TEST ADEGUATA PREPARAZIONE LETFIL - 10 settembre 2024 <u>INGLESE</u>

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 scholard, 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 yallow 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."

Da William Shakespeare, Hamlet (1601)

Act 3, Scene 4, II. 1-53

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.

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

Tell him his pranks¹ 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 round².

QUEEN

N 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 brazed³ it so That it be proof⁴ and bulwark against sense.

¹ 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.

² Plain-spoken, forthcoming.

³ Converted to, or covered with, brass.

⁴ Impenetrable, like proof (i.e., tested and certified) armour.

QUEEN What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue In noise so rude against me?

HAMLET Such an act That blurs the grace and blush of modesty, Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose From the fair forehead of an innocent love And sets a blister there, makes marriage vows As false as dicers' oaths—O, such a deed As from the body of contraction⁵ plucks The very soul, and sweet religion makes A rhapsody of words! Heaven's face does glow O'er this solidity and compound mass With heated visage, as against the doom, Is thought-sick at the act.

QUEEN Ay me, what act That roars so loud and thunders in the index? [...]

Da Robert Browning, "My Last Duchess" (1842)

- 1. That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
- 2. Looking as if she were alive. I call
- 3. That piece a wonder, now; Fra Pandolf's hands
- 4. Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
- 5. Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
- 6. "Fra Pandolf" by design, for never read
- 7. Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
- 8. The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
- 9. But to myself they turned (since none puts by
- 10. The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
- 11. And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
- 12. How such a glance came there; so, not the first
- 13. Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
- 14. Her husband's presence only, called that spot
- 15. Of joy into the Duchess' cheek; perhaps
- 16. Fra Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle laps
- 17. Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
- 18. Must never hope to reproduce the faint
- 19. Half-flush that dies along her throat." Such stuff
- 20. Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
- 21. For calling up that spot of joy. She had
- 22. A heart—how shall I say?— too soon made glad,
- 23. Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
- 24. She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
- 25. Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast,
- 26. The dropping of the daylight in the West,
- 27. The bough of cherries some officious fool
- 28. Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
- 29. She rode with round the terrace—all and each
- 30. Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
- 31. Or blush, at least. She thanked men—good! [...]

⁵ The marriage contract but also the general principle of contracting solemn agreements.