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THE TALE OF  
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

*Literary  
Reader*

3

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**Kurdistan Region Government-Iraq  
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**THE NEW ENGLISH COURSE FOR IRAQ**

**LITERARY READER III  
THE TALE OF  
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE**

**BY  
William Shakespear  
Simplified by**

**Khalli, Hamash, Ph. D. Ra'ad Ahmad, M. A.  
Adnan J. Radhi, M. A. Khudhayer S. Ali, Dip**

**Printing Supervisor :**

**Nasreen Anwar Rasheed**

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**Technical Printing**  
**Sabah Saeed Abdul-alah**

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## PREFACE

**Literary Reader III** is intended as a supplementary reader for pupils of the sixth secondary (both literary and scientific). It involves a restatement of William Shakespeare's **The Merchant of Venice** in modern idiomatic English. Like Literary Readers I and II, Literary Reader III is meant for home reading. It is not to be taught or read in class.

Language and comprehension exercises are available in two places. Objective-type questions are found in **Book Eight of The New English Course for Iraq** and open-ended questions intended for classroom discussion are found in **The Teacher's Guide to Book Eight**.

The book is divided into twenty sections of varying length. To match the division of Book Eight into units we recommend the distribution of the twenty sections over the first twelve units of the **language book**. The following table represents such a distribution:

<b>Unit of Book 8</b>	<b>Section of Literary Reader III</b>
1	1 and 2
2	3 and 4
3	5 and 6
4	7 and 8
5	9 and 10
6	11 and 12

7	13 and 14
8	15 and 16
9	17
10	18
11	19
12	20

Each section is followed by a list of new words or expressions with phonetic transcription and the Arabic equivalents. The vocabulary items are arranged and explained according to their occurrence in the text.

At the end of the book an alphabetic word list is provided with the Arabic equivalents and the pronunciation of each item. The number of the section where the item occurs for the first time is also indicated.

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**NOTES ON WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**

William Shakespeare ( 1564 -1616 ) is the greatest and most famous of English writers. He was born in the town of Stratford - upon - Avon in Warwickshire, England. His father, John Shakespeare, was a merchant and he held several municipal offices. Shakespeare was educated at the free grammar school at Stratford. in 1582 he married Ann Hathaway and his first child Susannah was born the next year. Then in 1585 they had twins, a boy named Hamnet and a girl Judith.

Shakespeare left Stratford about 1583 and is next heard of in London. There are no clues as to where he went, nor what he did. Perhaps he began to try his luck straight away as an actor or writer. By 1592, anyway, he was certainly a player in one of the companies of actors in London, and had begun writing plays.

Shakespeare soon proved to be an able playwright, and from then on he wrote about two plays every year. By 1594 he became a leading member of the company of actors called the Lord Chamberlain's Men, and it was probably for them that he wrote all the rest of his plays.

By 1598 he was sufficiently prominent in the company to share with other notable players in the establishment of the New Globe Theatre, which was

built in London in 1599. After a few more years in London, however, he left the company and went back home to Stratford to live, and there he probably wrote his last plays. In March, 1616 he made his will; and one month afterwards, on April 23, he died and was buried in Stratford Church.

Shakespeare was a great writer in all sorts of ways. He wrote different kinds of plays: tragedies, comedies, historical plays and plays with happy endings. The characters of his plays seem as if they were real people, whom we would recognize at once if we were to meet them in ordinary life instead of the play. Shakespeare makes his heroes seem alive, and portrays their inner feelings, troubles and sufferings vividly. The plots of the plays are well contrived and Shakespeare shows exceptional skill in sequencing the events of the plot throughout the play.

Another important characteristic of Shakespeare's plays is that his characters speak in poetry. Indeed, many people think that it is in the poetry of the plays that Shakespeare is greatest of all.

Shakespeare's most famous tragedies include **Hamlet** (1603), **Macbeth** (1606), **King Lear** (1606), **Othello** (1604) and **Romeo and Juliet** (1595). His plays of History include **Julius Caesar** (1599), **Richard III** (1594), **Richard II** (1595) and **Henry IV** (parts 1 and 2 1597). His ((happyending)) plays are not quite comedies, for they have evil and suffering



in them. These include **The Winter's Tale** (1609-1910) and **The Tempest** (1611). His Comedies include **Twelfth Night** (1600-1601), **A Midsummer Night's Dream** (1595), **As You Like it** (1599) and **The Merchant of Venice** (1595).

**The Merchant of Venice** has plenty of laughter though there is seriousness in it as well. The wicked man of the play is Jewish usurer, Shylock, who demands a pound of flesh from the merchant Antonio when he cannot pay back the money he has borrowed. After a tense trial scene during which Shylocke greedily sharpens his knife, Antonio is saved by the cleverness of the young lawyer who defends him. Antonio later discovers that his lawyer was the heroine Portia, the wife of his best friend, Bassanio.

CHARACTERS

(arranged alphabetically)

Antonio	/ʼan'touniou/
a merchant of Venice	
Bellario	/ʼbe'lariou/
a famous Venetian lawyer	
Bassanio	/ʼbɑ'sa:niou/
Antonio's friend	
Balthazar	/ʼbalthəzɑ:/
a false name used by Portia in court	
Count of Palatine	/ʼKaunt əv'palətain/
a suitor to Portia	
The Duke of Venice	/ ə 'dju:k əv 'venis/
the ruler of the city of Venice	
Old Gobbo	/ʼould 'gobou/
Launcelot's father	
Gratiano	/gra:ʃi'a:nou/
friend of Antonio and Bassanio	
Jessica	/ʼdʒesikə/
Shylock's daughter	
Launcelot Gobbo	/ʼlo:nslət'gobou/
Shylock's servant	
Leonardo	/liou'na:dou/
Bassanio's servant	
Lorenzo	/lo'renzou/
friend of Antonio and Bassanio	
Monsieur Le Bon	/mɒs'jɒ :ləbo/
a suitor to Portia – a French nobleman	

<b>Nerissa</b>	/ni'risə/
<b>Portia's maid</b>	
<b>Portia</b>	/'po:ʃjə/
<b>an heiress, mistress of Belmont</b>	
<b>The Prince of Aragon</b>	/ðə 'prɪns əv 'arəgən/
<b>a suitor to Portia</b>	
<b>The Prince of Morocco</b>	/ðə 'prɪns əv mə'rokou/
<b>a suitor to Portia</b>	
<b>Salerio</b>	/sa'liəriou/
<b>friend of Antonio and Bassanio</b>	
<b>Shylock</b>	/'ʃailok/
<b>a Jew</b>	
<b>Solanio</b>	/sou'la:niou/
<b>friend of Antonio and Bassanio</b>	
<b>Tubal</b>	/'tju:bəl/
<b>a Jew, Shylock's cousin</b>	

## **NAMES OF PLACES**

<b>Belmont</b>	/'belmont/	<b>Persia</b>	/'pɜ:ʃjə/
<b>Venice</b>	/'venɪs/	<b>Turkey</b>	/'tɜ:ki/
<b>Naples</b>	/'neɪplz/	<b>English Channel</b>	/'ɪŋglɪʃ tʃənəl/
<b>Palatine</b>	/'pælətəɪn/	<b>Spain</b>	/speɪn/
<b>England</b>	/'ɪŋglənd/	<b>Tripoli</b>	/'trɪpəli/
<b>Saxony</b>	/'sæksni/	<b>Padua</b>	/'pædʒuə/
<b>Montferrat</b>	/mont'ferət/	<b>Genoa</b>	/'dʒenəuə/
<b>Morocco</b>	/mə'rokou/	<b>Rome</b>	/roum/

## **PART ONE**

### **Section 1**

**Antonio, a rich merchant of Venice, was well-known in the town for his kindness and generosity. He was greatly loved by all his fellow-citizens; but the friend who was nearest and dearest to his heart was Bassanio, a young Venetian nobleman. Although he came from a noble family, Bassanio had but a small inheritance. He had nearly exhausted his little fortune by living in too expensive a manner. Whenever Bassanio wanted money, Antonio helped him; and it seemed as if they had but one heart and one purse between them.**

**One day, Antonio, feeling sad in mind though he couldn't say why, was visited by his two friends, Salerio and Solanio. They made fun of his mood, hoping that it would disappear, but Antonio remained strangely unhappy.**

**«Look, Antonio,» said Salerio. «You're worried because of your ships. They're all on the high seas now with all your fortune, aren't they?»**

**«Not all my fortune,» replied Antonio. «I haven't put all my money in those ships. However, it isn't the ships that make me feel so miserable.»**

**«Then you are in love,» said Solanio.**

**«Nonsense. Of course not.»**

At this point Bassanio with two friends, Gratiano and Lorenzo, arrived. Antonio looked pleased to see Bassanio.

«Well, we must be leaving now, Antonio,» said his two friends. «We've got something to do. See you later. Goodbye, everybody.»

When Antonio's two friends had left, Gratiano looked at Antonio. «You don't look very well, Antonio.»

«I feel depressed this morning, Gratiano.»

«Well, cheer up, Antonio. If by having the good things of this world all you get is a great deal of worry, you'll lose the pleasure of having them.»

Gratiano and Lorenzo tried to comfort Antonio, then they turned to Bassanio, and Lorenzo said, «Now you have found Antonio we will leave you. See you at lunch time.»

«Fine »

They departed, leaving Bassanio and Antonio alone.

«Well, Bassanio, how's life?»

«Difficult, Antonio.» Bassanio sounded worried.

«Oh? What's wrong?»

«I don't want to trouble you with my problems.»

«Come on, old man. Out with it.»

«Well,» said Bassanio, «you know that I have spent nearly all my money. One problem is how to pay back my debts, and.....»

Antonio interrupted him.

«Look, Bassanio, if you're talking about the money that I have so far lent you, forget it. You know very well that I'd do anything for you.»

«Thank you, Antonio. However, that's not my real worry. You see... You see,» he paused. «It's about a young lady in Belmont. I – I love her and want to marry her.»

«Hmm. Go on,» said Antonio, beginning to smile.

«Well, she's very rich and I've heard that several princes and noblemen are asking for her hand.»

«How does she feel about you?»

«Well,» said Bassanio, «I visited her father once with the Marquis of Montferrat. I think she likes me. The problem is that I need money so that I can compete with other rich suitors.»

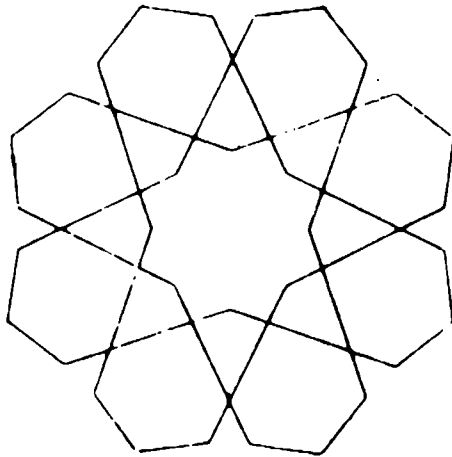
«I suppose you do,» said Antonio sympathetically. «How much do you want?»



**"The problem is that I need money"**

«Three thousand ducats.»

«Hmm. Three thousand ducats,» repeated Antonio thoughtfully. «Look, Bassanio, I'm always ready to help you. Only I have no money to spare just now. I expect my ships soon, and then I shall have plenty of money. I suggest for the moment that you borrow some money. Mention my name as security and I'm sure you'll find a lot of people who are only too ready to help you.»





## Vocabulary

generosity /'dʒenəʊrɒsɪti/	كرم
fellow-citizens /'feləʊsɪtɪznz/	مواطنون
Venetian /'viːniʒn/	فينسي
nobleman /'nəʊblmən/	رجل نبيل
inheritance /'ɪnˈherɪtəns/	ارث. تركه
exhausted /ɪgˈzɔːstɪd/	استنفذ
made fun of /'meɪd ˈfʌn əv/	سخروا من
mood /muːd/	مزاج
on the high seas /ɒn ðə ˈhaɪ ˈsiːz/	في عرض البحر
miserable /'mɪzrəbl/	تهيس
nonsense /'nɒnsns/	هراء . كلام فارغ
depressed /dɪˈprest/	كئيب
cheer up /tʃɪər ʌp/	ابتهج
comfort (v.) /'kʌmfət/	يواسي
departed /dɪˈpɑːtɪd/	غادر
sounded /'saʊndɪd/	بدت
come on /'kʌm ˈɒn/	هيا
old man /'əʊldˈmæn/	تعبير للتعبير
out with it /ˈaʊt wɪθ ɪt/	قلها
interrupted /ɪntəˈrʌptɪd/	قاطع
worry (n.) /'wʌrɪ/	قلق
princes /'prɪnsɪz/	امراء
asking for her hand /'ɑːskɪŋ fə ɪr ˈhænd/	يطلب يدها للزواج
compete with /kəmˈpiːt wɪθ/	انافس
suitor /'suːtə/	خاطب
sympathetically /sɪmpəˈθetɪkli/	بتعاطف
ducats /'dʌkəts/	عملة ذهبية كانت تستعمل في اوربا
thoughtfully /'θoːtfuli/	بتفكير
spare (v.) /'speɪ/	يستغنى عن
security /sɪˈkjʊərɪti/	ضمان

**Section 2**

Portia, the rich lady whom Bassanio wished to marry, lived in a place called Belmont. She was now feeling tired and her maid, Nerissa, was trying to comfort her.

**«Why should a lady like you feel sad when so many noblemen would like to marry her?»**

**«You know, Nerissa, my problem is that I can't choose whom I like, nor can I refuse whom I dislike. This is how the will of a living daughter can be curbed by the will of a dead father. Isn't it hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse the other?»**

**«Well, madam,» said Nerissa, «your father certainly knew what he was doing. Therefore, the lottery that he devised in these three caskets of gold, silver and lead must no doubt be good. The one who will make the right guess will certainly deserve to be your husband. By the way, madam, you've met your suitors; how do you feel about them?»**

**«Repeat their names to me,» said Portia.**

**«First, there is that prince from Naples.»**

**«Oh, that one,» said Portia, laughing. «He talks of nothing but his horses. No, that's not the man of my dreams.»**



RMZ. J

**"Repeat their names to me," said portia**

«Then,» said Nerissa, «there is the Count of Palatine.»

«The Count of Palatine. He does nothing but frown. He hears jokes and pleasant stories but he never smiles. I'm afraid that he will become a weeping philosopher when he grows older. No, Nerissa, that's not my idea of a husband.»

«What do you think,» said Nerissa, «of the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?»

«He's not stable. He is every man in no man; such a person will not be able to undertake such a responsibility as marriage.»

«What about the young baron of England?» asked Nerissa smiling.

«Oh, that one,» said Portia, feeling amused. «He doesn't speak Italian, so how can we have a conversation when I don't understand what he's saying?»

«There's the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew.»

«He's drunk most of the time,» said Portia. «When he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he's a little better than a beast.»

«But, madam, suppose he was able to make

the right choice in the lottery, what would you do?  
Refuse your father's will?»

«Well,» said Portia, smiling, «to avoid that, you'd better put a big glass of German wine in the wrong casket. This will be enough temptation for him to choose it. I'll do anything I can to stop a marriage to a sponge.»

Nerissa laughed and then said, «Don't be afraid, madam. Your suitors have already told me of their plans. None is willing to submit to the luck of the caskets. They refuse to base their marriage on lottery and, therefore, they're planning to go home.»

