## 10 Things I Hate about you





William Shakespeare 1564-1616

## **SONNET 141 by Shakespeare**

Original text Paraphrased (more modern)

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,	Truthfully, I do not love you with my eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;	For they see a thousand faults in you;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,	But my hearts loves what my eyes dislike
Who in despite of view is pleased to dote;	Which, despite what it sees, continues to dote over you;
Nor are mine ears with tongue's tune delighted,	Nor are my ears delighted by the sound of your voice,
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,	My sense of feeling doesn't response to just anyone's touch,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited	My sense of taste and smell don't desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:	To any sensual feast with just you and you alone
But my five wits nor my five senses can Dissuade one foolish heart from serving	But my brain and my five senses can't Persuade my foolish heart not to serve/be
thee,	controlled by you,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,	Who leaves me only looking like a man
The proud hearts slave and vassal wretch to be:	Since now I am your heart's slave and dependent on you.

Only in this do I consider my

punishment

Love-sickness to my advantage,

She that makes me sin determines my

Link til tv-udsendelse/film: http://mitcfu.dk/faustnr-el-tv-idnr.

Only my plague thus far I count my gain, That she that makes me sin awards me

pain



## Kat's Rewrite of Shakespeare's Sonnet 141:

10 Things I Hate about You

I hate the way you talk to me

And the way you cut your hair.

I hate the way you drive my car.

I hate it when you stare.

I hate your big dumb combat

boots

And the way you read my mind.

I hate you so much it makes me sick.

It even makes me rhyme.

I hate it...

I hate the way you're always right.

I hate it when you lie.

I hate it when you make me laugh;

Even worse when you make me cry.

I hate it when you're not around

And the fact that you didn't call,

But mostly I hate the way

I don't hate you;

Not even close;

Not even a little bit:

Not even at all.



(Skærmdump fra filmen '10 Things I Hate about you')

## 10 Things I Hate about you



MY VERSION OF SONNET 141:	

10 Things I Hate about you	<b>C</b> 3	
	Elevmate	
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