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*Directions: Read the passage from Romeo and Juliet and then update it to look like a text message. Use the example as your guide.*

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| ***Original*** | ***Updated*** |
| **Act IV, Scene i*****Paris: Happily met, my lady and my wife!******Juliet: That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.******Paris: That may must be, love, on Thursday next.******Juliet: What must be shall be.*** ***Friar: That’s a certain text.*** ***Paris: Come you to make confession to this father?******Juliet: To answer that, I should confess to you.*** ***Paris: Do not deny to him that you love me.******Juliet: I will confess to you that I love him.*** ***Paris: So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.*** ***Juliet: If I do so, it will be of more price, being spoke behind your back, than to your face.*** ***Paris: Poor soul, thy face is much abus’d with tears.*** ***Juliet: The tears have got small victory by that, for it was bad enough before their spite.*** ***Paris: Thou wrong’st it more than tears with that report.*** ***Juliet: That is no slander, sir, which is a truth; and what I spake, I spake it to my face.*** ***Paris: Thy face is mine, and thou hast sland’red it.*** ***Juliet: It may be so, for it is not mine own. Are you at leisure, holy father, now, or shall I come to you at evening mass?******Friar: My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now. My lord, we must entertain the time alone.*** ***Paris: God shield I should disturb devotion! Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye. Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss.***  | **Act IV, Scene i***\*The conversation between Paris and Juliet (Juliet comes online on Facebook)****Paris:     Heyy future wife******Juliet:     dont even start with me Paris******Paris:     well i will start, next thursday******juliet:     well it's not thursday yet, is it******- Friar Laurence joins the chat -******Paris:     tell him ur confessions bcuz i need 2 no these things******Juliet:     i'm not going 2 confess 2 him******Paris:    don't deny that u luv me.  U obviously do******Juliet:  I love him, not u******Paris:     ha ha ha ha u love me******Juliet:     i would rather talk bout u behind ur back than 2 ur face.  Gtfo paris******Paris:     Ur just sad bcuz of tybalts death, poor juliet******Juliet:    These tears have a small part in that******Paris:     Ur wrong******Juliet:     I'm not lyin!  it's the truth!  What i say, i say it to my face******Paris:      ur face is mine, dont lie bout it******Juliet:     i guess so bcuz i have no choice  are u busy father, or should i go to mass later******Friar:     I'm not busy now, go away Paris.  Juliet and i have to talk******Paris:    can't wait till******thursday juliet!  then u will finally b mine****- Paris goes offline -* |

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| ***Original*** | ***Updated*** |
| **BENVOLIO** Good-morrow, cousin.**ROMEO** Is the day so young?**BENVOLIO** But new struck nine.**ROMEO** Ay me! sad hours seem long.Was that my father that went hence so fast?**BENVOLIO** It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?**ROMEO** Not having that, which, having, makes them short.**BENVOLIO** In love?**ROMEO** Out--**BENVOLIO** Of love?**ROMEO** Out of her favour, where I am in love.**BENVOLIO** Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!**ROMEO** Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!O any thing, of nothing first create!O heavy lightness! serious vanity!Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire,sick health!Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!This love feel I, that feel no love in this.Dost thou not laugh?**BENVOLIO** No, coz, I rather weep.**ROMEO** Good heart, at what?**BENVOLIO** At thy good heart's oppression. |  |

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| **ROMEO** [To JULIET] If I profane with my unworthiest handThis holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready standTo smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.**JULIET** Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,Which mannerly devotion shows in this;For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.**ROMEO** Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?**JULIET** Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.**ROMEO** O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.**JULIET** Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.**ROMEO** Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged.**JULIET** Then have my lips the sin that they have took.**ROMEO** Sin from thy lips? O trespass sweetly urged!Give me my sin again.**JULIET** You kiss by the book.**ROMEO** What is her mother?**Nurse** Marry, bachelor,Her mother is the lady of the house,And a good lady, and a wise and virtuousI nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal;I tell you, he that can lay hold of herShall have the chinks.**ROMEO** Is she a Capulet?O dear account! my life is my foe's debt. |  |

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| **TYBALT** Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my man.**MERCUTIO** But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery:Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;Your worship in that sense may call him 'man.'**TYBALT** Romeo, the hate I bear thee can affordNo better term than this,--thou art a villain.**ROMEO** Tybalt, the reason that I have to love theeDoth much excuse the appertaining rageTo such a greeting: villain am I none;Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.**TYBALT** Boy, this shall not excuse the injuriesThat thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.**ROMEO** I do protest, I never injured thee,But love thee better than thou canst devise,Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:And so, good Capulet,--which name I tenderAs dearly as my own,--be satisfied.**MERCUTIO** O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!Alla stoccata carries it away.Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?**TYBALT** What wouldst thou have with me?**MERCUTIO** Good king of cats, nothing but one of your ninelives; that I mean to make bold withal, and as youshall use me hereafter, drybeat the rest of theeight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pitcherby the ears? make haste, lest mine be about yourears ere it be out.**TYBALT** I am for you.**ROMEO** Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.**MERCUTIO** Come, sir, your passado.**ROMEO** Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hathForbidden bandying in Verona streets:Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio! |  |