«Is that so?» Portia looked relieved. «Well, I'm very glad that they're so reasonable. Indeed, there's no one among them who has any appeal for me.»

There was a silence: Then Nerissa said, «Madam, do you remember a young Venetian, who visited us once when your father was still alive? He came here in the company of the Marquis of Montferrat.»

«Yes, it was Bassanio.» Portia's face glowed with happiness when she remembered Bassanio.

«He is the man who deserves a beautiful lady like you.»

«Bassanio. Yes, I remember him well.»

There was a knock at the door and a man-servant entered.

«Excuse me, madam. The gentlemen would like to see you before they leave.»

«Ah, so they're leaving, are they?» said **Portia**. A gleam of delight passed over her face.

«Yes, madam,» said the servant. «But a messenger has just arrived and he says that his master, the Prince of Morocco, will be here tonight.»

Nerissa began laughing. «Yet another suitor!»



## Vocabulary

maid /meid/	وصيفة
curbed /kɜ:bd/	كبح
lottery /'lotəri/	يانصيب
devised /di'vaizd/	ابتكر ، صمم
caskets /'kaskits/	علب ، صناديق
count /kaunt/	كونت ( لقب )
frown /fraun/	يعبس
stable /'steibl/	ثابت
undertake /ʌndə'teik/	يعمل - يأخذ على عاتقه
responsibility /risponsi biliti/	مسؤولية
baron /'barən/	بارون ( لقب )
duke /dju:k/	دوق
temptation /temp'teifən/	اغراء
sponge /'spɒndʒ /	اسفنجة
submit /səb'mit/	يخضع ، يذعن
relieved /ri'li:vd/	مرتاح
reasonable /'ri:znəbl/	معقول
appeal (n.) /ə'pi:l/	اعجاب ، اغراء
marquis /'ma:kwis/	ماركيز ( لقب )
glowed /gloud/	توهجت
gleam /gli:m/	بريق ، شعاع

### **Section 3**

Antonio and Bassanio went together to Shylock the Jew. Shylock was a usurer; he had made an enormous fortune by lending money at great interest to merchants. He was a hard-hearted man who exacted payment of loans with such severity that he was much hated by all good men, and particularly by Antonio. Shylock hated Antonio, partly because Antonio publicly showed his dislike for Shylock's hard character, but mainly because Antonio used to lend money to people in distress and would never accept any interest for the money he lent; consequently Shylock the Jew had lost business. Whenever Antonio met Shylock he used to reproach him for his hard dealing, so the Jew was waiting for the day when he could harm Antonio. It was to this man that Antonio and Bassanio went to borrow money.

«Three thousand ducats,» said Shylock thoughtfully.

«Yes, for three months,» replied Bassanio.

«I'll be responsible for paying back the loan, Shylock,» said Antonio.

«Hmm. Responsible for paying back the loan,» thought Shylock. «This may be my chance to revenge myself upon this hateful merchant.»

«Shylock, are you with us?» cried Bassanio,



«Er... yes... yes. I'm with you, I... I was just thinking about how much money I have at the moment »

«Will you lend the money?»

«I don't think I can raise this sum immediately,» said Shylock. «Of course, I can always get help. Tubal, who is a wealthy cousin of mine, can give me the full amount.»

Antonio knew that Shylock was lying. «Look, Shylock, I usually don't charge or pay interest on loans. But my friend Bassanio needs the money urgently. So I'm going to break my rule. How much interest do you charge?»

«Three thousand ducats; and for three months.» said the Jew. He was thinking of a plan to harm Antonio and he had already found one.

«Why should I lend you any money,» he asked, turning to Antonio, «when you are always making fun of me, calling me a dog and spitting on me? Can a dog lend three thousand ducats or do you want the loan as a reward for treating me with scorn?»

«Look, Shylock,» said Antonio, who was by now beginning to feel impatient, «I'm likely to call you that again and spit on you again. If you will lend me this money, then lend it to me not as a friend but as an enemy. You can then charge as

much interest as you like. You can also exact the type of penalty you'd like if I fail to pay the money in three months' time.»

«Now, don't be angry, Antonio,» said the wicked Jew. «I don't want to be your enemy; I want to be your friend. Here, look, to prove this to you, I'll lend you the three thousand ducats without asking for any interest.»

Antonio was very surprised to hear the usurer's kind offer.

«But there's one condition I'd like to put down in the bond,» said Shylock.

«Speak up. What condition?»

«It's not really very important. My condition is that if you don't pay me back on the exact date, the forfeit will be a pound of flesh to be cut from any part of your body that I choose.»

«What?» cried Bassanio with horror. «Are you joking?»

«Well,» said Shylock, trying to lessen the effect of his previous statement, «the whole condition is a joke, of course. After all, what shall I do with a pound of flesh? It doesn't replace my money, does it?»

«I agree,» said Antonio.



RMZ.

**"The whole conditions is a joke, of course."**

«But, Antonio,» said Bassanio, with a look of horror. Antonio didn't pay any attention. «I accept your condition,» he said. «I'm ready to sign the bond.»

«Good, then meet me near my house. I'll bring the money and prepare the bond.»

Saying these words, the Jew hurried towards his house. Bassanio, feeling uneasy, turned to his friend. «Antonio, what made you do that? What have you done?»

«Do what, Bassanio? The loan is only a small fraction of my fortune. This condition of Shylock's is just a joke – the whole thing is not serious. This Jew will never replace a pound of flesh for three thousand ducats. So calm down and tell me what your future plans are.»



**Vocabulary**

usurer /'ju:ʒərə/	مرايبي
enormous /i'no:məs/	هائلة
hard-hearted /'hɑ:dha:ti:d/	خليط القلب
exacted /ig'zaktid/	انتزع
loans /lounz/	قروض
severity /si'verəti/	قسوة
publicly /'pʌblikli/	علنا
distress (n.) /di'stres/	ضيق ، كرب
consequently /'kɒnsikwəntli/	نتيجة لذلك
reproach /ri'praʊtʃ/	يوبخ
dealing /'di:liŋ/	معاملة
hateful /'heitful/	مكروه
raise /reiz/	يجمع
charge (v.) /'tʃɑ:dʒ/	يتهم ، يحمل
urgently /'ɜ:dʒəntli/	بصورة ملحة
spitting /'spitiŋ/	يبيصق
reward (n) /ri'wɔ:d/	مكافأة
scorn (n.) /sko:n/	ازدراء
impatient /im'peɪʃənt/	نافذ الصبر
penalty /'penlti/	عقوبة
bond /bɒnd/	عقد
forfeit /'fo:fit/	غرامة
lessen /'lesn/	يقلل
effect (n.) /i'fekt/	تأثير
replace /ri'pleis/	يعوض
fraction /'frakʃən/	جزء

**PART TWO**

**Section 4**

The Prince of Morocco arrived in Belmont and went straight to Portia's house. He was accompanied by a number of followers who were all dressed in white. The Prince was tall and dark; he had the fierce look of a brave man.

«Madam,» said the Prince when all the formalities of introduction were over, «I hope you don't object to the colour of my complexion; it's dark because of the sun. But under the skin you'll find a man, a real man who is worthy of you.»

«Well, Your Highness,» said Portia, «I'm afraid I'll disappoint you when you learn that I don't have the right to make a decision, to say yes. Have you heard of the lottery?»

«The lottery, madam?» The Prince looked puzzled.

«Yes, Your Highness,» said Portia. «You see, before my father died, he devised a lottery plan to help me choose the right husband. We have three caskets made of gold, silver and lead. My father put my picture in one of them.»

Portia paused to see the effect of her words on the Prince.

«Go on, madam,» said the Prince quietly.

«I'm afraid, Your Highness,» continued Portia, «you have to submit to the lottery of the caskets. If you make the right choice and find the right casket where my picture is, I'll be your wife.»

«That's your father's will?» said the Prince thoughtfully.

«Yes, Your Highness, and..er..there's another condition.»

«Yes?»

«You must promise not to ask for the hand of any other woman if you lose.» Portia said the last words slowly but clearly.

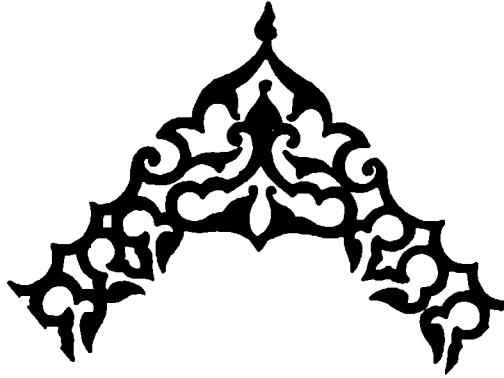
«Well, madam,» said the Prince after a moment's thought. «For you I will do anything. Look at my sword: it has so far killed the Shah of Persia and a Persian prince; it has been victorious in three battles against Suleiman, the Sultan of Turkey. With this sword I can challenge anyone on earth who calls himself brave; I can take away the cubs from their mother-bear; I can make fun of the lion that is roaring for prey. I can do all that to win you. But a lottery...» He paused for a while and then said, «You know, luck might have it that the weaker one throws the better dice.»

Portia listened attentively. Then she said, «Well, Your Highness, I can't help it. You have to take your chance.»

«All right, madam, I agree,» said the Prince, smiling. «Show me the way to the caskets.»

## Vocabulary

accompanied /ə'kʌmpənid/	كان يرافقه
fierce /fiəs/	حادّة
formalities /fo:'malitiz/	شكليات
complexion /kəm'plekʃn/	لون البشرة
worthy /'wɔ:ði/	جدير ، مستحق
Your Highness /jo: 'hainis/	يا صاحب السمو
disappoint you/disə'point ju/	أخيب أملك
cubs /kʌbz/	إشبال
roar /ro:/	يزار
prey /prei/	فريسة
dice /dais/	الزهر المستعمل للنرد
attentively /ə'tentivli/	بانتهاء





**Section 5**

Shylock's manservant, Launcelot Gobbo, was planning to leave his master's service. However, the decision was not easy to make. He began to discuss the matter with himself by imagining a conversation between himself and the devil.

«I am sure my conscience will allow me to run away from the Jew. Ah, here is the devil tempting me to run away. 'Run, good Launcelot, run,' the devil whispers in my ear. 'Run, good Launcelot, use your legs, off and run away.' Ah, but my conscience says, 'No, honest Launcelot, be careful. Launcelot, don't run.' If I stay with the Jew, then the Jew is a kind of a devil; if I run away, then I'll obey the devil himself.» Thus he talked to himself in his usual confused manner.

Old Gobbo, Launcelot's father, arrived. He was an old blind man. The father and son discussed the question and in the end Launcelot decided to leave the Jew and join Bassanio. Therefore they went out looking for Bassanio.

When they met Bassanio, they found him with his servant, Leonardo, making preparations for a party in his house that evening. Bassanio listened to Launcelot as the latter told him of his decision.

«Well, I don't know what to say,» said Bassanio. «What makes you leave a rich Jew's service and join a poor man like myself?»

«Well, sir,» said Launcelot, «God has indeed given him money, but He has given you honour.»

«All right, Launcelot,» said Bassanio with a smile. «Go and say goodbye to your old master and then join me in my household.»

«Thank you, sir,» said Launcelot happily, and hastened, with his father, to the Jew's house.

Bassanio gave Leonardo instructions for the party and the latter left. Then Gratiano arrived.

«Bassanio.»

«Oh, hello, Gratiano.»

«Would you do me a favour, Bassanio?»

«By all means,» said Bassanio, looking curiously at Gratiano.

«When are you going to Belmont?»

«Soon. Why?»

«I'd like to go with you to Belmont.»

«Whatever for?» said Bassanio in surprise.

«I just want to go with you,» Gratiano insisted.

«Look, Gratiano,» said Bassanio, «I'm not going for fun; I'm going to ask beautiful Portia to marry me. This is no joke, it's serious. I love her and I want to marry her. I intend to do my best to persuade her to marry me.» He paused for a while and then looked straight into Gratiano's eyes.

«You are wild, you might spoil everything. No, Gratiano, I can't have you with me. Not this time.»

«But, Bassanio,» said Gratiano, «I have no intention of spoiling your marriage. I want to come with you because... because, well, first because I want to help you.»

«Yes? And what then?»

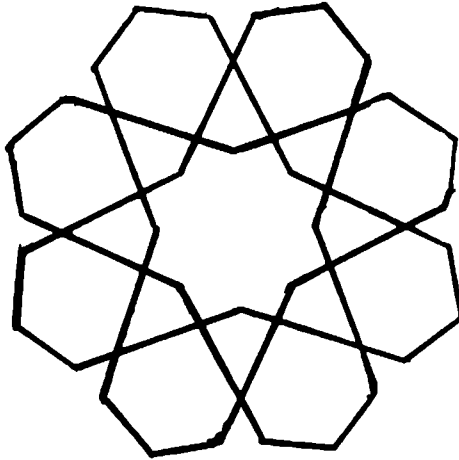
«Look Bassanio,» said Gratiano eagerly, «I promise I'll be serious and behave like a gentleman. You'll find me a different man—completely different. I'd like to be different, Bassanio.»

«All right,» said Bassanio after a while. «But don't forget what I've told you.»

«Don't worry, old man, I won't,» said Gratiano in a happy voice.

## Vocabulary

devil	/'devl/	شيطان
conscience	/'kɒnʃəns/	ضمير
preparations	/pre pə'reiʃnz/	استعدادات
household	/'haʊshəʊld/	اهل البيت
hastened	/'heɪsənd/	أسرع
favour (n.)	/'feɪvə/	فضل ، احسان
by all means	/baɪ 'o:l 'mi:nz/	لا مانع اطلاقا
intend	/ɪn'tend/	أنوي
persuade	/pə'sweɪd/	أقنع
eagerly	/'i:gəli/	بشوق ، بلهفة



**Section 6**

Jessica, Shylock's daughter, was in love with Lorenzo, Bassanio's friend. She knew that Lorenzo loved her dearly, but she also knew that she could not marry him and that gave her a lot of pain. Her father, hard-hearted Shylock, would never agree to this marriage. First she was a Jewess and she must give up her religion. Secondly, Lorenzo, a good-looking gentleman, was not rich; he was not the type of husband that Shylock would choose for his daughter.

Jessica was sad all the time for she did not know what to do; she did not dare to talk to her father for fear of his anger. She was always thinking and planning and hoping for a way out and she finally decided what she should do; she would leave her father and escape with Lorenzo. She hoped Lorenzo would accept this plan.

When Launcelot came back to his old master's house, Jessica was writing a letter.

«Madam,» he said. There was happiness in his voice. «I'm leaving this place.»

Jessica raised her eyes and looked at Launcelot. «What do you mean, Launcelot?»

«I'm leaving Master Shylock; that is, for good,» replied Launcelot.



Jessica was said all the time

«Oh? But why, Launcelot? Haven't you been happy here?»

«Frankly speaking, madam, no,» said Launcelot. «You know your father.»

Jessica didn't make any comment. She finished the letter she was writing, signed it and then sealed it.

«You know, Launcelot,» said Jessica at last, «I'll miss you. You used to make this house less dull for me.» She paused and thought for a while. «By the way, Launcelot, what are you going to do?»

«I'm joining my new master, Bassanio.»

«Bassanio,» said Jessica. She looked pleased to hear that, because after all, Bassanio was her lover's best friend.

«My new master is having a party this evening,» said Launcelot. «He's invited all of his friends.»

«Ah,» said Jessica happily. «Do you think Signor Lorenzo will be there?»

