

Shakespeare's
HAMLET

THE MANGA EDITION

Adam Sexton • Tintin Pantoja

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Suiting the Action to the Word: Shakespeare and Manga

by Adam Sexton

“Suit the action to the word, the word to the action...”
—*Hamlet* (Act III, Scene 2)

Four hundred years after the writing of William Shakespeare’s plays, it is clear that they are timeless. This is due in part to their infinite adaptability. The plays have been translated into dozens of languages and performed all over the world. Famously creative stage productions have included a version of *Julius Caesar* set in Fascist Europe during the 1930s and a so-called “voodoo *Macbeth*.” Nor have gender and age proved barriers to casting Shakespeare’s characters. The role of Hamlet is occasionally played by a woman—an appropriate reversal, considering that boys acted all the female roles in Shakespeare’s day—while the teenaged Romeo and Juliet have been portrayed by couples in their forties and fifties.

It is common knowledge that the plays of Shakespeare transfer especially well to the movie screen. Such has been the case since Thomas Edison made one of the first sound films ever using a scene from *As You Like It*. Recent cinema standouts include *William Shakespeare’s Romeo + Juliet*, directed by Baz Luhrmann, and Michael Almereyda’s *Hamlet*. Both take place in the present day or near future: Leonardo DiCaprio’s Romeo wears a Hawaiian shirt—and Julia Stiles’ Ophelia wears a wire, so Claudius and Polonius can eavesdrop on her conversation with Hamlet. Otherwise, these adaptations remain surprisingly faithful to Shakespeare’s texts. And both hit the audience as hard as conventional stage productions in which the actors are

outfitted with doublets and hose, crossed swords, and what Hamlet calls “a bare bodkin”—his unsheathed dagger (replaced in Almereyda’s movie by a gun).

Shakespeare’s plays have been set to music as well, in operas and ballets by composers such as Verdi, Tchaikovsky, and Prokofiev. The early comedy *Two Gentlemen of Verona* was adapted for Broadway by the composer of *Hair*, and it won the Tony award for Best Musical the same year that *Grease* was nominated. In the words of theater critic Jan Kott, Shakespeare is indeed “our contemporary.”

In short, though some consider the plays of William Shakespeare to be sacrosanct, they have been cut, expanded (it was common in the Victorian era to add songs and even happy endings to the tragedies), and adapted to multiple media, emerging none the worse for wear. Although we cannot be sure of this, it seems likely that the writer, who was a popular artist and a savvy businessman as well as an incomparable poet, would approve.

The graphic novels known as *manga* (Japanese for “whimsical pictures”) are a natural medium for Shakespeare’s work. Like his tragedies, comedies, histories, and romances, which are thrillingly dynamic if properly staged, manga are of course visual. In fact, a manga is potentially *more* visual than a stage production of one of the plays of Shakespeare. Unbound by the physical realities of the theater, the graphic novel can depict any situation, no matter how fantastical or violent, that its creators are able to pencil, ink, and shade.

Take *Romeo and Juliet*’s famous Queen Mab speech. Even the most creative stage director cannot faithfully present the minuscule fairy described by Mercutio. Manga artists can. The same is true of the drowning of Ophelia in *Hamlet*. It is precisely because these vignettes are unstageable that Shakespeare has his characters describe Queen Mab and the death of Ophelia in such great detail—they must help us imagine them. In its unlimited ability

to dramatize, the graphic novel more closely resembles a contemporary film with a colossal special-effects budget than anything produced in the Elizabethan era or since.

At the same time, manga are potentially no less verbal than Shakespeare's spectacularly wordy plays, with this crucial difference: in a production of one of the plays onstage or onscreen, we can hear the words but can't see them. Though Shakespeare is never easy, reading helps. And that is precisely what manga adaptations of the plays allow. Perusing a Shakespeare manga, the reader can linger over speeches, rereading them in part or altogether. Especially in the long and intricate soliloquies typical of Shakespearean tragedy, this allows for an appreciation of the playwright's craft that is difficult if not impossible as those soliloquies move past us during a performance.

Overall, turning the pages of a manga version of one of Shakespeare's plays is something like reading the text of that play while attending a performance, but at one's own pace. Manga is not merely a new medium for the plays of William Shakespeare, but one that is distinctly different from anything to have come before.

A note on authenticity: In order to fit our adaptations into books of less than 200 pages, the writers and editors of *The Manga Editions* have cut words, lines, speeches, even entire scenes from Shakespeare's plays, a practice almost universal among stage and film directors. We have never paraphrased the playwright's language, however, nor have we summarized action. Everything you read in *The Manga Editions* was written by William Shakespeare himself. Finally, footnotes don't interrupt the characters' speeches here, any more than they would in a production of one of Shakespeare's plays onstage or on film.



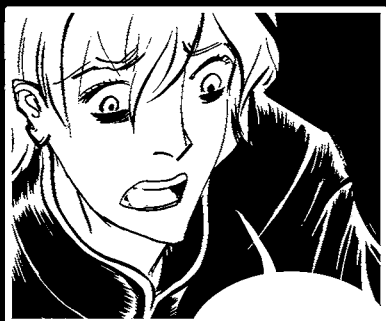
There is no play better suited to the *manga* approach than *Hamlet*, Shakespeare's tragedy about Hamlet, prince of Denmark, who is

instructed by the ghost of his father, King Hamlet, to kill his Uncle Claudius. Since murdering Hamlet's father, Claudius has become king of Denmark himself and has married Hamlet's mother, Queen Gertrude. Prince Hamlet has a girlfriend, Ophelia, who is the daughter of Claudius's most trusted advisor (Polonius) and the sister of Hamlet's rival, Laertes. Hamlet's best friend, Horatio, and two college chums, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, visit him during the play. Of all these characters, only one survives to the end of the story.

The play is manga-friendly because it is unarguably action-packed, complete with a terrifying ghost, a tussle in an open grave, and a climactic swordfight during which four central characters die violent deaths. At least one character in *Hamlet* goes insane and two characters commit suicide, one of them by accident. There's an inadvertent murder, as well as two accomplished from afar, by trickery. Another murder, achieved by pouring poison into the victim's ear, takes place before the story starts and is reenacted in the course of a play within the play.

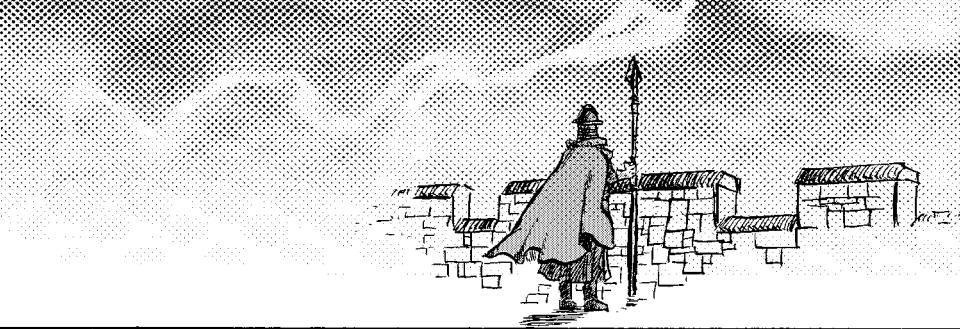
At the same time, not one of Shakespeare's plays contains more internal material—thoughts, feelings, hopes, fears and ideas—than *Hamlet*. Hamlet himself delivers five soliloquies throughout the course of the tragedy named for him, and all are masterpieces of poetry and rhetoric, philosophy and wordplay. Though *Shakespeare's Hamlet: The Manga Edition* doesn't explain the soliloquies, it gives us the opportunity to read and reread them in the context of the visually-presented action described above. By means of dynamic new medium of manga, Shakespeare's timeless tragedy is thereby made new—again.

ACT I



MURDER
???





HAS THIS
THING
APPEARED
AGAIN
TONIGHT?



I HAVE
SEEN
NOTHING.

HORATIO
SAYS 'TIS
BUT OUR
FANTASY.



'T WILL
NOT
APPEAR.

IN THE
SAME
FIGURE LIKE
THE KING
THAT'S
DEAD.

LOOKS HE
NOT LIKE
THE KING?
MARK IT.

*MOST
LIKE.*

WHAT ART THOU,
WITH THAT FAIR
AND WARLIKE
FORM IN WHICH
THE MAJESTY OF
BURIED DENMARK
DID SOMETIMES
MARCH?





STAY

SPEAK!

SPEAK!

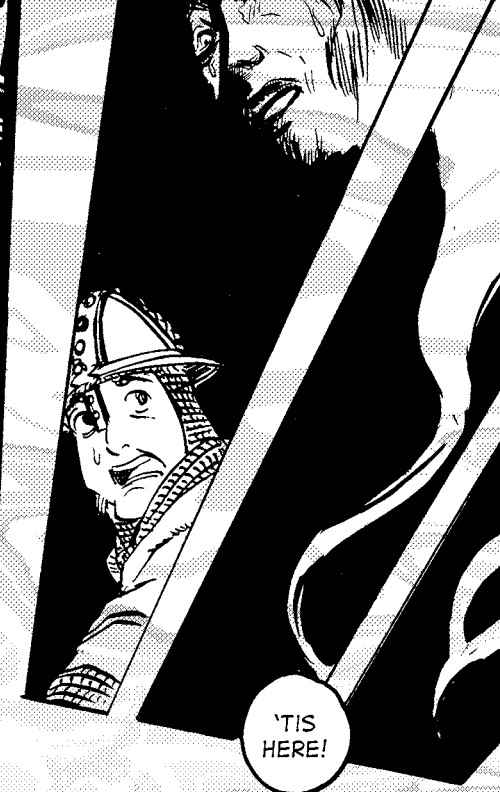
SPEAK TO ME, IF THOU ART PRIVY TO THY COUNTRY'S FATE.

SHALL I STRIKE AT IT?

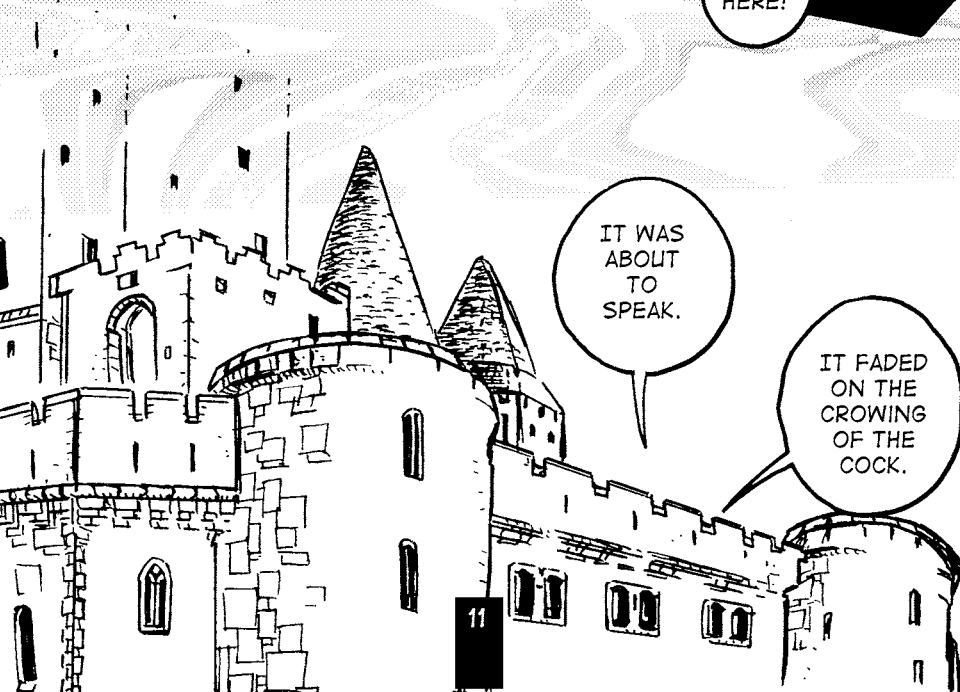
IF IT WILL NOT STAND



'TIS
HERE.




