

Tuesday 2<sup>nd</sup>  
June

# Cast List



Hermia

In love with Lysander



Helena

Friend to Hermia  
In love with Demetrius



Demetrius

Betrothed to Hermia



Lysander

In love with Hermia



Oberon

King of the Fairies



Titania

Queen of the Fairies



Puck

An Elf



Bottom

A Weaver

## The Scene

In and around Athens, Ancient Greece.



*Ay me, for aught that I could ever read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth.*

Lysander; I.i.



## *A Midsummer Night's Dream*



When the path of true love runs smoothly,  
the world seems a wonderful place – all  
bright skies and smiling faces.

Unfortunately, true love has a habit of  
wandering off the path and getting lost,  
and when that happens people's lives get  
lost too, in a tangle of misery.

Take the love  
of Duke Theseus  
of Athens and  
Hippolyta, Queen  
of the Amazons, for  
instance. They were to  
be married, and their happiness spread  
through the whole of Athens. People had  
decorated their houses with flowers, and  
left lamps burning in their windows at  
night, so that the streets twinkled like a  
city of stars. Everybody  
was joyful and excited  
as they prepared to  
celebrate the Duke's  
wedding day.  
Well, almost  
everybody...



\* \* \*

On the day before the royal wedding, two  
friends met by chance in the market square:  
golden-haired Hermia, and black-haired  
Helena, both beautiful and both with  
secrets that made their hearts ache.





For a while, the two friends chatted about nothing in particular. Then Helena noticed a look in Hermia's deep blue eyes that made her ask, "Is everything all right, Hermia?"

Hermia looked so sad and serious.

"I am to marry Demetrius tomorrow," she replied.



"Demetrius!" said Helena softly. Now her heart was aching worse than ever. Night after night she had cried herself to sleep, whispering Demetrius's name, knowing that her love for him was hopeless.

Many years ago the families of Hermia and Demetrius had agreed that, when they were of age, their daughter and son should marry. "You must be the happiest young woman in Athens!" sighed Helena.

"I've never been so miserable in my life!" Hermia declared. "You see, I don't love Demetrius."

"You don't?" cried Helena, amazed.







"I'm in love with Lysander," Hermia confessed, and she began to describe all the things that made Lysander so wonderful.

Helena thought about Lysander, with his curly brown hair and broad smile. He was *quite* handsome, she supposed, but he didn't have Demetrius's dark, brooding good looks. Why on earth did Hermia find him so attractive?

"Of course, I told my father that I didn't wish to marry Demetrius," Hermia said, "and he went straight to him to

explain – but you know how stubborn Demetrius can be. He lost his temper and said it didn't matter who I loved, our marriage had been arranged and it must go ahead, no matter what. His stupid pride's been hurt, that's all – he doesn't love me a bit."

"Then who does he love?" Helena enquired eagerly.

"No one, except for himself," said Hermia.

"I *can't* marry someone I don't love, and I know it will cause a scandal, but Lysander and I are going to run away together!"

"When?" Helena asked.



"Tonight," Hermia told her. "I'm meeting him at midnight in the wood outside the city walls. We plan to travel through the night, and in the morning we'll find a little temple where we can be married. Oh, Helena, it will be so *romantic*! Please say that you're happy for me!"

"Of course I am," said Helena. "I'm overjoyed."



And she was overjoyed – for herself.  
'At last, this is my chance!' she thought.

'If I visit Demetrius tonight and tell him that Hermia and Lysander have gone off together, he'll forget about his pride...and then...when

I tell him how I feel about him, he'll be so flattered, he'll fall in love with me. Love always finds a way!

Which is true, but love doesn't always find the way that people expect, as Helena was about to find out. For it was not only in the human world that love was causing unhappiness; although Helena and Hermia did not know it, two different worlds would meet in the wood outside Athens that night, and the result would be chaos.



\* \* \*

# Tuesday 2<sup>nd</sup> June

- Vocabulary:

What do the following words mean?

