



I'm not robot



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Merchant of venice no fear act 2

Top reviews Recent Top reviews Bloom cornets Enter PORTIA with Prince of MOROCCO, and so their trains trumpets play. PORTIA enters with the Prince of Morocco and both their entourages. Portia (to the servant) Go draw the curtains next to and discover several coffins for this noble prince.- Portia (to the servant) Open the curtains and show the prince different boxes. The curtain is drawn with gold, silver and lead coffin. (to Morocco) Now make your choice. (to Morocco) Now make your choice. MOROCCOFirst, the gold that bears this letter: Who chooses me gets what many men want. The second, the silver that this promise carries: Whoever chooses me gets as much as he deserves. This third, boring lead, warning all so bluntly: 10 Who chooses me must give and danger all that it has. How do I know if I choose the law? MOROCCO First, a gold one, has a sign that says: He who chooses me gets what many men want. Another, silver, says: He who chooses me gets what he deserves. And this third one's made of boring lead. It's a blunt warning that says, He who chooses me must give and risk everything he has. How do I know I chose the right one? Portia One of them contains my picture, Prince. If you choose this, I'm yours. Portia One of them contains my picture. If you choose this, I'll be yours with the picture. Morocco Some god guide my decision! Show me. 15I'll revisit these captions. What does this lead coffin say? Whoever chooses me must give and control everything he has. Must give for what? For a lead? The risk of lead? This coffin is threatening. Men who threaten all 20S are hoping for fair advantages. The golden mind doesn't show a dross. Then I don't give or risk lead. What does silver say in your virgin tone? MOROCCO I wish some god could help me choose! Show me. I'm going to review the captions. What does the main box say? Whoever chooses me has to give and risk everything he has. Gotta give everything for what? For a lead? You risk everything to drive? This room is too threatening. Men who risk everything to make a profit. The golden mind does not bow to choose something worthless. So I don't give or risk anything in the lead. What does silver say? Blooming cornets Enter Prince of MOROCCO, tawny moor all white, and three or four followers according to portia, NERISSA and their train trumpets play. Prince of MOROCCO , a brown-skinned man dressed in all white, enters, followed by three or four servants dressed in costumes like him. PORTIA, NERISSA and their transmitters are entering. MOROCCAN Mislike I don't like my complexion, shady purple flared sun, to whom I am a neighbor and nearby bred. Bring me the most beautiful creature born north, 5Where the Phoebus fire melts the icicles, and let us do Your love to prove whose blood is most red, him or mine. I'm telling you, lady, this aspect of mine was brave. For my love, I swear that the best virgins of our climate have loved it. I wouldn't change that tone, except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen. Morocco Don't hold my skin color against me. I was born and raised in the sun, which is why I'm dark-skinned. But I'm as red-blooded as any man. Show me the most beautiful person born frozen in the north, where the sun barely melts icicles. I'm going to win your love by cutting myself to prove I have rederr blood than him. I'm telling you, madam, my skin color has made brave men afraid of me and the Moroccan girls to love me. I wouldn't change that if I made you think of me, my dear queen. PORTIA In terms of selection I have not only driven nice towards the maiden eyes. 15. On top of that, my destiny lottery, which thrusts me into the right to volunteer. But if my father hadn't scanned me and unearthe me with his wit to give himself his wife, who would beat me, it means that I told you, 20Yourself, the renowned Prince, it stood as fair as any fire I've watched because of my affection. Portia's good looking isn't the only way to my heart, you know. I have other criteria to choose my husband. Not that it counts, because the box test takes away my free choice anyway. But if my father hadn't restrained me like this - forcing me to marry, who would win his test, you would have had such a good chance of marrying me as the suitors I've met so far, the prince. Enter shylock Jew and his man LAUNCELOT, which was a clown SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT enter SHYLOCK Well, you have to see, your eyes are your judge, old Shylock and Bassanio.- What, Jessica!-You must not gormandize As you've done with me.-What, Jessica!- 5And sleep and snore, and rend the garments off-Why, Jessica, I say! Shylock Well, you can see it with your own eyes. You can see working with Shylock and working with Bassanio.- (calling her daughter) Jessica!-You don't eat like a pig like you used to do at my place.-Jessica!-And snore, and wear your clothes out.-Jessica, I'll call you! Why, Jessica! LAUNCELOT Jessica! SHYLOCK Who offers to call? I'm not calling. Shylock, who asked you to call him? I'm not asking you to call him. Your worship didn't mean I couldn't do anything without an offer. Launcelot You've always loved telling me there's nothing I can do without being told. Enter JESSICA JESSICA enters. JESSICA 10 Calling you? What is your will? Jessica, did you call me? Do you need anything? Shylock, I'm ready for dinner, Jessica. There are my keys.- But why should I go? I don't do love. They're flattering me. And yet I'm going not to hate to feed 15 Missing Christian.- Jessica, my girl, look at my house. I'm right, if I loathe to go. There's some sick-beer towards my rest, Because don't dream of money bags today. SHYLOCK I'm invited invited Jessica. Here are my keys.- But why should I go? I wasn't invited because they like me. They're just flattering me. But I'm going out in anger, feeding a wasteful Christian.- Jessica, my girlfriend, watch the house. I don't want to go. Things aren't going my way right now. I know, because I dreamed about wallets last night. Surely my conscience will serve me to flee this Jew, my lord. Fiend is my elbow and tempts me by telling me: Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, Good Launcelot or Good Gobbo or Good Launcelot Gobbo -use your feet, take the start, run away. My conscience says, No. Listen to me, honest Launcelot. Consider honest Gobbo, or as stated above, Honest Launcelot Gobbo, does not run. Despicable running in his heels. The bravest offers me to pack. Fia! Says. Away! Says. For heaven's 1999, wake up brave, says the violinist, and run. Well, my conscience, hanging around the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me: My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son - or rather an honest wife's son, because indeed my father did something spanking, something grows. He had a kind of taste. - My conscience says, Launcelot, move not. Move! says violin. Move not, says my conscience. Conscience, tell me, you give good advice. Fiend, tell me, you give good advice. To be ruled with my conscience, I should remain Jewish, my lord, who, God bless the mark, is some kind of devil. And to escape the Jew, I should be ruled by a man of hell who, saving your honesty, is the devil himself. I'm sure the Jew is the embodiment of satan. And in my conscience, my conscience is just a kind of conscience to offer me advice to stay with the Jew, provides friendlier advice. I'm running, fiend. You have my heels at your disposal. I'm running. I'm sure I'll feel guilty if I run away from this Jew, my lord. Satan is on my shoulder, tempting me. He says: Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, Good Launcelot or Good Gobbo or Good Launcelot Gobbo, use your feet and run away. But my conscience says, No, Launcelot, calm down, don't run away. Satan calls me to leave. Go away! he says. Run away! Be tough, says, and run! But then my conscience, hanging around my heart, tells me very wisely: My good friend Launcelot, you are a good boy, the son of an honest man, really, it should be the son of an honest woman because my father cheated on my mother. Anyway, my conscience says, Stay put. Go, says the devil. Don't go, says my conscience. Conscience, I say, you give good advice. Satan, I say, you give good advice. If I listened to my conscience, I would stay with the Jew, my master, who is the devil. But if I were to run away from the Jew, I would follow the advice of satan, who is the devil himself. I'm sure the Jew is the devil's incarnation, and my conscience is going to give me a hard time telling me to stay jewish. The Commission has the advice is nicer. I'm running, satan. Tell me to run and I'll run. Run.

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