«I should think so, madam,» replied Launcelot casually.

«Well, then, Launcelot, if you happen to see Lorenzo, please give him this letter. Don't let anyone see you.»

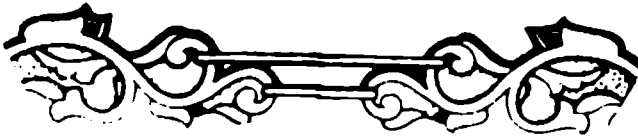
«Yes, madam,» said Launcelot taking the letter. «Well, madam, I must be leaving.»

«Good-bye, Launcelot.»

«Good-bye, madam.»

## Vocabulary

dearly /'di:li/	بشغف
Jewess /'dʒu: 'is/	يهودية
way out /'wei aut/	مخرج ، منفذ
escape (v.) /is'keip/	يهرب
for good /fə 'gud/	الى الابد
frankly speaking /'frankli 'spi:kiŋ/	بصراحة
comment (n.) /'koment/	تعليق
sealed /si:ld/	ختم
signor /si: 'njɔ:/	سيد ( بالايطالي )
casually /'kɑ:ʒu əli /	عرضا
happen to /'hɑ:pŋ tu/	صادف ان





**Section 7**

Gratiano and Lorenzo were busy all day helping Bassanio to make all the necessary arrangements for the party. In the evening they discovered that there was still quite a lot to do.

«Well, Lorenzo,» said Gratiano, as they left Bassanio's house and went walking home to dress for the party, «we haven't done a good job, I'm afraid.»

«No,» said Lorenzo, shaking his head,

Just then Launcelot appeared.

«Signor Lorenzo,» cried Launcelot.

«Who's there?» said Lorenzo.

«It's me, Launcelot, Shylock's old servant,» said Launcelot as he hurried towards Lorenzo. «Sorry to disturb you, Signor Lorenzo, but here's a letter for you.»

Lorenzo looked at the address and recognized the handwriting. «It's from Jessica,» he thought and opened the letter hurriedly. His eyes danced over the lines quickly.

«Thank you, Launcelot,» said Lorenzo.

«Not at all, Signor Lorenzo.—Well, I must be going now.»

«Where to?» inquired Lorenzo.

«To invite my old master the Jew to Signor Bassanio's party. Those are Signor Bassanio's instructions.»

«Wait a minute, Launcelot,» he said. Then he turned towards Gratiano who was watching silently. «Excuse me, Gratiano, I'd like to say something to Launcelot.»

«All right,» murmured Gratiano. Lorenzo took Launcelot aside, gave him some money and said in a low voice, «If you see Jessica, tell her I will never let her down. She can always depend on me. But say it privately, you know what I mean, not before the Jew.»

«Yes, sir,» said Launcelot and hurried along.

«Was that letter from Jessica?» asked Gratiano

«Well, I think I'd better tell you. Jessica suggests I take her away.»

«What?» shouted Gratiano. «What will the Jew do?»

«I'm not afraid of the Jew. Besides, there's no other way. We have to do this, Gratiano. You know how I love Jessica.»

Gratiano was silent for a while. At last he said, «What are you going to do?»

«Jessica will take some money and jewels and will be waiting for me tonight,» said Lorenzo. «She will be dressed as a page and we'll slip away without anyone noticing.»

«And then?» asked Gratiano who was by now beginning to accept the plan.

«And then we'll get married as soon as possible,» said Lorenzo in a happy voice.

«Well, congratulations, old man,» said Gratiano, patting Lorenzo on the back.



## Vocabulary

arrangements /ə'reɪndʒmənts/	ترتيبات ، استعدادات
disturb /dis'tɜ:b/	ازعج
handwriting /'hʌndraɪtɪŋ/	خط ، كتابة يدوية
hurriedly /'hʌrɪdli/	بسرعة
inquired /ɪŋ'kwɪəɪd/	تساءل
murmured /'mɜ:məd/	تمتم ، همهم
aside /ə'saɪd/	جانبا
let her down /'let hə 'daʊn/	تخلي عنها ، خذلها
privately /'praɪvətli/	على انفراد
take her away /'teɪk hə ə'weɪ/	هرب بها
besides /bi'saɪdz/	اصافة لذلك
page /'peɪdʒ/	خادم ، حاجب
slip away (v.) /'slɪp ə'weɪ/	يتسلل
patting /'pætɪŋ/	يربت



**Section 8**

Launcelot hurried to Shylock's house. Shylock was at home. Launcelot told him that he was leaving him and would work for Bassanio.

« Well, you'll regret it, Launcelot, » said Shylock. « You'll see a big difference between Shylock and Bassanio. You'll never eat enough or dress decently. You'll never be able to steal anything from your new master, because he's got nothing that you can steal. »

Shylock then turned to Jessica who was sitting reading and pretending to be indifferent.

« Well, Jessica, » said Shylock. « I'm invited to dinner at Bassanio's house. Take my key, lock all the doors and windows in the house. Take care of everything. I really don't want to go; yet since this prodigal foolish man invites me, I might as well go and eat whatever he's got to offer. »

Shylock then turned to Launcelot. « Now, Launcelot, go before me and tell Bassanio that I'm coming. »

Launcelot made for the door. As he passed Jessica, he stopped and whispered something in her ear. Jessica nodded, and Launcelot moved again to the door and left.

« What did that fool want? » Shylock asked suspiciously.

«Nothing, father. He just said goodbye.»

«Hm. I'm not sorry that that fool is leaving me. I never trusted him. He's a big eater and he must certainly have made some profit, serving me all that time. Anyway,» he turned to Jessica. «I'm leaving. I'll return as soon as dinner's over. Do what I've told you. Close all the doors and windows.» With these words the Jew left the house. Jessica watched him leave, a look of disgust on her face.

«Well, goodbye, father,» she thought. «If all goes according to plan, by the time you return you'll have lost a daughter.»

## Vocabulary

regret	/ri'gret /	يندم
decently	/'di:sənt'i /	بصورة محترمة
indifferent	/'in'difənt /	غير مكترث
prodigal	/'nɒdɪd /	مصرف
noded	/'nɒdɪd /	هزت رأسها
suspiciously	/'səs'pɪfəslɪ /	بتك
disgust	/'dɪs'gʌst /	ازدراء



**Section 9**

Later that evening, Lorenzo and Gratiano met outside Shylock's house.

«Now, what are you going to do, Lorenzo?»

«I'll knock at the door. Jessica must be in,» said Lorenzo as he knocked at the door. After a period of silence, Jessica appeared in the balcony above. It was very dark and she couldn't recognize Lorenzo.

«Who is it?» she said peering through the darkness.

«It's me. Jessica,» said Lorenzo in a low voice.

«Lorenzo! My Lorenzo!» said Jessica with joy «Wait, darling. I'll be ready in a minute.»

«You'd better hurry up, there's no time to waste.»

Jessica disappeared into the house. A few minutes later she came out with a box in her hand. She was dressed as a pageboy.

«Here, Lorenzo, take this casket,» she said as she gave him the box. Lorenzo took the box, and found it heavy.

«What is it, Jessica?»



"Who is it" she said peering through the darkness



«My money and jewels,» she said.

«But...» Lorenzo started, but Gratiano pulled him by the arm saying, «Hurry up, you two. Don't waste time.»

Lorenzo hurried forward holding the box in one hand and Jessica's hand in the other. Gratiano looked at Shylock's house for a moment and then turned to follow the two lovers. Just then Antonio appeared.

«Ah, Gratiano, is that you?»

«Who is it?»

«Antonio,» said Antonio as he came nearer.

«Hello, Antonio,» said Gratiano.

«Have you seen Bassanio? I've been looking for him for ages.»

«Well, he's at home, I believe. He's got a party.»

«A party? What party? The ship's ready to take him to Belmont.»

«Oh, but, Antonio, what about the guests?»  
But Antonio ignored his question.

«It's now nine o'clock, the ship will leave in an hour. Tell Bassanio to be ready. I'll be at the harbour to see him off.»

«Right, Antonio, I'll tell Bassanio at once.»

«And bring him down to the harbour.»

«I will. See you later.»

**Vocabulary.**

balcony /'balkəni/

peering /'piəriŋ/

darkness /'da:kni:s/

darling /'da:liŋ/

for ages /fə r 'eldʒiz/

ignored /'ig'no:d/

شرفة

يحدق

ظلام

حبيب ، حبيبة

لمدة طويلة

اهمل : تجاهل



## Section 10

Portia led the way to the room where the three caskets were kept. The Prince of Morocco followed silently.

«Here are the caskets,» she said pointing to the gold, silver and lead caskets.

«So I see,» said the Prince.

«Now make your choice.»

The Prince looked at the three caskets for a while. He first hurried to the gold one. On the cover he found an inscription: «Who chooses me will gain what many men desire.» The prince then looked at the silver casket. He found these words: «Who chooses me will get as much as he deserves.» The lead casket carried these words: «Who chooses me must give and risk all he has.»

The prince stood there and thought. «The words on the lead casket do not promise anything. Give' and 'risk' – for what? For lead?»

He turned back to the silver casket. «'Who chooses me will get as much as he deserves' Hm. If I am judged according to my valuation of myself, then I get enough. But... but that might not be enough to cover the lady.»

He paused before the gold casket. «The



The prince stood there and thought

inscription here is interesting. 'Who chooses me will gain what many men desire' Well, this is a reference to the lady. She is certainly the one that many men desire.»

He paused, then he picked another line of argument. «Lead is too gross a metal to contain a picture of so lovely a lady as Portia. Silver is not that expensive compared to gold. The lady is a gem and nothing less than gold should contain her picture.»

Having reached this conclusion, the Prince of Morocco turned to Portia who was standing not far away.

«Madam, I've made up my mind,» he said with confidence. «It's the gold casket.»

«Then open it,» said Portia.

Without a moment's hesitation, the prince opened the casket and, to his great disappointment, did not find Portia's picture. Instead, there was a skull and a scroll.

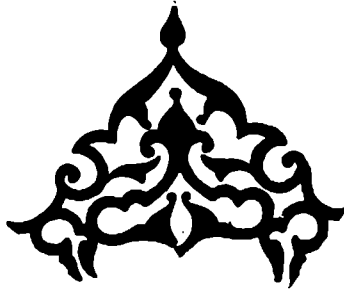
With bitterness the prince snatched the scroll and unfolded it. He found this verse:

All that glitters is not gold;  
Often have you heard that told.  
Many a man his life hath sold.

But my outside to behold –  
Gilded tombs do worms enfold;  
Had you been as wise as bold,  
Young in limbs, in judgement old,  
Your answer had not been inscrolled –  
Fare you well; your suit is cold.

«Well, I must accept my fate like a man,» said the prince. Then, turning to Portia, « Good-bye, madam. I'm too sad to stay or take a long drawn-out farewell.»

With these words the prince turned away and departed.



Vocabulary

so I see /sou ai 'si:/	كذلك لاحظ
inscription /in'skripʃən/	كتابة
deserves /di'zə:vz/	يستحق
risk (v., n.) /risk/	يخاطر ، مخاطرة
valuation /valju'eɪʃən/	تعيين ، تقييم
argument /'ɑ:gjumənt/	جدار نقاش ، وجهة نظر
gross /grouz/	رديء ، غير نقي
gem /'dʒem/	جوهرة ثمينة
confidence /'kɒnfɪdəns/	ثقة
hesitation /'hezɪ'teɪʃən/	تردد
disappointment /dɪsə'pɔɪntmənt/	خيبة أمل
skull /skʌl/	جمجمة
scroll /skroul/	لفة من الورق عليها بعض الكلمات
bitterness /'bɪtənɪs/	مرارة
snatched /snætʃt/	التقط
unfolded /ʌn'fouldɪd/	فتح
verse /və:s/	شعر ، بيت من قصيدة
glitters /'glɪtəz/	يلمع
hath /həθ/ = has	
behold /bi'hould/	ينظر ، يلاحظ
gilded /'gɪldɪd/	مذهبة ، مطلية بالذهب
tombs /tu:mz/	قبور
worms /wɔ:mz/	ديدان
enfold /ɪn'fould/	تغط ، تلف
bold /bəʊld/	شجاع
limbs /lɪnz/	أطراف
inscrolled /ɪn'skrould/	منقوش
fare you well /'feəju 'wel/	وداعاك
drawn-out /drou:naut/	طويل ، مطول
farewell /'feə'wel/	وداع

**Section 11**

Shylock left the party immediately after dinner and made his way towards his house. When he arrived he knocked hard at the door. There was no answer.

«Jessica must be sleeping,» he thought and knocked again. But again there was no answer. He grew suspicious and decided to force his way in. Only one thought filled his mind: his money. When he entered, he went straight to his room. His heart was throbbing. To his horror, he found that his safes were unlocked; he remembered he had locked them before he left.

«My money!» He was choking with anger. He ran out of the house and went straight to the Duke's house.

The Duke had already retired to bed. The servants and attendants wanted to make this clear to Shylock, but Shylock would not hear it.

«I must see the Duke. I must see him immediately.»

The noise aroused the Duke and he came out to see what was happening.

«My money,» shouted Shylock as he was admitted to the Duke. By now he was trembling with emotion.



«What has happened, Shylock?» asked the Duke in a calm voice.

«My money, all gone,» cried Shylock. He found it difficult to control himself. «And my daughter, too.»

«Calm down, Shylock.» said the Duke. «Tell me exactly what has happened.»

With great difficulty, and in broken sentences, Shylock explained what had happened.

«Do you accuse anybody of the theft and kidnapping?»

«Yes,» said Shylock. «Yes, it must be Bassanio. I've heard he's leaving this evening. He must have taken my money and my daughter.»

«Bassanio? Are you sure?» The Duke found it difficult to believe the Jew.

«Yes, my lord, it must be him», Shylock insisted.

«All right, Shylock. Let's go and see Bassanio before he leaves Venice.»

Meanwhile, Bassanio and Gratiano went to the harbour. Antonio was waiting to see his friend off.

«I'll be back soon.» said Bassanio, shaking hands with Antonio.



"My money, all gone," cried Shylock

**«You don't need to, Bassanio,» answered Antonio. «There's no need to carry out your business hurriedly. Marriage is a serious matter.»**

**«I'm still worried about the Jew's bond,» said Bassanio.**

**«You mean that part of the bond that requires one pound of flesh to be given up if we fail to produce the money in time?» said Antonio, smiling. «It's only a joke. The Jew is not serious. You take care of yourself.»**

**Antonio then turned to Gratiano and said, «Take care of Bassanio.»**

**«I will, Antonio. Don't worry,» said Gratiano who was very happy that he was being allowed to accompany Bassanio to Belmont.**

**The two young men climbed aboard and in a few minutes the ship began to move away. Antonio remained in the harbour looking at the ship sailing away.**

**Just then the Duke, accompanied by a number of attendants and Shylock, arrived. The Duke asked Antonio about Jessica.**

**«I've no idea, my lord,» said Antonio with surprise. «Why? What's wrong?»**

**«Shylock here says that his daughter has**

disappeared,» explained the Duke. «He thinks she's been kidnapped.»

«Kidnapped, my lord?» said Antonio. «Well, what's that got to do with me?»

«Is she with Bassanio?»

«No, my lord,» answered Antonio. «Bassanio has just left with his friend Gratiano. There was no lady with them.»

«My money,» the Jew burst out, «my jewels, my daughter!»

«I know where she is, my lord,» said someone who was standing nearby.

