

Passage 6, Questions 38-45. Read the following passage from Act III, scene iv of *Hamlet* carefully before you choose your answers.

- Pol.* O, I am slain.
Queen. O me, what hast thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not, is it the King?
Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!
- (5) *Ham.* A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a king!
Ham. Ay, lady, it was my word.
[*Parts the arras and discovers Polonius.*]
- (10) Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better. Take thy fortune;
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.—
Leave wringing of your hands. Peace, sit you down,
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
- (15) If it be made of penetrable stuff,
If damned custom have not brass'd it so
That it be proof and bulwark against sense.
Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
- (20) *Ham.* Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vows
- (25) As false as dicers' oaths, O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words. Heaven's face does glow
O'er this solidity and compound mass
- (30) With heated visage, as against the doom;
Is thought-sick at the act.
Queen. Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud and thunders in the index?
- Ham.* Look here upon this picture, and on this,
- (35) The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,
A station like the herald Mercury
- (40) New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your husband. Look you now what follows:
- (45) Here is your husband, like a mildewed ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? ha, have you eyes?
You cannot call it love, for at your age
- (50) The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment, and what judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense sure you have,

- Else could you not have motion, but sure that sense
 Is apoplex'd, for madness would not err,
 (55) Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
 But it reserv'd some quantity of choice
 To serve in such a difference. What devil was't
 That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
 Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
 (60) Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense
 Could not so mope. O shame, where is thy blush?
 Rebellious hell,
 If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
 (65) To flaming youth let virtue be as wax
 And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no shame
 When the compulsive ardure gives the charge,
 since frost itself as actively doth burn,
 And reason panders will.
- (70) *Queen.* O Hamlet, speak no more!
 Thou turn'st my eyes into my very soul,
 And there I see such black and grained spots
 As will not leave their tinct.

38. In line 11, "I took thee for thy better" means that Hamlet

- (A) has killed Polonius for his own good
- (B) had believed Polonius to be a better man than he was
- (C) thought Polonius was above eavesdropping on a private conversation
- (D) mistakenly thought that Polonius was the King
- (E) has gotten the best of Polonius