOURCE  
BOOKLET**

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**Extract 1: Othello**

(Extract to go with Question 1)

IAGO

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin  
And let him find it. Trifles light as air  
Are to the jealous confirmations strong  
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.  
The Moor already changes with my poison:  
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons  
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,  
But with a little act upon the blood  
Burn like the mines of sulphur.

*(Enter Othello)*

I did say so:  
Look where he comes. Not poppy nor mandragora  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
Which thou owedst yesterday.

OTHELLO

Ha! Ha! false to me?

IAGO

Why, how now, general? No more of that.

OTHELLO

Avaunt, be gone, thou hast set me on the rack!  
I swear 'tis better to be much abused  
Than but to know't a little.

IAGO

How now, my lord?

OTHELLO

What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?  
I saw't not, thought it not, it harmed not me;  
I slept the next night well, fed well, was free and merry;  
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips;  
He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,  
Let him not know't, and he's not robbed at all.

IAGO

I am sorry to hear this.

OTHELLO

I had been happy if the general camp,  
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,  
So I had nothing known. O, now for ever  
Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content!  
Farewell the plumed troops and the big wars  
That make ambition virtue! O farewell,  
Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,  
The spirit-stirring drum, th'ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner, and all quality,  
Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war!  
And, O you mortal engines whose rude throats  
Th'immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,  
Farewell: Othello's occupation's gone!

IAGO

Is't possible? my lord?

OTHELLO

Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore,  
Be sure of it, give me the ocular proof,  
*(Catching hold of him)*

Or by the worth of mine eternal soul  
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog  
Than answer my waked wrath!

IAGO

Is't come to this?

OTHELLO

Make me to see't, or at the least so prove it  
That the probation bear no hinge nor loop  
To hang a doubt on, or woe upon thy life!

(Act 3, Scene 3)

**Extract 2: King Lear**

(Extract to go with Question 2)

(*Enter Kent*)

KENT

Who's there?

FOOL

Marry, here's grace and a codpiece – that's a wise man and a fool.

KENT

(*To Lear*) Alas, sir, are you here? Things that love night  
Love not such nights as these. The wrathful skies  
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark  
And make them keep their caves. Since I was man,  
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,  
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never  
Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot carry  
Th' affliction nor the fear.

LEAR

Let the great gods,  
That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,  
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,  
That hast within thee undivulgèd crimes  
Unwhipped of justice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand,  
Thou perjured and thou simular of virtue  
That art incestuous; caitiff, to pieces shake,  
That under covert and convenient seeming  
Hast practised on man's life. Close pent-up guilts,  
Rive your concealing continents and cry  
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man  
More sinned against than sinning.

KENT

Alack, bareheaded?

Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel.  
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest.  
Repose you there, while I to this hard house –  
More harder than the stones whereof 'tis raised,  
Which even but now, demanding after you,  
Denied me to come in – return, and force  
Their scanted courtesy.

LEAR

My wits begin to turn.—

*(To Fool)*

Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art cold?  
I am cold myself.

*(To Kent)*

Where is this straw, my fellow?  
The art of our necessities is strange,  
And can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.  
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart  
That's sorry yet for thee.

FOOL *(sings)*

*He that has and a little tiny wit –  
With heigh-ho, the wind and the rain –  
Must make content with his fortunes fit,  
For the rain it raineth every day.*

LEAR

True, my good boy. – Come, bring us to this hovel.

*(Exeunt Lear and Kent)*

FOOL

This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.  
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:  
When priests are more in word than matter;  
When brewers mar their malt with water;  
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;  
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;  
When every case in law is right;  
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;  
When slanders do not live in tongues;  
Nor cut-purses come not to throngs;  
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;  
And bawds and whores do churches build;  
Then shall the realm of Albion  
Come to great confusion.

(Act 3, Scene 2)

**Extract 3: *The Taming of the Shrew***

(Extract to go with Question 3)

(*Enter Baptista, Katherine, Bianca, Gremio, and Hortensio.  
Lucentio and Tranio stand by.*)

BAPTISTA

Gentlemen, importune me no farther,  
For how I firmly am resolved you know;  
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter  
Before I have a husband for the elder:  
If either of you both love Katherine,  
Because I know you well and love you well,  
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

GREMIO (*aside*)

To cart her rather: she's too rough for me.  
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

KATHERINE

I pray you, sir, is it your will  
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

HORTENSIO

Mates, maid! How mean you that? No mates for you,  
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

KATHERINE

I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:  
I wis it is not half way to her heart;  
But if it were, doubt not her care should be  
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool  
And paint your face and use you like a fool.

HORTENSIO

From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!

GREMIO

And me too, good Lord!

TRANIO

Husht, master! Here's some good pastime toward:  
That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.

LUCENTIO

But in the other's silence do I see  
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.  
Peace, Tranio!

TRANIO

Well said, master; mum! And gaze your fill.

BAPTISTA

Gentlemen, that I may soon make good  
What I have said, Bianca, get you in:  
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,  
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

KATHERINE

A pretty peat! It is best put finger in the eye, an she knew why.

