



**St Mary's Catholic School**  
**A-level English Literature**  
**Summer Preparatory Work 2018**

**This work should be completed for your first English Literature lesson in September.**

## **You Must**

Research Aristotle's theory on literary tragedy. As part of this research, ensure you fully understand the following terms:

- Anagnorosis
- Peripeteia
- Hamartia
- Hubris
- Fatal Flaw
- Catharsis

Beyond Aristotle's theory, research other common elements of the genre. In a mind map, or in note form, what are the other common expectations of the genre?

Read the short story, *Your Shoes*, by Michele Roberts. Using a detailed mind map to present your ideas, how can the story be read as a tragedy? Use your research to help shape your ideas.

Read the synopsis for Shakespeare's play *Richard II*. This is the play you will study in September. Create a mind map outlining what you see as the main themes and ideas in the play that are suggested through the synopsis. Include on your mind map, the tragic elements that you think will be prominent, as suggested through the synopsis.

## **You Should**

Read the opening scene from *Richard II*. Complete a 300-400 words analysis of the opening scene: To what extent does the opening of *Richard II* set up the play as a tragedy? You should use your research from the above tasks to help you shape your answer. Include in your analysis detailed exploration of the ways in which Shakespeare shapes meanings through structure, form, language and dramatic methods.

## **You Could**

- Read F Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby* in preparation for study later in the academic year. Make notes on what happens.
- Read non-set texts that are also tragedies to develop a broad appreciation of the genre. You could read any of the following, that could be read as tragedies:
  - *Hamlet* by William Shakespeare
  - *A Streetcar Named Desire* by Tennessee Williams
  - *The Lovely Bones* by Alice Sebold
  - *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* by Thomas Hardy
  - *We Need to Talk About Kevin* by Lionel Shriver
  - *The Kite Runner* by Khaled Hosseini
  - *A Thousand Splendid Suns* by Khaled Hosseini
  - *Death of a Salesman* by Arthur Miller
  - *Extremely Loud and Incredibly Close* by Jonathan Safran Foer

# YOUR SHOES

Michèle Roberts

I thought I knew you as well as I know this house. No secret places, no hidey-holes, nothing in you I couldn't see. Now I realise how you kept yourself from me, how I didn't really know you at all.

5 You're not here any longer so how can I speak to you? You can't speak to someone who isn't there. Only mad people talk to an empty chest of drawers, a bed that hasn't been slept in for weeks. Someone half-mad, with grief that is, might pick up a shoe from the rug and hold it like a baby. Someone like me might do that. As if the shoe might still be warm or give a clue to where you've gone. One shoe pointed in fact towards the bedroom window, the view of the front garden, and the other pointed towards the door. They  
10 wanted to get out, to get away, just like you did. I made them neat again. I stowed them in the wardrobe. Just in case. I locked the wardrobe door on those rebellious shoes. They could be like me and grieve in the darkness. For a bit. Then I let them out. I'm not cruel. But they've got to learn, haven't they. Kids these days. Well.

I can't send you a letter, either, because I don't know your address. There's no point really  
15 in writing this because it can't reach you. You have to live in a house with a front door and a letter-box if the postman is to deliver mail, and I don't suppose you do. It's not very likely, is it, you've found yourself a place. I don't know where you are. You just went off, just ran out of the house in the middle of the night, and left me.

It costs me a lot to admit that, can't you understand? If I wrap my arms around myself and  
20 hold tight it keeps the pain in. Stops it spilling out and making a terrible mess. If I keep my mouth pursed tight I can't scream or throw up. If I imagine that you're gone for good, that you'll never come back, then this terrible wailing sound will begin and never stop, I might go mad. At least this paper has ruled lines my writing can't fall off.

If you opened the door now and came in you'd find me here in your room. I'm lying  
25 curled up in the middle of the bed, on top of the duvet. I've drawn the curtains because the light hurts my eyes. It's already lunchtime but I don't want to face the fridge, the freezer, the microwave. I'm not hungry. I'm better off here, looking at the locked wardrobe door. Your shoes are standing outside it now, side by side. The right shoe on the right-hand side and the left shoe on the left. In their proper places, no fuss, like a husband and  
30 wife. I'd like you to get married one day. I'd like you to have a normal life, of course I would. I've tied the shoes' laces together so they won't get separated or lost. White laces, that I washed and ironed.

