



Hamlet:

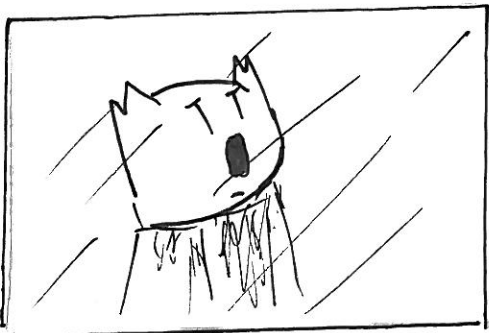
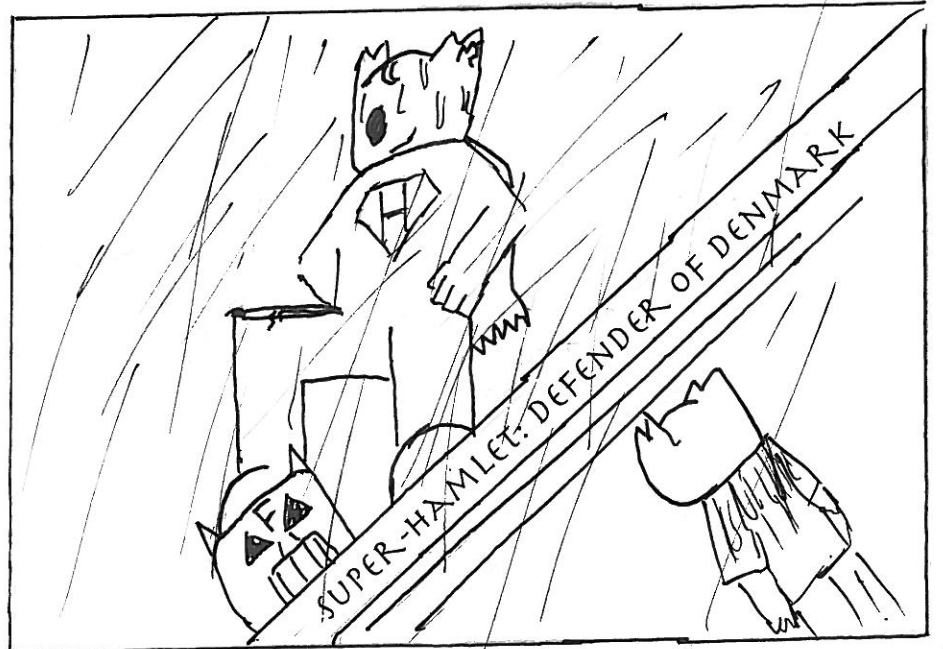
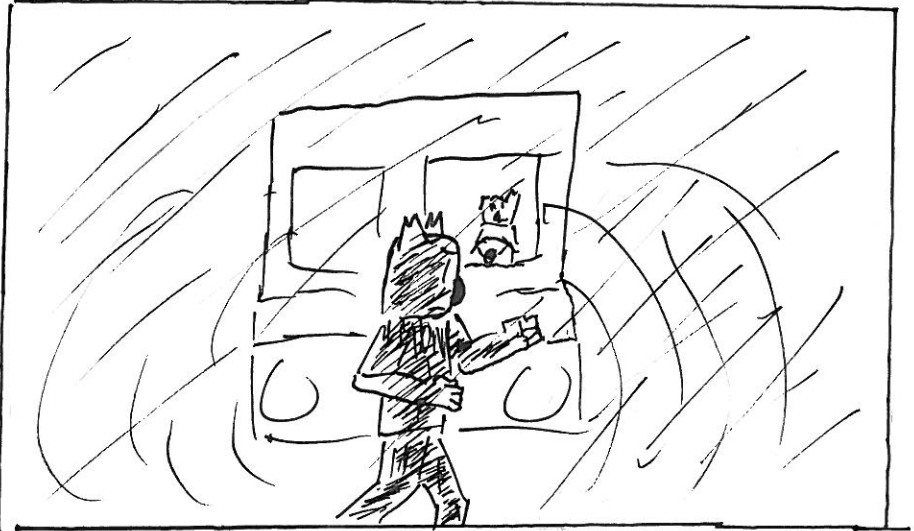
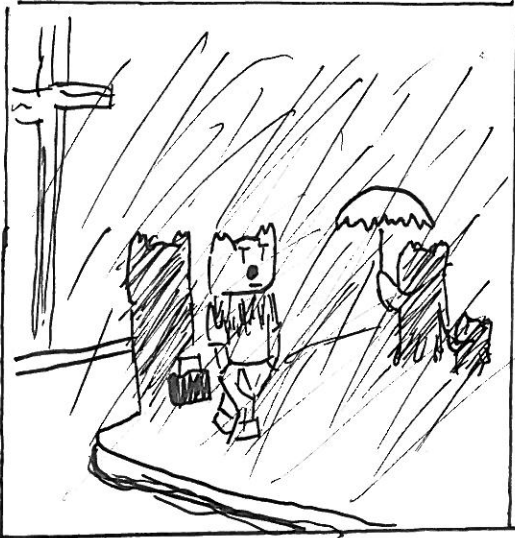
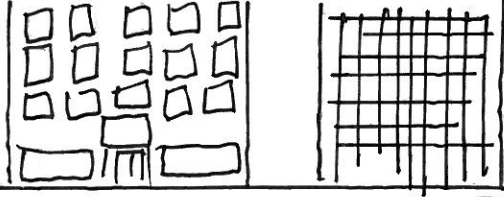
To be, or not to be
The Graphic Novel