'TIS
HERE!



IT WAS
ABOUT
TO
SPEAK.

IT FADED
ON THE
CROWING
OF THE
COCK.



THUS TWICE
BEFORE HATH
HE GONE BY
OUR WATCH.

TELL ME, HE
THAT KNOWS,
WHY THIS WATCH
NIGHTLY TOILS.

THIS BODES
SOME STRANGE
ERUPTION TO
OUR STATE.

OUR LAST KING, WHOSE
IMAGE EVEN NOW APPEARED
TO US, WAS AS YOU KNOW
BY FORTINBRAS OF NORWAY
DARED TO THE COMBAT,

IN WHICH OUR
VALIANT HAMLET
DID SLAY THIS
FORTINBRAS,



WHO BY A SEALED
COMPACT DID
FORFEIT WITH HIS
LIFE HIS LANDS TO
HAMLET.

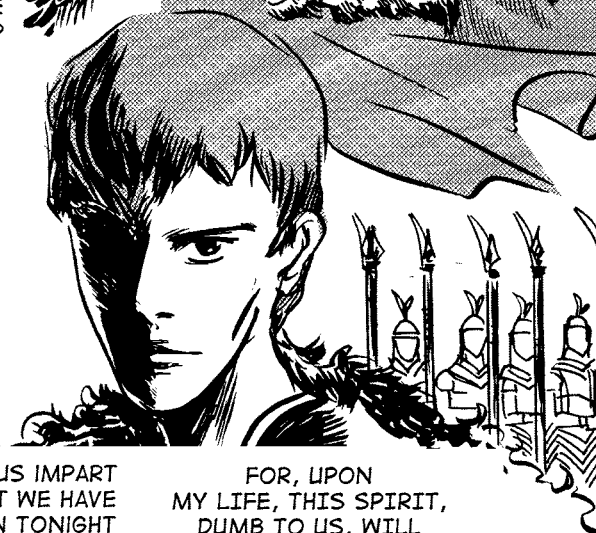
NOW, SIR, *YOUNG*
FORTINBRAS HATH HERE
AND THERE SHARKED UP
A LIST OF LAWLESS
RESOLLITES

FOR TO RECOVER
OF US, BY STRONG
HAND, THOSE
LANDS HIS FATHER
LOST, THE SOURCE
OF THIS WATCH.

THE MORN,
IN RUSSET
MANTLE
CLAD, WALKS
O'ER THE DEW
OF YON HIGH
EASTERN HILL.

LET US IMPART
WHAT WE HAVE
SEEN TONIGHT
UNTO *YOUNG*
HAMLET,

FOR, UPON
MY LIFE, THIS SPIRIT,
DUMB TO US, WILL
SPEAK TO HIM.





THOUGH YET
OF HAMLET
OUR DEAR
BROTHER'S
DEATH THE
MEMORY BE
GREEN,

AND OUR
WHOLE
KINGDOM

BE
CONTRACTED
IN ONE BROW
OF WOE,

HAVE WE OUR
SOMETIME
SISTER,

NOW
OUR
QUEEN,
TAKEN TO
WIFE.

FOR
ALL, OUR
THANKS.

NOW
FOLLOWS,
THAT YOU
KNOW,

YOUNG
FORTINBRAS,
HOLDING
A WEAK
SUPPOSAL
OF OUR
WORTH,

HATH NOT FAILED TO
PESTER US WITH
MESSAGE IMPORTING
THE SURRENDER OF
THOSE LANDS LOST BY
HIS FATHER TO **OUR**
VALIANT BROTHER.

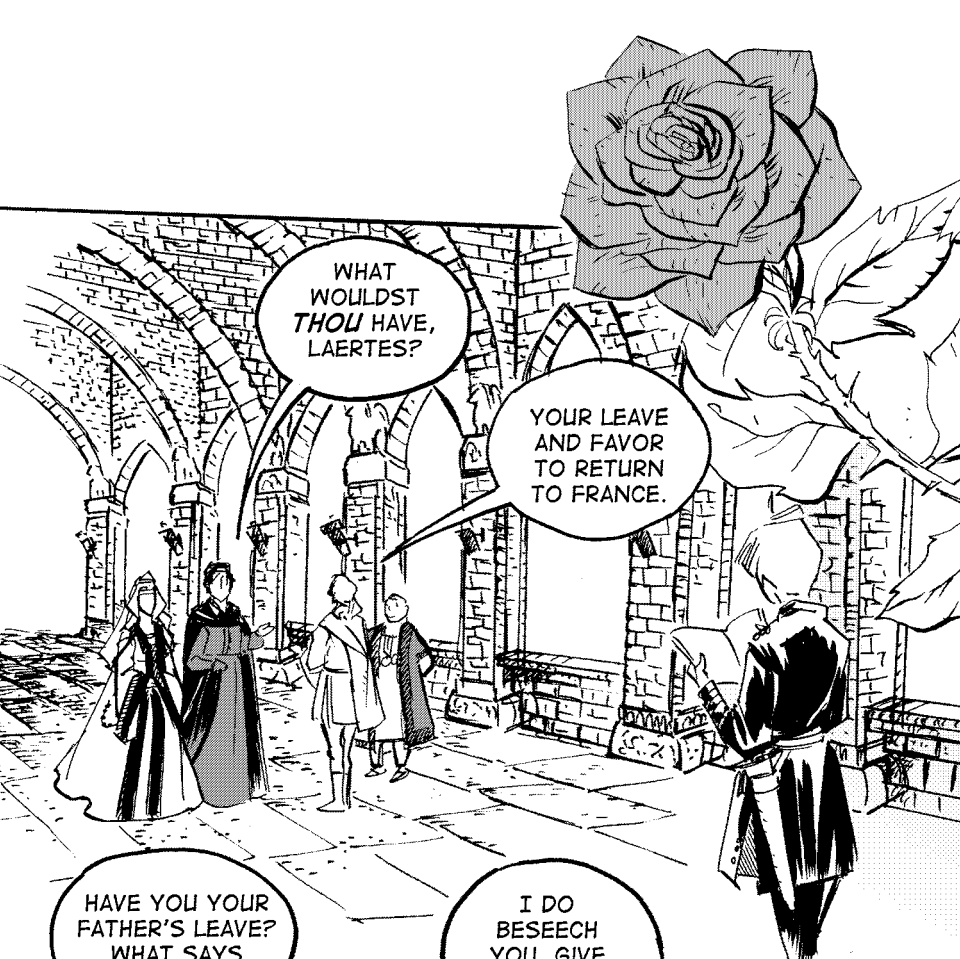
WE HAVE HERE
WRIT TO NORWAY,
UNCLE OF YOUNG
FORTINBRAS--

WHO, IMPOTENT
AND BED-RID,
SCARCELY HEARS
OF THIS HIS
NEPHEW'S
PURPOSE--

TO SUPPRESS
HIS FURTHER
GAIT HEREIN.

WE HERE DISPATCH
YOU, BEARERS OF
THIS GREETING TO
OLD NORWAY.

FAREWELL.



WHAT
WOULDST
THOU HAVE,
LAERTES?

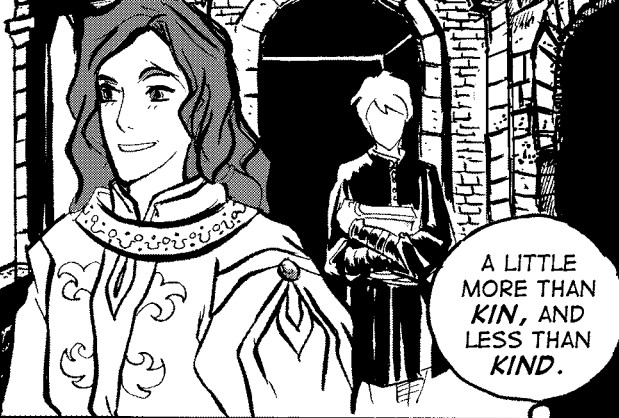
YOUR LEAVE
AND FAVOR
TO RETURN
TO FRANCE.



HAVE YOU YOUR
FATHER'S LEAVE?
WHAT SAYS
POLONIUS?

I DO
BESEECH
YOU, GIVE
HIM LEAVE
TO GO.

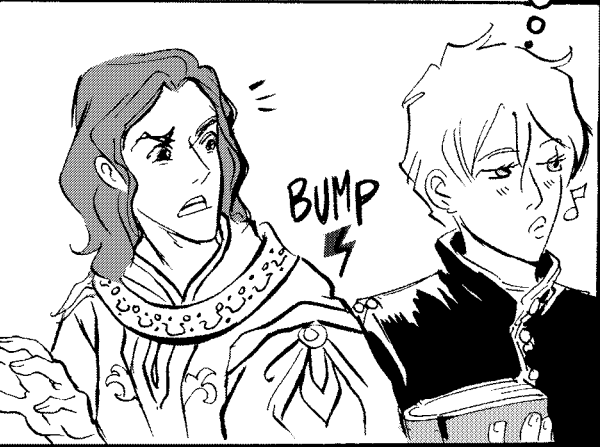
NOW
MY COUSIN
HAMLET, AND
MY SON--



A LITTLE MORE THAN *KIN*, AND LESS THAN *KIND*.



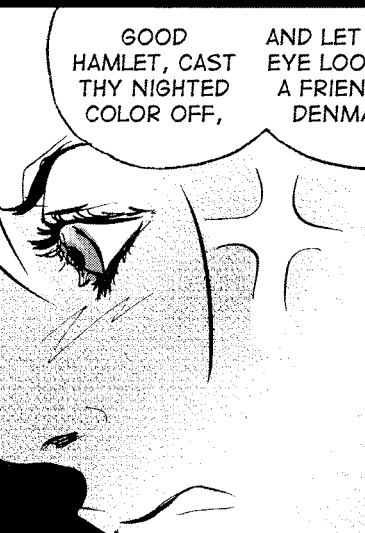
HOW IS IT THAT THE CLOUDS STILL HANG ON YOU?



BUMP



NOT SO, MY LORD. I AM TOO MUCH IN THE *SUN*.



GOOD HAMLET, CAST THY NIGHTED COLOR OFF,

AND LET THINE EYE LOOK LIKE A FRIEND ON DENMARK.