The man advanced, introduced himself and gave his evidence.

«I saw her with Lorenzo in a gondola some time ago.»

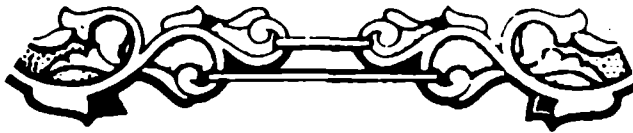
«What about my money?» cried Shylock bitterly. «My jewels?»

«I don't know what Shylock is talking about,» said the witness.

Shylock could not bear it any longer. He turned away and ran through the street shouting in a frenzy, «My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter! My daughter's run away! O my money!

**Justice, the law, my ducats and my daughter! A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats! And jewels, two stones, two very precious stones, all stolen by my daughter! Justice! Find the girl! She's got the stones on her, and the ducats!»**

**The Duke, his attendants and Antonio watched the Jew with disgust and turned away to leave. Soon after they departed, news came that one of Antonio's trading ships had been destroyed in the English Channel.**



## Vocabulary

grew /gru:/	أصبح
force (v.) /fo:s/	يقتحم
throbbing /'θrobin/	يخفق ، يدق
horror /'horə/	فزع
safe (n.) /seif/	خزانة لحفظ النقود
unlocked /ʌn'lokt/	مفتوحة
choking /tʃ'oukin/	مختلقا
retired to bed /ri'taied te'be d/	خلد الى النوم
attendants /ə'tendents/	خدم
aroused /ə'rauzd/	أيقظ
admitted /əd'mitid/	أدخل
trembling /'tremblin/	يرتجف
emotion /i'mouʃən/	اضطراب ، انفعال
calm down /'kɑ:m 'daun/	أهدأ
accuse /ə'kju:z/	يتهم
theft /θeft/	سرقة
kidnapping /'kɪdnəpɪŋ/	اختطاف
meanwhile /'mi:n'waɪl/	في تلك الاثناء
carry out /'kəri 'aut/	ينفذ
aboard /ə'bo:d/	على ظهر السفينة
burst out /'bɜ:st 'aut/	انفجر
evidence /'evidəns/	دليل ، برهان
gondola /'gɒndələ/	زورق طويل مستعمل في
witness /'wɪtnɪs/	قنوات فينيسيا
frenzy /'frenzi/	شاهد
justice /'dʒʌstɪs/	هيجان شديد
English Channel /'ɪŋglɪʃ 'tʃənl/	عدالة
	القنال الانكليزي

## **Section 12**

**Nerissa hurried into her mistress's room.**

**«Madam, quick; please.»**

**«What is it, Nerissa?» asked Portia anxiously.**

**«The Prince of Aragon, madam. He's just arrived from Spain. He's come for the lottery.»**

**A flourish of trumpets was heard and the Prince of Aragon was admitted. He was followed by a large number of attendants.**

**When Portia went to see him, he told her of his wish to marry her. He then added, «I know about your father's will, madam. I also know all about the lottery plan. Please show me my way to the caskets; I'd like to make my choice.»**

**Portia led the way to the room where the three caskets were kept.**

**«Those are the caskets, Your Highness,» said Portia. «But, remember, Your Highness, you must promise that if you make the wrong choice you may not ask for the hand of any woman in the future.»**

**«I promise,» said the Prince and advanced towards the caskets.**

**He stood before the caskets and hesitated. He began to reason but found it extremely difficult to make up his mind.**

**«I can't trust the inscription on the gold casket. 'Who chooses me will gain what many men desire'. But that word 'many' may be meant for the ordinary people, who choose only by outward appearances. No, I'm not going to choose what may appeal to the common people.»**

**He turned to the lead casket and pondered over the inscription. «What does this inscription mean? 'Who chooses me must give and risk all he has.' But why should I give and risk?» He turned his head towards the silver casket, which seemed to appeal to him.**

**«The inscription on the silver casket sounds very suitable indeed. 'Who chooses me will get as much as he deserves.' Indeed, it would be a good world if everyone got as much as he deserved, I'll not try to cheat fortune and pretend that I have greater honour than I really deserve.» He paused for a while and went on reasoning, «Indeed, if everyone is honoured according to his merits, many of those who are the children of noble people will not deserve to be anything.» He paused again and thought for a while. «If I don't deserve this lady,» he said at last, «I have no right to marry her. But surely I do deserve her.»**

**He turned to Portia and said with a broad**



smile of anticipation, «I've made up my mind. I've chosen the silver casket. Give me the key, madam.»

Portia, feeling anxious that he might make the right choice, gave him the key and stood nearby. The Prince of Aragon opened the casket. The contents of its interior gave him a shock and he stood motionless.

«Yes, Your Highness?» said Portia curiously.

«Well, what's this?» said the prince at last. He was making a great effort to overcome his shock. «The portrait of a fool? Is... is that what I deserve? Only a fool's head? Is that my reward?»

The prince found a scroll, which he picked up and unfolded. He found these words:

Do not be deceived by appearances. Some people with grey hair are apparently wise. but in fact they are not so; just like this disgusting portrait enclosed in a silver casket.

«I cannot stay here any longer,» said the prince. He then turned to Portia, who was looking much relieved, and said, «Madam, good-bye. I'll keep my promise and bear my fate patiently.» He then left, followed by his attendants.

«The candle has burned the moth's wings,»



“Well, What’s this ?” Said the prince at last.

said Portia as she watched the prince and his followers leave the house.

«What do you mean, madam?» said Nerissa.

«Those fools use reason instead of following the deepest feelings of their hearts.»

«Well, madam, they say that one's marriage and death are decided by one's fate.»

Later that day, a messenger arrived and Portia learned that another suitor, a young Venetian nobleman, was on his way to Belmont.

«Come, Nerissa, let's see who Cupid has sent me,» said Portia.

«I hope he's Bassanio,» thought Nerissa as she followed her mistress.



**Vocabulary**

mistress	/ˈmɪstrəs/	سيدة
flourish	/ˈflaʊrɪʃ/	مقطع موسيقى كان يعزف عند مقدم شخص هام
trumpets	/ˈtrʌmpɪts/	أبواق
hesitated	/ˈhezɪteɪtɪd/	تردد
reason (v.)	/ˈri:zn/	يستنتج منطقياً
make up his mind	/ˈmeɪk ʌp hɪz ˈmaɪnd/	يقرر
outward	/ˈaʊtwɔːd/	خارجي
appearance	/əˈpiːərəns/	مظهر
appeal (v.)	/əˈpi:l/	يعجب ، يروق
common people	/ˈkɒmən ˈpi:pl/	عامة الناس
ponder over	/ˈpɒndə ˈoʊvə/	يفكر ملياً بـ
honoured	/ˈɒnəd/	شرف
merits	/ˈmerɪts/	مزايا
broad smile	/ˈbro:d ˈsmaɪl/	ابتسامة عريضة
anticipation	/ˌæntɪsɪˈpeɪ ʃ n/	توقع ، حدس
contents	/ˈkɒntents/	محتويات
interior	/ɪnˈtɪəriə/	الجزء الداخلي
shock (n.)	/ʃ ok/	صدمة
motionless	/ˈmoʊ ʃ ənlɪs/	بدون حركة
fool (n.)	/fu:l/	متهرب
deceived	/dɪˈsi:vɪd/	خدعت
apparently	/əˈpærəntli/	بصورة واضحة
disgusting	/dɪsˈgʌstɪŋ/	مثير الاشمزاز
portrait	/ˈpɔ:trɪt/	صورة
enclosed	/ɪŋˈkləʊzd/	موضوعة في
moth	/mɒθ/	حشرة مجتحة نحوم حول الضوء
fate	/feɪt/	قدر

**PART THREE**

**Section 13**

In Venice, news came that another of Antonio's ships had sunk. Solanio and Salerio heard the news. They discussed the problem.

«The news is not yet certain, Salerio,» said Solanio. «It's just a rumour.»

«Well, I do hope it's not true,» said Salerio. «If it is, then I pray it's the last one he loses.»

«Let me say 'amen' to your prayer before the devil spoils it, for here he comes in the picture of Shylock.»

Shylock was still lamenting the loss of his daughter and money.

«Good morning, Shylock. Any news?»

Shylock looked at them with sad eyes and said, «You know too well; you know only too well of my daughter's flight.» There was bitterness in his voice.

«That's right, Shylock,» said Salerio. «We all know the story. As a matter of fact I know the tailor that made the wings she flew with.» He was obviously making fun of the Jew.

«Well, Shylock,» said Solanio, «you know very well that birds have got a natural inclination to leave their parents when they are strong enough.»

«She'll be damned for it,» said Shylock.

«Of course, Shylock, don't worry,» said Salerio, «she will certainly be damned if the devil is her judge.»

«My own flesh and blood,» Shylock continued bitterly.

«There is greater difference between you and her than between soot and ivory,» said Salerio mockingly.

«Tell me, Shylock, have you heard anything about Antonio's ships?»

«That's another loss,» said Shylock and moaned. «That bankrupt, prodigal fool who now doesn't dare to show his face in the market-place; a beggar that used to come to the market-place so smug and pleased with himself.» Shylock was by now becoming furious with rage and hatred. «Let him look after his bond now. He used to call me a usurer. Let him look after his bond if he can. He used to lend money without charging interest. Well, now let him look after his bond; now he's broke.»

«Shylock,» said Salerio. He was now very

serious. «If Antonio were to pay the penalty, you wouldn't take flesh, would you? I mean, it's only a joke, isn't it?»

«Well, it was a bait and the fool has swallowed the hook. This will satisfy my revenge. He has often made fun of me and made me lose business. Merchants won't borrow from me; they won't pay interest to Shylock; they'd rather borrow from Antonio. Can you imagine the loss? Do you know how much I have lost up to now? Half a million ducats.»

At that moment one of Antonio's servants arrived and told Solanio and Salerio that Antonio would like to see them. Before they left, Tubal, Shylock's cousin, arrived.

«Here comes your cousin,» said Solanio. «A third cannot be found to compare with you two, unless – well, unless the devil himself is turned into a Jew.»

Solanio and Salerio left for Antonio's house. Shylock had asked Tubal to help him find Jessica. As soon as he arrived, Shylock turned to him and said anxiously, «What news, Tubal, have you got from Genoa? Have you found my daughter?»

«I heard about her, but I couldn't find her,» said Tubal.

«You know, Tubal, Jessica has taken, among

other jewels, a very expensive diamond, one that cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfurt. Imagine, two thousand ducats. I would rather see her dead than have her take the jewels. How I would like to see her dead and all the ducats she's stolen in her coffin! No news then? You know how much I've spent up to now trying to find them? It seems that I'm the only one in Venice to be plagued by bad luck.»

Tubal, mean, selfish and hard-hearted, just like Shylock, had no sympathy towards Shylock despite the fact that he was his cousin.

«You're not the only unlucky man in Venice,» he said dryly. «Antonio, for example, as I heard in Genoa – ».

«What? Antonio? Bad luck?» Shylock's face brightened as he heard that.

«Yes, another ship has been sunk on its way back from Tripoli.»

«Thank God, thank God. Is it true?».

«I talked to some of the sailors who survived the wreck,» said Tubal.

«Thank you, thank you, good Tubal. Very good news indeed; ha! ha! »Shylock began to laugh hysterically.

«But you know, Shylock, your daughter spent eighty ducats on one occasion in Genoa.»



«You have hit me with a dagger, Tubal. I shall never see my gold again – eighty ducats, did you say eighty? And on one occasion?»

«That's right, Shylock ,» said Tubal. «However, Antonio's creditors think that he will certainly go bankrupt.» Tubal was clearly trying to play with Shylock's feelings, telling him bad news and then reminding him that he had some hope to revenge himself on Antonio.

«I'm very glad to hear it, Tubal. I now know exactly what to do, and believe me I'll torture him.»

«A merchant in Genoa showed me a ring that your daughter had given him for a monkey,» said Tubal.

«Curse her. You torture me, Tubal,» shouted Shylock. «You know something, that ring was a present from my wife before we got married.»

«But Antonio is certainly ruined,» said Tubal, who was enjoying this game.

«Yes, yes, that's true, that's true,» said Shylock. «Go, Tubal, find a sheriff's officer for me. Arrange with him to be available a fortnight before Antonio's debt is to be paid.»

«Whatever for, Shylock?»

«So that he can arrest Antonio. If Antonio has to pay the penalty, the one pound of flesh, then I will cut it from his heart. If he's gone, I can do whatever business I like in Venice. So go, Tubal; do what I've told you.»

## Vocabulary

rumour	/ˈru:mə/	اشاعة
amen	/eiˈmen/	آمين
prayer	/ˈpreɪə/	صلاة
lamenting	/ləˈmentɪŋ/	ينوح ، يندب
bitterness	/ˈbɪtənɪs/	مرارة
tailor	/ˈteɪlə/	خياط
inclination	/ɪnˈkliːneɪʃən/	ميل ، نزوع
damned	/ˈdæm d/	لعن ، ملعون
soot	/sut/	نيلج ، سخام
ivory	/ˈaɪvəri/	عاج
mockingly	/ˈmɒkɪŋli/	يسخرية
moaned	/maʊnd/	أَنَّ ، ناح
bankrupt	/ˈbæŋkrʌpt/	مفلس
smug	/smʌg/	اغتر ، او سعتد بنفسه
furious	/ˈfjuəriəs/	غاضب ، هائج
rage	/reɪdʒ/	غيط ، غضب شديد
broke	/brəʊk/	مفلس
bait	/beɪt/	طعم
swallowed	/ˈswɒləʊd/	ابتلع
hook	/hʊk/	صنارة ، خطاف
revenge (n.)	/riˈvendʒ/	انتقام
up to now	/ʌp tə ˈnaʊ/	لحد الان
coffin	/ˈkɒfɪn/	تابوت
mean (adj.)	/mi:n/	وضيع ، حقير ، بخيل
selfish	/ˈsɛlfɪʃ/	أناني
sympathy	/ˈsɪmpəθi/	تعاطف

despite /di'spaɪt/	برغم
dryly /'draɪli/	بجفاء
survived /sə'vaɪvd/	نجوا
wreck /rek/	حطام السفينة
hysterically /his'terikli/	بهستيريا
occasion /ə'keɪʒ ən/	مناسبة
dagger /'dægə/	خنجر
creditors /'kredɪtəz/	دائنون
revenge (v.) /ri'vendʒ/	ينتقم
torture /'tɔ:tʃə/	أعذب
curse her /'kɜ:s hə/	فلتلعن
sheriff /'ʃerɪf/	رئيس الشرطة
available /ə'veɪləbl/	متوفر ، متواجد



**Section 14**

When Bassanio arrived in Belmont, Portia received him very kindly. She knew that she loved him but she was afraid that he would make the wrong choice. She couldn't bear the thought of losing him and therefore she begged him to delay his choice of casket.

«Please, Bassanio, don't be in such a hurry. Stay here for one or two days and then try the lottery. You know very well that if you lose the lottery I shall lose you.» Portia paused for a while; she did not want to be too forward in expressing her love and yet she couldn't help it. But Bassanio insisted that he should try his luck.

«No, madam. I've suffered long enough. I love you and I need you; and in order to win you I have to make the right choice. So show me the caskets.»

Portia took him to the three caskets. By this time she was very worried.

«These are the caskets,» she said, pointing to them. «If you do love me, you will find me out.»

