

**Act IV: INTERPRET THESE LINES! In your own words – a teenager’s voice, translate these lines. DO NOT USE YOUR BOOK. Try to do as much translation as possible. The more you analyze, the better you’ll become! These are possibilities for Friday’s test and you need to be secure in doing this. No, you can not use this on the test. You’ve got to work hard to get through this play! Translate on the right side.**

<p><b>ANTONY:</b> So is my horse, Octavius;and for that I do appoint him store of provender: It is a creature that I teach to fight, To wind, to stop, to run directly on, His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit. And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so; He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:</p>	
<p><b>BRUTUS.</b> Cassius, be content; Speak your griefs softly, I do know you well. Before the eyes of both our armies here, Which should perceive nothing but love from us, Let us not wrangle; bid them move away; Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs, And I will give you audience.</p>	
<p><b>CASSIUS.</b> That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this: You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella For taking bribes here of the Sardians; Whereas my letters, praying on his side Because I knew the man, were slighted off.</p>	
<p><b>BRUTUS.</b> Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm, To sell and mart your offices for gold To undeservers.</p>	
<p><b>BRUTUS.</b> Remember March, the Ides of March remember: Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake? What villain touch'd his body, that did stab, And not for justice? What! shall one of us, That struck the foremost man of all this world But for supporting robbers,--shall we now Contaminate our fingers with base bribes And sell the mighty space of our large honours</p>	
<p><b>BRUTUS:</b> I did send to you For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;-- For I can raise no money by vile means: By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart, And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash By any indirection:--I did send To you for gold to pay my legions, Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?</p>	

<p><b>CASSIUS.</b> I did not. He was but a fool That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart: A friend should bear his friend's infirmities, But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.</p>	
<p><b>BRUTUS.</b> Well, to our work alive. What do you think Of marching to Philippi presently? <b>CASSIUS.</b> I do not think it good. <b>BRUTUS.</b> Your reason? <b>CASSIUS.</b> This it is: 'Tis better that the enemy seek us;: So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers, Doing himself offense; whilst we, lying still, Are full of rest, defense, and nimbleness. <b>BRUTUS.</b> Good reasons must, of force, give place to better. The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground Do stand but in a forced affection; For they have grudged us contribution: The enemy, marching along by them, By them shall make a fuller number up, Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encouraged; From which advantage shall we cut him off, If at Philippi we do face him there, These people at our back. <b>CASSIUS.</b> Hear me, good brother. <b>BRUTUS.</b> Under your pardon. You must note besides, That we have tried the utmost of our friends, Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe: The enemy increaseth every day; We, at the height, are ready to decline. There is a tide in the affairs of men Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; Omitted, all the voyage of their life Is bound in shallows and in miseries. On such a full sea are we now afloat; And we must take the current when it serves, Or lose our ventures.</p>	
<p><b>GHOST.</b> To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.</p>	

**Well, how did you do? Make sure you try to tackle multiple lines! The more you try, the better you'll be.**