

## **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

Hamlet, Act III.1

### “TO BE OR NOT TO BE”

To be, or not to be--that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows  
of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles and by opposing end  
them.

To die, to sleep--No more--and by a sleep to say we end the  
heartache, and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to.  
'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.

To die, to sleep--To sleep--perchance to dream: ay, there's the  
rub,  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come when we  
have shuffled off this mortal coil, must give us pause.

There's the respect that makes calamity of so long life.  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all, and thus the  
native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of  
thought,  
And enterprise of great pitch and moment with this regard  
their currents turn awry...

And lose the name of action.