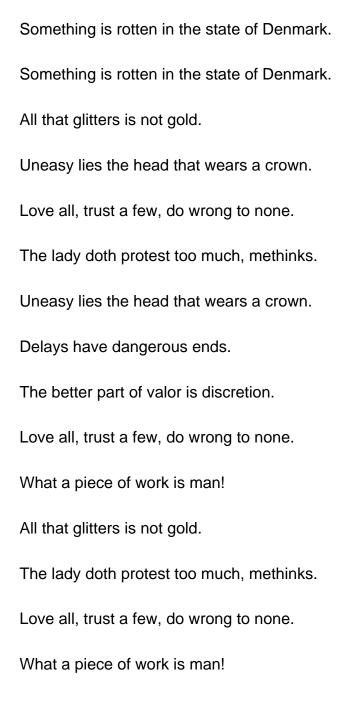
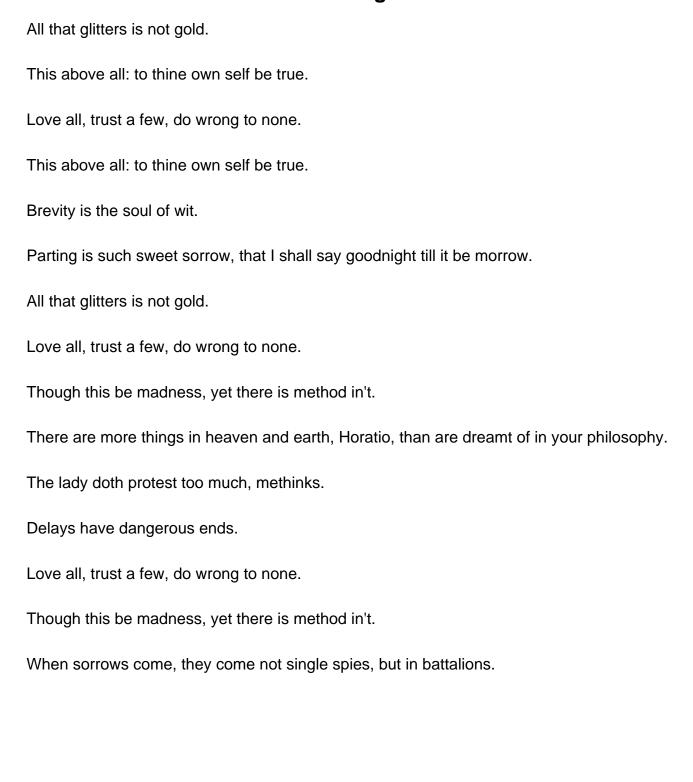
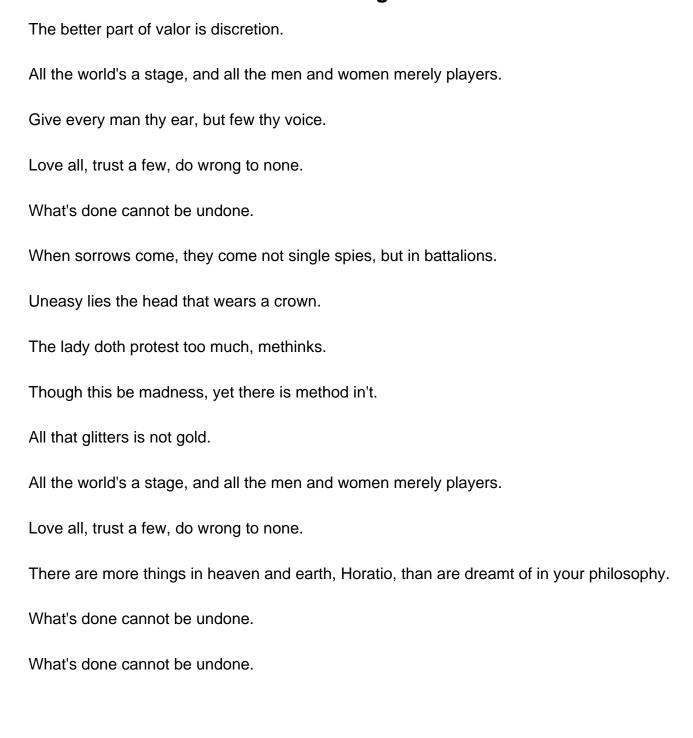


The lady doth protest too much, methinks. What a piece of work is man! All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players. What a piece of work is man! What a piece of work is man! The lady doth protest too much, methinks. When sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in battalions. When sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in battalions. All that glitters is not gold. All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players. Neither a borrower nor a lender be; for loan oft loses both itself and friend. Delays have dangerous ends. Neither a borrower nor a lender be; for loan oft loses both itself and friend. Love all, trust a few, do wrong to none. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.