Bassanio went forward and stood before the three caskets. Portia stood there, her heart throbbing with anxiety. «I...I don't know what to do.» she thought. «I could tell him how to make the right choice. But then I would be breaking my

promise to my father, which I don't want to do; neither does Bassanio, I'm sure.»

Bassanio looked at the three caskets and read the inscriptions on each one of them. He thought for a long time before choosing. «Either the gold or silver casket must be the right one,» he thought. But soon he rejected that idea. «No, no, so many people and things try to make themselves look fine and beautiful when they are really ugly and corrupt. Some people pretend to be courageous when they really are not. You might often find a woman with fair and golden hair, but you soon find out that it's either dyed, or she's wearing a wig made of the hair of a dead woman. No, I'll not be misled by appearances. Cunning time sometimes shows a false truth to trap the wise.»

Having come to this conclusion he turned to the gold casket. «Gold, you won't deceive me. Neither will you, silver,» he thought turning to the silver casket. «I've made my choice,» he said, looking at Portia. «It's the lead casket.»

Portia watched him make the right guess. Without a moment's hesitation Bassanio opened the lead casket. «Ah, what do I find here?» he said with joy. «Portia's picture.» He picked up the picture and looked at it closely. «The painter must have been a genius in order to produce a picture which is so similar to the lady.» He looked inside the casket and found a scroll. Hastily he picked it up and unfolded it. He found this verse:



KMZ.]

He picked up the picture and looked at it closely.

You that choose not by the view,  
Chance as fair, and choose as true.  
Since his fortune falls to you,  
Be content and seek no new.  
If you be well pleased with this  
And hold your fortune for your bliss,  
Turn you where your lady is  
And claim her with a loving kiss.

Bassanio turned to Portia, the picture and the scroll in his hand. He was anxious to see her response.

«Well, Portia. Will you marry me?»

«Oh, Bassanio,» said Portia, her face glowing with delight, «yes, yes.»

Bassanio held Portia's hands.

«I'm so happy,» she said.

«I'm sure we'll always be happy, dear,» he said.

«And I promise I'll do my best to be worthy of you, darling. From now on, I and everything I have belong to you alone. With this ring I give you everything I have,» she said, handing him an expensive ring.

«I want it to be the symbol of our love,» she added. «Don't ever lose it, Bassanio, or give it away.»

Bassanio, overpowered with love and gratitude, took the ring.

«Thank you, Portia. I promise I'll take care of this ring; I'll always have it on my finger. Nothing but death will make me part with it.»

The two lovers sat together talking of their love. Gratiano and Nerissa came in.

«I'm sorry to intrude,» said Gratiano, «but I've just heard that you've made the right guess. Congratulations, Bassanio.» He shook hands with Bassanio first and then with Portia, saying, «Madam I wish you every happiness.» Gratiano looked pleased indeed.

«Thank you, Gratiano,» said Portia.

Nerissa, for her part, wished the two lovers happiness, too.

«Well, Bassanio, and you Madam,» said Gratiano, pressing his hands together, «may I ask you a favour?»

«Of course, Gratiano. Anything,» said Bassanio.

«Nerissa and I request your permission to get



married. You see, we're in love.»

«Is that true, Nerissa?» asked Portia, smiling.

«Yes, madam,» said Nerissa and blushed.

Bassanio looked straight into his friend's eyes. «Are you serious, Gratiano?» He knew that Gratiano was a wild, playful fellow.

«Yes, Bassanio. It's serious this time,» said Gratiano.

«Well, what can I say?» said Bassanio, laughing. «Congratulations, you two.»

«Thank you, Bassanio,» said Gratiano and Nerissa, smiling fondly at each other.

## Vocabulary

suffered	/'sʌfəd/	عانيت
anxiety	/əŋ'zaiəti/	قلق ، نلھف
rejected	/ri'dʒektid/	رقتض
corrupt (adj.)	/kə'rʌpt/	فاسد
courageous	/kə'reidʒəs/	شجاع
fair hair	/'feə 'heə/	شعر اشقر
dyed	/daid/	مصبوغة
misled	/mis'led/	خدع ، ضلل
cunning	/'kʌniŋ/	خادع
trap(v.)	/trap/	يصيد
closely	/'kləʊsli/	بأمعان
genius	/'dʒi:ni:ʃs/	عبقري
hastily	/'heistili/	بسرعة
content (adj.)	/kən'tent/	فانح
seek	/si:k/	يبحث
bliss	/blis/	نعميم
claim	/kleim/	يطلب
symbol	/'simbl/	رمز
overpowered	/ouvə'pauəd/	مغلوب
gratitude	/'gratitju:d/	امتنان
part (v.)	/pɑ:t/	ارحل
intrude	/in'tru:d/.	اتطفل ، اتدخل
guess (n.)	/ges/	تخمين
request (v.)	/ri'kwɛst/	نطلب
permission	pə'mi:ʃn/	ساج
blushed	/blʌʃ t/	احمر وجهها حجلا

Section 15

The four lovers spent the next few days making plans for the future and preparing for the marriage. However, their happiness did not last long. One day as they were sitting together in the main room of the house, the servant announced the arrival of Lorenzo, Jessica and Salerio.

Bassanio welcomed his guests and introduced his fiancée, Portia, who welcomed them warmly. There was a look of worry on the guests' faces, which Bassanio noticed at once.

«What is it, Lorenzo?» asked Bassanio anxiously.

«Well, Bassanio,» said Lorenzo, «I wouldn't have disturbed you if I hadn't met Salerio. He's asked me to come with him.»

«Is it that serious?» said Bassanio, getting more worried.

«You'd better tell him yourself, Salerio,» said Lorenzo, and Salerio put his hand in his pocket, took out a letter and handed it to Bassanio.

«Signor Antonio sends his regards. He's written you this letter.»

Bassanio took the letter and looked at Salerio

with deep anxiety. «How is Antonio?»

«Well, you'd better read the letter, Bassanio,» said Salerio pointing to the letter in Bassanio's hand. Bassanio quickly opened the letter. He grew pale as his eyes skimmed the lines.

«What is it, Bassanio?» asked Portia, anxiously noticing his distress.

«Well,» he said with a great effort to overcome his emotion. «Portia, I'd better tell you everything. You know I'm not very rich; in fact I'm very poor.»

«What's that got to do with the letter, or your friend?»

Bassanio then told her the whole story of the loan, the bond and the terrible condition imposed by Shylock.

«What's happened now?» enquired Portia.

«I'd better read you the letter,» said Bassanio and began to read the letter, his voice full of emotion.

«Dear Bassanio, I've had a bit of bad luck and all my ships are lost. My bond to the Jew is now forfeit; and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, I would like to see you before I die. However, if you find it inconvenient to come to Venice, you don't have to worry; I shall understand. Yours, Antonio.»

«That's horrible,» said Portia. «Can't anyone help him?»

«Well, madam,» said Salerio, «everybody tried to help him. Twenty merchants and the Duke himself offered to pay the loan but the Jew refused. Then the chief men of Venice all tried to persuade the Jew to give up his claim and drop the case but the Jew wouldn't listen to anybody. He's determined to have his forfeit. He's been pestering the Duke day and night to try the case.»

«Why should the Duke listen to him?» said Portia.

«Well, madam, the Duke is very conscious of the reputation of Venice for justice, that is for giving everyone equal rights in the eyes of the law.»

«But – but this is a special case,» shouted Portia. «The whole affair is inhuman.»

«It is, madam,» said Salerio. «You're right. Still, the Duke believes that Venice should keep its well-earned reputation. Besides, the Jew is going about saying that if his case is not treated properly he will discredit Venice's reputation for justice – a reputation which is admired throughout the world.»

«I know my father,» said Jessica. «When I was with him I heard him tell Tubal that he would rather have Antonio's flesh than twenty times

the value of the sum that Antonio owes him. If the case is tried, things will turn out badly for poor Antonio».

«How much is the loan?» said Portia, turning to Bassanio.

«Three thousand ducats,» answered Bassanio.

«What? Just three thousand ducats?» cried Portia. «The man's going to lose his life for just three thousand ducats?»

«Yes, that's all it is, Portia,» murmured Bassanio sadly.

«What are you waiting for, Bassanio? Go to Venice and pay Shylock twenty times the sum and destroy the bond. Go as soon as possible, today. But..» She paused for a while and then continued «but let's get married first. Let's go to the church first and get married. Then go to Venice to your friend. You must save him, Bassanio, you must.»

That same day they were married. Gratiano was also married to Nerissa. Then Bassanio and Gratiano, the instant the ceremony was completed, set out in great haste for Venice.



**That same day they were married.**

Vocabulary

announced	/ə'naunst/	أعلن
fiancée	/fi'a:nsei/	خطيبة
warmly	/'wo:mli/	بحرارة
disturbed	/dis'tə:bd/	ازعجت
regards	/ri'ga:dz/	تحيات ، احترامات
pale	/peil/	شاحب
skimmed	/skimd/	قرا بسرعة
imposed	/impouzd/	فرض
inconvenient	/ɪŋkən'vi:niənt/	غير ملائم
give up	/'gɪv 'ʌp/	يتخلى
drop the case	/'drɒp ðə'keɪs/	يسقط الدعوى
determined	/di'tə:mɪnd/	مضمم ، عاقد العزم
pestering	/'pestəriŋ/	يزعج
reputation	/repju'teɪʃən/	سمعة
inhuman	/ɪn'hju:mən/	غير انساني
well-earned	/'wel'ə:nd/	مكتسبة بجدارة
discredit	/dis'kredit/	بشكك في جدارة
instant	/'ɪnstənt/	لحظة
ceremony	/'serɪməni/	حفلة ، مراسم
haste (n.)	/heɪst/	سرعة



**Section 16**

The day of payment being past, Shylock managed to get a warrant for Antonio's arrest. He went with a policeman to Antonio's house and found him there with Solanio.

«You're under arrest, Antonio,» said Shylock, grinning with satisfaction. He turned to the policeman and said, «Now, officer, here's your man, the fool who used to lend money without charging interest. Do your duty and arrest him. Don't talk to me again of mercy, officer.»

«Listen to me, Shylock,» said Antonio quietly

«I won't listen to you or anybody,» shouted Shylock. «I've got the bond and I'll get my claim. I've made a vow that I will have my claim. You used to call me a dog; well, since I'm a dog, beware my fangs. The Duke will grant me justice.»

«Please, listen to me.» said Antonio, but the Jew would not listen. He shouted angrily, «I'll have my bond. I shall not listen to you.» He turned to walk away and Antonio began to follow him, hoping to talk further.

«Don't follow me. I'm not going to listen to you. All I want is my bond.» And with those words he walked on.

«That's the most wicked dog I've ever seen,»

said Solanio, watching the Jew with disgust.

«Leave him, Solanio,» said Antonio. «I shan't follow him or talk to him any more. He wants to see me dead and I know very well why.»

«Don't worry, Antonio,» said Solanio, trying to encourage and comfort him. «I'm sure the Duke will never grant him his claim.»

«Well, the Duke cannot stop the law from being carried out,» said Antonio thoughtfully. «If Shylock is denied his rights, the reputation which Venice enjoys for fair treatment of everybody, including foreigners, will be greatly damaged. This would be most unfortunate, Solanio; as you know, the prosperity of Venice depends largely on foreign trade.»

Solanio didn't say anything; he simply cast down his eyes in sorrow. Antonio turned to the policeman and said calmly, «Well, officer, let's go.»

As they were leaving, Antonio turned to Solanio and said, «I hope Bassanio will come before I die.»

**Vocabulary**

warrant /'wɒrənt/	أمر القاء القبض
under arrest /'ʌndə'rɛst/	مقبوض عليك
grinning /grɪnɪŋ/	يكتر
satisfaction /sætɪs'fækʃən/	رضا
vow /vaʊ/	عهد ، نذر
beware /bi'weə/	احذر
fangs /fɑŋz/	أنياب الحيوان
grant /grɑnt/	يمنح
denied /di'naɪd/	أنكر
foreigners /'fɔrɪnəz/	اجانب
unfortunate /'ʌn'fɔ:tʃənət/	يؤسف له
prosperity /prɒ'sperɪti/	رفاهية
cast down /'kɑ:st 'daʊn/	أخفض



**Section 17**

After Bassanio's departure, Portia began to think if she could, by any means, be helpful in saving the life of her dear Bassanio's friend. A plan formed in her mind and she decided to carry it out immediately. She decided not to tell anyone of her plans except Nerissa, but first she thought of an excuse for leaving Belmont. She called Lorenzo and his wife, Jessica.

«Lorenzo, Jessica, I've decided to retire to a monastery and I'll take Nerissa with me. I'll stay there until Bassanio and Gratiano return from Venice. The monastery is not far, only two miles away from here.»

«Yes, madam,» said Lorenzo. «Can we be of any help?»

«Yes, Lorenzo,» said Portia. «I wonder if I could leave you and Jessica the task of managing the mansion while we're away.»

«Of course, madam,» said Lorenzo. «You don't have to worry, Jessica and I will do our best.»

«Thank you very much,» said Portia. «I'll tell the servants what I've decided to do and that you and Jessica are now the master and mistress of the house and lands.»

«When are you leaving, madam?» said Jessica.

«Today. Nerissa will do the necessary packing and other necessary arrangements.»

«Well, madam,» said Lorenzo. «I hope you'll be very comfortable and peaceful there until Bassanio returns.»

«Thank you.»

Lorenzo and Jessica left and Portia wrote a letter, sealed it and called a servant.

«Take this letter and hurry to my cousin Dr. Bellario in Padua. Give him the letter by hand. Wait for the answer or any instructions he may give you and hurry back to me.»

«Yes, madam,» said the servant taking the letter.

«I won't be here when you come back,» said Portia. «I'll be waiting for you near the ferry that goes to Venice. So come straight to that place.»

«I will, madam,» said the servant and hurried away.

Portia called Nerissa and disclosed the plan.

«You know, Nerissa, my cousin is a lawyer. Actually he's one of the best in the State. I've written him a letter and asked for his advice regarding Antonio's case. You and I will

dress up as men; I'll pretend to be a lawyer and you will be my clerk. We'll go to Venice and defend poor Antonio.»

«But Signor Bassanio and Gratiano will be there.»

«That's the joke,» said Portia, smiling. «We'll disguise ourselves so well that they will never recognize us »

Nerissa laughed and said, «But madam, can you act the role of a man?»

«I'll do my best,» said Portia. «I'll make my voice deeper. I'll boast of love adventures with women, as most young men do. I'll talk of how women run after me and seek my love, but because I turn them down, they get sick and die. Such lies.»

Nerissa laughed heartily.

«So, come along, Nerissa. Let's make all our preparations. Pack everything we shall need. My coach is waiting for us at the gate.»

## Vocabulary

retire /ri'taiə/	يعتكف
monastery /'monəstri/	دير
task /tɑ:sk/	مهمة
mansion /'mænʃn/	قصر
packing /'pækɪŋ/	رزم الامتعة
peaceful /'pi:sful/	هاديء ، مطمئن
ferry /'feri/	عبارة
disclosed /dis'klouzd/	كشفت عن ، افشت
actually /'æktʃuəli/	في الحقيقة
dress up as men /'dres ʌp əz 'men/	نتنكر بملابس الرجال
disguise /dis'gaiz/	تخفي ، تنكر
boast /bəʊst/	اتباهى ، افتخر
turn down /'tɜ:n'daʊn/	يرفض ، يصد
heartily /'hɑ:tili/	من اعماق قلبها
coach /kəʊtʃ/	عربة



**PART FOUR**

**Section 18**

On the day of the trial the Duke entered the court of justice and called for Antonio.

