Read the following work and answer the questions on this page.

METAPHORS OF THE WORLD, UNITE!

Forty-eight intellectuals from around the world recently assembled to help celebrate the sesquicentennial[1] of Boston University by trying to find a metaphor for the age in which we live. It was an elegant game, but also inadvertently right for an age of television and drugs, in which the world is reduced to a sound bite or a capsule, a quick fix of meaning.

"Postmodern Age" has always been an empty description, and "Postindustrial Age" was a phrase about as interesting as a suburban tract. They are not metaphors anyway, but little black flags of aftermath. An age that is "post"-anything is, by definition, confused and dangerously overextended, like Wile E. Coyote after he has left the cartoon plane of solid rock and freezes in thin air, then tries to tiptoe back along a line of space before gravity notices and takes him down to a little *poof!* in the canyon far below.

The metaphysics of the possibilities can flare and darken. The Holocaust and other catastrophes of the 20th century invite the term post-apocalyptic.[2] But a world veering toward the 21st century sometimes has an edgy intuition that it is "pre-apocalyptic." Last summer Francis Fukuyama, a State Department planner, resolved the matter peacefully. He published an article proclaiming the "end of history," a result of the worldwide triumph of Western liberal democracy. Hence this is the posthistoric age, a fourth dimension in which the human pageant terminates in a fuzz of meaningless well-being. Intellectuals sometimes nurture a spectacular narcissism about the significance of the age they grace.

Is there one brilliant, compact image that captures the era of Gorbachev and the greenhouse effect, of global communications and AIDS, of mass famine and corporate imperialisms, of space exploration and the world's seas awash in plastic? The Age of Leisure and the Age of the Refugee coexist with the Age of Clones and the Age of the Deal. Time is fractured in the contemporaneous. We inhabit not one age but many ages simultaneously, from the Bronze to the Space. Did the Ayatullah Khomeini[3] live in the same millennium as, say, Los Angeles?

The era's label should be at least binary, like Dickens' "the best of times, the worst of times," again no metaphor. It is a fallacy to think there is one theme. Like all ages, it is a time of angels and moping dogs—after Ralph Waldo

Continued

[1]sesquicentennial—celebration of the anniversary of an event that occurred 150 years earlier
[2]apocalyptic—relating to either a grand or a catastrophic, violent event
[3]the Ayatullah Khomeini—political and religious leader of Iran from 1979 until his death in 1989, who wanted to return the country to its traditional values

Emerson's lines: "It seems as if heaven had sent its insane angels into our world as to an asylum, and here they will break out in their native music and utter at intervals the words they have heard in heaven; then the mad fit returns and they mope and wallow like dogs."

In Boston, Historian Hugh Thomas (Lord Thomas of Swynnerton) said the world now is a "tessellated pavement without cement." He was quoting something Edmund Burke said about Charles Townshend, a brilliant but erratic 18th century British statesman. Not bad, but somewhat mandarin.[4] The audience had to remember, or look up, tessellation, which is a mosaic of small pieces of marble, glass or tile. This age, thinks Lord Thomas, is a mosaic of fragments, with nothing to hold them together. Is it an age of brilliant incoherence? Yes. It is also an age of incoherent stupidity.

One might put the mosaic in motion by thinking of this as the age of the hand-held TV channel changer. The electronic worldmind (and such a thing is coming into being, a global mass conformed by what passes through its billion eyes into the collective brain) has a short attention span and dreams brief dreams. When history vaporizes itself this way—its events streaming off instantly into electrons fired into space and then recombining mysteriously in human living rooms and minds around the world—then people face a surreal pluralism of realities. The small world that the astronauts showed us from space is also, down here, a psychotically tessellated overload of images. The planet reaches for the channel changer, a restless mind-altering instrument. Like drugs, it turns human consciousness into a landscape that is passive, agitated and insatiable—a fatal configuration.

