

The quick brown fox

jumped over the lazy dog and went away

*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
heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. 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;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time, The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's
contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay, The insolence of office and the spurns.....