Betrothed

Brooding

Scandal

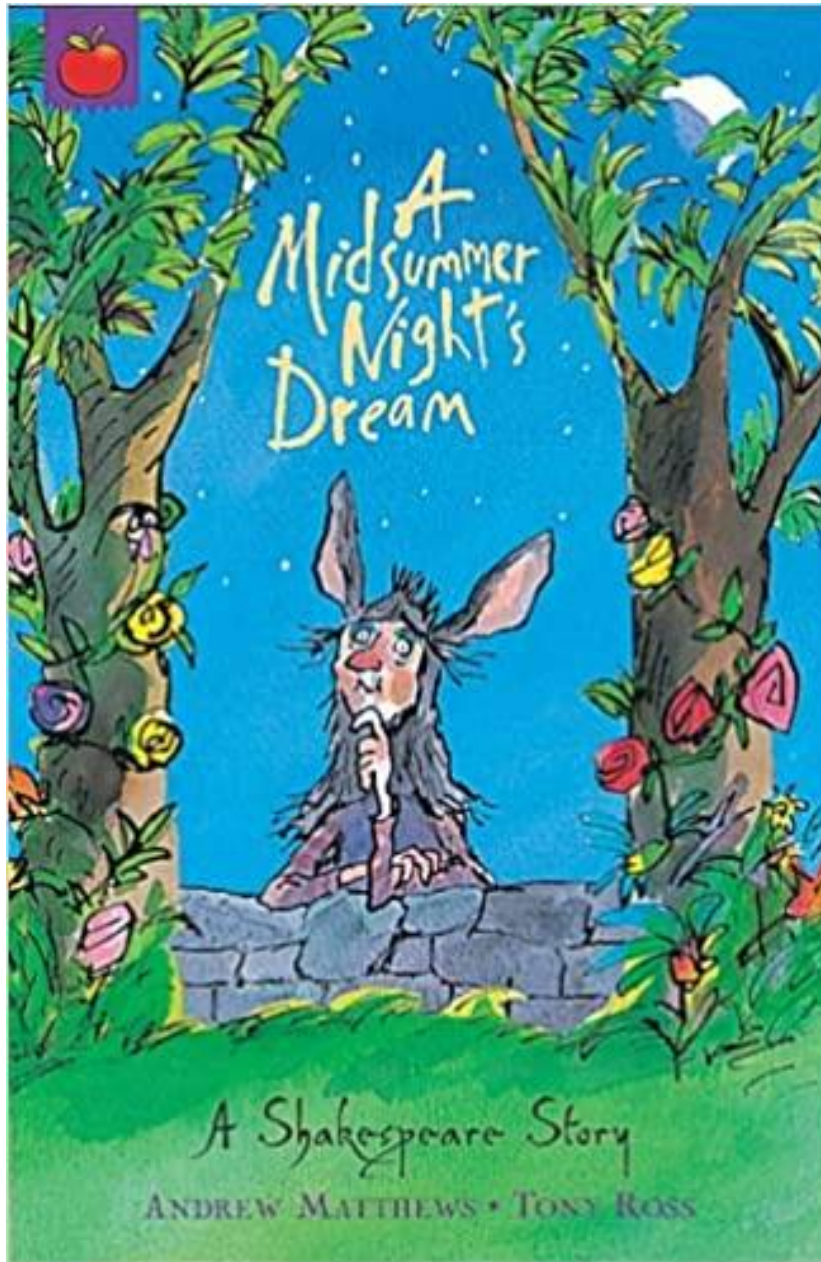
- Make a prediction:

What other world might they meet in the woods? Why?

Think about that character list!

- Summarise which characters are in love with each other so far!





Wednesday  
3<sup>rd</sup> June

Oberon, King of the Fairies, was a creature of darkness and shadows, while his wife, Queen Titania, was moonlight and silver. The two loved each



other dearly, but they had quarrelled bitterly. Titania had taken a little orphan boy as a page, and made such a fuss of the lad that Oberon had become very jealous. He wanted the page for himself.



That midsummer's night, in a clearing in the wood, Titania was singing to her page, while fairy servants fluttered around her like glittering moths.

When Oberon appeared, Titania's silvery eyes darkened. "Fairies, let us leave this place at once!" she said haughtily.





"Wait, Titania!" snapped Oberon.  
"This quarrel of ours has gone on long  
enough. You say I have no reason to be  
jealous of the boy – very well, prove it!  
Give him to me!"



"Not for all your fairy kingdom!"  
hissed Titania. She raised her left hand,  
and sent a ball of blue fire roaring across  
the glade, straight at Oberon's head.





Oberon spoke a word of magic, and the fire turned to water that burst over him, drenching his clothes. By the time he had rubbed the water from his eyes, the glade was empty and Oberon was alone. "I'll make you sorry for this, Titania!" he vowed. Then, lifting his dripping head, he called out, "Puck? Come to me, now!"



A breeze sighed in the branches, as an elf dropped out of the air and landed at Oberon's feet.

The elf was dressed in leaves that had been sewn together. His hair was tangled, his skin as brown as chestnuts, and when he smiled, his white teeth flashed mischievously. "Command me, master!" Puck said.