Historians can speak of the Enlightenment or the Baroque Era or La Belle Epoque and not fear that they are describing developments in only a fraction of the world. Now the metaphor must be global. There is no figure of speech so powerful or acrobatic that it can cover such a drama, the world that looks like the product of a shattered mind, without some immense event (an invasion by aliens perhaps) that overrides all else. Michael Harrington once called this the Accidental Century. Intellectuals sometimes ignore the role of inadvertence. "The fecundity[5] of the unexpected," Proudhon said, "far exceeds the statesman's prudence." If scientists ever perform the alchemy of cold fusion,[6] the age will have a name, and the future of the world will be immeasurably altered.

Continued

[4]mandarin—pedantic, bookish, high-brow

[5]fecundity—fertility, capacity

[6]cold fusion—a purported means of producing nuclear reactions at low temperatures; experiments in cold fusion have been discredited

Metaphors for the age tend to be emotional and subjective, as poetry is. Perspective, passion and experience choose the words. Betty Friedan, saturated with the history of feminism's Long March and where it began, speaks of amazing freedom, as if that were the song of the past 20 years. Others are haunted by the obliteration of artistic form, of moral values and all traditional stabilities. Some know that by now humankind has exhausted its capacity to surprise itself in the doing of evil.

Language takes its life from life, and gives it back to life as myth, as metaphor, something that has a counterlife of its own. In a world of blindingly accelerating change, language can no longer fashion its metaphors fast enough to stabilize people with a spiritual counterlife, and so self-knowledge may deteriorate to a moral blur, like the snow of electrons on a television screen. In some sense the world is plunging on without benefit of metaphor, a dangerous loss. The eyes do not have time to adjust to either the light or the dark.

Lance Morrow
American Journalist

The use of the phrase "elegant game" (line 3) in the context of the opening paragraph serves to reinforce the notion of *

1 point

a. change

b. risk

c. advantage

d. superficiality

The author's tone in stating that Francis Fukuyama had "resolved the matter peacefully" (line 17) is most clearly reflected in *

1 point

a. "He published an article proclaiming the 'end of history' " (lines 17-18)

b. "the posthistoric age" (line 19)

c. "the worldwide triumph of Western liberal democracy" (line 18)

d. "the human pageant terminates in a fuzz of meaningless well-being" (lines 19-20)

The term "spectacular narcissism" (line 21) means *

1 point

a. blind optimism

b. inspiring idealism

c. excessive self-absorption

d. dazzling brilliance

The stylistic effectiveness of lines 22 to 28 results primarily from the author's use of *

1 point

a. sensory images

b. detail

c. contrast

d. political references

The quotations from Dickens and Emerson (lines 29 to 35) serve to *

1 point

a. illustrate that most definitions are metaphors

b. reinforce the complexity of the issue

c. reinforce the violence and brutality of the present

The quotation that manipulates word patterns in order to emphasize the paradox of our era is *

1 point

a. "an age of brilliant incoherence . . . an age of incoherent stupidity" (lines 42-43)

b. "a time of angels and moping dogs" (line 31)

c. " 'the best of times, the worst of times' " (lines 29-30)

d. "a 'tessellated pavement without cement' " (line 37)

The metaphors " 'tessellated pavement without cement' " (line 37) and "psychotically tessellated overload of images" (line 52) serve to reinforce the concept of *

1 point

a. fusion

b. fragmentation

c. inquiry

d. intelligence

The implications of the metaphor of "the hand-held TV channel changer" (lines 44 to 45) are most strongly suggested in *

1 point

a. "electrons fired into space" (line 49)

b. "a landscape that is passive, agitated and insatiable" (line 54)

c. "When history vaporizes itself this way" (line 48)

d. "The small world that the astronauts showed us from space" (line 51)

