

Hamlet Act 3rd Scene 1st

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 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;
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressors 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 a 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 pitch and moment
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action, -

Parody on the soliloquy

To breathe, or not to breathe, that is the question:
 Whether 'tis nobler for our sex to suffer
 The pain and torture of steel girt corset,
 Or to take arms against Dame Fashion's tyrannies,
 And, by opposing, end them.
 To unlace, to Breathe
 Once more, and with full breath, to say we end