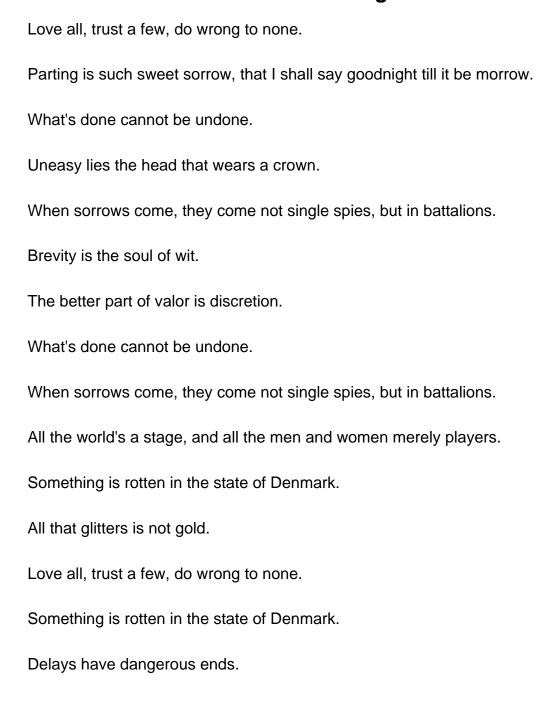


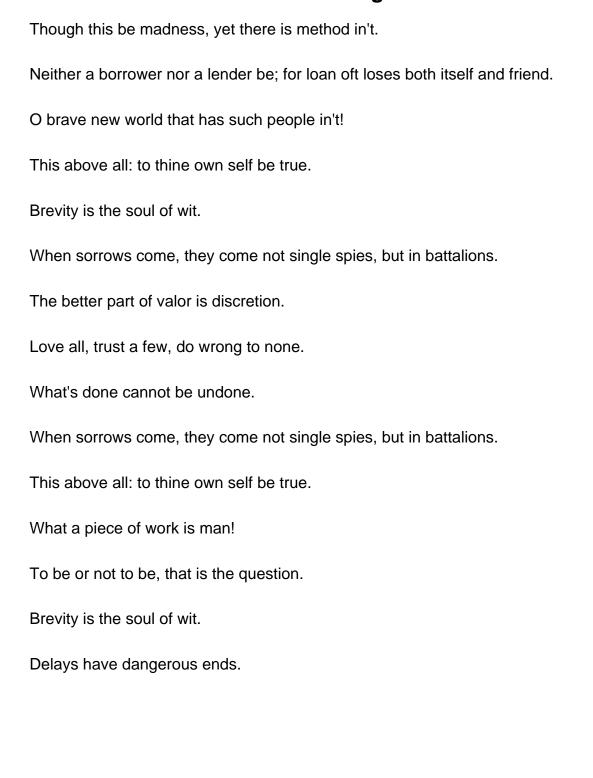


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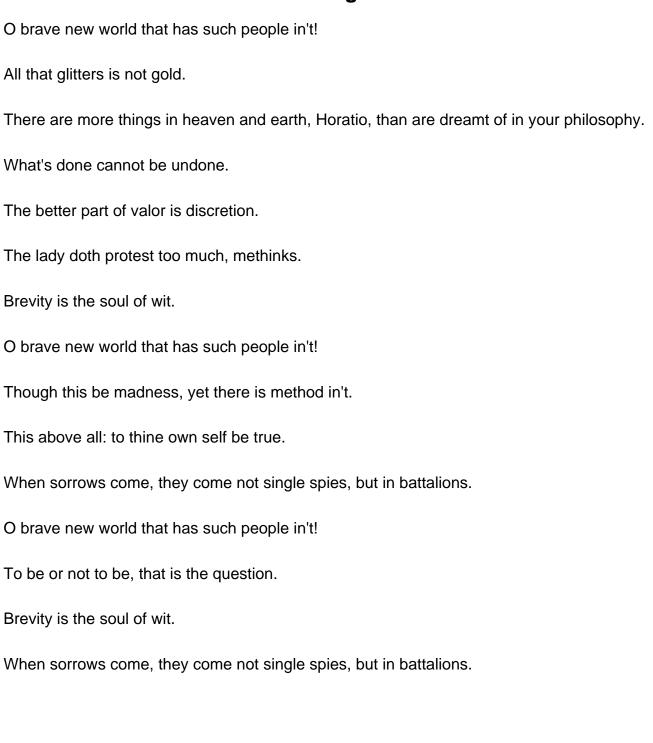
All that glitters is not gold.

This above all: to thine own self be true.
The lady doth protest too much, methinks.
When sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in battalions.
The better part of valor is discretion.
The lady doth protest too much, methinks.
This above all: to thine own self be true.
The better part of valor is discretion.
What a piece of work is man!
Brevity is the soul of wit.
Delays have dangerous ends.
To be or not to be, that is the question.
The lady doth protest too much, methinks.
What's done cannot be undone.
Though this be madness, yet there is method in't.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.





Delays have dangerous ends.
Though this be madness, yet there is method in't.
The better part of valor is discretion.
To be or not to be, that is the question.
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Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
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All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.