The author uses a figure of speech to reinforce his thesis in *

1 point

a. " 'The fecundity of the unexpected . . . far exceeds the statesman's prudence' " (lines 63-64)

b. "the Enlightenment or the Baroque Era or La Belle Epoque" (lines 56-57)

c. "the world that looks like the product of a shattered mind" (lines 59-60)

d. "the Accidental Century" (lines 61-62)

The "dangerous loss" that the author concludes is the result of "blindingly accelerating change" (lines 74 to 77) refers to our being *

1 point

a. deprived of meaningfulness and identity

b. unable to recognize the presence of evil

c. totally dependent on technology

d. lacking in literary appreciation

Read the following work and answer the questions on this page.

from THE SCORCHED-WOOD PEOPLE

This fictional account is based on the early history of the province of Manitoba. Louis Riel, visionary Métis leader, has just returned to St. Boniface with the good news that Manitoba will become a province and that the fears of the Métis people will be resolved. He has faith in the word of George-Etienne Cartier, one of the Fathers of Confederation and a member of MacDonald's government. The Dumont brothers, Isidore and Gabriel, are among the listeners.

No one ever saw him [Riel] go through the small East Gate now; below the River Gate three York boats[1] bulged bottoms-up against the gleaming Assiniboine, where others already rocked. The bright air floated with the smell of pitch and pine and oak planking, the sounds of men working. Bales of goods lay stacked at the wharfs. As he turned the corner of the east wall, the whole length of it, boats and canvas and baling burst upon him, our people intent at what they loved, their hands shaping and mending. The June sunlight was a benediction and he paused, almost staggered at how mercifully it had begun to emerge, how the air stood in his nostrils like sharp incense. He could hardly believe himself, that out of his often fumbling insecurity dreamed like a nightmare staggering in the agonies of brain fever, that out of these decisions which sometimes burst with the clarity of an explosion into his rages—there is no other way and the devil do what he will this will happen—this goodness had happened. All of it in this glorious hunting sun, province and peace possible even for the buffalo hunters; he looked at his hand, moved it joint and thumb, fingers. The tight skin stretched: it was real. He saw, felt, smelt it. Real, and he waved suddenly, ecstatic as a child laughing while the working men near him looked up and waved, laughing, but he was signalling to horsemen clustered far below near the ferry on the Red River. Someone there, it looked like Gabriel, waved back and then they all ran, had mounted and were galloping up between the boats and workmen in one deep blue wave, their beautiful horses washing them up against the river and the far roofs and spires of St. Boniface.

"I hope your carts are in shape," he greeted them. "I've got good news."

The riders cheered to their horses' rearing and the workmen began to crowd about. To their shouts he was being hoisted up, laughing, the immense rounded curve of a York boat under him; he could feel the ridged planking through his moccasins.

Continued

[1]York boats—large canoe-like boats propelled by oars or a square sail; used by the Hudson's Bay Company on inland waters

"All right, now listen," he shouted; they were craning up at him, the horsemen above them, all brown faces in the early summer sun. "Ottawa has agreed to everything we said, everything, and we'll have a—"

The cheers echoed the length of the wall, and around along the two river flats; from everywhere more men came running. He knew the Convention should have heard this first, but he no more wanted to resist these cheering faces than the immense joy in himself.

"We're not just a territory; we're a province called Manitoba! And we keep our river property, just as it is. We keep our farms and our grazing lots, everything!" The air rang. "And a new governor is coming—a *good* one this time who—"

"Does he speak French?" yelled a voice.

"Not like you," Riel shouted back, "*good* French!"

The young man who remembered this to me a year later could hardly speak then for crying.

"All right!" Riel waved them quiet at last, the brown, hard faces gleaming below him like water in spring. "We have work to do. The Company has to get its goods out; you're almost ready with the boats. Robert has his windmill turning again as you can see, the grasshoppers may be bad, they could be as bad as last summer so you have to take good care of your cattle, and all you hunters . . ." he gestured to the riders, "you get your people out on the plains for buffalo. Lots of dull police-work, lots of politics but now we need pemmican."