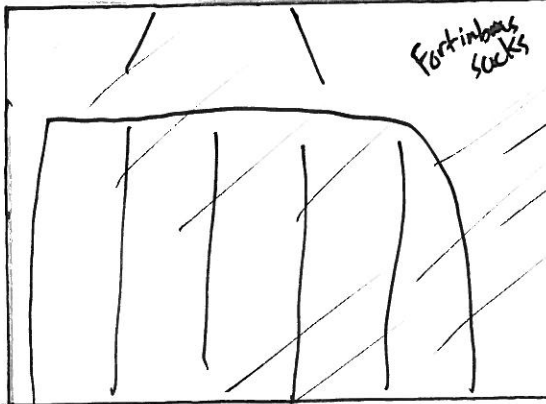
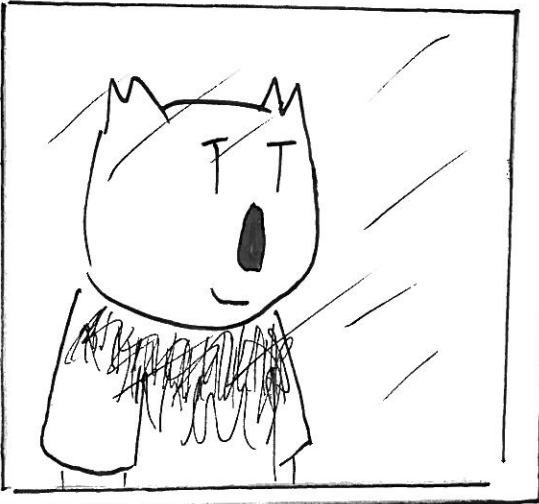
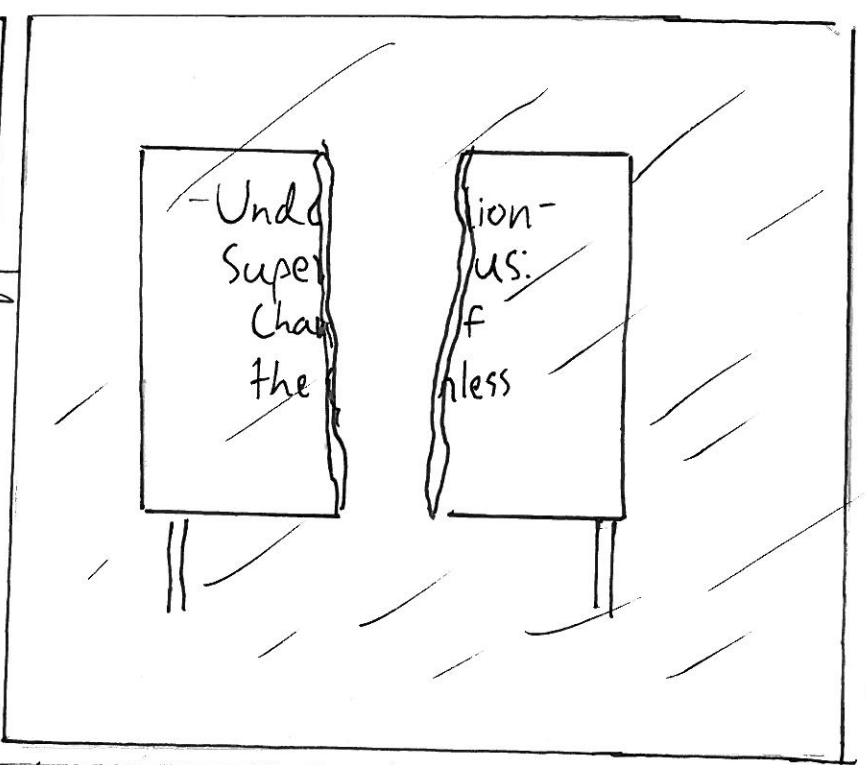
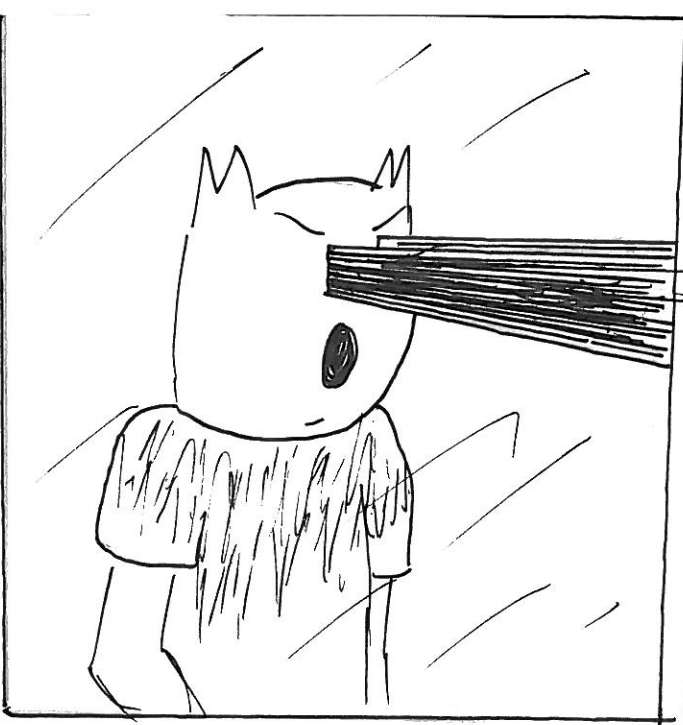


