

## Resource D (edited): **THE BET**

- Posthumus She holds her virtue still and I my mind.
- Iachimo You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.
- Posthumus I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.
- Iachimo What do you esteem it at?
- Posthumus More than the world enjoys.
- Iachimo Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.
- Posthumus You are mistaken: the one may be sold:  
the other is not a thing for sale,  
and only the gift of the gods.
- Iachimo Which the gods have given you?
- Posthumus Which, by their graces, I will keep.
- Iachimo Strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too.
- Posthumus Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress.
- Iachimo With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress.
- Posthumus No, no.
- Iachimo I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation.
- Posthumus What lady would you choose to assail?
- Iachimo Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring.

Posthumus I will wage against your gold, my ring  
I hold dear as my finger.

Iachimo You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy  
ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot  
preserve it from tainting.

Posthumus This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a  
graver purpose, I hope.

Iachimo I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo  
what's spoken, I swear.

Posthumus Will you? My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness  
of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match:  
here's my ring.

Iachimo By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no  
sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest  
bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats  
are yours.

Posthumus I embrace these conditions.  
If you make your voyage upon her;  
she is not worth our debate: if she remain unsexed,  
for your ill opinion and the assault you have made  
to her chastity you shall answer me with your sword.

Iachimo Your hand; a covenant:  
I will fetch my gold and have our two wagers recorded.

Posthumus Agreed.

**(Primary version, edited)**

Posthumus    What lady would you choose to assail?

Iachimo     Yours; whom you think stands so safe.

Posthumus   My ring I hold dear as my finger.

Iachimo     You are afraid, and therein the wiser.

Posthumus   I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Iachimo     If I bring you no sufficient testimony,  
my ten thousand ducats are yours.

Posthumus   I embrace these conditions.  
If she remain unsexed,  
you shall answer me with your sword.

Iachimo     Your hand; a covenant: I will fetch my gold.

Posthumus   Agreed.