BIANCA

Sister, content you in my discontent.  
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:  
My books and instruments shall be my company,  
On them to look and practise by myself.

LUCENTIO

Hark, Tranio! Thou may'st hear Minerva speak.

HORTENSIO

Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?  
Sorry am I that our good will effects  
Bianca's grief.

GREMIO

Why will you mew her up  
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,  
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

BAPTISTA

Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolved:  
Go in, Bianca:

*(Exit Bianca)*

And for I know she taketh most delight  
In music, instruments and poetry,  
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,  
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,  
Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,  
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men  
I will be very kind, and liberal  
To mine own children in good bringing-up:  
And so farewell. Katherine, you may stay;  
For I have more to commune with Bianca.

*(Exit)*

KATHERINE

Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?  
What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike  
I knew not what to take, and what to leave, ha?

*(Exit)*

(Act 1, Scene 1)

**Extract 4: As You Like It**

(Extract to go with Question 4)

ORLANDO

I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you tell me your remedy.

ROSALIND

There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

ORLANDO

What were his marks?

ROSALIND

A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue. Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

ORLANDO

Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

ROSALIND

Me believe it? You may as soon make her that you love believe it, which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

ORLANDO

I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

ROSALIND

But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

ORLANDO

Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

ROSALIND

Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

ORLANDO

Did you ever cure any so?

ROSALIND

Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

(Act 3, Scene 2)

**Extract 5: Measure for Measure**

(Extract to go with Question 5)

(*Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter and Provost*)

DUKE

For this new-married man approaching here,  
Whose salt imagination yet hath wronged  
Your well defended honour, you must pardon  
For Mariana's sake. But as he adjudged your brother,  
Being criminal, in double violation  
Of sacred chastity and of promise-breach,  
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,  
The very mercy of the law cries out  
Most audible, even from his proper tongue:  
'An Angelo for Claudio; death for death,  
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;  
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure.'  
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested,  
Which, though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage.  
We do condemn thee to the very block  
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste.  
Away with him!

MARIANA

O my most gracious lord,  
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

DUKE

It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.  
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,  
I thought your marriage fit: else imputation,  
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,  
And choke your good to come. For his possessions,  
Although by confiscation they are ours,  
We do instate and widow you with all,  
To buy you a better husband.

MARIANA

O my dear lord,  
I crave no other, nor no better man.

DUKE

Never crave him; we are definitive.

MARIANA (*kneeling*)

Gentle my liege, –

DUKE

You do but lose your labour.  
Away with him to death. (*To Lucio*) Now, sir, to you.

MARIANA

O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take my part,  
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come  
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

DUKE

Against all sense you do importune her.  
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,  
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,  
And take her hence in horror.

MARIANA

Isabel!

Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me.  
Hold up your hands, say nothing: I'll speak all.  
They say best men are moulded out of faults,  
And, for the most, become much more the better  
For being a little bad. So may my husband.  
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

DUKE

He dies for Claudio's death.

ISABELLA (*kneeling*)

Most bounteous sir,

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,  
As if my brother lived. I partly think  
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,  
Till he did look on me: since it is so,  
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,  
In that he did the thing for which he died:  
For Angelo,  
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,  
And must be buried but as an intent  
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;  
Intents but merely thoughts.

(Act 5, Scene 1)

**Extract 6: *The Winter's Tale***

(Extract to go with Question 6)

LEONTES

Is whispering nothing?  
Is leaning cheek to cheek? Is meeting noses?  
Kissing with inside lip? Stopping the career  
Of laughter with a sigh? – a note infallible  
Of breaking honesty. Horsing foot on foot?  
Skulking in corners? Wishing clocks more swift?  
Hours minutes? Noon midnight? And all eyes  
Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,  
That would unseen be wicked? – is this nothing?  
Why, then the world and all that's in't is nothing;  
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;  
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,  
If this be nothing.

CAMILLO

Good my lord, be cured  
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes,  
For 'tis most dangerous.

LEONTES

Say it be, 'tis true.

CAMILLO

No, no, my lord!

LEONTES

It is. You lie, you lie!  
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee,  
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,  
Or else a hovering temporizer, that  
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,  
Inclining to them both. Were my wife's liver  
Infected as her life, she would not live  
The running of one glass.

CAMILLO

Who does infect her?

LEONTES

Why, he that wears her like a medal, hanging  
About his neck, Bohemia: who, if I  
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes  
To see alike mine honour as their profits,  
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that  
Which should undo more doing. Ay, and thou,  
His cupbearer – whom I from meaner form  
Have benched and reared to worship; who mayst see  
Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,  
How I am galled – mightst bespice a cup,

To give mine enemy a lasting wink;  
Which draught to me were cordial.

CAMILLO

Sir, my lord,  
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,  
But with a lingering dram that should not work  
Maliciously, like poison: but I cannot  
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,  
So sovereignly being honourable.  
I have loved thee –

LEONTES

Make that thy question, and go rot!  
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,  
To appoint myself in this vexation; sully  
The purity and whiteness of my sheets –  
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted  
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps;  
Give scandal to the blood o'th'Prince, my son –  
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine –  
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?  
Could man so blench?

(Act 1, Scene 2)

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