The hunters cheered, were wheeling their nervous horses but several held steady, watching him. Elzéar shouted, "What about the soldiers, we heard they're coming?"

"That's a police force, no more guard duty for you. Half the men and all the officers are English regulars. And they won't be here before the new governor, so get your people and carts together, and let me know when you start. Now, everybody, back to work."

Through cheers the men scattered. Riel jumped from the boat, the ground so solid under him, but the three horsemen remained: the remaining three—Isidore Dumont had ridden back in spring—"savages" from the Saskatchewan country, looking as wild as if seven months in the settlement had simply settled them in their difference. Riel said to Gabriel, "You have further to ride than anyone," gesturing to the whooping riders by the river's glare, but Gabriel's expression did not soften in the least.

"I don't like this," he said.

"We have to have food; all the inland trade, everything depends on pemm—"

"I know that, I know." Gabriel leaned forward; his horse jerked its head against the summer flies. "It's them eight hundred greenhorns; we could pick

Continued

them off anywhere on the Winnipeg River like—"

Riel gripped his leg. "We've just made the biggest country in the world. Without killing anyone!"

"Ontario doesn't think so."

"One, necessary, *execution*.[2] You know how many people were killed, in anger, to make the United States?"

"Who cares, now?" Gabriel said very softly, and suddenly he was off his horse, nose to nose with Riel. "Let me tell you something, my fine politician, you've made the 'biggest country in the world' because of our guns! That's why every settler and stupid Canadian here and that Ontario guzzler and whoever in England listens to you. This nice little gun right here can pick you off a man at two hundred paces. They know power. And now they're sending their guns up our lakes and rivers and you're sending yours away? What's the matter with you?"

"Listen Gabriel, I know what—"

"I know Red River needs meat, everything inland needs it, but the Saskatchewan winterers had pretty good hunting, I can get you five hundred men for the summer, as good as these; we'll—"

"No."

"There'd still be enough on the plains to—"

"No! I don't want any 'army' around here to provoke any other 'army.' We must trust them, Cartier . . . show we trust their word. That, that's the only way . . ."

Riel's voice trailed off; he broke away from the big hunter glaring so overpoweringly at him. Across the molten river ducks flew north over St. Boniface and the trees lay like soft green froth among the houses.

"That's the only way different peoples can live together," he said.

"Okay," Gabriel said finally, though his tone remained unconvinced. "You trust. But I'd rather trust the Indians; I know them."

"If we're going to be part of Canada, we have to."

"Well, that's a thing all right." Gabriel elaborately rearranged the tangles of his horse's mane. "You were too far into it when I came, and I've kept my mouth shut, all this elections and papers . . ."

"Gabriel," Riel reached out, both his hands on the wide shoulders, "you have been a great strength to me, a pillar for our people, not only here but in the West. Our people . . . I have not thanked you enough. But I love you for what you've done."

Continued

[2]One, necessary, *execution*—the execution of the outspoken Canadian surveyor Thomas Scott at a Métis trial. This event greatly increased the tension between the federal government and Riel's people.

"It's been some fun," Gabriel grinned suddenly. "Lots of action, sure, though my Madeleine . . ." he shrugged, "we understand each other. If I hadn't wanted to, I wouldn't have stayed. They've heard about us now; they won't forget. But . . . why don't we just go West to all that country, Louis you don't know how big it is, the Saskatchewan country all the way to the mountains covered with snow, so high they're frozen, and beautiful . . . from the Missouri way up into the forests everything open, we lived near Fort Edmonton when I was small and the river valleys, the buffalo herds, my god we could have our own *nation*, by the blood none of this begging Ottawa for a province! You'd be our captain or president or king, whatever you wanted and all that land and water and air—"

"And the Indians dying of smallpox, the Blackfoot and Cree and Sioux killing each other, the buffalo just about—"

"There's millions of buffalo out there!"

"It's too late," Riel said. "You're dreaming too late."

