Shakespeare paper: *The Tempest*

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 cover of your answer booklet.

This booklet contains one task which assesses your reading and understanding of *The Tempest* and has 18 marks.

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

Act 1 Scene 2, lines 237 to 299
Act 5 Scene 1, lines 58 to 134

In the first extract Prospero speaks to Ariel; in the second he speaks to the noblemen, first as a group and then one at a time.

**What do you learn about Prospero from the ways he treats the different characters in these extracts?**

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

*18 marks*
The Tempest

Act 1 Scene 2, lines 237 to 299

In this extract, Prospero reminds Ariel that it was he, Prospero, who had released Ariel from the witch’s magic spell.

PROSPERO Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is performed. But there’s more work.
What is the time o’ the day?

ARIEL Past the mid season.

PROSPERO At least two glasses. The time ’twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

ARIEL Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet performed me.

PROSPERO How now, moody?
What is’t thou canst demand?

ARIEL My liberty.

PROSPERO Before the time be out? No more!

ARIEL I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings. Thou did promise
To bate me a full year.

PROSPERO Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

ARIEL No!

PROSPERO Thou dost – and think’st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep.
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o’ the earth
When it is baked with frost.

Turn over
ARIEL I do not, sir.

PROSPERO Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? Hast thou forgot her?

ARIEL No, sir.

PROSPERO Thou hast. Where was she born? Speak. Tell me!

ARIEL Sir, in Algiers.

PROSPERO O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget’st. This damned witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Algiers,
Thou know’st, was banished. For one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

ARIEL Ay, sir.

PROSPERO This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report’st thyself, wast then her servant.
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorred commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine. Within which rift
Imprisoned thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there – where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island –
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born – not honoured with
A human shape.

ARIEL Yes, Caliban her son.
PROSPERO  Dull thing, I say so: he, that Caliban,  
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know’st  
What torment I did find thee in. Thy groans  
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts  
Of ever-angry bears. It was a torment  
To lay upon the damned, which Sycorax  
Could not again undo. It was mine Art,  
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape  
The pine, and let thee out.

ARIOEL  I thank thee, master.

PROSPERO  If thou more murmur’st, I will rend an oak,  
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till  
Thou hast howled away twelve winters.

ARIOEL  Pardon, master.  
I will be correspondent to command,  
And do my spiriting gently.

PROSPERO  Do so!  
And after two days I will discharge thee.

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Act 5 Scene 1, lines 58 to 134

In this extract, Prospero speaks to the noblemen who have been drawn into his magic circle.

Solemn music plays.

PROSPERO marks a magic circle on the ground.

Re-enter ARIEL. King ALONSO follows, moving as if driven mad,  
with GONZALO tending to him. SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO follow,  
also appearing maddened, accompanied by ADRIAN and  
FRANCISCO. All enter Prospero’s magic circle and stand there,  
still, under the power of his spell. PROSPERO watches them,  
then speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter  
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,  
Now useless, boiled within thy skull! There stand,  
For you are spell-stopped.  
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,  
Mine eyes, ev’n sociable to the show of thine,  
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace –
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow’st! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter.
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
Thou art pinched for’t now, Sebastian! Flesh and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertained ambition,
Expelled remorse and nature – whom, with Sebastian,
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,
Would here have killed your King – I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art! Their understanding
Begins to swell – and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me. Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell.

Exit ARIEL.

I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan. Quickly, Spirit!
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Re-enter ARIEL, with hat and rapier. As he helps to dress
PROSPERO, and remove his magic cloak, he sings.

ARIEL
Where the bee sucks, there suck I.
In a cowslip’s bell I lie.
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat’s back I do fly —
After summer merrily.
   Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough!

PROSPERO
Why, that’s my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee –
But yet thou shalt have freedom. So, so, so.
To the King’s ship, invisible as thou art.
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches. The master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.

ARIEL
I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat.

Exit.
GONZALO

All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement
Inhabits here. Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

PROSPERO

Behold, sir King,
The wrongèd Duke of Milan, Prospero.
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body –
(Embraces ALONSO)
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

ALONSO

Whether thou be' st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know. Thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood – and, since I saw thee,
Th’affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me. This must crave –
An if this be at all – a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Prospero
Be living and be here?

PROSPERO

(To GONZALO) First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined. (Embraces him)

GONZALO

Whether this be
Or be not, I’ll not swear!

PROSPERO

You do yet taste
Some subtleties o’the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!
(Aside to SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO) But you, my brace of
lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness’ frown upon you,
And justify you traitors. At this time
I will tell no tales.

SEBASTIAN

(Aside) The devil speaks in him!

PROSPERO

No.

(To ANTONIO) For you, most wicked sir, whom to call
brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault – all of them – and require
My dukedom of thee: which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

END OF TEST