Shakespeare • Robb • Koaly

Hamlet

To be, or not to be





Fortinbras sucks



To be



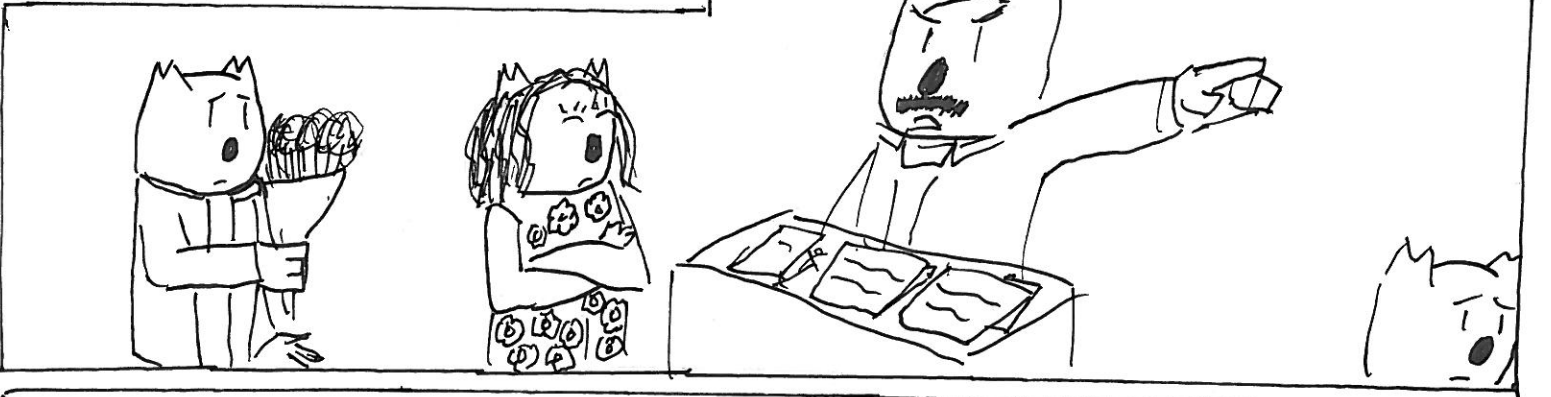
or not to be



That is the question:

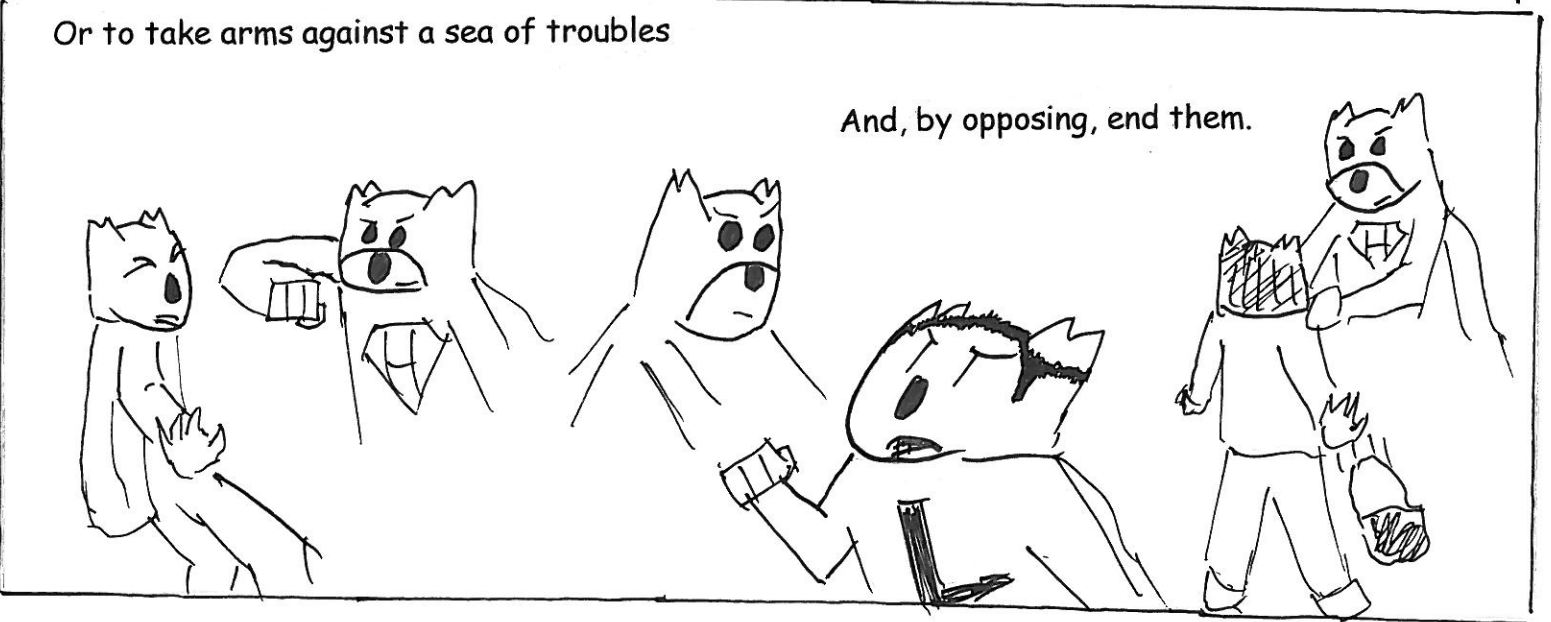


Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,



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 heartache and the thousand natural shocks

That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation

Devoutly to be wished.



To die



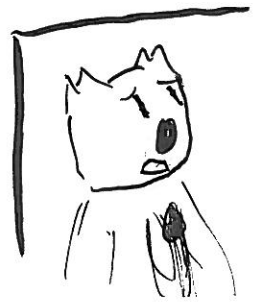
to sleep

To sleep





perchance to dream.

