



Rewarding Learning

ADVANCED

General Certificate of Education

2024

English Literature

Assessment Unit A2 1

assessing

Shakespearean Genres

MV24

[AEL11]

WEDNESDAY 22 MAY, MORNING

Time

1 hour 30 minutes, plus your additional time allowance.

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.

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 and within literary texts (AO4)
- explore literary texts informed by different interpretations (AO5)

Answer the question on your chosen Shakespeare text.

1 Othello

Othello is not noble enough to be considered a tragic hero. [50 marks]

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.

2 King Lear

It is difficult to pity the tragic hero Lear.
[50 marks]

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.

3 The Taming of the Shrew

Lucentio and Bianca are deceivers.

[50 marks]

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.

4 As You Like It

Arden is a world of unreality.

[50 marks]

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.

5 Measure for Measure

Isabella's virtue is entirely selfish.

[50 marks]

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.

6 The Winter's Tale

The marriage of Hermione and Leontes is a failure. [50 marks]

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.

**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)

First Senator

But, Othello, speak:

Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's
affections?

Or came it by request and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Othello

I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father.
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke Of Venice

Fetch Desdemona hither.

Othello

Ancient, conduct them; you best know the
place.

(Exeunt IAGO and Attendants.)

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke Of Venice

Say it, Othello.

Othello

Her father loved me, oft invited me,
Still question'd me the story of my life
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have passed.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly
breach,

Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads

touch heaven

It was my hint to speak, — such was my
process;

And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline,
But still the house-affairs would draw her
thence,

Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs,
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
strange,

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:

She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she
thank'd me,

And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story.
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:
She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used:

(Enter Desdemona, Iago, Attendants)

Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

(Act 1, Scene 3)

Extract 2: King Lear

(Extract to go with Question 2)

Kent

Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Loved as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers—

Lear

The bow is bent and drawn; make from the
shaft.

Kent

Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart; be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old
man?

Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to
speak

When power to flattery bows? To plainness
honour's bound

When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state,
And in thy best consideration, check

This hideous rashness. Answer my life my
judgment,

Thy youngest daughter does not love thee
least;
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sounds
Reverb no hollowness.

Lear

Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent

My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose
it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear

Out of my sight!

Kent

See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear

Now, by Apollo—

Kent

Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear

O vassal! Miscreant!

[Laying his hand on his sword

Albany/Cornwall

Dear sir, forbear.

Kent

Do;

Kill thy physician, and thy fee bestow

Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy doom,

Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,

I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

Lear

Hear me, recreant!

On thine allegiance, hear me!

That thou hast sought to make us break our
vow

Which we durst never yet—and with strain'd
pride

To come betwixt our sentence and our power,

Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,

Our potency made good, take thy reward:

Five days we do allot thee for provision

To shield thee from disasters of the world,

And on the sixth to turn thy hated back

Upon our kingdom. If on the tenth day following
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.

(Act 1, Scene 1)

Extract 3: The Taming of the Shrew

(Extract to go with Question 3)

Bianca

Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here [**To Lucentio**] sit
we down:

Take you your instrument, play you the whiles:
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

Hortensio

You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

Lucentio

That will be never: tune your instrument.

Bianca

Where left we last?

Lucentio

Here, madam:

Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bianca

Construe them.

Lucentio

Hic ibat, as I told you before, — **Simois**, I am Lucentio, — **hic est**, son unto Vincentio of Pisa, — **Sigeia tellus**, disguised thus to get your love; — **Hic steterat**, and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing, — **Priami**, is my man Tranio, — **regia**, bearing my port, — **celsa senis**, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Hortensio

Madam, my instrument's in tune.

Bianca

Let's hear. —

O fie! The treble jars.

Lucentio

Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bianca

Now let me see if I can construe it:

Hic ibat Simois, I know you not, — **hic est**

Sigeia tellus, I trust you not, — **Hic**

steterat Priami, take heed he hear us not, —

regia, presume not, — **celsa**

senis, despair not.

Hortensio

Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Lucentio

All but the base.

Hortensio

The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.

[Aside] How fiery and forward our pedant is!

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:

Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bianca

In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Lucentio

Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides
Was Ajax, called so from his grandfather.

Bianca

I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you:
Good master, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hortensio

You may go walk, and give me leave a while:
My lessons make no music in three parts.

Lucentio

Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
[**Aside**] And watch withal; for, but I be deceived,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

(Act 3, Scene 1)

Extract 4: As You Like It

(Extract to go with Question 4)

(Enter Rosalind.)

Rosalind

God save you, brother.

Oliver

And you, fair sister.

[Exit.]

Rosalind

O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orlando

It is my arm.

Rosalind

I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orlando

Wounded it is, but by the eyes of a lady.

Rosalind

Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he shew'd me your handkerch?

Orlando

Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Rosalind

O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never a thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Caesar's thrasonical brag of "I came, saw, and overcame": for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orlando

They shall be married tomorrow, and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I tomorrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Rosalind

Why then, tomorrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orlando

I can live no longer by thinking.

Rosalind

I will weary you then no longer by idle talking. Know of me, then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some measure draw a little belief from

you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven, and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes tomorrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orlando

Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Rosalind

By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician.

Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married tomorrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

(Act 5, Scene 2)

Extract 5: Measure for Measure

(Extract to go with Question 5)

Isabella

Sir, believe this:

I had rather give my body than my soul.

Angelo

I talk not of your soul: our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for account.

Isabella

How say you?

Angelo

Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin
To save this brother's life?

Isabella

Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Angelo

Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isabella

That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.

Angelo

Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are
ignorant,
Or seem so craftily; and that's not good.

Isabella

Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Angelo

Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
When it doth tax itself; as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, display'd. But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:

Your brother is to die.

Isabella

So.

Angelo

And his offence is so, as it appears,
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isabella

True.

Angelo

Admit no other way to save his life, –
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question, – that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desired of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great
place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isabella

As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as
rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Angelo

Then must your brother die.

Isabella

And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

(Act 2, Scene 4)

Extract 6: The Winter's Tale

(Extract to go with Question 6)

Hermione

...I appeal

To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave!

Leontes

I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first.

Hermione

That's true enough,
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leontes

You will not own it.

Hermione

More than mistress of

Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,

With whom I am accus'd, I do confess

I loved him as in honour he requir'd,

With such a kind of love as might become

A lady like me; with a love even such,

So and no other, as yourself commanded;

Which not to have done I think had been in me

Both disobedience and ingratitude

To you and toward your friend, whose love had
spoke

Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely

That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,

I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd

For me to try how. All I know of it

Is that Camillo was an honest man;

And why he left your court the gods themselves,

Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leontes

You knew of his departure, as you know

What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

Hermione

Sir,

You speak a language that I understand not.
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leontes

Your actions are my dreams.

You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it. As you were past all
shame—

Those of your fact are so—so past all truth;
Which to deny concerns more than avails: for
as

Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it—which is indeed
More criminal in thee than it—so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Hermione

Sir, spare your threats!

The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:

The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast—
The innocent milk in it most innocent mouth—
Hal'd out to murder. Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet: with immodest hatred
The childbed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i'th'open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive
That I should fear to die. Therefore proceed.
But yet hear this—mistake me not: no life,
I prize it not a straw; but for mine honour,
Which I would free—if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
'Tis rigour, and not law. Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge!

(Act 3, Scene 2)

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