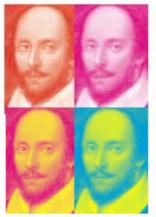


Unraveling Portia's true thoughts in 2

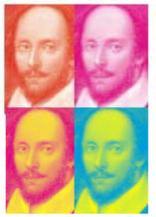
	Context of Portia's lines	Portia's wants/desires (immediate)	Portia's ultimate objective (end goal)	Obstacles preventing Portia from attaining her goals
1	<p><i>Brutus is surprised to see Portia and says,</i> <i>"Portia! What mean you?"</i> <i>Wherefore rise you now?</i> <i>It is not for your health thus to commit</i> <i>Your weak condition to the raw cold morning."</i> (2.1.254-56)</p> <p>Nor for yours neither. Y' have ungently, Brutus, Stole from my bed. And yesternight at supper You suddenly arose and walked about, Musing and sighing, with your arms across, And when I asked you what the matter was, You stared upon me with ungentle looks. (2.1.257-62)</p>			
2	<p>I urged you further; then you scratched your head And too impatiently stamped with your foot. Yet I insisted; yet you answered not, but with an angry wafture of your hand Gave sign for me to leave you. (2.1.263-67)</p>			
3	<p>...So I did, Fearing to strengthen that impatience Which seemed too much</p>			



	<p>enkindled, and withal Hoping it was but an effect of humor, Which sometime hath his hour with every man. (2.1.267-71)</p>			
4	<p>It will not let you eat nor talk nor sleep, And could it work so much upon your shape As it hath much prevailed on your condition, (2.1.272-74)</p>			
5	<p>I should not know you Brutus. Dear my lord, Make me acquainted with your cause of grief. (2.1.275-76)</p>			
6	<p><i>Brutus tells Portia, "I am not well in health, and that is all."</i>(2.1.277)</p> <p>Brutus is wise and, were he not in health, He would embrace the means to come by it. (2.1.278-79)</p>			
7	<p><i>Brutus tells Portia, "Why so I do. Good Portia, go to bed."</i> (2.1.280)</p> <p>Is Brutus sick? And is it physical To walk unbracèd and suck up the humors Of the dank morning. What, is Brutus sick, And will he steal out of his wholesome bed To dare the vile contagion of the night And tempt the rheumy and unpurgèd air To add unto [his] sickness? (2.1.281-87)</p>			



8	<p>...No, my Brutus, You have some sick offense within your mind, Which by the right and virtue of my place I ought to know of. (2.1.287-290)</p>			
9	<p>...And upon my knees I charm you, by my once commended beauty, By all your vows of love, and that great vow Which did incorporate and make us one, That you unfold to me, your self, your half, Why you are heavy, and what men tonight Have had resort to you; for here have been Some six or seven who did hide their faces Even from darkness. (2.1.290-99)</p>			
10	<p><i>Brutus tells Portia,</i> <i>“Kneel not gentle Portia.”</i> (2.1.300)</p> <p>I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus. Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, Is it excepted I should know no secrets That appertain to you? Am I your self But, as it were, in sort or limitation, To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed, And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs Of your good pleasure? If it</p>			



	<p>be no more, Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife. (2.1.301-10)</p>			
11	<p><i>Brutus tells Portia, "You are my true and honorable wife, As dear to me as are the ruddy drops That visit my sad heart."</i>(2.1.311-13)</p> <p>If this were true, then should I know this secret, I grant I am a woman, but withal A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife. I grant I am a woman but withal A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter. (2.1.314- 18)</p>			
12	<p>Think you I am no stronger than my sex, Being so fathered and so husbanded? Tell me you counsels; I will not disclose 'em. (2.1.319-21)</p>			
13	<p>I have made strong proof of my constancy, Giving myself a voluntary wound Here, in the thigh. Can I bear that with patience, And not my husband's secrets? (2.1.322-25)</p>			