"I mean to teach the Queen a lesson," said Oberon. "Go, search the Earth and fetch me the flower called Love in Idleness."

"I will fly faster than a falling star!" said Puck, and with that he had vanished.







A cruel smile  
played on Oberon's  
lips. "When Titania  
is asleep, I will drop  
the juice of the flower in  
her eyes," he said to himself.

"Its magic will make her fall in love with  
the first living thing she sees when she  
wakes – perhaps a toad, or even a spider!  
She will make herself seem so ridiculous,  
that she will beg me to break the spell, and  
I will...after she's given me the page!"

This plan pleased Oberon so much that  
he began to laugh – but his laugh was cut  
short when he heard human voices  
approaching. With a wave of his fingers,  
Oberon made himself vanish among the  
shadows.

\* \* \*

Demetrius  
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consider  
Helena  
"Wait  
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angry  
with

# Today's task (Wednesday 3rd June)

- Vocab check - What does **haughtily** and **quarrelled** mean?
- Today you need to write a character description about one of the following 3 characters.

Think about their personality as well as their appearance.

Try to use WOW words!

There have been many versions of this play, so you could draw and label what your version of these characters would look like.



# Oberon



**Circle some words that describe your character.**

mean horrible grumpy polite cross scary evil pretty wicked nasty  
kind ugly happy honest helpful handsome smart shy moody rude  
angry calm furious caring unkind beautiful fierce friendly bold

**Using the words circled above, write some sentences to describe your character.**

# Titania



**Circle some words that describe your character.**

mean horrible grumpy polite cross scary evil pretty wicked nasty  
kind ugly happy honest helpful handsome smart shy moody rude  
angry calm furious caring unkind beautiful fierce friendly bold