What did you have for lunch today? I hope you ate something. Did you beg for the money to buy a burger or a sandwich? I'd like to think you had a proper lunch. Something hot.  
35 Soup, perhaps, in a Styrofoam cup. You used to love tinned tomato soup. Cream of. I always urged you to eat proper meals, meat and two veg or something salad, when you got home from school. You liked snacks better as you got older, it was the fashion amongst your friends I think, all day long you ate crisps and buns and I don't know what, at teatime when you came in you'd say you weren't hungry then late at night I'd catch you  
40 raiding the kitchen cupboards. Fistfuls of currants and sultanas you'd jam into your mouth, one custard cream after another, you'd wolf all my supply of chocolate bars.

How do you feed yourself out there on the street? You're too young to get a job, who'd have you and what could you possibly do? What do you have to do to be fed? Do you have to go with men, is that it? How else could you get the money if you don't beg? There are so  
 45 many of you begging for the money to buy food, stands to reason there isn't enough to go round. People don't like being continually asked, do they, they don't like being treated like bottomless pits. These days you have to choose who to give money to. I don't mean the starving millions in Africa, I mean the people of your age hanging about outside the supermarkets and the tube stations up in London, around the railway stations, I've seen  
 50 the photos in the newspapers, it's not very nice having to imagine you mixing with people like that. Drug addicts and so on. You're fifteen years old. What do those men make you do? What do you have to do to get money for food?

Your father didn't mean it when he told you those things the other night. You've got to understand, he lost his temper and used some unfortunate expressions. At your age I'm  
 55 sure I wouldn't have known the meaning of any of those words. As a young girl I'd have been hit if I used such language as I've heard you use. I was very old-fashioned. Square, they called it then. I grew up in a very old-fashioned family. Of course we had marvellous times together but my father was very strict. It didn't do me any harm. There was no truancy in our family in those days I can assure you, we simply wouldn't have dared. It  
 60 was unthinkable. Not like you and your friends. We weren't spoilt. Not like your generation. These enormous presents at Christmas and so on. There wasn't the money. Your father works himself nearly to death for his family, for us. Because he loves us and wants us to have what he didn't. Little luxuries. What you and your lot take for granted. And me with my teaching job, I've done my bit for you too. We've given you everything a  
 65 child could possibly want.

I'm sure you'd never have left if you realised I'd be this upset. You didn't mean to hurt me, did you. You never meant to make me so unhappy I'm sure. It was that mob you got in with at school. That Vanessa for instance. I wouldn't be surprised to hear she's on drugs. She had that look. You're so innocent, you didn't realise. You're too trusting, too kind, you  
 70 don't know what these people can be like.

People pretend to be kind but they're ghouls. They ring up to see how I am and I can hear them gloat. It's not their fifteen-year-old daughter who's left home and gone off God knows where. The doctor's given me something to help me sleep and I've taken a week's sick leave from school. I try to put on a cheerful face. Oh, I say: she'll be back soon, I'm  
 75 sure of it, why, she hasn't even taken her new shoes!

I don't think you have a clue how we feel. Just because we're not ones for letting it all out in public doesn't mean we don't live with this terrible pain. We don't speak of it much. But of course we know how each other feels. We have to be brave, we have to get on with living. The doctor told me: try to live from day to day. That's what they tell dying people  
 80 too, I've heard it on a radio programme on hospices. You're not to die, d'you hear. You're alive somewhere aren't you. Sooner or later you'll ring up won't you from wherever you are. Some squat full of dropouts and drug addicts. Some cardboard box under a bridge. Some pile of filth. Of course they wouldn't have telephones there, I know that, you know what I mean. My daughter sleeping on a pile of filth I can't bear it.