DO NOT FOREVER WITH THY VAILED LIDS SEEK FOR THY NOBLE FATHER IN THE DUST.

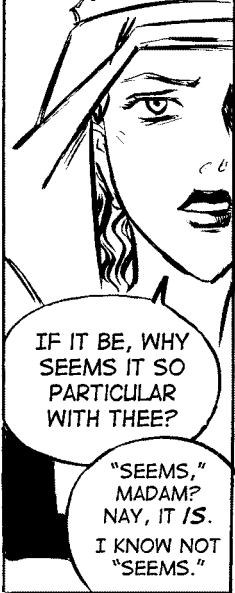
THOU KNOW'ST 'TIS COMMON. ALL THAT LIVES MUST DIE,



PASSING THROUGH NATURE TO ETERNITY.

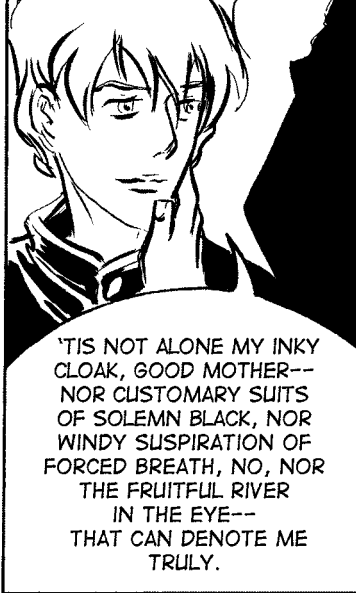
AY, MADAM, IT IS COMMON.



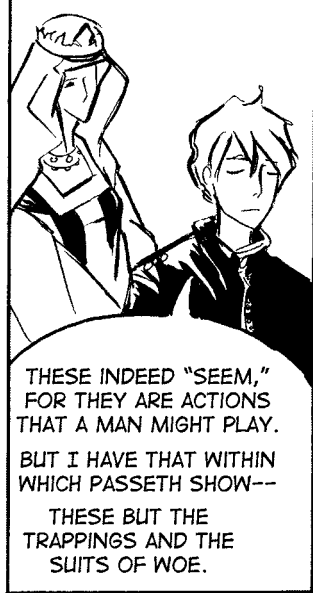


IF IT BE, WHY SEEMS IT SO PARTICULAR WITH THEE?

"SEEMS," MADAM? NAY, IT IS. I KNOW NOT "SEEMS."



'TIS NOT ALONE MY INKY CLOAK, GOOD MOTHER-- NOR CUSTOMARY SUITS OF SOLEMN BLACK, NOR WINDY SUSPIRATION OF FORCED BREATH, NO, NOR THE FRUITFUL RIVER IN THE EYE-- THAT CAN DENOTE ME TRULY.



THESE INDEED "SEEM," FOR THEY ARE ACTIONS THAT A MAN MIGHT PLAY. BUT I HAVE THAT WITHIN WHICH PASSETH SHOW-- THESE BUT THE TRAPPINGS AND THE SUITS OF WOE.



'TIS SWEET AND COMMENDABLE IN YOUR NATURE,

TO GIVE THESE MOURNING DUTIES TO YOUR FATHER.

BUT YOU MUST KNOW YOUR FATHER LOST A FATHER,

THAT FATHER LOST, LOST HIS.

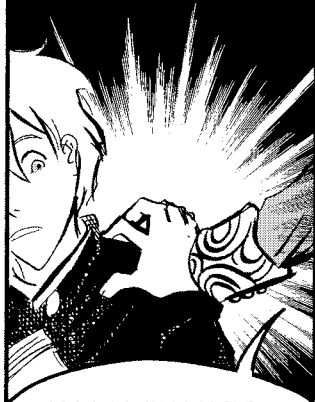
BUT TO PERSEVERE IN OBSTINATE CONDOLEMMENT IS A COURSE OF IMPIOUS STUBBORNNESS.



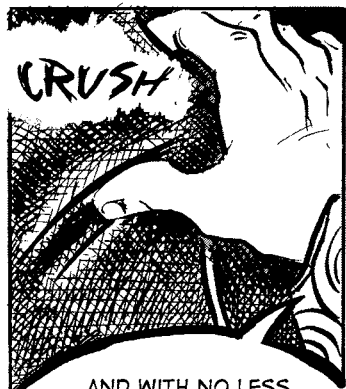
'TIS
UNMANLY
GRIEF.



WE PRAY YOU,
THROW TO EARTH
THIS UNPREVAILING
WOE, AND THINK OF
US AS OF A FATHER.



FOR LET THE WORLD
TAKE NOTE, YOU ARE
THE MOST IMMEDIATE
TO OUR THRONE,



AND WITH NO LESS
NOBILITY OF LOVE THAN
THAT WHICH DEAREST
FATHER BEARS HIS SON
DO *I* IMPART TOWARD
YOU.



GASP

FOR YOUR
INTENT IN
GOING BACK
TO SCHOOL IN
WITTENBERG,




IT IS MOST
RETROGRADE
TO OUR
DESIRE.

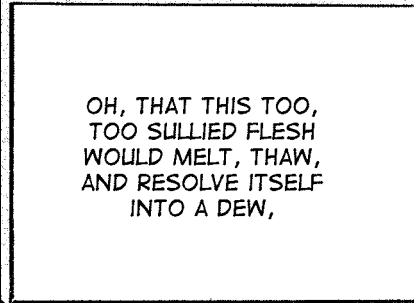


I PRAY
THEE STAY
WITH US.

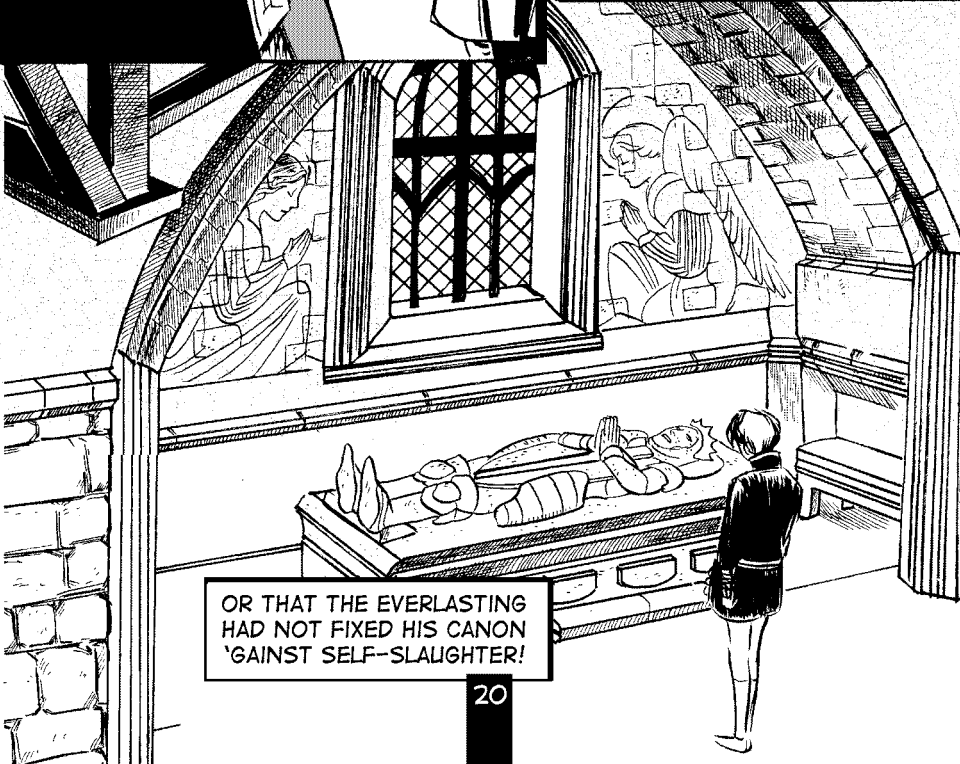
GO NOT TO
WITTENBERG.



I SHALL IN
ALL MY BEST
OBEY...*YOU*,
MADAM.



OH, THAT THIS TOO,
TOO SULLIED FLESH
WOULD MELT, THAW,
AND RESOLVE ITSELF
INTO A DEW,

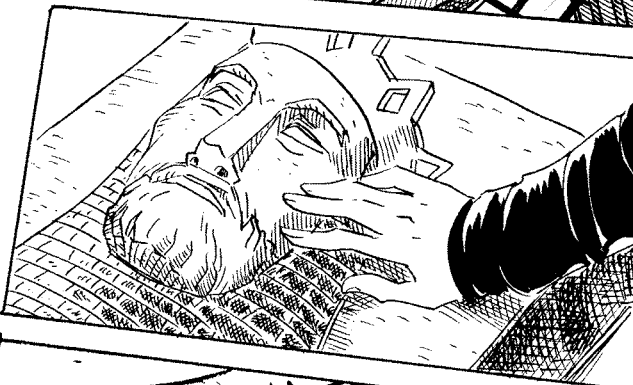
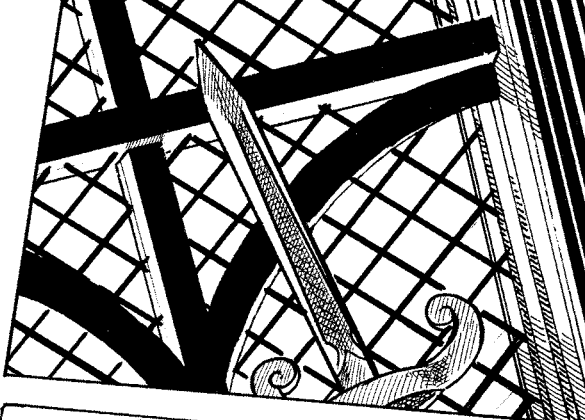


OR THAT THE EVERLASTING
HAD NOT FIXED HIS CANON
'GAINST SELF-SLAUGHTER!

O GOD, GOD! HOW WEARY, STALE, FLAT, AND UNPROFITABLE SEEM TO ME ALL THE USES OF THIS WORLD!

FIE ON'T,
AH FIE!

'TIS AN UNWEEDED GARDEN THAT GROWS TO SEED. THINGS RANK AND GROSS IN NATURE POSSESS IT MERELY.



THAT IT SHOULD COME TO THIS.

BUT TWO MONTHS DEAD--

NAY, NOT SO MUCH, *NOT* TWO! SO EXCELLENT A KING, THAT WAS TO THIS HYPERION TO A SATYR.




SO LOVING TO MY
MOTHER THAT HE MIGHT
NOT BETEEM THE WINDS
OF HEAVEN VISIT HER FACE
TOO ROUGHLY.

HEAVEN AND EARTH,
MUST I REMEMBER?