**Using the words circled above, write some sentences to describe your character.**



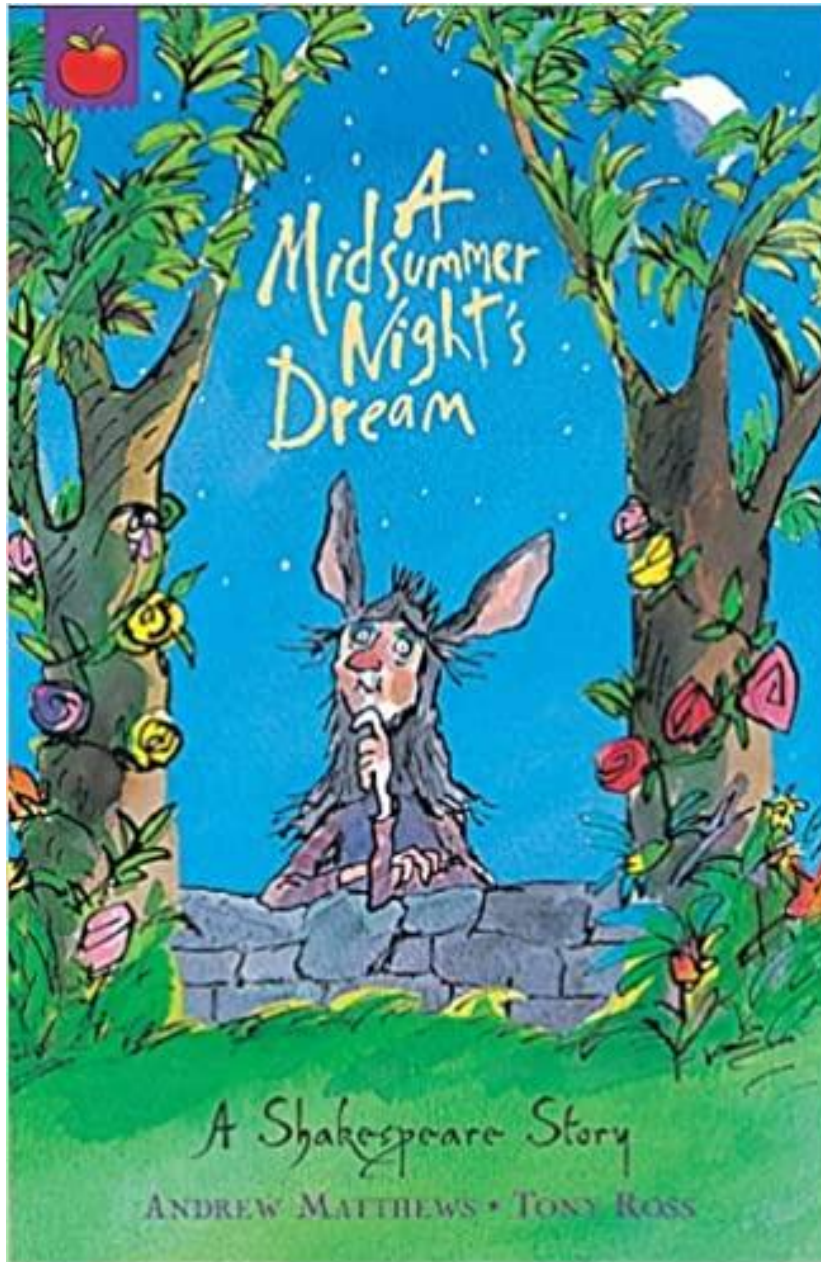
# Puck



**Circle some words that describe your character.**

mean horrible grumpy polite cross scary evil pretty wicked nasty  
kind ugly happy honest helpful handsome smart shy moody rude  
angry calm furious caring unkind beautiful fierce friendly bold

**Using the words circled above, write some sentences to describe your character.**



Thursday 4<sup>th</sup>  
June



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Demetrius, out searching for Hermia,  
halted in the middle of the glade, while he  
considered which path to take. This gave  
Helena a chance to catch up with him.  
"Wait for me, Demetrius!" she pleaded.

Demetrius scowled at her. "For the last  
time, Helena, go home!" he shouted  
angrily. "I can find Lysander and Hermia  
without your help."



"But you don't understand!"  
Helena exclaimed.  
"I love you! I've always loved you!"

She tried to put her arms around Demetrius, but he ducked away. "Well I don't love you!" he said roughly. "So go away and leave me alone!"  
And he ran off through the moonlight.



"Oh, Demetrius!"  
sobbed Helena,  
running after him.  
"I would follow  
you through  
fire, just to be  
near you!"

\* \* \*

When the glade was once more still and silent, Oberon came out of the darkness. His face was thoughtful. "I must help that lovely maiden!" he whispered. "I know how cruel it is to love someone whose heart is so cold."

A wind brushed the Fairy King's cheek, and there stood Puck, holding a sprig of glimmering white flowers.





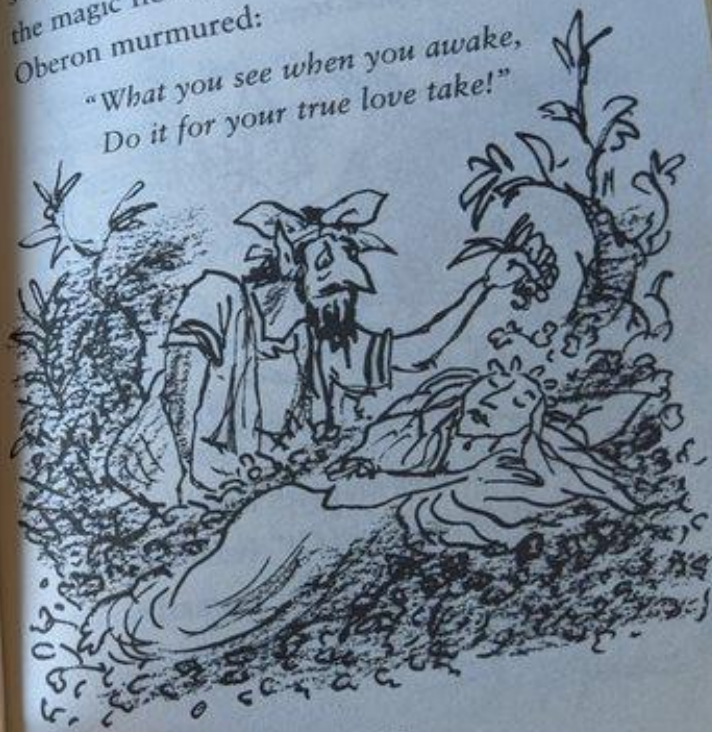
"Take two blossoms and search the woods for a young human couple," Oberon said to him. "Squeeze the juice of the petals into the young man's eyes, but do it when you are sure that the maiden will be the first thing he sees."



"At once, master!" Puck said with a bow, and then he was gone.

Then Oberon went to find Titania. He found her sleeping alone on a bank of violets, and the air was heavy with their sweet perfume. As he dropped juice from the magic flowers on to Titania's eyelids, Oberon murmured:

*"What you see when you awake,  
Do it for your true love take!"*





\* \* \*

At that very moment, in another part of the wood, Puck was putting magic juice into the eyes of a young man he had found sleeping next to a young woman at the foot of a pine tree.