85 You've got to understand. When your father called you a dirty slut he didn't mean you to take it personally. It was just a manner of speaking. In the heat of the moment. He adores you, you know that. It's just that he feels protective of you, and he can't stand being answered back. He can't stand rudeness. Not from you, not from anybody. What did you expect, being brought home drunk at three in the morning? We were half out of our

90 minds with worry, of course we were upset. I've always thought of you as just an empty-headed blonde, I've never thought you were really bad. Then I find out that you drink alcohol at parties and smoke pot. Of course your father was angry. After all this is his house. You shouldn't have got so upset. I'm sure he didn't mean all of what he said.

I dreamed of my mother last night. There was so much I wanted to say to her and now it's  
95 too late. Daughters ought to be close to their mothers. I wasn't to mine. She was a very stupid woman. She never had much of an education, then the war came and she joined up. I've still got a photo of her in uniform. Blonde hair done up in sausages on top of her head, cap stuck on one side, big lipsticked mouth. A plump woman with a loud jolly laugh. Fat, let's be honest. Terribly vulgar, always saying the wrong thing then laughing.  
100 My poor father used to wince. He shouldn't have married her, he should have chosen someone more like himself. Then I might have had a better childhood.

My mother was like you, she liked a drink. She used to do the housework with a cigarette hanging out of her mouth, then she'd put her feet up and have a gin and tonic. She was very clean, I'll give her that, she kept us and the house spotless. She never had much time  
105 for me, I was just a girl, she preferred my brother. She thought I should be a housewife like her but I surprised everybody by getting into college to do domestic science. She brought me up to know how to fill bridge rolls for parties, how to make Yorkshire pudding for Sunday lunch. Then I went ahead of her and learned about nutritional science. Miss La-di-Da she used to call me. I was thin, rather plain. I was fair like her, but my hair was  
110 straight. She had hers dyed more and more golden. She had a bouffant perm. The face powder used to collect in the creases of her cheeks and melt. Then she'd powder over it. She wore a girdle to hold herself in. She lived her whole married life in a suburb in a detached house with four bedrooms and she thought it was heaven. Well, she would, after the semi-slum she grew up in up north. She was jealous because I loved my father more  
115 than her. We'd go for walks in the park together. We talked about things she couldn't understand.

It always hurt me, how nice she was to you. She spoiled you. She loved you more than she loved me. It isn't fair. That was the cry of my girlhood. I had to help with the housework but my brother did nothing. I was always racing to get done so I could go out with my  
120 father. He took me to the golf club and introduced me to all his friends. Once he took me to the pub. He told me I was bright and had a real future ahead of me. I swore that when I grew up I wouldn't be like my mother. Well at least I've kept my figure. I'm not fat like she was. She wore the most unsuitable clothes. Always whatever was in fashion, regardless, she liked bright colours, lots of costume jewellery, she looked a bit of a tart, let's face it,  
125 stiletto heels, charm bracelets, the lot.

You've got small feet just like mine. Like hers. All the women in our family have small feet. Sturdy, with a strong arch and short toes. For a couple of years now I've been able to buy your shoes without having to drag you round the shops. Moan whine, after ten minutes in  
130 Marks you'd threaten you were going to faint and I had to get you out into the fresh air. They're lovely, these shoes I bought you. White trainers, you see I know what you like. I thought you'd love them. I'm looking after them for you. I've got them under the duvet with me now. I'm keeping an eye on them, oh yes. They are perfect because they are new, they've never been worn.

I had a white wedding. My father had been saving for it for years, he said nothing was too  
135 good for his little girl. He gave me away, I walked down the aisle on his arm feeling numb. I married your father on the rebound, everybody knew that I was desperately in love with Pete, he was the great love of my life, when he went off and left me I thought I might as

well marry your father. He was always there in the background, he'd been waiting for me. He's been a good husband, a good father. Everyone said how lucky I was. Of course I never  
140 told my mother I wasn't a virgin, she'd have had fifty fits. My father would have killed me if he'd known.