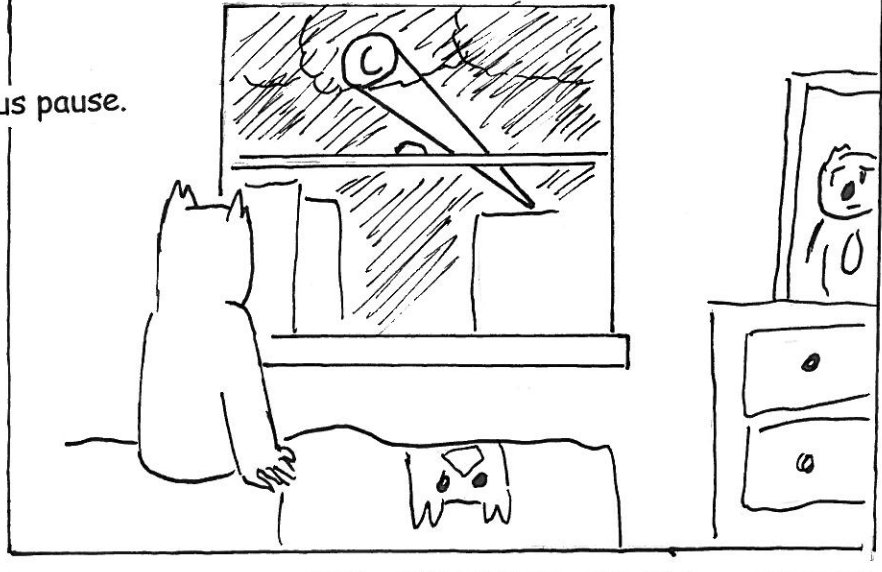


My, there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,

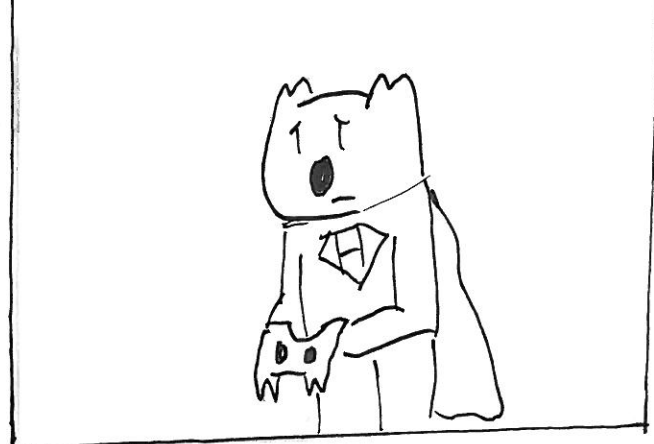


Must give us pause.

There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.