"When he wakes and sees her, his love for her will drive him mad!" Puck giggled, and he leapt into the air, like a grasshopper in a summer meadow.

But, as bad luck would have it, Puck had found the wrong couple. Those sleeping under the tree were Lysander and Hermia, who had got lost in the wood and exhausted themselves trying to find the way out.

And as bad luck would also have it, a few seconds after Puck had left them, Helena wandered by, searching for Demetrius. Blinded by tears, Helena did not notice Lysander and Hermia until she stumbled over Lysander's legs.





He woke, saw her, and his eyes bulged like a frog's as the magic went to work.

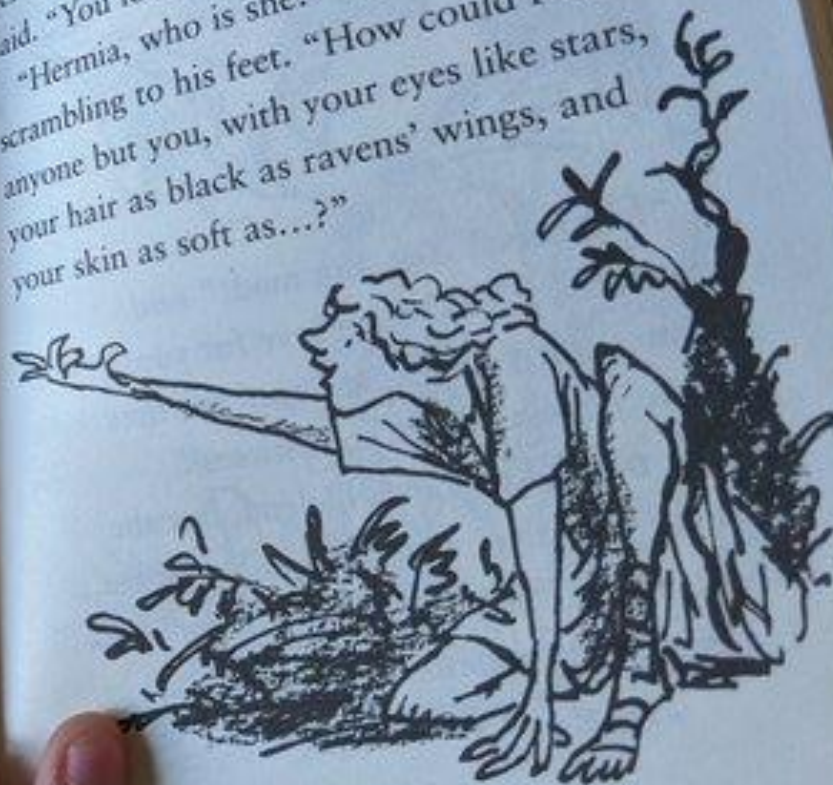
"Lysander?" gasped Helena.

"What are you doing here? I mean, you mustn't be here! Get away quickly!

Demetrius is looking for you, and if he finds you..." Her voice trailed off - there was a strange look about Lysander, and it made her feel uncomfortable. "Why are you staring at me like that?" she asked.



"Because at last I have found my own true love," said Lysander. "Helena, can't you see how much I love you?" Helena stepped back, laughing nervously. "Don't be silly, Lysander!" she said. "You love Hermia...don't you?" "Hermia, who is she?" scoffed Lysander, scrambling to his feet. "How could I love anyone but you, with your eyes like stars, your hair as black as ravens' wings, and your skin as soft as...?"





"That's quite enough of that!" said Helena. "This is some sort of midsummer madness!"



"Madness? Yes, I'm mad!" said Lysander. "Mad with love for you! Come to my arms, and cool the fires of my passion with your kisses!"

He moved towards Helena, but she turned and fled. Lysander followed her, shouting, "There's no escape from love, Helena! This was meant to be!"

Their loud voices and pounding footsteps woke Hermia. "Lysander, where are you?" she muttered sleepily. "Don't wander off on your own, my love. You might be eaten by a lion, or a bear..." The very thought made her wide awake, and she sat up. "Or I might be eaten, come to that!" she said with a shudder. "I'm coming to find you, Lysander, so we can be eaten together!"





# Today's Task (Thursday 4<sup>th</sup> June)

- Vocab check - What does **scowled** and **scoffed** mean?
- What does the simile 'bulged like frogs' mean when describing Lysander's eyes?
- Summarise what has happened so far!

This is when it gets a little complicated. Who should be with who, but what has actually happened?

- Extension - Can you create your own love potion? (It doesn't have to be nice!)

What would you put in it and what would be the magic spell for it?