Of course I wanted you. Of course I love you. It's hurtful and wicked to say I don't. I suppose it's my fault you've left home to sleep rough God knows where. Go on, blame your mother, everyone else does. I'm a failure as a mother. I didn't give you enough of  
145 whatever it was. You've always been very difficult. I did my best, what more could I do? Next thing you'll be saying it's because I didn't breastfeed you, or because I didn't pick you up every time you cried. You can't imagine what it was like. At night you cried so much, in the end I used to shut the door on you and go back downstairs. I was exhausted. Your father slept through most of it, he said it wasn't his job. Just like my father. He wasn't  
150 interested in me when I was little, then when I was older and showed I had a brain, that was when he got involved. Oh but we did have a lot of happy times too, I know we did. Don't forget that. I wish you wouldn't sulk. I wish you'd stop sulking and answer me.

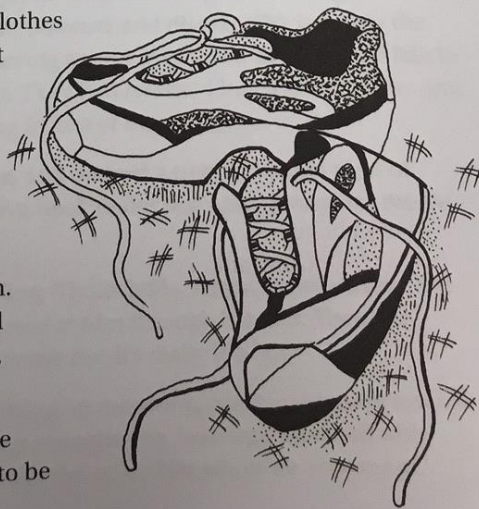
It's cosy in here. Peaceful, too. I've unplugged the telephone so that I can concentrate on you and we shan't be disturbed. It'll be dark soon, the street lamps have just come on, I  
155 can see one shining through the curtains. Funny, you never did like these curtains. I remember I got them in a sale up in town, I thought they were lovely, really modern with these splashes of white and grey, they were exactly what I'd have wanted as a girl. Then when you came home and saw what I'd done you flew into a temper, you said you wanted the old curtains back. By then it was too late, I'd thrown them away. I'd gone to so much  
160 trouble to give you a surprise, I couldn't believe you'd be so ungrateful. Then you had to go and burst into floods of tears, that was the last straw, oh you used to be so unkind to me. Throwing my presents back in my face.

At first I kept the shoes in the box I made them pack them in at the shop, tenderly wrapped in tissue-paper. Delicate white sheets, rustling, uncreased. Then I tried them in  
165 the wardrobe, then side by side on the rug. They're best in here with me I think, safe and warm in bed. Tucked up tight.

How could you do that to us. How could you. Boasting about it even. I think you wanted us to find out. Thank God I had the sense to look in your bag that night. You laughed at me, you said lots of girls in your class had had sex by the time they were fifteen, you  
170 weren't going to be the exception.

After my mother died I had to clear out her clothes and pack them up for jumble. Her shoes hurt me so much. Rows of high heels, all of them too small for her, she was so vain, all of  
175 them moulded to the shape of her poor feet. You could see how her toes were all bent over, misshapen. Bulges where she'd had bunions, corn-plasters. Who'd have wanted them? I threw them all in the dustbin.  
180 Then on the way home I stopped the car and bought you a pair of new shoes as a surprise, really beautiful ones, the best I could afford.

Your father will be home soon. I've locked the bedroom door so that he can't get in. I want to be

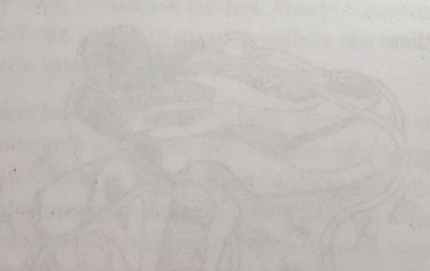


185 alone with you for a bit. My darling girl whom I love so much. I hold you to my breast and  
rock you like my mother never rocked me. You're so small and pale. Let me hold you while  
you cry.

Laces like strings of white liquorice. They taste sweet.