WHY, SHE WOULD HANG
ON HIM AS IF INCREASE OF
APPETITE HAD GROWN ON
WHAT IT FED ON, AND YET,
WITHIN A MONTH--

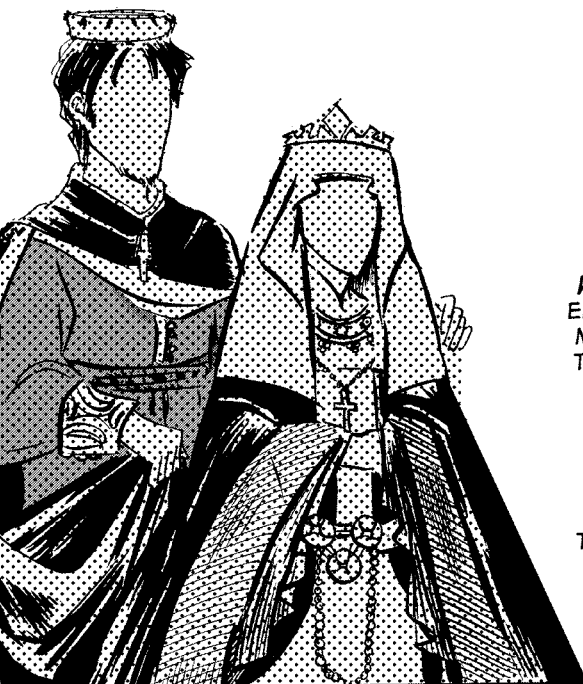
LET ME NOT THINK ON'T.

*FRAILTY, THY NAME
IS WOMAN!*



--A LITTLE MONTH, OR
ERE THOSE SHOES
WERE OLD WITH WHICH
SHE FOLLOWED MY
POOR FATHER'S BODY
LIKE NIOBE, ALL TEARS.

WHY SHE, EVEN SHE--
O GOD, A BEAST THAT
WANTS DISCOURSE OF
REASON WOULD HAVE
MOURNED LONGER!--



MARRIED WITH
MY UNCLE,
MY FATHER'S
BROTHER,
BUT NO MORE LIKE
MY FATHER THAN I
TO HERCULES.

WITHIN A MONTH,
ERE YET THE SALT OF
MOST UNRIGHTEOUS
TEARS HAD LEFT THE
FLUSHING IN HER
GALLED EYES,
SHE MARRIED.


O, MOST
WICKED SPEED,
TO POST WITH SUCH
DEXTERITY
TO INCESTUOUS
SHEETS!

IT IS NOT, NOR
IT CANNOT COME
TO, GOOD.



HORATIO?

GOOD
EVEN,
SIR.



BUT WHAT IS YOUR AFFAIR IN ELSINORE?

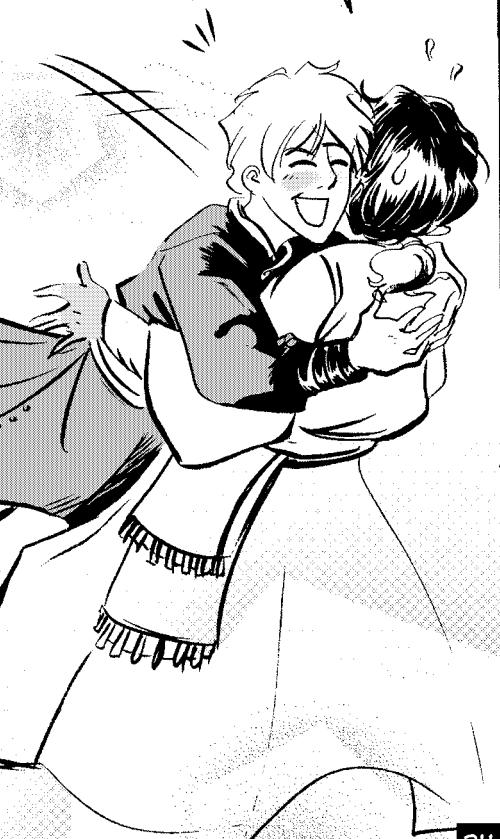
MY LORD, I CAME TO SEE YOUR FATHER'S FUNERAL.

I THINK IT WAS TO SEE MY MOTHER'S WEDDING.

THRIFT, THRIFT, HORATIO!

THE *FUNERAL* BAKED MEATS DID COLDLY FURNISH FORTH THE *MARRIAGE* TABLES.

IN MY MIND'S EYE METHINKS I SEE MY FATHER.



MY LORD, I...THINK I SAW HIM... *YESTER-NIGHT...*

THE KING MY FATHER? FOR GOD'S LOVE, LET ME HEAR.

FOR HAMLET
AND THE
TRIFLING OF
HIS FAVOR--
PERHAPS HE
LOVES YOU
NOW, BUT
YOU MUST
FEAR.

FOR IN HIS CHOICE
DEPENDS THE
SAFETY AND
HEALTH OF THIS
WHOLE STATE.

HE MAY *NOT*,
AS UNVALUED
PERSONS DO,
CARVE FOR
HIMSELF,

FEAR IT,
OPHELIA--KEEP
YOU, MY DEAR
SISTER, OUT
OF THE SHOT
AND DANGER
OF DESIRE.

I SHALL, MY
BROTHER.

I STAY
TOO
LONG.
BUT
HERE MY
FATHER
COMES.

YET HERE,
LAERTES?
ABOARD,
ABOARD, FOR
SHAME!

AND THESE
FEW PRECEPTS
IN THY
MEMORY
LOOK THOU
CHARACTER:

GIVE THY THOUGHTS
NO TONGUE, NOR ANY
UNPROPORTIONED
THOUGHT HIS ACT.

BE THOU FAMILIAR, BUT
BY NO MEANS VULGAR.

THOSE FRIENDS THOU
HAST, AND THEIR
ADOPTION TRIED,
GRAPPLE THEM INTO
THY SOUL WITH
HOOPS OF STEEL,

BUT DO NOT DULL THY PALM
WITH ENTERTAINMENT OF
EACH NEW-HATCHED,
UNFLEDGED COMRADE.

BWARE OF ENTRANCE TO
A QUARREL, BUT BEING IN,
BEAR'T THAT THE OPPOSED
MAY BWARE OF THEE.

GIVE EVERY MAN THY EAR
BUT FEW THY VOICE. TAKE
EACH MAN'S CENSURE, BUT
RESERVE THY JUDGMENT.

COSTLY THY HABIT AS THY
PURSE CAN BLY, BUT NOT
EXPRESSED IN FANCY---

RICH, NOT GAUDY, FOR
THE APPAREL OFT
PROCLAIMS THE MAN.

NEITHER A BORROWER
NOR A LENDER BE, FOR
LOAN OFT LOSES BOTH
ITSELF AND FRIEND.

THIS ABOVE ALL:
TO THINE OWN
SELF BE TRUE,
AND IT MUST FOLLOW,
AS THE NIGHT THE DAY,
THOU CANST NOT
THEN BE FALSE
TO ANY MAN.



MOSTLY HUMBLY
DO I TAKE MY
LEAVE, MY LORD.

FAREWELL,
OPHELIA,
AND REMEMBER
WELL WHAT I
HAVE SAID TO
YOU.

'TIS IN MY
MEMORY
LOCKED,

AND YOU
YOURSELF
SHALL KEEP
THE KEY OF IT.



WHAT IS'T,
OPHELIA,
HE HATH
SAID TO
YOU?

SO PLEASE YOU,
SOMETHING
TOUCHING THE
LORD HAMLET.

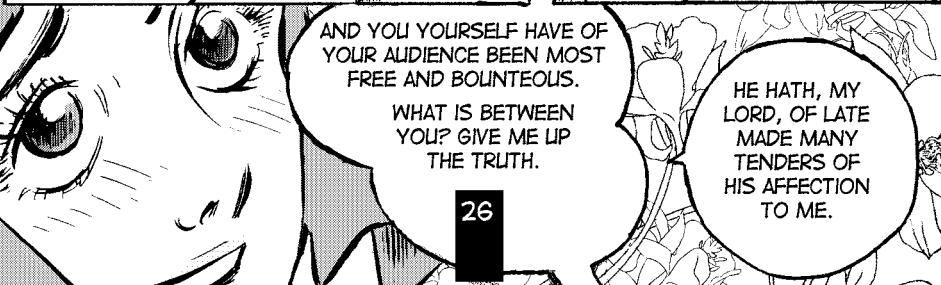
'TIS TOLD ME HE
HATH VERY OFT OF
LATE GIVEN PRIVATE
TIME TO YOU,




AND YOU YOURSELF HAVE OF
YOUR AUDIENCE BEEN MOST
FREE AND BOUNTIOUS.

WHAT IS BETWEEN
YOU? GIVE ME UP
THE TRUTH.


HE HATH, MY
LORD, OF LATE
MADE MANY
TENDERS OF
HIS AFFECTION
TO ME.





AFFECTION?
POOH! DO YOU
BELIEVE HIS
"TENDERS"?

I DO NOT
KNOW, MY
LORD, *WHAT*
I SHOULD
THINK.

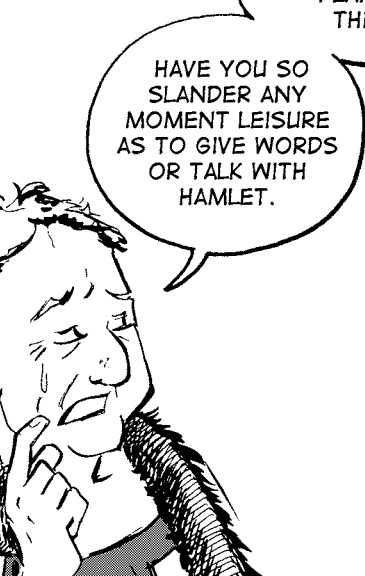


THINK YOURSELF
A BABY, THAT
YOU HAVE TA'EN
THESE TENDERS
FOR TRUE PAY,
WHICH ARE NOT
STERLING.

LORD, HE HATH
IMPORTUNED ME WITH
LOVE IN HONORABLE
FASHION.

AY, "FASHION" YOU MAY CALL
IT. I DO KNOW, WHEN THE
BLOOD BURNS, HOW PRODIGAL
THE SOUL LENDS THE TONGUE
VOWS.

I WOULD NOT, IN
PLAIN TERMS, FROM
THIS TIME FORTH,



HAVE YOU SO
SLANDER ANY
MOMENT LEISURE
AS TO GIVE WORDS
OR TALK WITH
HAMLET.



LOOK TO'T, I
CHARGE YOU.

I SHALL
OBEY, MY
LORD.

TWO NIGHTS
TOGETHER
HAD THESE
GENTLEMEN
BEEN THUS
ENCOUNTERED:

A FIGURE LIKE
YOUR FATHER,
ARMED, BEFORE
THEM--AND
WITH SOLEMN
MARCH GOES
SLOW AND
STATELY BY
THEM.

THIS, TO
ME, IN
DREADFUL
SECRECY
IMPART
THEY DID,

AND I WITH
THEM THE
THIRD
NIGHT KEPT
THE
WATCH. THE
APPARITION
COMES...

'TIS VERY
STRANGE.

ARMED
FROM TOP
TO TOE?

FROM
HEAD TO
FOOT.

THEN SAW
YOU NOT
HIS FACE?

OH YES,
MY LORD.

WHAT,
LOOKED HE
FROWNINGLY?