«Antonio, are you to defend yourself?»

«I am,» answered Antonio.

«I'm very sorry that you have to answer a charge brought by a man without an ounce of pity in his soul.»

«Thank you, my lord,» said Antonio. «I know you've made every effort to try to reconcile the Jew but would not be moved. I'm ready to accept whatever the court decides in the full justice of the law.»

«Call the Jew,» said the Duke.

Shylock entered wringing his hands with pleasure and grinning from ear to ear as he bowed to the Duke.

«Shylock, everyone here believes that you do not want justice for the sake of justice, but merely to take revenge on Antonio. I hope that you can with human gentleness and love forget that part of the bond that calls for the pound of flesh. Can



you give us a gentle answer, Shylock?»

Shylock looked at the Duke without a shred of pity in his face.

«My lord, if you do not let me have justice, then harm will come to the charter and freedom of your city. You ask me why I'd rather want to have a pound of flesh than three thousand ducats, but I'll not answer you. I tell you only that it is my desire—that's my only answer.» He paused for a while and then continued, «Men do strange things. Some would pay ten thousand ducats to poison a rat in their house. Some men go mad if they see a cat or hear a bagpipe blowing. My answer is the same – one cannot bear the sight of a cat, another cannot bear the sound of a bagpipe and I cannot bear the sight of Antonio. This is why I'm prepared to lose my money in order to get my pound of flesh. Do I answer you satisfactorily?»

Bassanio, who was present together with Gratiano, Salerio and all his friends, interrupted as he could not contain his feelings, «This is no answer to excuse the enormity of your cruelty.»

With a sneer, Shylock replied, «I don't have to please you with my answers, Bassanio.»

«Do all men kill the things they don't love?» shouted Bassanio.

«Doesn't a man hate the things he's trying

to kill?» was Shylock's reply.

Antonio, listening to the argument calmly, said, «Remember, Bassanio, that you are arguing with a Jew. Arguing with Shylock is as fruitless as standing on the seashore and telling the tide not to come in. Let's argue no further. Let the Jew have his revenge and let me have my judgement.»

«No, Antonio,» said Bassanio, terrified at the thought of Antonio dying. «Shylock, for your three thousand ducats, here's six.»

«I would not take six times six thousand ducats from you. I want my bond.» answered Shylock.

The Duke spoke quietly to Shylock, «Shylock, how can you ever hope for others to offer you mercy when you offer none now?»

The Jew's heart had not been softened by any of these pleas. «I demand the pound of flesh. It's mine and I will have it. If you refuse, a curse upon your law. People will see that there's no strength in the laws of Venice. I stand here asking for judgement. Answer me, my lord, shall I have it?»

In response to this the Duke stated that he was going to postpone judgement, until Dr. Bellario, whom he had sent for, arrived. But Salerio who was listening said that a messenger was outside to see the Duke, carrying letters from Dr

Bellarion in Padua. The Duke asked Salerio to call the messenger. Nerissa entered the court dressed in the clothes of a lawyer's clerk. No one there recognized her. Nerissa handed the Duke a letter from Bellario and while he was reading it, Bassanio noticed that Shylock was sharpening his knife.

«Why are you doing that?» said Bassanio.

«To cut my forfeit from Antonio the bankrupt,» said Shylock, grinning.

«Jew,» said Gratiano, «you can never make your knife as sharp as the envy you bear.»

Gratiano made a final appeal, «Can no prayers pierce your heart?»

«None that you can make, Gratiano,» said Shylock.

On hearing this Gratiano, who had been restraining himself with difficulty during the proceedings, cursed Shylock and compared him to a wolf, which, starved and ravenous, wants to feed on human flesh.

Shylock shrugged off Gratiano's curses by saying, «Be careful you don't go mad, young man. I'm here waiting for the law to take effect.»

The Duke, having finished reading the letter, said to the court, «Bellario is sick and cannot come. He has therefore recommended a young and

learned lawyer from Rome called Dr Balthazar in order to give the court his opinion of the case between the Jew and Antonio. Bellario says, » said the Duke, reading from the letter, «I beseech you do not let his youth be an obstacle to a wise and sensible estimation of the case. I have never known so young a body with a head so old'.»

As the Duke finished reading, Portia entered the court dressed as Dr Balthazar. Again nobody recognized her. The Duke welcomed Balthazar (Portia) and asked if the young lawyer knew what the dispute was about. Portia said she did and asked to see Shylock and Antonio.

«Do you confess the bond?»

«I do,» replied Antonio.

«Then of course the Jew will be merciful,» said Portia.

«Why must I?» cried Shylock. «Why must I?»

«No one forces you to be merciful,» said Portia. «Mercy comes from heaven and brings two blessings: a blessing to the one who gives it and a blessing to the one who receives it. Mercy is most strong in the strong. It suits kings better than their crowns because the crown shows the kings' power on land; but mercy comes from God himself and is, therefore, stronger than any earthly power. I've spoken this to you, Jew, in order to ask you to moderate the full justice of your demand, because

if you do not, this strict court must give the full sentence against this merchant.»

«I take full responsibility for what I do,» said Shylock. «All I want is the law. I want the full penalty and forfeit of my bond.»

«Is he not able to pay back the money?» said Portia looking around the court.

«Yes,» said Bassanio, her husband who had not yet recognized her. «Yes, here I offer it to him in court. Not only the sum required but twice the sum, and if that does not satisfy him, I'll pay ten times the sum, and if necessary I'll give up my hands, my head and my heart. And if the Jew will not accept this, then it will certainly appear that evil is overcoming truth. I beseech you, lawyer, on this occasion, in order to enable a great right to be done, just do a little wrong and stop this cruel devil Shylock from having his will.»

«No,» said Portia. «It cannot be. No power can alter a decree of Venice once it has been established.»

Shylock, thinking that Portia was on his side, applauded and shouted, «Oh, wise young judge, how I do admire you. You're as wise as Daniel. \*»

Portia ignored this and asked to see the bond. Shylock handed it to her and after she read it she

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Daniel is a wise young judge mentioned in the Bible.



RMZ. J.

"All I want is the law"

said, «Shylock, you have been offered three times the sum that is owed you.»

«I don't care,» said Shylock. «Antonio has sworn an oath.»

Portia, looking around the court, said that the money had not been paid in time and therefore the bond was broken. The Jew, she said, might claim quite legally a pound of flesh which he could cut from the spot nearest Antonio's heart. Then, turning to Shylock, she said, «Shylock, be merciful. Take three times your money and let me tear up this bond.»

«Yes, I will tear it up » said Shylock, «but only when it is paid according to the conditions in it. You seem to be a good lawyer. Your explanation has been very sound. You know the law and therefore I order you by the law to give your judgement because there is no power in any man's tongue which can change my mind. I want my bond.»

Antonio, realizing that Shylock would never change his mind, said to Portia in a calm voice, «Let's wait no longer. Give the judgement.»

«The judgement is this.» said Portia as all eyes in the court fastened upon her, «that you must prepare your chest for his knife »

At this Shylock could contain himself no



“You must prepare your chest for his knif”



longer. «Oh, noble judge, oh excellent young man,» he cried.

«The law must be served,» said Portia ignoring him. «And you must pay the penalty which appears here upon the bond.»

«It's true,» shouted Shylock. «Oh you wise upright judge, how much older you are than you look.»

Portia ignored this outburst as well and turned towards Antonio, saying, «Antonio, open your shirt and bare your chest.»

«Yes,» said Shylock. «That's what the bond says, doesn't it? The very words of the bond are 'nearest his heart'.»

Portia nodded. «That's quite correct. Is there a balance here to weigh the flesh?»

«I have it ready,» said Shylock quickly.

«Shylock,» said Portia, «have a surgeon stand by to stop his wounds in case he bleeds to death. It's your responsibility, Shylock.»

«Is it stated like this in the bond?» he said, questioning Portia.

«No,» said Portia, «it's not so stated. But

**what does that matter? For the sake of charity should you not do so?»**

**Shylock was examining the bond closely. «I cannot find it here, it's not in the bond.»**

**Portia turned to Antonio and asked him if he had anything to say.**

**«Only a little,» said Antonio. «I'm ready and prepared. Give me your hand, Bassanio,» he said, stretching out his own.**

**As Bassanio clasped his hand, too overcome with grief to speak, Antonio continued, «Good-bye. Do not grieve because this has happened. Truly, fate is kinder to me by acting like this than letting me live in poverty and misery. Give my best wishes to your honourable wife. Tell her how I died. Tell her how I loved you and speak well of me in death. And when you tell her the story of my death let her judge whether or not our friendship was a true friendship.»**

**Bassanio, who could hardly speak with sorrow, said to Antonio, «Antonio, I have a wife who is as dear to me as life itself. But I would sacrifice my own life and my wife's and all the world if the sacrifice of them could save you.»**

**Portia, who had been listening to this, said to Bassanio with a glance at Nerissa, «I think your wife would not be very happy if she were to hear you make this offer.»**

Gratiano, overcome with emotion, burst out, «I have a wife who I declare I love, but I wish that she were dead and in heaven if by so doing she could beg God to change the mind of this dog, the Jew,» Nerissa, who had been smiling to herself when Bassanio made his offer to sacrifice Portia for Antonio's sake, now wiped the smile off her face and said rather sharply to Gratiano, «It's just as well you make this offer behind her back. Otherwise you would have a very unquiet household.»

Shylock, who was anxious to get on with the cutting of Antonio's flesh, said loudly, «We're wasting time, Balthazar. Let's get on with carrying out the sentence.»

Portia looked at him and said, «A pound of this merchant's flesh is yours. The court awards it to you and the law gives it to you.»

«Most rightful judge,» said Shylock, clapping his hands.

«And this flesh must be cut from his breast. The law allows it and the court awards it.»

«Most learned judge,» said Shylock. «The sentence,» he cried, turning to Antonio. «Come on, prepare yourself.»

Everyone in the courtroom turned to gaze at Antonio who stood courageously waiting for the

knife to enter his chest. However, the eyes swung back quickly as Portia, stepping forward, took hold of the Jew's arm and said, «Just a minute. There is something else which you have forgotten. This bond here doesn't say anything about blood. The exact words are 'A pound of flesh'. So take your bond and take your pound of flesh; but remember that if you shed one drop of this man's blood while you're cutting him all your lands and all your goods will be seized under the laws of Venice and kept by the Government of Venice.»

As Portia was making this speech, the eyes of everyone in the court began to light up and hope began to show on everyone's face except the face of Shylock who looked astounded.

Gratiano, mocking Shylock's former praises of the judge said, «Oh upright judge, look Jew, a learned judge.»

«Is this the law?» said Shylock with his mouth hanging open.

«It's the law,» said Portia. «You urged us to give justice. Now you're going to get justice. A lot more justice than you desire.»

«Oh, learned judge,» cried Gratiano. «Look, Jew, a learned judge.»

Shylock, trying to make the best of the situation, said, «All right, I accept the offer. Pay three times what he owes me and let him go.»

Bassanio stepped forward holding out his hand and said, «Here's the money.»

«No,» said Portia. «The Jew is going to get nothing but justice. He shall have nothing but the penalty itself, a pound of flesh, no more or less. Shylock,» she said, turning to the Jew, «get yourself ready to cut off the flesh. You must cut exactly a pound of flesh, no more, no less and no blood. If you take more or less than an exact pound, even by the weight of a hair, you will die and all your goods will be seized.»

«A second Daniel,» cried Gratiano, «the judge is a second Daniel, Jew. Now we have you at a disadvantage, Shylock.»

Portia turned to Shylock and said, «What are you waiting for? Take your pound of flesh.»

«Just give me back the sum he owes me and let me go,» said Shylock.

«Here it is,» said Bassanio, stepping forward once more.

«No,» said Portia, «he has already refused the money, here in open court. All he can have is justice and his pound of flesh.»

«Can't I have my money back?» said Shylock.

«No, nothing but the forfeit,» said Portia.

«to be taken at your own risk.»

«I'm not going to argue any longer,» said Shylock. «I give up my claim. Let him go to the devil.»

«Not so fast, Shylock,» said Portia. «The law has one more thing to say to you. If it can be proved that a foreigner either directly or indirectly plots against the life of a Venetian citizen, that citizen can claim half the foreigner's wealth and the other half goes to the state. Not only that, the Duke can also claim the offender's life. So get on your knees and beg mercy from His Highness, the Duke.»

«Yes,» said Gratiano gleefully. «Ask for permission to hang yourself. But don't forget you won't be able to afford to buy the rope as you are left with nothing to buy it with. But don't worry, the State will provide one for you free.»

All eyes now turned to the Duke who had been sitting quietly since Portia had entered the court. He thought for a moment and then spoke to Shylock who was kneeling in front of him. «Shylock, you refused mercy to Antonio. But now you shall see the difference between you and other men. I pardon you and give you back your life even before you beg me to spare it. However, I hereby award half of your wealth to Antonio, the other half which should be given to the state I will allow you to keep after payment of a fine provided you behave more reasonably in future.»



“Not so fast, Shylock,” said portia. “The law has one more thing to say to you.”

«Yes,» said Portia, «that's a wise decision. But Antonio should keep the full half.»

The thought of losing all his wealth almost drove Shylock mad.

«Take my money, and you might as well take my life,» he said miserably.

Portia turned to Antonio and said, «What mercy will you offer him, Antonio?»

Gratiano intervened. «Mercy? Why give Shylock mercy? The only thing he deserves being given is a rope to hang himself with.»

Antonio thought for a second and then spoke in a calm voice, «My lord, gentlemen of the court, I ask that the fine which you were going to impose on him should be cancelled. Let him keep the full half of his wealth without paying anything to the State. As for the other half which he owes me, I do not want it, but I will keep it in trust so that upon Shylock's death I will give it to the gentleman who has recently married his daughter. There should also be two other conditions: the first is that he becomes a Christian and the second is that he makes a will here in this court recording the fact that when he dies everything he possesses will go to his son-in-law Lorenzo and his daughter Jessica.»

«I agree,» said the Duke. «And if Shylock



disagrees with this judgement, I will cancel the pardon I have just given him.»

Portia turned to Shylock and said, «Speak, Jew. Are you content? What do you say?»

«I am content,» said Shylock barely raising his eyes.

«Clerk,» said Portia. «Draw up a will and record in it everything we have just decreed.»

Shylock then said, «I beg you to let me have permission to go home. I'm ill. Send the will to my house and I'll sign it.»

The Duke now prepared to leave. He invited Portia to join him for dinner but she excused herself saying that she must leave for Padua immediately. The Duke accepted her apology and, turning to Antonio, said «Antonio, don't forget to pay this gentleman. You owe him a great deal.» With these words he and his followers left the court.