190 There, my darling, there. You're at home with mother, everything's all right. I knew you'd  
come back, I knew you'd come back to me.

I love you I love you so much oh yes oh yes.



# **SYNOPSIS OF RICHARD II BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**

## **FROM WWW.RSC.ORG.UK**

**A story of power and plotting, Richard II is the first of Shakespeare's four plays about the House of Lancaster.**

In the presence of King Richard, Henry Bolingbroke (who would eventually be Henry IV) accuses Thomas Mowbray (Duke of Norfolk) of embezzling crown funds and of plotting the death of his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester. They will not be reconciled and are about to fight, but Richard stops the combat before it can begin.

### **EXILE**

Bolingbroke is exiled for ten years (later reduced to six); Mowbray is exiled for life.

John of Gaunt (Duke of Lancaster, uncle to the king and Bolingbroke's father) dies after accusing Richard of improper government. Richard orders the seizure of Gaunt's property, denying Bolingbroke his inheritance. He then departs for Ireland, appointing his other uncle York to govern in his absence.

### **UPRISING**

The Duke of Northumberland reveals that Bolingbroke has returned to England with an army. Bolingbroke persuades his uncle York that he has returned for his rightful inheritance, not to start a rebellion against the crown. Richard returns from Ireland to discover that his Welsh troops have deserted him, that York has allied himself with Bolingbroke, and the common people are rising against him.

### **RICHARD AGREES TO BOLINGBROKE'S DEMANDS**

Bolingbroke and his supporters meet with Richard. Bolingbroke promises to surrender his arms if his banishment is repealed and his inheritance restored. Richard agrees to his demands. Richard's cousin, the Duke of Aumerle, is accused of murdering the Duke of Gloucester. Bolingbroke arrests everyone involved in the allegations. Richard agrees to abdicate. Bolingbroke announces his coronation.

### **PLOTTING**

A plot is hatched to restore Richard to the throne. York discovers that his son Aumerle is involved in a plot to kill Bolingbroke. Aumerle confesses to Bolingbroke, and is pardoned. Richard is killed whilst imprisoned in Pomfret Castle. Bolingbroke receives news of his supporters' efforts to defeat his detractors. Exton presents Richard's body to Bolingbroke, only to be rewarded with banishment. Bolingbroke promises to undertake a pilgrimage to expiate his sins.

# Richard II by William Shakespeare

## ACT I

### SCENE I. London. KING RICHARD II's palace.

*Enter KING RICHARD II, JOHN OF GAUNT, with other Nobles and Attendants*

#### **KING RICHARD II**

Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,  
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,  
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,  
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,  
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,  
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

#### **JOHN OF GAUNT**

I have, my liege.

#### **KING RICHARD II**

Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,  
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;  
Or worthily, as a good subject should,  
On some known ground of treachery in him?

#### **JOHN OF GAUNT**

As near as I could sift him on that argument,  
On some apparent danger seen in him  
Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.

#### **KING RICHARD II**

Then call them to our presence; face to face,  
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear  
The accuser and the accused freely speak:  
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,  
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

*Enter HENRY BOLINGBROKE and THOMAS MOWBRAY*

#### **HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Many years of happy days befall  
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

#### **THOMAS MOWBRAY**

Each day still better other's happiness;  
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,  
Add an immortal title to your crown!

#### **KING RICHARD II**

We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,  
As well appeareth by the cause you come;  
Namely to appeal each other of high treason.  
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object  
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

#### **HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

First, heaven be the record to my speech!  
In the devotion of a subject's love,  
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,  
And free from other misbegotten hate,  
Come I appellant to this princely presence.  
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,  
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak  
My body shall make good upon this earth,  
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.  
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,  
Too good to be so and too bad to live,  
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,  
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.  
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,  
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;  
And wish, so please my sovereign, ere I move,  
What my tongue speaks my right drawn sword may prove.