Gabriel glared at him an instant; then with an abrupt, violent gesture leaped onto his horse. He leaned down, his mouth trying to lift into a grin.

"Five hundred men," he said. "We'd still have the fall hunt, that's enough for any good savage."

Riel stared at the ground beside his moccasins.

"Michel and Moïse are staying here," Gabriel muttered finally. "At least they'll give you some warning."

Riel looked up quickly; his hand gripped Gabriel's leg, the finger bent against the long Winchester tied to the saddle.

"Okay, my good friend, okay. And thank you for . . . staying." He laughed a little, "We have never had enough time to talk, always this with you sitting on a horse, ready to gallop off."

"I live on horses."

"Will you come back this fall? Wouldn't Madeleine like a winter here?"

"Maybe. I guess that'll depend what's . . . going on here," Gabriel suddenly clamped his huge hard hand over Riel's hand, crushing it against his leg and the round, tight belly of his horse. "God bless you, keep you," and he wheeled about, was galloping between the workmen towards the river trail, the strength of his emotion ringing in Riel's numb fingers like a bell of premonition. But neither of them would have believed they would not meet again for fourteen years. Neither would have believed that.

Rudy Wiebe
Alberta writer
Winner of 1995 Governor General's Award

In the context of the implications of the first paragraph (lines 1 to 22), the quotation that most clearly reflects Riel's euphoric mood is *

1 point

a. "their beautiful horses washing them up against the river and the far roofs and spires of St. Boniface" (lines 20-22)

b. "All of it in this glorious hunting sun" (line 13)

c. "these decisions which sometimes burst with the clarity of an explosion" (lines 11-12)

d. "he waved suddenly, ecstatic as a child laughing" (line 16)

The words "benediction," "mercifully," "incense," "devil," "goodness," and "glorious" most clearly reflect Riel's *

1 point

a. spiritual fervour

b. cheerful disposition

c. fearful attitude

d. imaginative nature

The conflict between Riel and Gabriel is based on whether or not *

1 point

a. the Metis should move West

b. the government is trustworthy

c. Riel is a capable leader

d. there should be a buffalo hun

Riel sends his armed men away primarily because he *

1 point

a. wants to show a sign of good faith

b. senses that he has lost their respect

c. does not need Gabriel anymore

d. no longer has any need for weapons

Gabriel disagrees with Riel's decision to send away the buffalo hunters because *

1 point

a. he believes that Riel is trying to deceive him

b. the settlers have inadequate meat supplies

c. the women and children will be left unprotected

d. he believes Riel's position will be weakened

The lines "Michel and Moise are staying here,"Gabriel muttered finally. "At least they'll give you some warning." (lines 124 to 125) most strongly emphasize Gabriel's *

1 point

a. impatience

b. scepticism

c. independence

d. anger

Gabriel's and Riel's references to Madeleine (lines 106 and 132) suggest that she is *

1 point

a. jealous of Gabriel's friendship with Riel

b. a significant factor in Gabriel's deliberations

c. indifferent about Gabriel's absence

d. a source of conflict between Gabriel and Riel

The earliest suggestion that Riel's hopes were never fulfilled appears in the line *

1 point

a. "The young man who remembered this to me a year later could hardly speak then for crying" (lines 41-42)

b. "You trust. But I'd rather trust the Indians I know them' " (lines 95-96)

c. "the strength of his emotion ringing in Riel's numb fingers like a bell of premonition" (lines 136-137)

d. "neither of them would have believed they would not meet again for fourteen years" (lines 137-138)

In this selection, the most dominant tension is created by the *

1 point

a. challenging of authority shown by Gabriel

b. contrasting emotions of Riel and his followers

c. foreshadowing of impending trouble

d. clashing of various cultures

Read the following work and answer the questions on this page.

