

# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

*Much Ado About Nothing*

*Benedick~ Act II, Scene 3*

This can be no trick. The conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems her affections have their full bent.

Love me? Why, it must be requited!

They say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.

I did

never think to marry! I must not seem proud. Happy are they that hear their detractions and can put them to mending.

They say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness. And virtuous; 'tis so, I cannot reprove it. And wise, but for loving me. By my troth, it is no addition to her wit nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her!

A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No. The world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. (*Enter Beatrice*) By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her!