### **THOMAS MOWBRAY**

Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:  
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,  
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,  
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;  
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this:  
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast  
As to be hush'd and nought at all to say:  
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me  
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;  
Which else would post until it had return'd  
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.  
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,  
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,  
I do defy him, and I spit at him;  
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain:  
Which to maintain I would allow him odds,  
And meet him, were I tied to run afoot  
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,  
Or any other ground inhabitable,  
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.  
Mean time let this defend my loyalty,  
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

### **HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,  
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king,  
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,  
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.  
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength  
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop:  
By that and all the rites of knighthood else,  
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,  
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

### **THOMAS MOWBRAY**

I take it up; and by that sword I swear  
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,

I'll answer thee in any fair degree,  
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:  
And when I mount, alive may I not light,  
If I be traitor or unjustly fight!

**KING RICHARD II**

What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?  
It must be great that can inherit us  
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true;  
That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles  
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,  
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,  
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.  
Besides I say and will in battle prove,  
Or here or elsewhere to the furthest verge  
That ever was survey'd by English eye,  
That all the treasons for these eighteen years  
Complotted and contrived in this land  
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.  
Further I say and further will maintain  
Upon his bad life to make all this good,  
That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's death,  
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,  
And consequently, like a traitor coward,  
Sluiced out his innocent soul through streams of blood:  
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,  
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,  
To me for justice and rough chastisement;  
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,  
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

**KING RICHARD II**

How high a pitch his resolution soars!  
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

**THOMAS MOWBRAY**

O, let my sovereign turn away his face  
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,  
Till I have told this slander of his blood,  
How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

**KING RICHARD II**

Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears:  
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,  
As he is but my father's brother's son,  
Now, by my sceptre's awe, I make a vow,  
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood  
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize  
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul:  
He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou:  
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

**THOMAS MOWBRAY**

Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,  
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.  
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais  
Disbursed I duly to his highness' soldiers;  
The other part reserved I by consent,  
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt  
Upon remainder of a dear account,  
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:  
Now swallow down that lie. For Gloucester's death,  
I slew him not; but to my own disgrace  
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.  
For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,  
The honourable father to my foe  
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,  
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul  
But ere I last received the sacrament  
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd  
Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.  
This is my fault: as for the rest appeall'd,  
It issues from the rancour of a villain,  
A recreant and most degenerate traitor  
Which in myself I boldly will defend;  
And interchangeably hurl down my gage  
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,  
To prove myself a loyal gentleman  
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.  
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray  
Your highness to assign our trial day.

**KING RICHARD II**

Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by me;  
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:  
This we prescribe, though no physician;  
Deep malice makes too deep incision;  
Forget, forgive; conclude and be agreed;  
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.  
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;  
We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

To be a make-peace shall become my age:  
Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.

**KING RICHARD II**

And, Norfolk, throw down his.

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

When, Harry, when?  
Obedience bids I should not bid again.

**KING RICHARD II**

Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.

**THOMAS MOWBRAY**

Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.  
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:  
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,

Despite of death that lives upon my grave,  
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.  
I am disgraced, impeach'd and baffled here,  
Pierced to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,  
The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood  
Which breathed this poison.

**KING RICHARD II**

Rage must be withstood:  
Give me his gage: lions make leopards tame.

**THOMAS MOWBRAY**

Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame.  
And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,  
The purest treasure mortal times afford  
Is spotless reputation: that away,  
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.  
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest  
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.  
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one:  
Take honour from me, and my life is done:  
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;  
In that I live and for that will I die.

**KING RICHARD II**

Cousin, throw up your gage; do you begin.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

O, God defend my soul from such deep sin!  
Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight?  
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height  
Before this out-dared dastard? Ere my tongue  
Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,  
Or sound so base a parole, my teeth shall tear  
The slavish motive of recanting fear,  
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,  
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.

*Exit JOHN OF GAUNT*

**KING RICHARD II**

We were not born to sue, but to command;  
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,  
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,  
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day:  
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate  
The swelling difference of your settled hate:  
Since we can not atone you, we shall see  
Justice design the victor's chivalry.  
Lord marshal, command our officers at arms  
Be ready to direct these home alarms.

*Exeunt*