Oedipus as a Representative of Mankind

The plot of the Oedipus Rex is a search for knowledge, and its climax is a recognition of truth; the hero is a man whose self-esteem is rooted in his pride of intellect; and the gods, those over-present figures in tragedy, rarely seen but always essential, manifest themselves here not by thunderbolt or epiphany or sudden madness or miracle, but by a prediction after long delay proved true. Various formulas have been imposed on this play, according to the preferences of various critics. Some of these like "A wicked man is punished" or "An imprudent man pays the price" have been based on a misreading of facts. Others, like "A family curse returns" or "An innocent man is victimized by fate" have involved a misjudgment of the play's central concern. Better to call the play "A man matches wits with the gods." Formulas should not be unduly honored, but this one, I think, has the advantage of being suited to Sophocles' play. All of the others remain possible interpretations of the Oedipus legend and nothing more. That is, they sum up plays that might have been written by an author who used the principle facts of that legend as dramatic content.

"A man matches wits with the gods." We have to consider whether we can drop the indefinite article and raise the "m" in "man" to upper case. The main objections will come from those who stress the extraordinary particularity of what Oedipus does and suffers and suppose that this precludes any universal reference. One can begin to meet these objections by observing that the word "knowledge" is ambiguous as it applies to Oedipus. The knowledge he claims to have is the ability to solve riddles. Its connotations are mastery and power-the-slain Sphinx, the throne of Thebes, and now perhaps the removal of the plague. On the other hand, the self-knowledge he achieves during the play has quite opposite implications. The ears of Athenians of the late fifth century would have been far better attuned than our own to this contrast. They were familiar with the controversial humanistic conception that man's knowledge, especially his technological and scientific knowledge, constituted his chief protection against disaster and his claim to greatness. That is a datum in the history of Greek language and culture. Consequently, the posture Oedipus adopts before his fall, though it has been self-explanatory in all ages, belongs to a type of attitude especially familiar to them. On the other hand, his discovery of his own identity would also have had rather clearer associations in Sophocles' time than it does now. The play makes it evident that for Oedipus, if for no one else, self-knowledge is an appalling and humbling experience. There is at first sight no universal meaning discernable here: Oedipus has had a singular past to learn about, and there will always be

readers to say that this has nothing to do with them. But it would have reminded any Greek spectator of the maxim engraved at Delphi, which was attributed to more than one of the Seven Wise Men and had become a part of the popular wisdom: Know Thyself. There was, moreover, a commonly accepted way of understanding the phrase, viz. "Know your limitations, especially in relation to the gods, and stay within them." Self-knowledge is therefore understandably associated with the virtue of sophrosyne, a word usually best translated as modesty or self-restraint. The closer we look at the way Sophocles has organized his play, the less remote the story of Oedipus comes to seem from common Greek and common human concerns. As a man who is the flush of past achievement and present challenge seems to have cast off the burden of his human limitations and is then suddenly crushed under them, Oedipus is an example, however extreme, of what may happen to anyone. The chorus recognizes this immediately: "Having you example (paradeigma), your fate, O wretched Oedipus, I count nothing mortal blessed" (1193-96). In their eyes, at this extraordinarily important moment in the play, Oedipus is not primarily their king or their suffering friend (they will come to these points later) but an example (paradeigma) of all mankind.

-Excerpt from Twentieth Century Interpretations of Oedipus Rex, by M. J. O'Brien (Ed.)

The primary theme of Oedipus Rex according to the author above is *

1 point

a. Man desires power

b. Man strives to understand himself

c. Man punishes the wicked

d. Man seeks knowledge

The climax of Oedipus Rex is a recognition of *

1 point

a. truth

b. power

c. knowledge

d. justice

The gods manifest themselves to Oedipus Rex by a *

1 point

a. epiphany

b. The gods manifest themselves to Oedipus Rex by a

c. thunderbolt

d. prediction

This author's interpretation of Sophocles' play "Oedipus Rex" suggests that *

1 point

a. the other formulas are not of the correct interpretation

b. the other formulas are interpretations of other plays

c. the other formulas helped him develop his interpretation

d. the other formulas remain possible interpretations of the Oedipus legend

The word "knowledge" is ambiguous as it applies to Oedipus, which is particularly important because *