**Vocabulary**

trial /'traɪəl/	محاكمة
called for /'kɔ:ld 'fɔ:/	نادى على
pity /'pɪti/	شفقة
reconcile /'rekənsaɪl/	يصالح
moved /mu:vɪd/	تأثر
bowed /baʊd/	انحنى
for the sake of /fɔ δɔ'saɪk əv/	من أجل
gentleness /'dʒentlnɪs /	رقة
charter /'tʃ a:tə/	دستور ، ميثاق
poison (v.) /'pɔɪzn/	يحم السم
rat /ræt/	جرذي
bagpipe /'bægpaɪp/	مزمار القربة
satisfactorily /sætɪs'fæktɹəli/	بصورة مرضية
contain (v.) /kən'teɪn/	كبح
enormity /i'no:mi:ti/	شناعة
cruelty /'kru:lti/	قسوة
fruitless /'fru:tɪlɪs/	غير مثمر ، غير مجو
terrified /'terɪfaɪd/	خائف
pleas . /pli:z/	التماسات
curse (n.) /kɜ:s/	لعنة
postpone /pɔ'spəʊn/	يؤجل
sharpen /'ʃa:pən/	يحد
envy (n.) /'envi/	حسد
pierce /piəs/	تنفذ . تنقب
restraining /ri'streɪnɪŋ/	يكبح يقيد
proceedings /prə si:diŋz/	اجراءات المحاكمة ، سير المرافعة
wolf /wʊlf/	ذئب
starved /sta:vɪd/	جائع جوعا شديدا
ravenous /'rævənəs/	نهم
shrugged off /'ʃ rʌgd 'ɒf/	هز كتفيه استهجانا

take effect /'teik i'fekt/	ياخذ مجراه
recommended /rekə'mendid/	أوصى
beseech /bi'si:tʃ/	التمس
obstacle /'ɒbstəkl/	عائق
estimation /esti'mei ʃn/	تخمين ، تقدير
dispute (n.) /'dispju:t/	نزاع
confess /kən'fes/	تعترف
blessings /'blesɪŋz/	بركات
crown /kraun/	تاج
earthly /'ɜ:θli/	دنيوي
moderate (v.) /modə'reit/	تخفف ، تعدل
strict /strikt/	حازمة ، صارمة
responsibility /rispɒnsi'biliti/	مسؤولية
overcoming /ouvə'kʌmiŋ/	يغلب
decree /di'kri:/	مرسوم
applauded /ə'plɔ:did/	صفق ، هتف
ignored /ig'no:d/	أهملت
sworn /swɔ:n/	أقسم
oath /ouθ/	يمين ، حلف
legally /'li:gəli/	قانونا
spot /spot/	مكان ، منطقة
tear up /'teə 'ʌp/	أمزق
fastened /'fɑ:snd/	تركزت
upright /'ʌpraɪt/	مستقيم
outburst /'aʊtbʌ:st/	انفجار
bare /beə/	اكتشف ، عرّى
balance /'baləns/	ميزان
surgeon /'sɜ:dʒən/	طبيب جراح
wounds /wu:ndz/	جروح
bleeds /bli:dz/	ينزف
charity /'tʃariti/	صدقة
stretching /'stretʃɪŋ/	مادا
clasped /kla:spt/	مسك

<b>grief</b> /gri:f/	حزن
<b>honourable</b> /'onərəbl/	محترمة
<b>sacrifice (v.)</b> /'səkrifaɪs/	أضحى
<b>sacrifice (n.)</b> /'səkrifaɪs/	تضحية
<b>wiped</b> /waɪpt/	مسحت
<b>behind her back</b> /bi'haind hɔ'bak/	من وراء ظهرها
<b>unquiet</b> /ʌn'kwaiəɪt/	غير هادئ
<b>sentence</b> /'sentəns/	حكم
<b>awards</b> /ɔ'wɔ:dz/	تمنح
<b>rightful</b> /'raɪfʊl/	عادل ، مستقيم
<b>gaze</b> /geɪz/	يحدق
<b>courageously</b> /'kʌ'reɪdʒəsli/	بشجاعة
<b>seized</b> /si:zd/	أمسك ، استولى على
<b>light up</b> /'laɪt'ʌp/	تشع
<b>astounded</b> /ə'staʊndɪd/	صعق
<b>urged</b> /ɜ:dʒd/	حث
<b>disadvantage</b> /dɪsəd'vɑ:ntɪdʒ/	نقطة ضعف
<b>plots</b> /plɒts/	يتآمر
<b>offender</b> /ə'fendə/	معتدي
<b>gleefully</b> /'gli:fʊli/	بانسراح
<b>kneeling</b> /'ni:lɪŋ/	راكعاً
<b>pardon</b> /'pɑ:dən/	اعفو
<b>hereby</b> /hɪə'baɪ/	بهذا
<b>fine (n.)</b> /faɪn/	غرامة
<b>provided</b> /prə'vaɪdɪd/	على شرط
<b>intervene</b> /ɪntə'veɪn/	يتدخل
<b>in trust</b> /ɪn'trʌst/	كوديعة
<b>recording</b> /rɪ'kɔ:dlɪŋ/	يدون
<b>son-in-law</b> /'sʌnɪn lo:/	زوج ابنته
<b>barely</b> /'beəli/	بالكاد
<b>decreed</b> /di'kri:d/	قررنا
<b>excused herself</b> /ɪk'skju:zd hɔ'self/	وجدت عذراً لنفسها
<b>apology</b> /ə'pɒlədʒi/	اعتذار

**Section 19**

After the Duke's departure from the court, Antonio was left with his two friends Bassanio and Gratiano. They turned to Portia and Nerissa to thank them. The disguises of the two women were so effective that even at close quarters nobody recognized Balthazar as Portia and the clerk as Nerissa. Bassanio turned to his wife, whom he thought was Balthazar, and said, «My friend and I are so grateful for your help in saving our friend from this terrible sentence. We would like to present you with the three thousand ducats that we owed the Jew. I know it's a large fee but you have done us a great service.»

«And above that,» said Antonio, «we owe you our love and service from this day forward, for ever.»

Portia looked at them both and said, «When one is satisfied, one is well paid. In saving you I'm satisfied and therefore I consider myself to be well-paid. All that I ask you is that you remember me when you see me again. Goodbye, gentlemen.»

As she and Nerissa were leaving the room Bassanio stepped forward. «Please,» he said, «let me persuade you to accept something. Can we give you something not as a fee but as a reminder of us?»

«All right,» said Portia. «I know. Give me your

gloves and I will wear them for your sake. And as a token of your friendship I'll take this ring from you,» she said, stretching her hand out for the very ring that she herself had given Bassanio before their marriage.

Bassanio pulled back his hand. Portia said, «Don't pull back your hand. That's all I want. Surely as a token of friendship you won't refuse me this.»

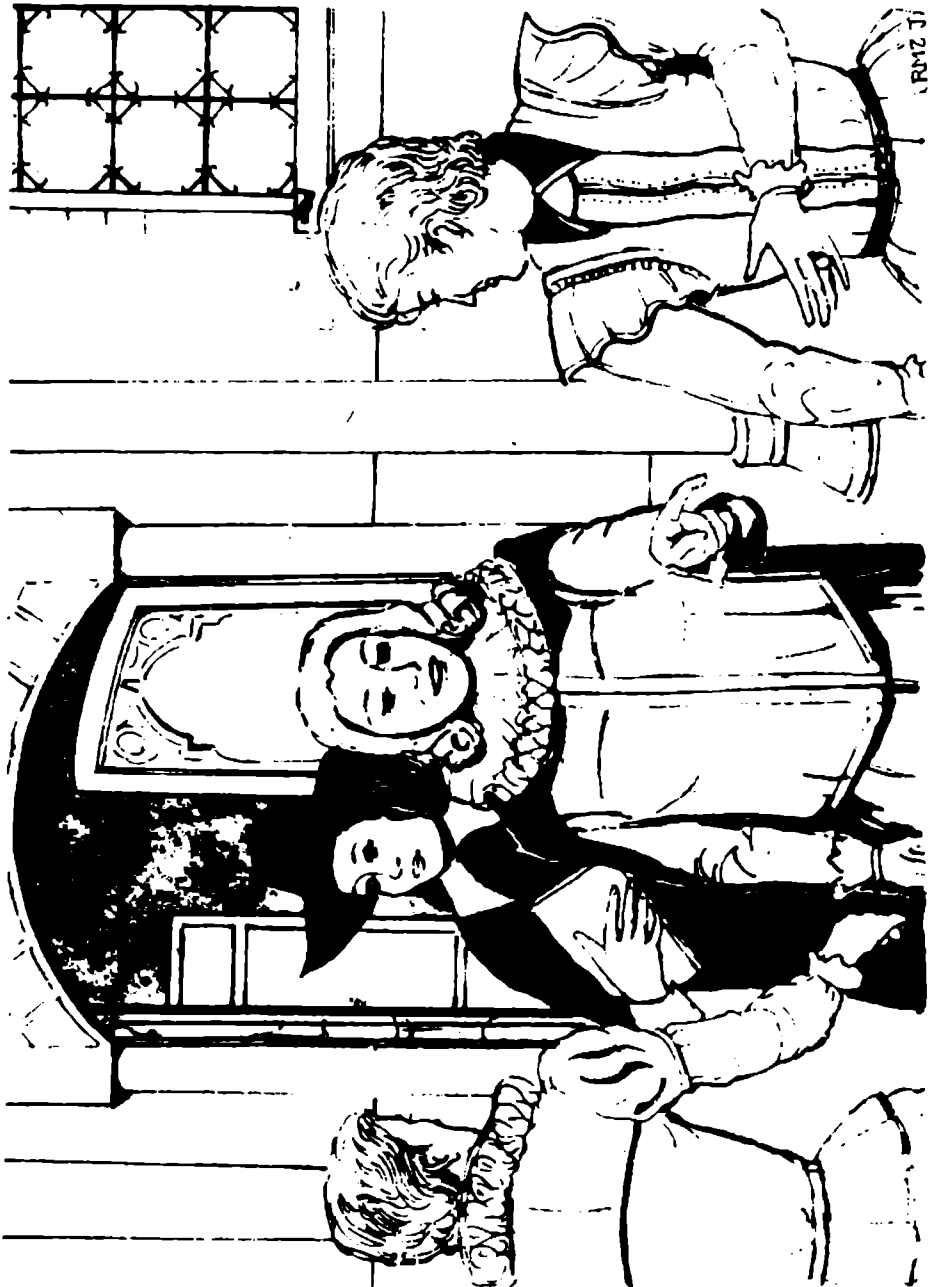
«Oh,» said Bassanio, trying to get out of a difficult situation. «I can't give you this ring. It's a worthless cheap imitation. It's unworthy of you.»

Portia, who was enjoying the situation and Bassanio's embarrassment, glanced at Nerissa who was trying to stop laughing, turned back to Bassanio and said, «Bassanio, this is all I want.»

«I'm very sorry,» said Bassanio. «I'll thankfully give you the most expensive ring in Venice, but a lot more depends on this ring than value alone. Please forgive me if I don't let you have this particular ring.»

«Sir,» said Portia, pretending to be very offended, «you're very free with your offers but not with your gifts. You begged me to ask for it and now you refuse me.»

«Sir,» said Bassanio, «my wife gave me this ring and when she put it on my finger she made me promise that I should not sell it, give it or lose it.»



**“As a token of your friendship, I’ll take this ring from you..”**

Portia, still pretending to be offended, said in a dignified voice, «Many men say this excuse to save having to give presents. If your wife is not a mad woman, and if she knew how much I have deserved this ring she will not be angry with you for giving it to me.»

Bassanio, looking ashamed and guilty, remained silent.

«Oh well,» she said, «if you will not, you will not. Goodbye.» Saying this, she and Nerissa left the room.

«Bassanio,» said Antonio as he watched the two women leave, «let him have the ring. Let your promise to your wife be balanced against my love and the lawyer's request.»

Bassanio thought for a moment, breathed a deep sigh, shrugged his shoulders, pulled off the ring and held it out to Gratiano.

«Gratiano,» he said, his mind made up. «Run after the lawyer and give him this ring. Also if you can persuade him tell him to go to Antonio's house. Hurry. Don't waste time,» he shouted as Gratiano ran out of the room. Turning towards Antonio, Bassanio continued, «Antonio, let's spend tonight at your house and then tomorrow morning we'll go to Belmont as fast as possible.»

Meanwhile Portia and Nerissa were wondering



what to do next. Portia turned towards Nerissa and said, «You go to Shylock's house and give him the will. Make him sign it in front of you. As soon as he's done that, join me and we'll leave for Belmont tonight. It'll be at least a day before our husbands come home. The news of the will is going to be a very pleasant surprise for Lorenzo, isn't it?»

As she was saying this Gratiano caught up with them. «Sir, Bassanio has asked me to run after you. He's asked me to give you his ring and persuade you to join him for dinner tonight.»

«I'm sorry,» said Portia, «I can't come to dinner tonight. But I'll accept the ring. Please tell him this. Oh, by the way, can you please show my clerk where Shylock's house is?»

«Of course I will,» said Gratiano.

Nerissa turned to Portia and whispered in her ear so that Gratiano would not hear, «I'll try to do the same as you,» she said. «I'll try to get him to give me the ring that I gave him when we were married. I also made him swear to keep it for ever.»

«Yes, that's a good idea,» said Portia. «When they get home, they'll swear that they gave the rings to men. But we'll outface them and say that they gave them to women. And we'll be speaking the truth. Go now quickly to the Jew's and come back quickly to where I'm spending the evening.»

Nerissa then turned to Gratiano and they set off for Shylock's house.

**Vocabulary**

effective	/l'fektiv/	فعالة
at close quarters	/'klous 'kwo:tə z/	عن قرب
fee	/fi:/	أجرة
well - paid	/welpeid /	أجزل لي العطاء
reminder	/ri mainde /	تذكرة، شيء يذكّر
gloves	/glʌvz/	قفازات
token	/'tokən/	علامة، تذكّار
worthless	/wə :Olis/	لا قيمة له
Imitation	/im'teij n/	تقليد
unworthy of you	/ʌnwəθi əv ju/	أقل مما تستحق،
embarrassment	/m'barə smənt/	احراج
glanced	/glanst /	لمح
offended	/ə 'fendid/	أهينت
dignified voice	/dignifaid 'vois/	صوت ذو هيبية، صوت مهيب
outface	/aut fəis/	نواجه بتحد



**PART FIVE**

**Section 20**

It was a quiet evening in Belmont. Lorenzo and Jessica sat in the garden watching the stars and enjoying the night air and moonlight. The wind blew gently through the tall trees and the leaves danced lightly. The moon gazed down on them peacefully. Lorenzo and Jessica were very happy: their dreams had all come true – they were now together for the rest of their lives. They whispered in each other's ear words of love and talked of pleasant moments and happy memories.

«You remember, Jessica?» whispered Lorenzo.  
«On a night like this, we left in secret.»

«And on a night like this,» said Jessica, carried away by sweet memories, «Lorenzo talked of his love to Jessica and promised to be faithful to her.»

«And on a night like this,» said Lorenzo, looking fondly into Jessica's eyes, «lovely Jessica told her lover Lorenzo of her love.»

Just then a servant came nearer.

«Signor Lorenzo, my mistress Portia has sent me to tell you that she's on her way to Belmont. She'll be here before dawn.»

«Good,» said Lorenzo, looking pleased. «We'll be waiting for her.» Then he turned to Jessica and

said, «We should make preparations to welcome the lady.»

«Yes, of course,» said Jessica.

Lorenzo and Jessica started towards the house when Launcelot appeared. He was whistling a happy tune.

«Launcelot,» said Lorenzo, «is that you?»

«Yes, sir. It's Launcelot all right.» Launcelot began to sing in a loud voice.

«Stop shouting, man,» cried Lorenzo. «What do you want?»

«Well, a messenger has arrived to tell you that Signor Bassanio and Gratiano are on their way to Belmont. They'll be here soon.»

Lorenzo looked at Jessica and said, «Let's go indoors, sweet-heart. Let's have some musicians ready and hurry with all the preparations.»