Delays have dangerous ends.
Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.
Though this be madness, yet there is method in't.
O brave new world that has such people in't!
Parting is such sweet sorrow, that I shall say goodnight till it be morrow.
The lady doth protest too much, methinks.
O brave new world that has such people in't!
All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.
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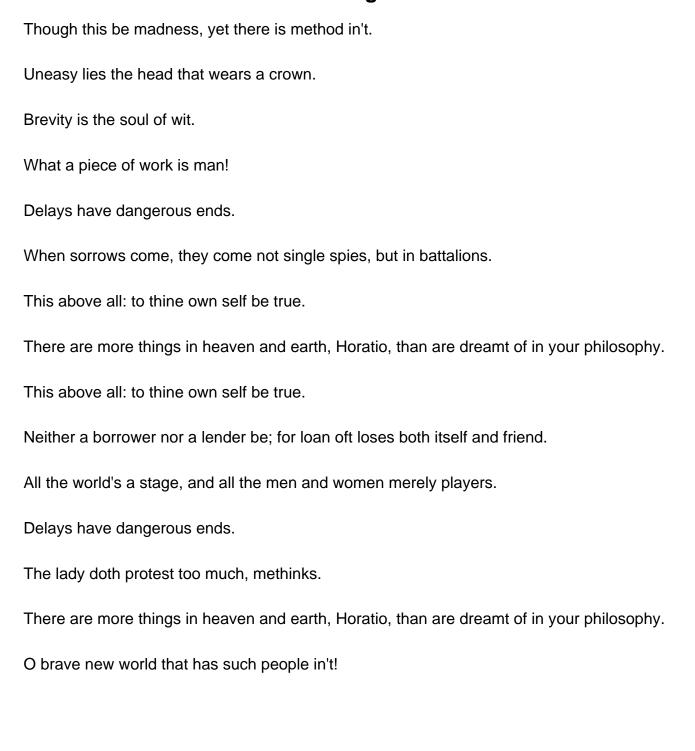
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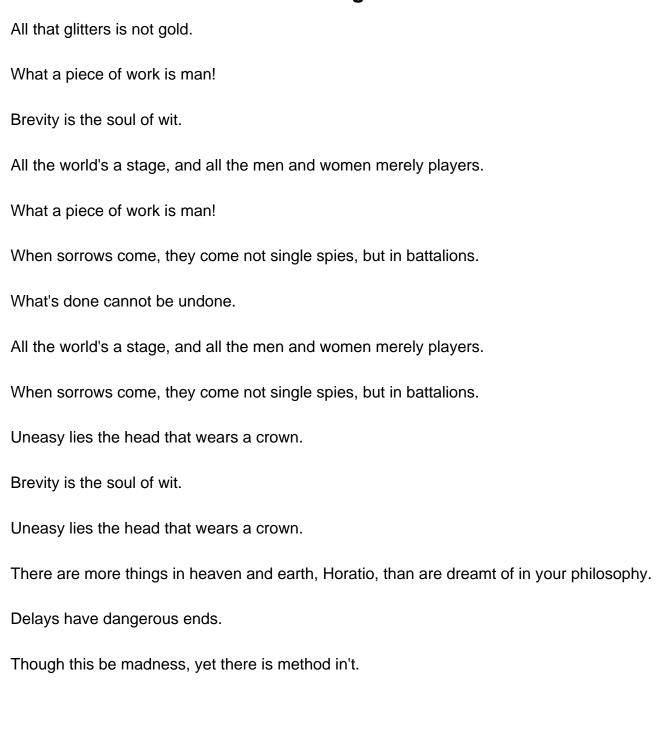
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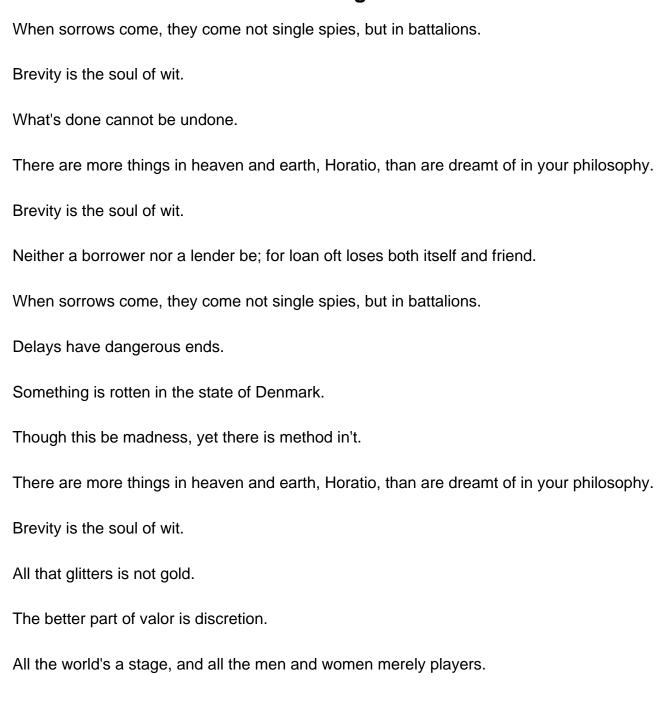
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