Analysis Hamlet points

1. Color black archetype: [Hamlet mourning over his father]
   1. Black represents the misery, grief that hamlet is facing at this point in time
   2. ‘Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother, / Not customary suits of solemn black, / Nor windy suspiration of forc’d breath, [1.2.77-79]
2. Gender stereotype [more against men, hamlet grieving]:
   1. Hamlet still grieves over his father and Claudius expresses how his grief is unmanly
   2. Men are not allowed to show emotions
   3. In obstinate condolement is a course / Of impious stubbornness, ‘tis unmanly grief, [1.2.93-94]
3. Hamlet’s relationship with himself:
   1. Weather ‘tis nobler in the mid to suffer / The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, / Or to take arms against a sea of trouble [3.1.58-59]
4. Hamlet’s relationship with his mother
   1. Mad about his mother relationship with Claudius
   2. Nay, but to live / In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed, / Stew’d in corruption, honeying and making love / Over the nasty sty! [3.4.91-94]
5. **Hamlet’**s relationship with Claudius [thinks of him as the villain] appearance vs reality
   1. A murderer and a villain, / A slave that is not twentieth part of the tithe / Of your precedent lord, a vice of kings, / A cutpurse pf the empire and the rule [3.4.91-94]
6. Hamlet’s revenge plan [theme]:
   1. A villain kills my father, and for that / I, his sole son, do this same villain send / To heaven. / Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge. [3.3.76-79]
7. Hamlet’s perspective of his father:
   1. Where every of did seem to set his seal / To give the world assurance of a man.

[3.4.61-62]

1. Hamlet’s critical thinking/planning skills:
   1. Hosts a play in order to truly find out if his uncle is guilty of his father’s death
   2. If his occulted guilt / Do not itself unkennel in one speech, / It is a damned ghost that we have seen, [3.2.78-81]

I fill my light with darkness, and I fill my love with grief,

My heart no longer feels, just as my smile no longer speaks

Now the clouds of misery soar directly above me,

Yet here I stand, unafraid of the world and lost in my agony.

My smile once shined brighter than the summer sun,

Now it fades into the world as the cold winters have begun

Rivers of tears threaten to spill,

Yet no single soul will understand what it is that I feel.

Neither grief nor sadness is manly enough,

Tis my duty to be strong and tough.

Shall I obey the orders I’m destined for

Or express my sorrows that I’m craving for

I must face the obstacles that life throws at me

Or end it all, which might also end me.

No matter where I go, all I see

are two roads split, just ahead of me.

The incestuous woman has no shame,

As she wed and bed like a quick game.

Hastier than as the spring leaves turn green,

She mourned the death of her husband like a dream

Although the women, not entirely at fault,

The one to blame hides behind the cloth.

My disgust and hatred slowly grow,

As I discover the actions of the man I know.

A powerful man once walked within the confinements of these walls,

Yet now rests within the boundaries beyond these walls

A man made by god and loved by all

Will remain my father, beyond all

The act of madness may only be a plan,

As those accused will be dead.

Fool I may be and for fool I may become,

When the time is right, I shall end them all.

With a mind sharper than a knife,

And a castle full of crimes,

I will take my revenge

And tis the only act that will satisfy my soul

The mind of man sharper than knife,

Will cut down those who intend to

The act of madness may only be a plan,

As those accused will be dead.

Fool I may be and for fool I may become,

When the