

HAMLET: I would like to get a 10
I would like to get a 10% raise.

I earn 10% percent more than you, which results in \$100 USD per {month}
& ~\$ 1000 USD per year.

“To be, or not to be”: that is the question:

Opening times: 9-11 AM.

Hamlet – written by Shakespeare – is a nice play.

Hamlet—written by Shakespeare—is a nice play.

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 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make With a bare bodkin? who would fardels
bear, To grunt and sweat under a weary life, But that the dread of something
after death, The undiscover'd country from whose bourn No traveller returns,
puzzles the will And makes us rather bear those ills we have Than fly to others
that we know not of? 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
enterprises of great pith and moment With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you now! The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy
orisons Be all my sins remember'd.

OPHELIA: Good my lord, How does your honour for this many a day?

HAMLET: I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

OPHELIA: My lord, I have remembrances of yours, That I have longed
long to re-deliver; I pray you, now receive them.

HAMLET: No, not I; I never gave you aught.

OPHELIA: My honour'd lord, you know right well you did; And, with
them, words of so sweet breath composed As made the things more rich: their
perfume lost, Take these again; for to the noble mind Rich gifts wax poor when
givers prove unkind. There, my lord.

HAMLET: Ha, ha! are you honest?

OPHELIA: My lord?

HAMLET: Are you fair?

OPHELIA: What means your lordship?

HAMLET: That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no
discourse to your beauty.

OPHELIA: Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

HAMLET: Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

OPHELIA: Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

HAMLET: You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

OPHELIA: I was the more deceived.

HAMLET: Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

OPHELIA: At home, my lord.

HAMLET: Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

OPHELIA: O, help him, you sweet heavens!

HAMLET: If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go: farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go, and quickly too. Farewell.

OPHELIA: O heavenly powers, restore him!

HAMLET: I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

OPHELIA: O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown! The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword; The expectancy and rose of the fair state, The glass of fashion and the mould of form, The observed of all observers, quite, quite down! And I, of ladies most deject and wretched, That suck'd the honey of his music vows, Now see that noble and most sovereign reason, Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh; That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me, To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!