1 point

a. he has had a singular past to learn about, and there will always be readers to say that this has nothing to do with them

b. the knowledge he claims to have is the ability to solve riddles

c. the self-knowledge he achieves during the play is an appalling and humbling experience

d. it would have reminded any Greek spectator of the maxim engraved at Delphi, which was attributed to more than one of the Seven Wise Men and had become a part of the popular wisdom: Know Thyself.

Self-knowledge is therefore understandably associated with the virtue of sophrosyne, a word usually best translated as *

1 point

a. modesty or self-restraint

b. insight

c. know your talents

d. self-doubt

The above article is a(n) *

1 point

a. myth

b. allegory

c. play

d. essay

Oedipus is an example of *

1 point

a. a God

b. evil

c. the supernatural

d. what may happen to anyone

"Having you example, your fate, O wretched Oedipus, I count nothing mortal blessed"
This quote is used to provide evidence to support the author's interpretation that *

1 point

a. this could happen to anyone

b. man's knowledge constituted his claim to greatness

c. common Greek concerns are all directed toward self-knowledge

d. common Greek concerns are all tragic

Read the following work and answer the questions on this page.

from KING RICHARD II, Act V, scenes v, vi

CHARACTERS:

RICHARD—recently deposed King of England
GROOM—a groom of Richard's royal stables
KEEPER—prison attendant
EXTON—Sir Percy of Exton
BOLINGBROKE—Henry of Lancaster, newly crowned King Henry IV
NORTHUMBERLAND—Earl of Northumberland, surnamed Percy
FITZWATER—a lord
PERCY—Northumberland's son

BOLINGBROKE *has just usurped the throne from* RICHARD II *and imprisoned* RICHARD *at Pomfret Castle in northern England.* BOLINGBROKE *is ensconsed at Windsor Castle, where, at the close of the previous scene, his supporter* EXTON *has interpreted* BOLINGBROKE's *words* "Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?" *as an appeal to murder* RICHARD. *In Pomfret Castle,* RICHARD *reflects on his fallen state. A groom enters the prison chambers.*

GROOM: Hail, royal prince!
RICHARD: Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.[1]
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man never comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food to make misfortune live?
GROOM: I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart when I beheld
In London streets, that coronation-day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,[2]

Continued

[1]royal . . . ten groats too dear—the difference between a "royal" coin and a "noble" coin was ten groats, a groat being a coin worth fourpence. Richard plays on the word "peer" meaning that he, the cheapest, as a prisoner, has become the peer or equal of a groom. For the groom to have called him "royal" is to place him ten groats too high.

[2]roan Barbary—Richard II was a horseman. It was well-known that Barbary was his favourite horse.

That horse that thou so often has bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd![3]
RICHARD: Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?
GROOM: So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground.
RICHARD: So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? would he not fall down,
Since pride must have a fall, and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be awed by man,
Was born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,
Spurr'd, gall'd, and tired by jauncing Bolingbroke.
(*Enter* KEEPER, *with a dish.*)
KEEPER: Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.
RICHARD: If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.
GROOM: What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. (*Exit.*)
KEEPER: My lord, will't please you to fall to?[4]
RICHARD: Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.
KEEPER: My lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately
came from the king, commands the contrary.
RICHARD: The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee!
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. (*Beats the* KEEPER.) . . .
(*Enter* EXTON *and* SERVANTS, *armed.*)
RICHARD: How now! what means death in this rude assault?
Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.
(*Snatching an axe from a servant and killing him.*)
Go thou, and fill another room in hell.
(*He kills another. Then* EXTON *strikes him down.*)
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. (*Dies.*)