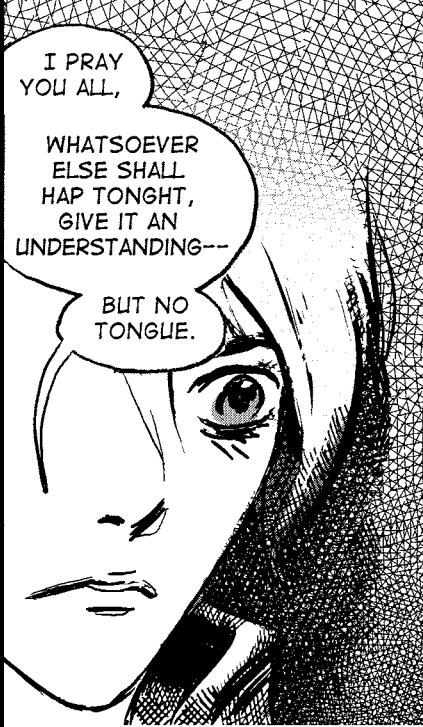
A
COUNTEANCE
MORE IN
SORROW THAN
IN ANGER.



I WILL WATCH TONIGHT. PERHAPS 'T WILL WALK AGAIN.

IF IT ASSUME MY NOBLE FATHER'S PERSON, I'LL SPEAK TO IT,

THOUGH HELL ITSELF SHOULD GAPE AND BID ME HOLD MY PEACE.

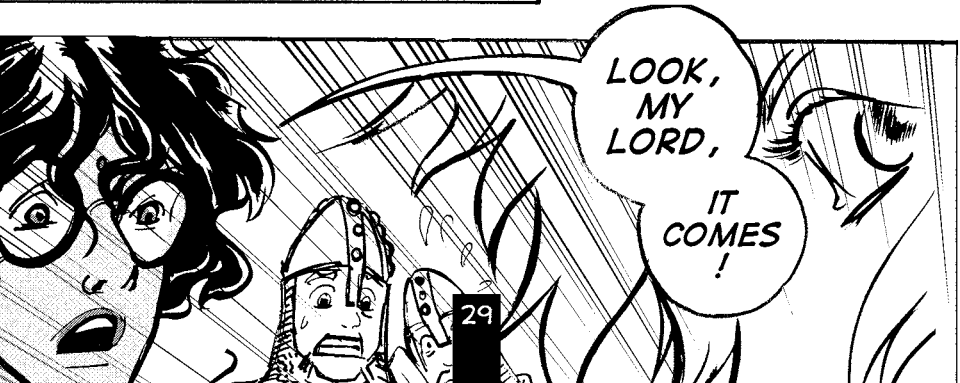


I PRAY YOU ALL,

WHATSOEVER ELSE SHALL HAP TONIGHT, GIVE IT AN UNDERSTANDING--

BUT NO TONGUE.

MY FATHER'S SPIRIT--
IN ARMS?
I DOUBT FOUL PLAY.
'TIL THEN, SIT STILL,
MY SOUL.
FOUL DEEDS WILL RISE,
THOUGH ALL THE EARTH
O'ERWHELM THEM TO
MEN'S EYES.



LOOK,
MY LORD,

IT COMES!



BE THOU A
SPIRIT OF
HEALTH OR
GOBLIN
DAMNED,

I WILL
SPEAK TO
THEE.

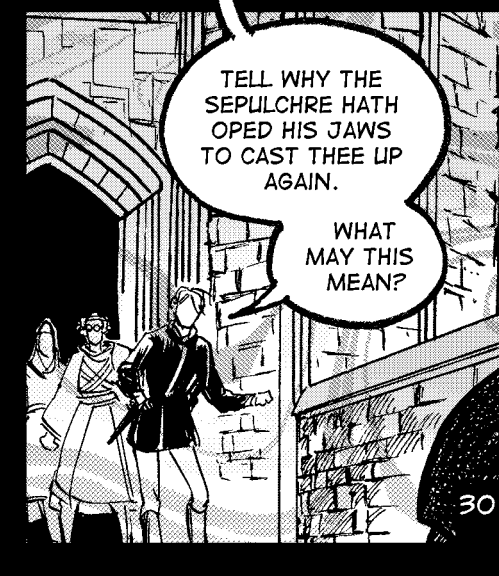
I'LL CALL
THEE
"HAMLET,"

"KING,"

"FATHER,"

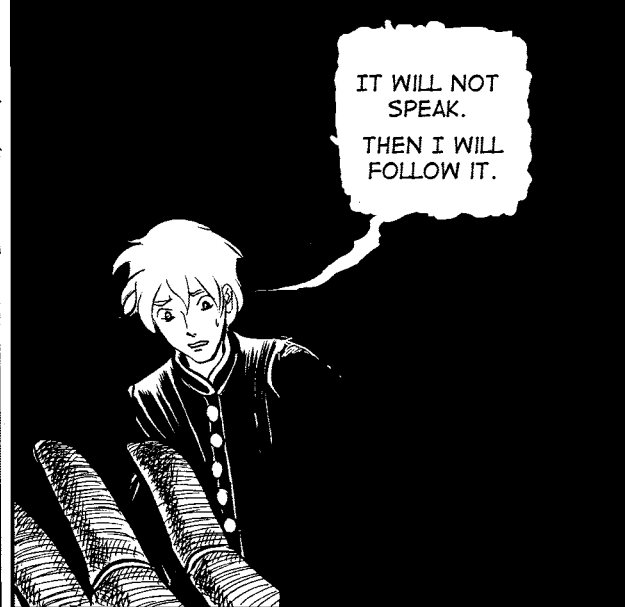
"ROYAL
DANE."

O,
ANSWER
ME!



TELL WHY THE
SEPOLCHRE HATH
OPED HIS JAWS
TO CAST THEE UP
AGAIN.

WHAT
MAY THIS
MEAN?



IT WILL NOT
SPEAK.
THEN I WILL
FOLLOW IT.

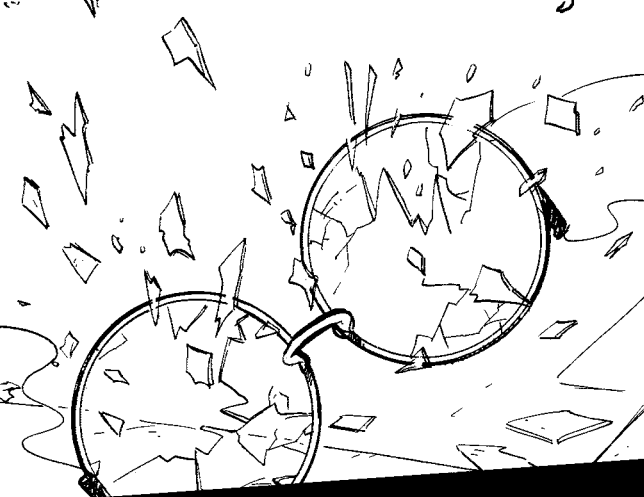


YOU
SHALL
NOT
GO, MY
LORD!

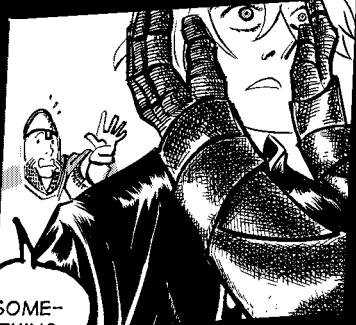
WHAT IF IT
ASSUME
SOME OTHER
HORRIBLE
FORM,
AND DRAW
YOU INTO
MADNESS?
THINK OF
IT.

YOU
SHALL
NOT
GO.

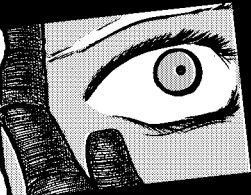
HOLD
OFF
YOUR
HANDS!



GO ON.
I'LL
FOLLOW
THEE.



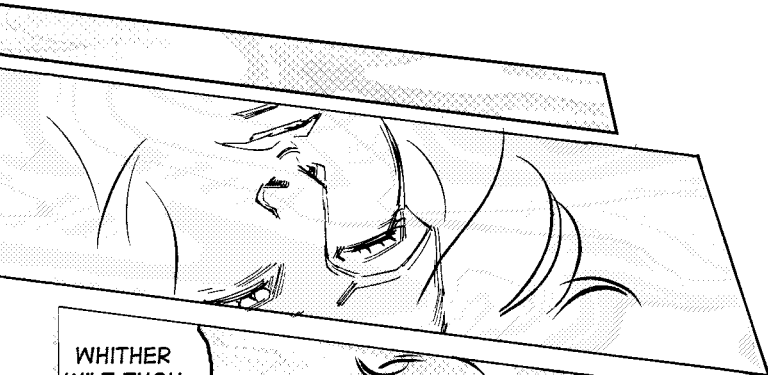
SOME-
THING
IS
ROTTEN



IN
THE
STATE



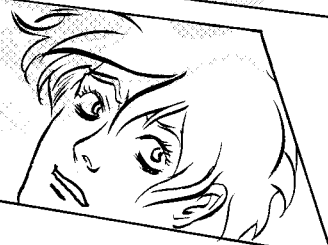
OF
DENMARK.



WHITHER
WILT THOU
LEAD ME?

SPEAK.

I'LL
GO NO
FURTHER.



I AM THY
FATHER'S
SPIRIT...

...DOOMED FOR A
CERTAIN TERM TO
WALK THE NIGHT,
AND FOR THE DAY
CONFINED TO
FAST IN FIRES,

'TIL THE FOUL
CRIMES DONE IN
MY DAYS OF
NATURE ARE
BURNT AND
PURGED AWAY.

LIST,
LIST--
O LIST!

IF THOU
DIDST EVER
THY DEAR
FATHER
LOVE--

REVENGE
HIS FOUL
AND MOST
UNNATURAL
MURDER.

O
GOD!

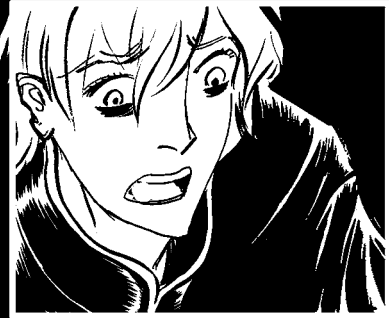
MURDER
???

MURDER
MOST FOUL,
STRANGE AND
UNNATURAL.

HASTE
ME TO
KNOW'T,

THAT I,
WITH WINGS
AS SWIFT AS
MEDITATION OR
THE THOUGHTS
OF LOVE,

MAY
SWEEP TO
MY REVENGE!



NOW,
HAMLET,
HEAR.

'TIS GIVEN OUT THAT,
SLEEPING IN MY ORCHARD,
A SERPENT STUNG ME.

BUT, THOU NOBLE
YOUTH, THE SERPENT
THAT DID STING THY
FATHER'S LIFE
NOW WEARS HIS
FATHER'S
CROWN.

MINE
UNCLE
???

AY, THAT *INCESTUOUS*
BEAST WON TO HIS
SHAMEFUL *LUST* THE WILL
OF MY MOST SEEMING-
VIRTUOUS QUEEN.

