

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Number: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

1. Number the sections
2. Chunk: 1 / 2-4 / 5-6 / 7-9 / 10-12 / 13-15
3. Underline the claims
4. Circle key terms
5. Left margin: What are the characters SAYING?
6. Right margin: What are the characters DOING?

**Julius Caesar**  
Act I Scene 2

**CASSIUS**

I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,  
As well as I do know your outward favour.  
Well, honour is the subject of my story.  
I cannot tell what you and other men  
Think of this life; but, for my single self,  
I had as lief not be as live to be  
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Caesar; so were you:  
We both have fed as well, and we can both  
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:  
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,  
Caesar said to me 'Darest thou, Cassius, now  
Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,  
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in  
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.

The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it  
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside  
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;  
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,  
Caesar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'

I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,  
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber  
Did I the tired Caesar. And this man  
Is now become a god, and Cassius is  
A wretched creature and must bend his body,  
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
And when the fit was on him, I did mark  
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;  
His coward lips did from their colour fly,  
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world  
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:

Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans  
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,  
Alas, it cried 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'  
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me  
A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of the majestic world  
And bear the palm alone.

*(Flourish, and shout)*

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**BRUTUS**

What means this shouting? I do fear, the people  
Choose Caesar for their king.

**CASSIUS**

Ay, do you fear it?  
Then must I think you would not have it so.

**BRUTUS**

I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.  
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?  
What is it that you would impart to me?  
If it be aught toward the general good,  
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,  
And I will look on both indifferently,  
For let the gods so speed me as I love  
The name of honour more than I fear death.

**CASSIUS**

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world  
Like a Colossus, and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates:  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus and Caesar: what should be in that 'Caesar'?  
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?  
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;  
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;  
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,  
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Caesar.

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,  
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,  
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!  
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!

When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
But it was famed with more than with one man?  
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,  
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?

Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,  
When there is in it but one only man.  
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,  
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd  
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome  
As easily as a king.

<b>Cassius' Main Claim</b>

<b>Brutus' Main Claim</b>