Continued

[3]dress'd—groomed
[4]fall to—begin eating

EXTON: As full of valour as of royal blood:
Both have I spill'd; O would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear:
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VI: Windsor Castle (*Flourish. Enter* BOLINGBROKE, YORK, *with other Lords, and Attendants.*)

BOLINGBROKE: Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is that the rebels have consumed with fire
Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire;
But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.
(*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND.)
Welcome, my lord: what is the news?
NORTHUMBERLAND: First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
The next news is, I have to London sent
The heads of Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.
BOLINGBROKE: We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.
(*Enter* FITZWATER.)
FITZWATER: My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.
BOLINGBROKE: Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.
(*Enter* PERCY, *and the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE.)
PERCY: The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.

Continued

BOLINGBROKE: Carlisle, this is your doom:
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So as thou livest in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.
(*Enter* EXTON, *with persons bearing a coffin.*)
EXTON: Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.
BOLINGBROKE: Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head and all this famous land.
EXTON: From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.
BOLINGBROKE: They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word nor princely favour:
With Cain[5] go wander through shades of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent:
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:
March sadly after; grace my mournings here;
In weeping after this untimely bier.[6] (*Exeunt.*)

William Shakespeare

[5]Cain—in the Bible, the eldest son of Adam and Eve, who killed his brother, Abel, and was driven into the wilderness; a murderer
[6]bier—coffin

In the context of the circumstances, the dramatic effect of the exchange between Richard and the groom about Richard's horse, Barbary (lines 11 to 29), is to *

1 point

a. emphasize the horse's indestructible pride

b. illustrate the groom's unfailing loyalty

c. reinforce Richard's demoralizing defeat

d. indicate Bolingbroke's masterful diplomacy

Richard's suspicions about his adversaries are most evident in the line *

1 point

a. "what means death in this rude assault?" (line 41)

b. "The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee!" (line 38)

c. "Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do" (line 35)

d. "If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away" (line 32)

That Bolingbroke is compelled to take action based on the gravity of the implications of Richard's dying statement "thy fierce hand Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land" (lines 47 to 48) is indicated by *

1 point

a. "They love not poison that do poison need" (line 98)

b. "my soul is full of woe, / That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow" (lines 105-106)

c. "The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour" (line 101)

d. "I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land, / To wash this blood off from my guilty hand" (lines 109-110)

To what or to whom is Richard referring when he says "thy seat is up on high' (line 49)? *

1 point

a. His royal throne

b. His soul

c. God

d. Bolingbroke

Exton's mixed feelings about having killed Richard are best exemplified in *

1 point

a. "From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed" (line 97)

b. "O would the deed were good!" (line 52)

c. "Great king, within this coffin I present / Thy buried fear" (lines 90-91)

d. "This dead king to the living king I'll bear" (line 55)

The enemy for whom Bolingbroke confesses a tolerant regard (lines 57 to 88) is *

1 point

a. the Abbot of Westminster

b. Sir Bennet Seely

c. Brocus

d. the Bishop of Carlisle

Bolingbroke plays on words to reflect the charity of his attitude when he says *

1 point

a. "Carlisle, this is your doom" (line 83)

b. "Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot" (line 75)

c. "And to thy worth will add right worthy gains" (line 69)

d. "Welcome, my lord: what is the news?" (line 62)

The paradox in Bolingbroke's statements in lines 98 to 100 is that *

1 point

a. Exton has proven himself more honourable than Bolingbroke

b. Richard dead is more grievous than Richard alive

c. Exton and Richard were part of a conspiracy

d. Richard was a better king than is Bolingbroke

Bolingbroke's request to "put on sullen black incontinent" (line 108) serves to reinforce *

1 point

a. his need to formalize the expression of his grief

b. the urgency of his need to forget

c. his preparations for his journey to the Holy Land

d. the intensity of his wrath

In this excerpt, Bolingbroke's apparent wish for Richard's death is presented as being *

1 point

a. responsible

b. heroic

c. justifiable

d. ironic