For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,

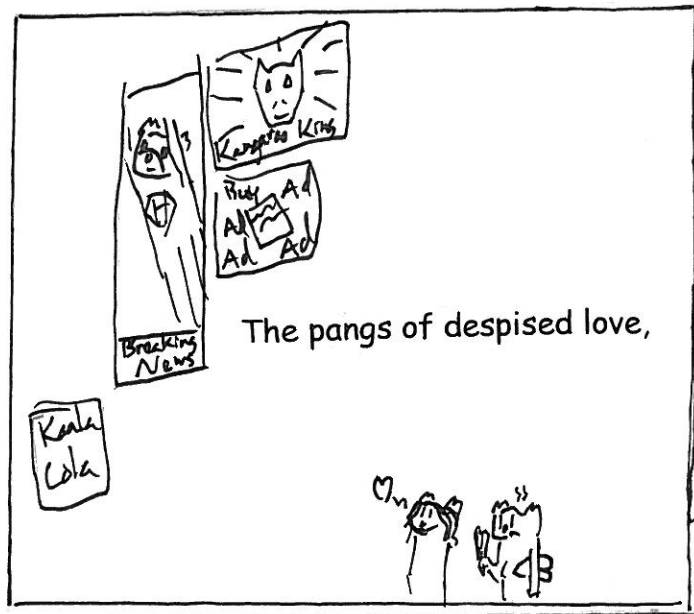


Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

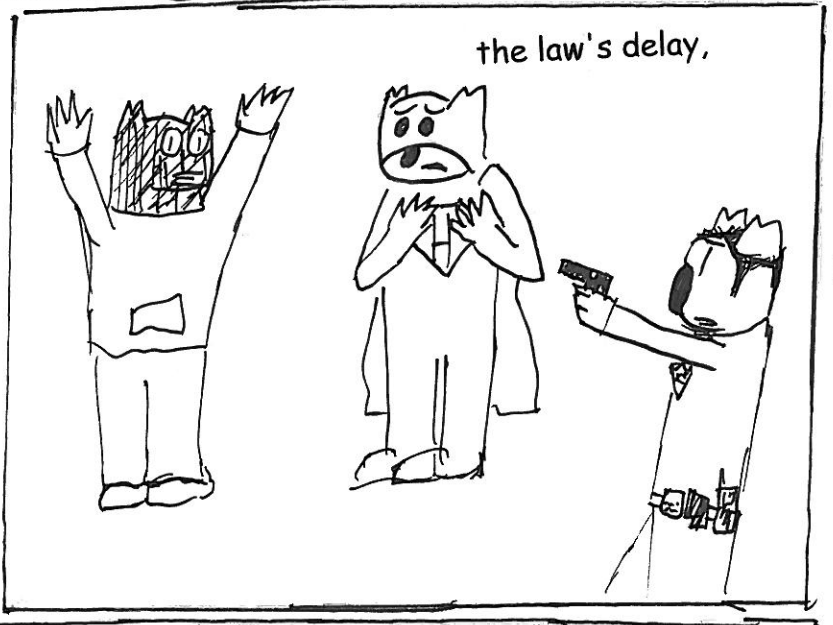


DNN News Update: Mayor meets with Super-Claudius
Mayor: "Is Super-Hamlet a hero or menace?"
S-C: "One has to question why he wears the mask."