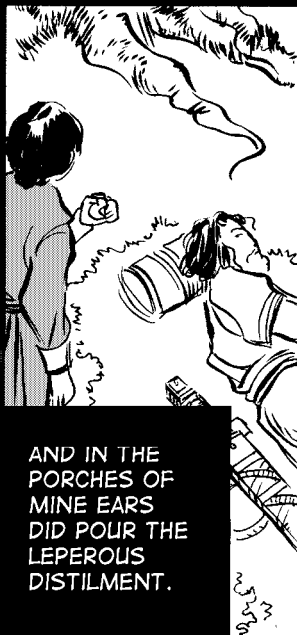
BUT SOFT! METHINKS I
SCENT THE MORNING
AIR. BRIEF LET ME BE...

SLEEPING WITHIN MY
ORCHARD, MY
CUSTOM ALWAYS OF
THE AFTERNOON...





LIPON MY
SECURE HOUR
THY UNCLE
STOLE WITH
JUICE OF
CURSED
HEBONA IN
A VIAL...



AND IN THE
PORCHES OF
MINE EARS
DID POUR THE
LEPEROUS
DISTILMENT.



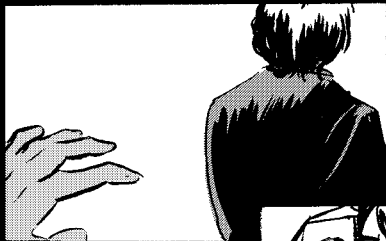
THIS WAS I OF *LIFE*,
OF *CROWN*, OF *QUEEN*
AT ONCE DISPATCHED.

OH HORRIBLE,
OH HORRIBLE,
MOST
HORRIBLE!





LET NOT THE
ROYAL BED OF
DENMARK BE A
COUCH FOR
LUXURY AND
DAMNED
INCEST.



BUT
HOWSOEVER
THOU
PURSUEST
THIS ACT,



TAINT NOT THY MIND,
NOR LET THY SOUL
CONTRIVE AGAINST THY
MOTHER ALIGHT.
LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN,

AND TO THOSE
THORNS THAT
IN HER BOSOM
LODGE TO PRICK
AND STING HER.

FARE THEE
WELL AT
ONCE.
ADIEU,
ADIEU,

ADIEU.
REMEMBER
ME!

O ALL YOU
HOST OF
HEAVEN!

O
EARTH!

WHAT ELSE?
AND SHALL I
COUPLE
HELL?

REMEMBER
THEE!



YEA, THY
COMMANDMENT ALL
ALONE SHALL LIVE
WITHIN THE BOOK
AND VOLLIME OF MY
BRAIN, UNMIXED
WITH BASER
MATTER.

YES, BY
HEAVEN!

O MOST
PERNICIOUS
WOMAN!

O VILLAIN,
VILLAIN,
SMILING,
DAMNED
VILLAIN!

ONE MAY
SMILE, AND
SMILE...
AND BE A
VILLAIN.





LORD
HAMLET!

WHAT
NEWS,
MY
LORD?

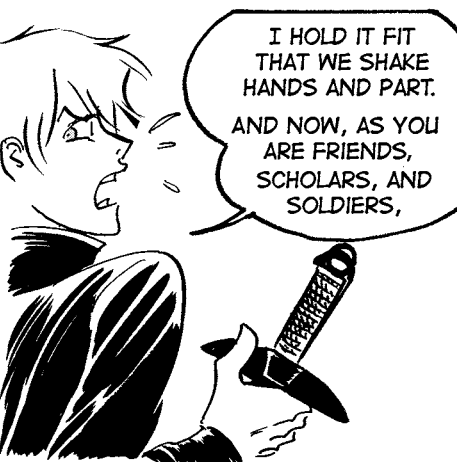


NO.
YOU
WILL
REVEAL
IT.



NOT I, MY
LORD, BY
HEAVEN.

NOR
I, MY
LORD.

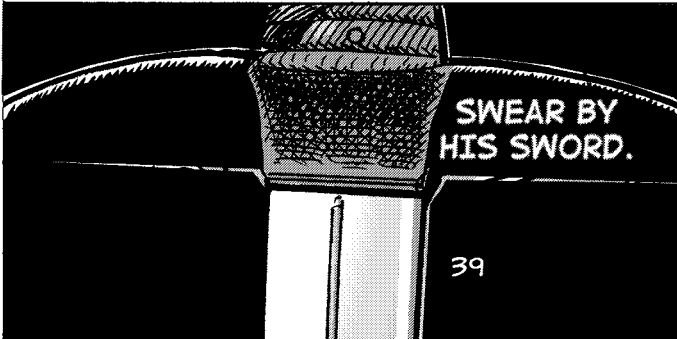


I HOLD IT FIT
THAT WE SHAKE
HANDS AND PART.
AND NOW, AS YOU
ARE FRIENDS,
SCHOLARS, AND
SOLDIERS,



GIVE ME ONE
POOR
REQUEST.


WHAT
IS'T, MY
LORD?



SWEAR BY
HIS SWORD.

NEVER TO
SPEAK OF
THIS THAT
YOU HAVE
SEEN.

SWEAR
BY MY
SWORD.



O DAY AND
NIGHT, BUT THIS
IS WONDROUS
STRANGE!

THERE ARE MORE
THINGS IN HEAVEN
AND EARTH, HORATIO,

THAN ARE DREAMT
OF IN YOUR
PHILOSOPHY.

BUT
COME:

AS I
PERCHANCE
HEREAFTER
SHALL THINK
MEET TO PUT
AN ANTIC
DISPOSITION
ON,

YOU NEVER
SHALL NOTE
THAT YOU
KNOW AUGHT
OF ME.

SWEAR.

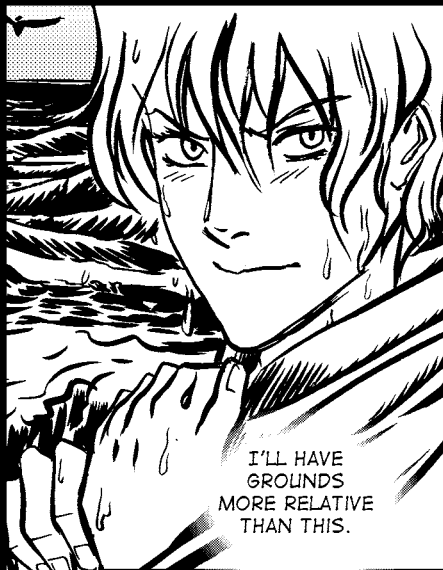
SWEAR!

THE TIME IS
OUT OF JOINT.

O CURSED SPITE,
THAT EVER
I WAS BORN

TO SET
IT RIGHT...

ACT II



I'LL HAVE
GROUNDS
MORE RELATIVE
THAN THIS.

THE *PLAY'S* THE
THING WHEREIN
I'LL CATCH THE
CONSCIENCE OF
THE KING.



O MY LORD,
MY LORD, I
HAVE BEEN SO
AFFRIGHTED!

WITH WHAT,
I' THE NAME
OF GOD?

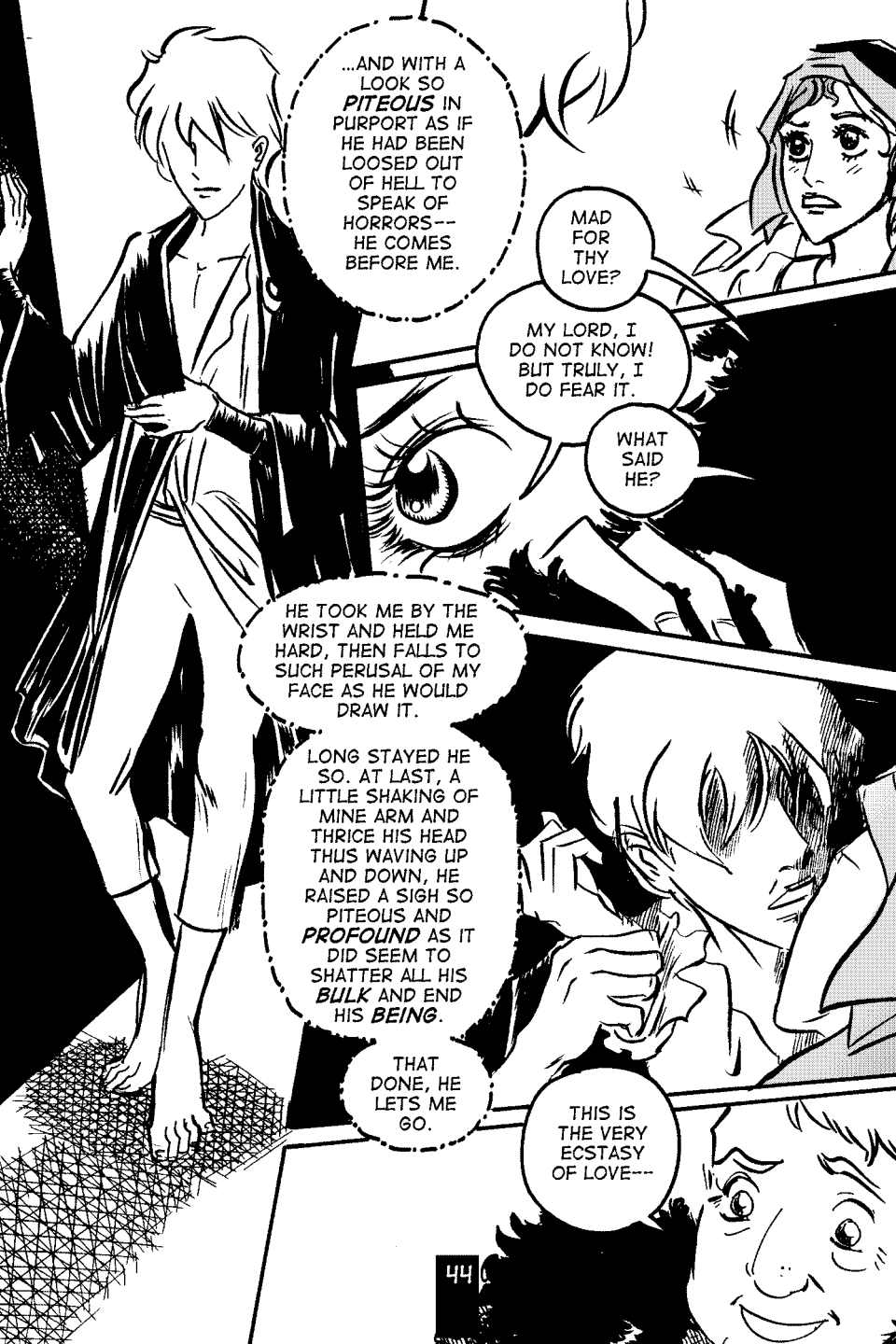


MY LORD, AS I
WAS SEWING IN
MY CLOSET, LORD
HAMLET---

WITH HIS
DOUBLET ALL
UNBRACED...NO
HAT UPON HIS
HEAD...

HIS STOCKINGS
FOULED...PALE AS HIS
SHIRT...HIS KNEES
KNOCKING EACH
OTHER...





...AND WITH A
LOOK SO
PITEOUS IN
PURPORT AS IF
HE HAD BEEN
LOOSED OUT
OF HELL TO
SPEAK OF
HORRORS---
HE COMES
BEFORE ME.