For the next few hours Lorenzo, Jessica and the servants got busy making all the necessary arrangements for Portia's and Bassanio's home-coming. The musicians began to play their instruments. Lorenzo and Jessica did not go indoors to listen to it; instead they sat outside in the quiet of the moonlit night and let the music drift over them.

«How sweetly the moonlight sleeps on this grassy bank. Soft stillness and the night are fitting for the notes of sweet harmony. Look, Jessica, how the floor of heaven is ornamented with bright stars. Every star, even the smallest one is singing as it's going across the sky. We cannot hear their symphony; we're mortals. But all immortal beings and all angels are listening and enjoying the song.»

He held Jessica's hand and said, «The person who doesn't enjoy music or fails to be moved by the harmony of the tunes is empty of any feeling and therefore he is fit only for evil.» He paused for a while and said, «Listen to that tune, Jessica.»

As they were sitting in the garden enjoying the music, Portia, accompanied by Nerissa, was in the coach on their way home. As they drew nearer and the mansion loomed in the distance, Portia noticed the light in the rooms of the house.

«The lamps are lit in my hall. How far can those lamps and candles throw their beams? This is how a good deed shines in an evil world.»

«When the moon shone, we did not see the candle,» said Nerissa.

«That's how something of greater glory dims something of lesser glory,» said Portia thoughtfully as the coach raced towards the house.

«Listen, Nerissa, music,» said Portia as the

coach went through the gates of the mansion.

«They're the musicians,» said Nerissa.

«Hm. Everything depends on circumstances; it's all comparative. You see, Nerissa, however perfect the music is in the daytime, it sounds much better at night.»

«Silence gives it that virtue, madam,» said Nerissa.

«Yes,» said Portia thoughtfully. «The difference in quality between the song of the lark and that of the crow is best heard when they are together, so that you can compare them. A nightingale that sings in the quiet of the night sounds much sweeter than during the day, when every goose is cackling; it would then be thought no better a singer than a wren. Things are appreciated when they happen at a favourable time.»

When Portia and Nerissa arrived at the house, Lorenzo and Jessica welcomed them warmly.

«I've been praying for my husband's welfare and happiness,» said Portia trying to give the impression that she had just come from the monastery. «Is he home?»

«Not yet, madam.» said Lorenzo. «But he's on his way home.»

Portia turned to Nerissa and asked her to tell the servants not to mention their absence from the mansion.

“You too, Lorenzo I’d be grateful if you don’t mention my absence.”

“Don’t worry,” said Lorenzo smiling, and then added. holding Jessica’s hand, “We’re not tale-tellers.”

An hour later Bassanio, accompanied by Gratiano and Antonio, arrived. Bassanio went straight to Portia: he was delighted to see her.

“Dear Portia, how I missed you” he said holding her in his arms.

“Welcome home. darling”

Bassanio then introduced his friend Antonio to Portia “You will be surprised, Portia, at what happened in the court. I’ll tel you about it later. We thank God that Antonio is safe at last.”

Portia welcomed Antonio warmly. “You are very welcome to our house. My husband told me about your case before he left for Venice I’m very happy that everything is over.”

The three stood talking of the case and making jokes about what happened. Suddenly they heard Nerissa and Gratiano quarrelling.

«Darling, I swear that I gave it to the lawyer's Clerk,» Gratiano said apologetically. «How can you think I gave it to a woman?»

«What's the matter?» said Portia. «A quarrel already?»

Gratiano looked at Portia with pleading eyes

«It's all about a piece of metal, a ring that she gave me before we got married.»

«A piece of metal? Is that how you value my first present?» shouted Nerissa angrily. «Have you forgotten your promise never to give it to anybody? Have you forgotten the inscription engraved inside the ring?»

Gratiano tried to answer but angry Nerissa stopped him saying «Well, let me remind you of the inscription in case you forgot. It said 'Love me and leave me not'.» She then added with pretended bitterness, «If you don't have respect for me, at least you should show some respect for your oaths and promises.» She took out a handkerchief, pretending to wipe a tear, and said, «I don't believe your story, Gratiano. I'm sure you've given the ring to a woman.»

«Well, but...» started Gratiano helplessly when Portia interrupted him, «Nerissa's right, Gratiano. I must be frank with you. You've made a mistake, a serious mistake and you alone are to blame. How



could you ever give away your wife's first present, the symbol of her love and faithfulness which you have sworn to keep? Do you know, Gratiano, that I gave Bassanio a ring as my first present, and he's sworn to keep it on his finger. I'm confident he still has it; I'm sure that no riches on earth would persuade him to take it off and give it away.»

Bassanio could not utter a word.

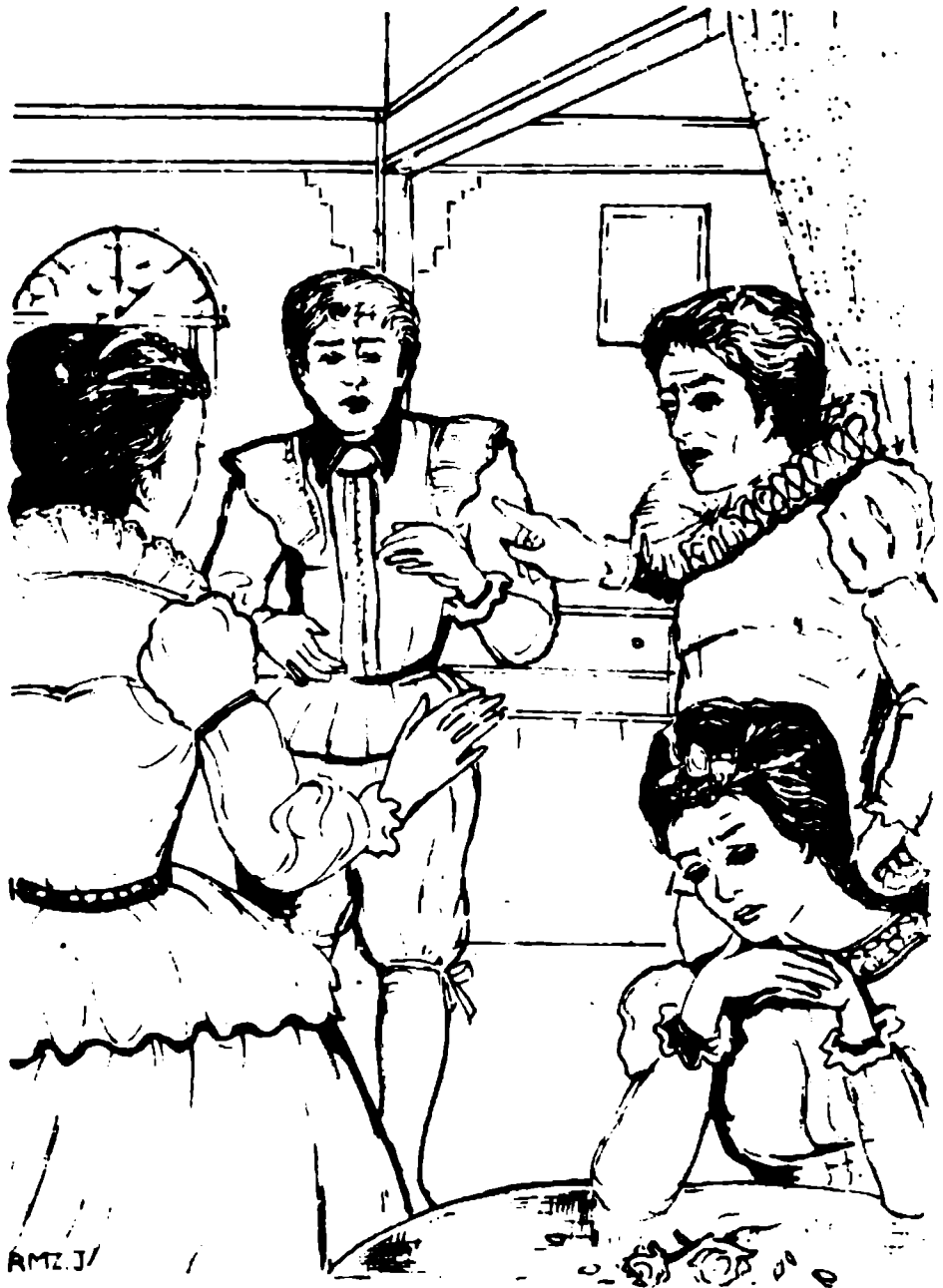
«But Bassanio gave away his ring, too,» cried Gratiano, trying to save himself. «He gave it to the lawyer.»

Portia turned quickly to Bassanio and looked at his hands.

«The lawyer wanted the ring,» continued Gratiano. «and indeed he deserved it. Then there was that boy, the lawyer's clerk, who went to some trouble over the writing of some documents; he begged for my ring. Both the lawyer and his clerk refused to take anything but the rings. We did not want to look ungrateful, I mean both of us, I and Bassanio.»

Portia pretended that she could scarcely believe what she had heard. «What ring did you give away? Not my present, I hope?»

«Well,... er...» stammered Bassanio. It was very difficult to answer. «I ... I could add a lie to my fault and say no. But you see...» He swallowed.



**"But Bassanio gave away his ring, too," cried Gratiano.**

«See what, Bassanio?» said Portia in pretended disappointment.

«Well, Portia. Look at my fingers. The ring is not there. It's gone.»

“Gone?” shouted Portia angrily. «What do you mean by gone? Where are your promises and oaths? Are they false? Do you really love me, Bassanio?»

«Look, my love,» said Bassanio apologetically. «Let me just explain.»

“Explain what?” burst out Portia. “Explain that you are unfaithful? I'm not going to listen to any explanation”

«But, sweetheart,» pleaded Bassanio, «if you only knew who I gave the ring to and why I gave it, you'd never be so angry. You see, I gave it to the lawyer who had saved Antonio's life. I wouldn't have given it to him if the lawyer hadn't insisted on having it.»

«Look, Bassanio,» said Portia sharply, «if you had but realized the importance of the ring, or valued my love or appreciated the occasion on which I gave it to you, you wouldn't have agreed to give it to anybody. If you had but defended the ring, that lawyer of yours wouldn't have demanded it. But no; it wasn't a man or a lawyer. Nerissa has given me the answer. It must be some woman.»

**She turned away angrily.**

**«No,» said Bassanio, «believe me, Portia. I swear I gave it to the young lawyer. He refused three thousands ducats and begged for the ring: I couldn't refuse; he saved Antonio's life. I didn't want to look ungrateful.» Bassanio then stepped towards Portia and said softly, «I m sorry, Portia. I didn't mean to make you angry. I assure you if you had been present then, you would have asked me yourself to give the ring to the lawyer.»**

**Portia angrily told Bassanio not to allow the young lawyer near her, or he would be very sorry. Nerissa said the same about the clerk to Gratiano.**

**Antonio, looking unhappy, said, «I am sorry to have been the cause of these quarrels.»**

**Portia, not wanting the joke to go too far and not wanting to hurt Antonio, said, «Please don't worry – you're very welcome here.»**

**Bassanio said, «Portia, I beg you to forgive me, I swear I'll never break an oath to you again.»**

**«Yes,» said Antonio, «I once swore on my body for him and I'll do it again, Portia, if you forgive him.»**

**«All right,» said Portia, «You will be his guarantee,» and handing Antonio a ring, said, «Tell him to keep this ring better than the last one.»**

Antonio handed it to Bassanio who looked astonished.

«It's... it's the very same one I gave the lawyer,» he said in amazement.

«Yes,» said Portia, «I was given it by the lawyer.»

«And I» said Nerissa, «took this ring from the clerk,» as she held up the ring she had originally given Gratiano.

«What are you both talking about?» said Gratiano. «How could this be?»

Portia decided that the joke had gone on long enough and not wanting to hurt the two men unnecessarily she said, «I know you are all wondering at what's happened. Look at this letter,» she said, taking it from her bag. «It comes from Padua, from Bellario. In this letter Bellario will describe how the lawyer Balthazar is me, Portia. And also how Nerissa was the clerk.»

The two men gazed at their wives with astonishment. Then, changing the subject and turning towards Antonio, Portia said, «Antonio, I have excellent news for you, news which is much better than anything which you've expected. Here is another letter which says that three of your ships have unexpectedly arrived in harbour safe, sound and full of riches.»

«I'm amazed,» said Antonio, thanking her gratefully.

Bassanio had recovered from the shock and said to his wife, «Were you the lawyer and I didn't know you?»

«And were you the clerk?» said Gratiano to Nerissa.

«Yes,» said Portia and Nerissa together.

Antonio, who had been reading the letter, looked up and said in a voice full of sincerity: «Dear Portia, you have given me not only my life back but also all my possessions. The ships have indeed arrived.»

«Thank you,» said Portia and then turning to Lorenzo said, «Lorenzo, my good clerk Nerissa has excellent news for you, too.»

«That's right,» said Nerissa, «and I won't even charge him for it. The news is that Shylock has prepared a special will which leaves you everything he owns after he dies.»

At this news everyone broke into smiles. Everyone was happy and joyful and they all went into the house telling each other the full story of their adventures.

## Vocabulary

in secret /in 'si:krit/	سرا
welcome /'welkəm/	يرحب
tune /tju:n/	لحن
sweetheart /'swi:tha:t/	حبيبة القلب
home-coming /'houmkʌniŋ/	العودة الى الاهل
drift /drift/	تنسب
grassy /'gra:si/	مغطى بالحشائش
stillness /'stilnis/	سكون
harmony /'ha:məni/	انسجام
ornamented /'ɔ:nəmentid/	مرصع
symphony /'sɪmfəni/	سمفونية
mortal /'mo:təl/	فان
immortal /i'mo:təl/	خالد
angels /'eɪndʒəʊlz/	ملائكة
loomed /lu:md/	لاح
glory /'glɔ:ri/	مجد
dim /dim/	يجعله باهتا او معتما
lesser /'lesə/	اقل
circumstances /'sɜ:kəmstənsɪz/	ظروف
comparative /kəm'parətɪv/	نسبي
virtue /'vɜ:tʃu:/	فضيلة
lark /lɑ:k/	قبرة
crow /krou/	غراب
nightingale /'naitɪŋgeɪl/	عندليب
goose /gu:s/	وزة
cackling /'kækliŋ/	تقوي
wren /ren/	طائر صغير جدا
favourable /'feɪvərəbl/	ملائم
welfare /'welfeə/	خير ، سعادة
impression /ɪm'preʃn/	انطباع
apologetically /ə'pɒlədʒetɪkli/	باعترار

pleading eyes /'pli:diŋ 'aiz/	عينان تتوسلان
engraved /iŋ'greivd/	محفور
helplessly /'helplisli/	بضعف
faithfulness /'feiθfulnis/	اخلاص
confident /'konfidənt/	واثقة
utter /'ʌtə/	تتفوه
ungrateful /ʌn'greitful/	جاحد
stammered /'staməd/	تلعثم
insisted /in'sistid/	الح ، اصر
appreciated /ə'pri:ʃieitid/	ثمن
assure /ə'ʃʊə/	أؤكد
amazement /ə'meizmənt/	استغراب
guarantee /garən'ti:/	ضمان
unnecessarily /ʌn'nɛsɪsərəli/	بدون داع
sincerity /sin'seriti/	اخلاص
possessions /pə'zeʃnz/	ممتلكات





2008

نرخى يهك دانه (٥٠٠) دينار  
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