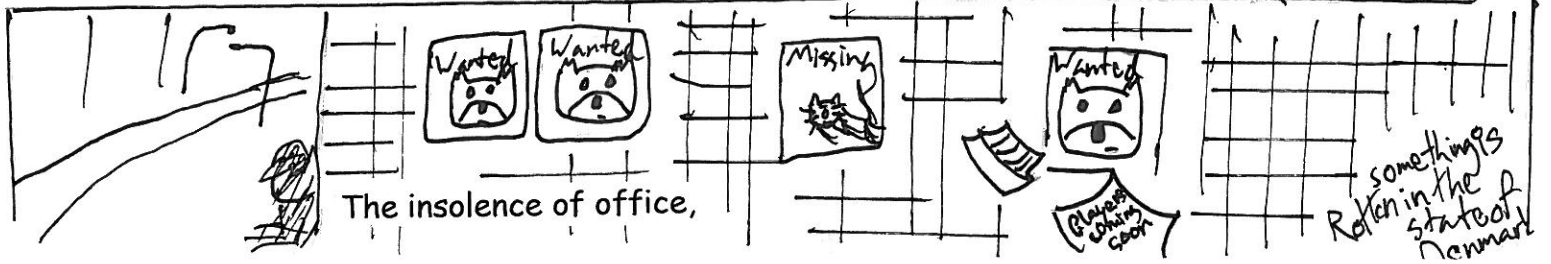
The pangs of despised love,



the law's delay,

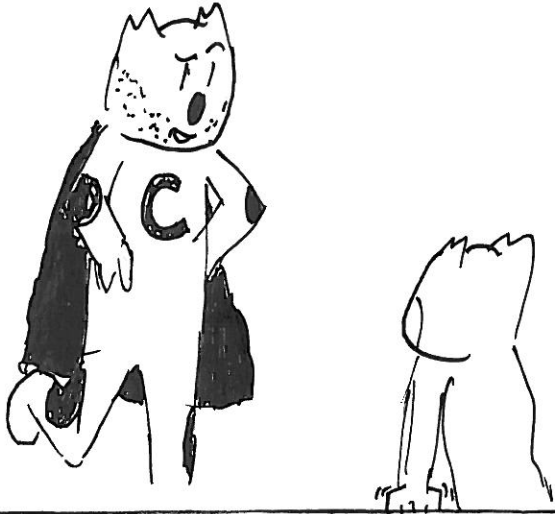


The insolence of office,

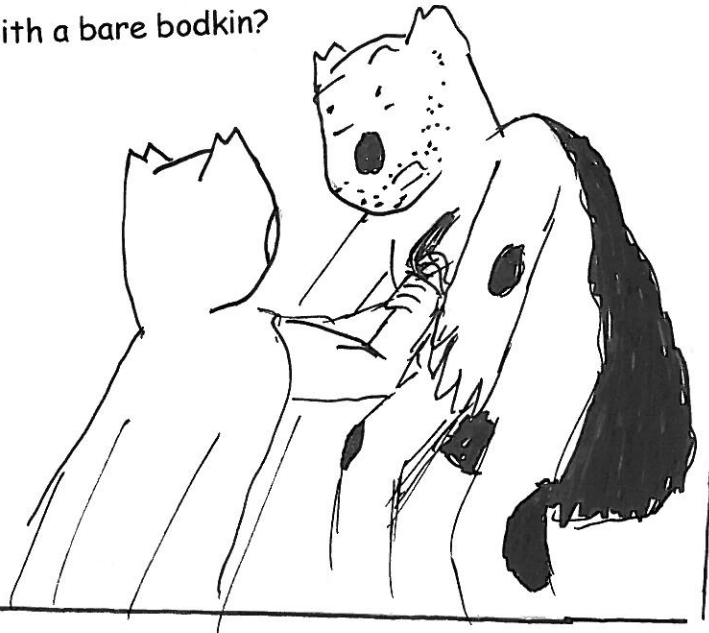


something's rotten in the state of Denmark

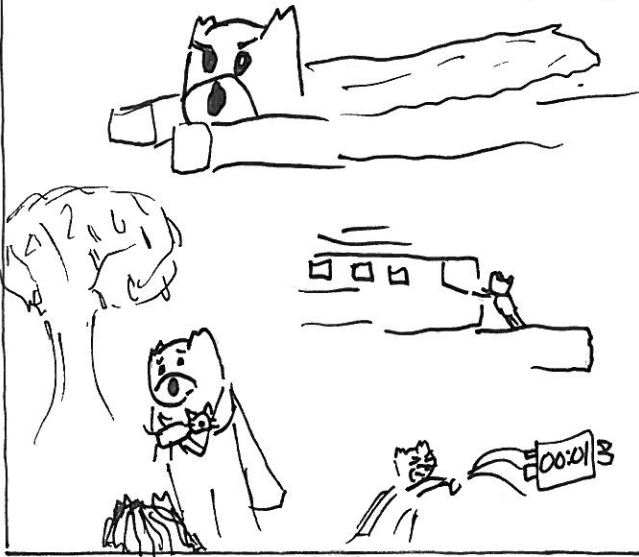
and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,



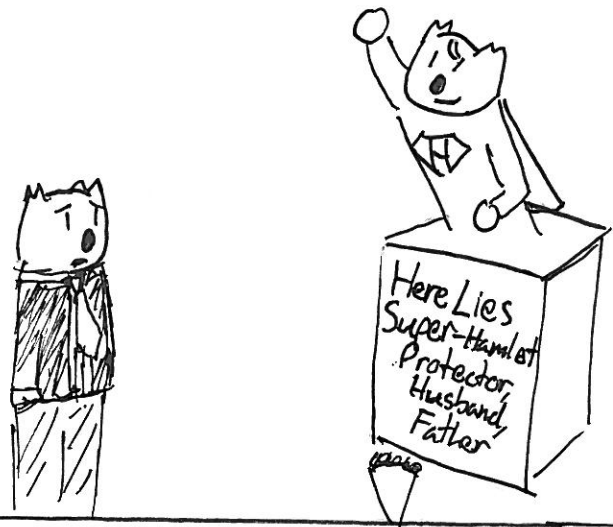
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?



Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,



But that the dread of something after death,

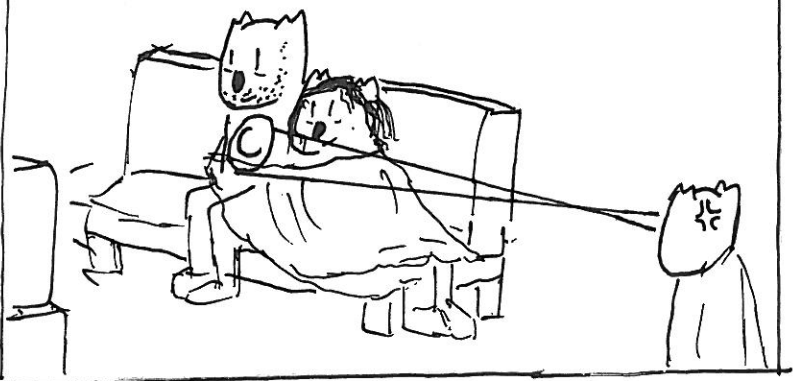


The undiscovered country from whose bourn



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.