MAD
FOR
THY
LOVE?

MY LORD, I
DO NOT KNOW!
BUT TRULY, I
DO FEAR IT.

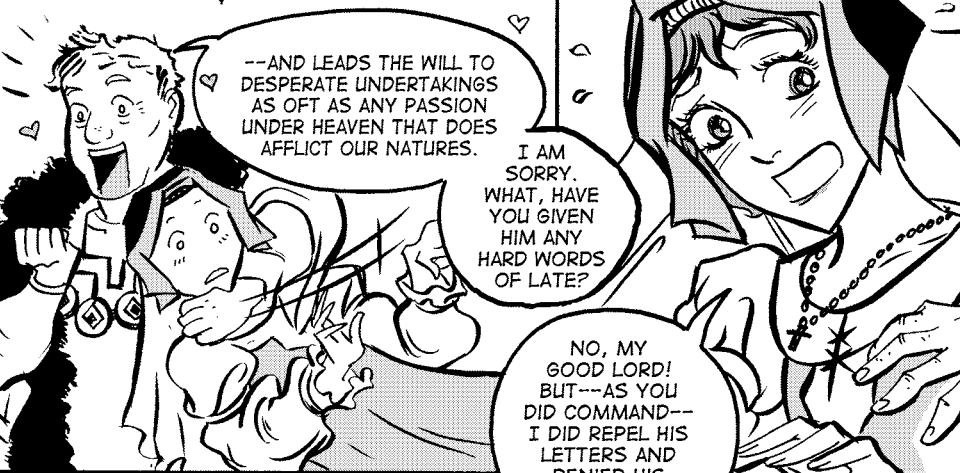
WHAT
SAID
HE?

HE TOOK ME BY THE
WRIST AND HELD ME
HARD, THEN FALLS TO
SUCH PERUSAL OF MY
FACE AS HE WOULD
DRAW IT.

LONG STAYED HE
SO. AT LAST, A
LITTLE SHAKING OF
MINE ARM AND
THRICE HIS HEAD
THUS WAVING UP
AND DOWN, HE
RAISED A SIGH SO
PITEOUS AND
PROFOUND AS IT
DID SEEM TO
SHATTER ALL HIS
BULK AND END
HIS **BEING**.

THAT
DONE, HE
LETS ME
GO.

THIS IS
THE VERY
ECSTASY
OF LOVE---



--AND LEADS THE WILL TO DESPERATE UNDERTAKINGS AS OFT AS ANY PASSION UNDER HEAVEN THAT DOES AFFLICT OUR NATURES.

I AM SORRY. WHAT, HAVE YOU GIVEN HIM ANY HARD WORDS OF LATE?

NO, MY GOOD LORD! BUT--AS YOU DID COMMAND-- I DID REPEL HIS LETTERS AND DENIED HIS ACCESS TO ME!



THAT HATH MADE HIM MAD. I AM SORRY THAT WITH BETTER HEED AND JUDGMENT I HAD NOT QUOTED HIM--

I FEARED HE DID BUT TRIFLE, AND MEANT TO WRECK THEE.

GO WE TO THE KING.

WELCOME, DEAR ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN!

THE NEED WE HAVE TO USE YOU DID PROVOKE OUR HASTY SENDING. SOMETHING HAVE YOU HEARD OF HAMLET'S TRANSFORMATION?

WHAT IT SHOULD BE,
MORE THAN HIS FATHER'S
DEATH, THAT THUS HATH
PUT HIM SO MUCH FROM
THE UNDERSTANDING
OF HIMSELF, I CANNOT
DREAM OF.

I ENTREAT YOU BOTH, THAT
BEING OF SO YOUNG DAYS
BROUGHT UP WITH HIM, THAT
YOU VOUCHSAFE YOUR REST
HERE IN OUR COURT SOME
LITTLE TIME, SO BY YOUR
COMPANIES TO DRAW HIM
ON TO PLEASURES---

AND TO GATHER
WHETHER AUGHT TO US
UNKNOWN AFFLICTS
HIM THUS.

WE LAY OUR
SERVICE
FREELY AT
YOUR FEET.

THE AMBASSADORS
FROM NORWAY, MY
GOOD LORD, ARE
JOYFULLY RETURNED.

AND I HAVE FOUND
THE VERY CAUSE OF
HAMLET'S LUNACY.

I DOUBT
IT IS NO
OTHER THAN
THE MAIN:
HIS FATHER'S
DEATH AND
OUR
O'ERHASTY
MARRIAGE.

GIVE, FIRST,
ADMITTANCE
TO THE
AMBASSADORS.
MY NEWS
SHALL BE THE
FRUIT TO THAT
GREAT FEAST.

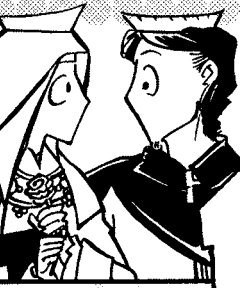
FORTINBRAS RECEIVES
REBUKE FROM NORWAY,
AND MAKES VOW BEFORE
HIS UNCLE NEVER MORE
TO GIVE THE ASSAY OF
ARMS AGAINST YOUR
MAJESTY.

MY LIEGE, AND MADAM,
TO EXPOSTULATE WHAT
MAJESTY SHOULD BE,
WHAT DUTY IS, WHY DAY
IS DAY, NIGHT NIGHT,
AND TIME IS TIME...

WERE NOTHING BUT TO
WASTE NIGHT, DAY
AND TIME. THEREFORE,
SINCE BREVITY *IS* THE
SOUL OF WIT,

AND TEDIOLUSNESS THE
LIMBS AND OUTWARD
FLOURISHES, I WILL BE
BRIEF:

YOUR NOBLE
SON IS MAD.

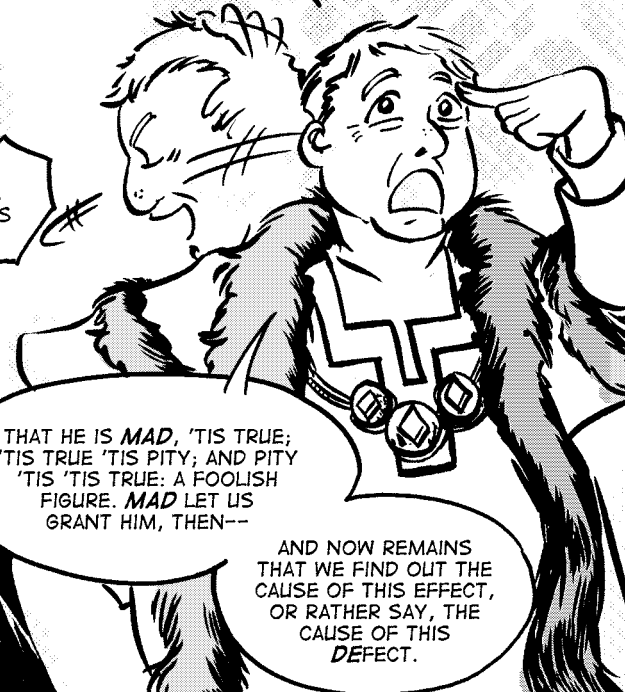


MAD CALL I IT;
FOR, TO DEFINE
TRUE MADNESS,
WHAT IS IT BUT
TO BE NOTHING
ELSE...

BUT
MAD?


BUT LET
THAT GO.

MORE
MATTER,
WITH LESS
ART.



THAT HE IS MAD, 'TIS TRUE;
'TIS TRUE 'TIS PITY; AND PITY
'TIS 'TIS TRUE: A FOOLISH
FIGURE. MAD LET US
GRANT HIM, THEN--

AND NOW REMAINS
THAT WE FIND OUT THE
CAUSE OF THIS EFFECT,
OR RATHER SAY, THE
CAUSE OF THIS
DEFECT.



I HAVE A
DAUGHTER--
HAVE WHILE SHE
IS MINE--
WHO, IN HER DUTY
AND OBEDIENCE,
MARK, HATH GIVEN
ME THIS.

FOR THIS EFFECT
DEFECTIVE COMES
BY CAUSE; THUS IT
REMAINS, AND THE
REMAINDER THUS.

TO THE CELESTIAL
AND MY SOUL'S IDOL,
THE MOST BEAUTIFIED
OPHELIA...

CAME
THIS
FROM
HAMLET
TO HER?

GOOD MADAM,
STAY AWHILE.
I WILL BE
FAITHFUL.

DOUBT THOU THE
STARS ARE FIRE,

DOUBT THAT
THE SUN
DOTH MOVE,

DOUBT TRUTH
TO BE A LIAR


BUT NEVER
DOUBT I
LOVE.



O DEAR OPHELIA,
I AM ILL AT THESE
NUMBERS; I HAVE
NOT ART TO RECKON
MY GROANS.

BUT THAT I
LOVE THEE
BEST, O
MOST BEST,
BELIEVE IT.
ADIEU.

THINE
EVERMORE,
MOST DEAR
LADY, WHILST
THIS MACHINE
IS TO HIM,
HAMLET



TO MY YOUNG
MISTRESS THUS I
DID BESPEAK: "LORD
HAMLET IS A PRINCE,
OUT OF THY STAR,
THIS MUST NOT BE."

AND THEN I
PRECEPTS GAVE HER:
THAT SHE SHOULD
LOCK HERSELF FROM
HIS RESORT, ADMIT
NO MESSENGERS,
RECEIVE NO
TOKENS. WHICH
DONE, SHE TOOK
THE FRUITS OF MY
ADVICE;



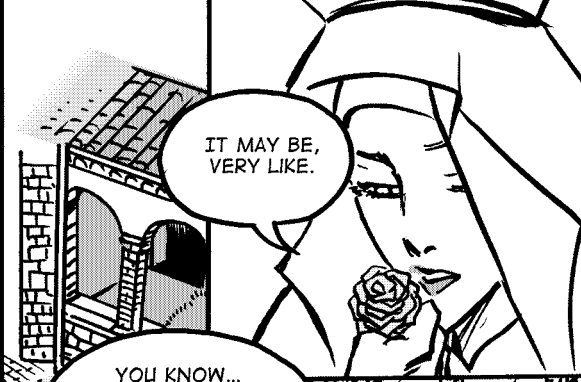
AND HE, REPELLED
(A SHORT TALE TO MAKE)
FELL INTO A *SADNESS*,
THEN INTO A *FAST*,
THENCE TO A *WATCH*,
THENCE INTO A
WEAKNESS,
THENCE TO A
LIGHTNESS---
AND, BY THIS
DECLENSION,



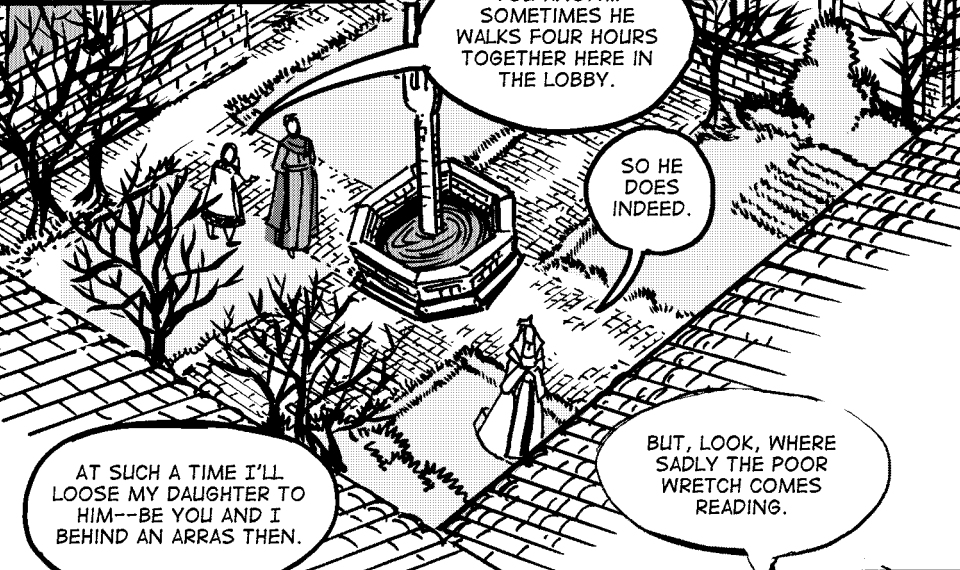
INTO THE
MADNESS
WHEREIN NOW
HE RAVES
AND WE ALL
MOURN FOR.



