Vikram’s English Academy (ICSE)

**Test: Merchant of Venice (Act 2 Scene 1), Small Pain in the Chest**

**Std IX Duration: 30min Marks 20**

**Answer Key**

1. Portia says that in terms of choice, she is not solely let by the nice direction of a maiden’s eyes. Apart from that, the lottery of her destiny bars her the right of voluntary choosing. If her father had not scanted or hedged her by the condition of the caskets she would have been able to choose her husband herself.

2. Morocco says if Hercules and Lichas play a game of dice to prove who is a better man, it is quite likely that the greater throw may come from the weaker hand of Lichas. In this way, Alcides (Hercules) can be beaten by his own page. Thus, the right casket can be chosen by a man who is unworthy of Portia whereas he would die of grieving.

3. Morocco swears by his scimitar. The significance of the scimitar is with it he slew the Sophy and a Persian Prince who had won three battlefields against Sultan Solyman.

4. Morocco says that he is proud of his colour and would not want to change it. The only situation in which he would be willing to change his colour would be to steal the thoughts of Portia.

5. The soldier considers himself to be very lucky but he is not really lucky. Like his comrades, eventually he too is martyred at the end. The others mentioned here are the other soldiers who fought with him.

6. The soldier says that his mother would not have ever imagined when she held him to her breast that one day he would be sitting there with a small pain in his chest. The picture that he tries to portray is that when a mother nurtures a child she is unaware of the uncertainties of life that may snatch her child from her. She is a helpless victim to fate.

7. The narrator says that he put his arms around the soldier and pulled the soldier towards him. As he held the soldier near him, he could feel that their wounds were pressed. He describes the wound in his heart as a large one and the wound in the chest of the soldier as a small one. When any two wounds press against each other, the pain increases and with the bloods mixing, one is reminded of the universality of human beings. Irrespective of any other consideration, pain is a great leveller.