

## **TEST ADEGUATA PREPARAZIONE LETFIL - 10 settembre 2024** **INGLESE**

### **Da George Eliot, *The Mill on the Floss* (1860)**

CHAPTER 2: MR TULLIVER, OF DORLCOTE MILL, DECLARES HIS RESOLUTION ABOUT TOM.

"What I want, you know," said Mr Tulliver — "what I want is to give Tom a good eddication; an eddication as'll be a bread to him. That was what I was thinking of when I gave notice for him to leave 'th' academy at Ladyday. I mean to put him to a downright good school at Midsummer. The two years at th' academy 'ud ha' done well enough, if I'd meant to make a miller and farmer of him; for he's had a fine sight more schoolin' nor *I* ever got: all the learnin' *my* father ever paid for was a bit o' birch at one end and the alphabet at th' other. But I should like Tom to be a bit of a scholar, so as he might be up to the tricks o' these fellows as talk fine and write with a flourish. It 'ud be a help to me wi' these law-suits, and arbitrations, and things. I wouldn't make a downright lawyer o' the lad — I should be sorry for him to be a raskill — but a sort o' engineer, or a surveyor, or an auctioneer and vallyer, like Kiley, or one o' them smartish businesses as are all profits and no outlay, only for a big watch-chain and a high stool. They're pretty nigh all one, and they're not far off being even wi' the law, *I* believe; for Riley looks Lawyer Wakem i' the face as hard as one cat looks another. *He's* none frightened at him."

Mr Tulliver was speaking to his wife, a blond comely woman, in a fan-shaped cap (I am afraid to think how long it is since fan-shaped caps were worn — they must be so near coming in again. At that time, when Mrs Tulliver was nearly forty, they were new at St Ogg's, and considered sweet things).

"Well, Mr Tulliver, you know best: *I've* no objections. But hadn't I better kill a couple o' fowl and have th' aunts and uncles to dinner next week, so as you may hear what Sister Glegg and Sister Pullet have got to say about it? There's a couple o' fowl *wants* killing!"

"You may kill every fowl i' the yard, if you like, Bessy; but I shall ask neither aunt nor uncle what I'm to do wi' my own lad," said Mr Tulliver, defiantly.

"Dear heart," said Mrs Tulliver, shocked at this sanguinary rhetoric, "how can you talk so, Mr Tulliver? But it's your way to speak disrespectful o' my family; and Sister Glegg throws all the blame upo' me, though I m sure I'm as innocent as the babe unborn. Tor nobody's ever heard *me* say as it wasn't lucky for my children to have aunts and uncles as can live independent. Howiver, if Tom's to go to a new school, I should like him to go where I can wash him and mend him; else he might as well have calico as linen, for they'd be one as yellow as th' other before they'd been washed half-a-dozen times. And then, when the box is goin' backards and forrards, I could send the lad a cake, or a porkpie, or an apple; for he can do with an extry bit, bless him, whether they stint him at the meals or no. My children can eat as much victuals as most, thank God."

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**Da William Shakespeare, *Hamlet* (1601)**

### **Act 3, Scene 4, ll. 1-53**

*Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.*

POLONIUS He will come straight. Look you lay home to him.

Tell him his pranks<sup>1</sup> have been too broad to bear with  
 And that your Grace hath screened and stood between  
 Much heat and him. I'll silence me even here.  
 Pray you be round<sup>2</sup>.

QUEEN I'll warrant you, fear me not.  
 Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[*Polonius hides behind the arras.*]

*Enter HAMLET.*

HAMLET Now, mother, what's the matter?

QUEEN Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

HAMLET Mother, you have my father much offended.

QUEEN Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

HAMLET Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

QUEEN Why, how now, Hamlet?

HAMLET What's the matter now?

QUEEN Have you forgot me?

HAMLET No, by the rood, not so.

You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife,  
 And, would it were not so, you are my mother.

QUEEN Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

HAMLET Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge.

You go not till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

QUEEN What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me?

Help, ho!

POLONIUS [*behind the arras*] What ho! Help!

HAMLET How now, a rat? Dead for a ducat, dead.

[*Thrusts his rapier through the arras.*]

POLONIUS [*behind*] O, I am slain!

QUEEN O me, what hast thou done?

HAMLET Nay, I know not.

Is it the King?

[*Lifts up the arras and discovers Polonius, dead.*]

QUEEN O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

HAMLET A bloody deed—almost as bad, good mother,

As kill a king and marry with his brother.

QUEEN As kill a king?

HAMLET Ay, lady, it was my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell.

I took thee for thy better. Take thy fortune:

Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.

Leave wringing of your hands. Peace, sit you down,

And let me wring your heart; for so I shall

If it be made of penetrable stuff,

If damnèd custom have not brazed<sup>3</sup> it so

That it be proof<sup>4</sup> and bulwark against sense.

<sup>1</sup> Acts outraging order and decency. This could refer to Hamlet's feigned madness or, more specifically, to the theatrical entertainment he has presented to King Claudius in order to prove him guilty.

<sup>2</sup> Plain-spoken, forthcoming.

<sup>3</sup> Converted to, or covered with, brass.

<sup>4</sup> Impenetrable, like proof (i.e., tested and certified) armour.