DO YOU
THINK
THIS?



IT MAY BE,
VERY LIKE.



YOU KNOW...
SOMETIMES HE
WALKS FOUR HOURS
TOGETHER HERE IN
THE LOBBY.

SO HE
DOES
INDEED.

AT SUCH A TIME I'LL
LOOSE MY DAUGHTER TO
HIM--BE YOU AND I
BEHIND AN ARRAS THEN.

BUT, LOOK, WHERE
SADLY THE POOR
WRETCH COMES
READING.



--AWAY, I
DO BESEECH
YOU BOTH,
AWAY.



DO YOU KNOW ME, MY LORD?



EXCELLENT WELL.

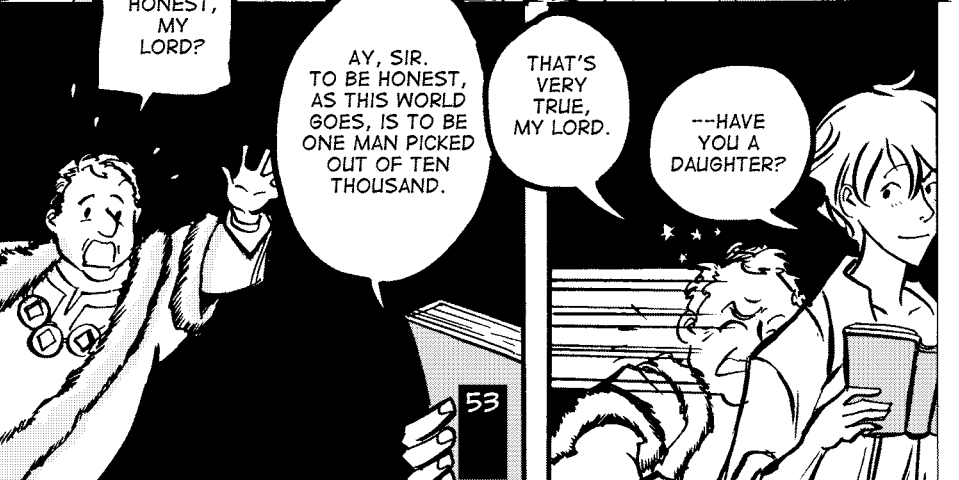
YOU ARE A FISHMONGER.

NOT I, MY LORD.



HONEST, MY LORD?

THEN I WOULD YOU WERE SO HONEST A MAN.



AY, SIR. TO BE HONEST, AS THIS WORLD GOES, IS TO BE ONE MAN PICKED OUT OF TEN THOUSAND.

THAT'S VERY TRUE, MY LORD.

---HAVE YOU A DAUGHTER?



I HAVE,
MY LORD.

LET HER
NOT WALK IN
THE SUN.

CONCEPTION IS A
BLESSING--BUT
NOT AS YOUR
DAUGHTER MAY
CONCEIVE.

FRIEND,
LOOK
TO 'T.

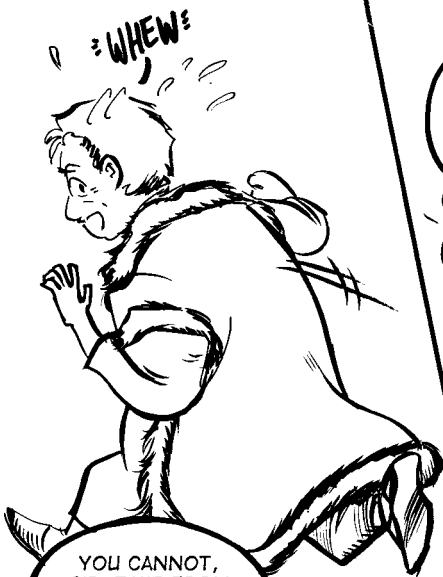
STILL HARPING ON
MY DAUGHTER--
YET HE KNEW ME
NOT AT FIRST.

HE SAID I
WAS A FISHMONGER.
HE IS FAR GONE---
FAR GONE--AND
TRULY IN MY YOUTH
I SUFFERED MUCH
EXTREMITY FOR
LOVE, VERY
NEAR THIS.

WILL YOU
WALK OUT
OF THE AIR,
MY LORD?



MY HONORABLE LORD, I WILL MOST HUMBLLY TAKE MY LEAVE OF YOU.



FARE YOU WELL, MY LORD.



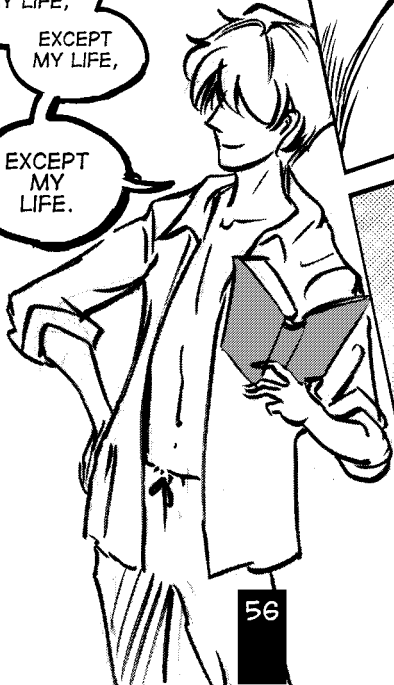
YOU CANNOT, SIR, TAKE FROM ME ANY THING THAT I WILL MORE WILLINGLY PART WITHAL....

...EXCEPT MY LIFE,

EXCEPT MY LIFE,

EXCEPT MY LIFE.

THESE TEDIIOUS OLD FOOLS!



MY HONORED LORD!



MY
HONORED
LORD!

MY MOST
DEAR
LORD!

MY EXCELLENT
GOOD FRIENDS!

HOW DOST THOU,
GUILDENSTERN?
AH,
ROSENCRANTZ!

GOOD
LADS,
HOW DO
YE BOTH?

HAPPY,
IN THAT
WE ARE
NOT
OVER-
HAPPY.
ON
FORTUNE'S
CAP WE ARE
NOT THE
VERY
BUTTON.

WHAT HAVE YOU,
MY GOOD FRIENDS,
DESERVED AT THE
HANDS OF FORTUNE,

THAT SHE
SENDS YOU
TO PRISON
HITHER?



PRISON,
MY LORD!

DENMARK'S
A PRISON.

THEN
IS THE
WORLD
ONE.

A
GOODLY
ONE, IN
WHICH THERE
ARE MANY
CONFINES,
WARDS AND
DUNGEONS--

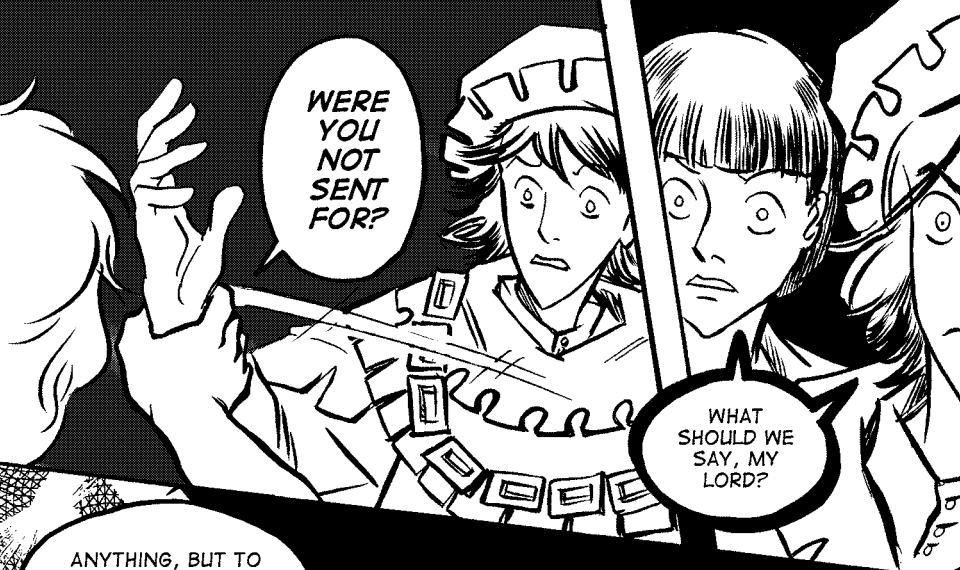
DENMARK
BEING ONE
OF THE
WORST.

WE THINK
NOT SO,
MY LORD.

WHY, THEN, 'TIS
NONE TO YOU, FOR
THERE IS NOTHING
EITHER GOOD OR
BAD, BUT THINKING
MAKES IT SO. TO
ME IT IS A PRISON.

BUT, IN THE
BEATEN WAY OF
FRIENDSHIP,
WHAT MAKE YOU
AT ELSINORE?

TO VISIT
YOU, MY
LORD--
NO OTHER
OCCASION.



WERE YOU NOT SENT FOR?

WHAT SHOULD WE SAY, MY LORD?

ANYTHING, BUT TO THE PURPOSE. YOU WERE *SENT FOR*--

AND THERE IS A KIND OF CONFESSION IN YOUR LOOKS WHICH YOUR MODESTIES HAVE NOT CRAFT ENOUGH TO COLOR.

TO WHAT END, MY LORD?

I *KNOW* THE GOOD KING AND QUEEN HAVE SENT FOR YOU.

THAT *YOU* MUST TEACH ME.

BUT BE EVEN AND DIRECT WITH ME WHETHER YOU WERE SENT FOR OR NO.





WHAT SAY YOU?

MY LORD, WE *WERE* SENT FOR.



I WILL TELL YOU WHY,

SO SHALL MY ANTICIPATION PREVENT YOUR DISCOVERY:



I HAVE OF LATE--
BUT WHEREFORE
I KNOW NOT--
LOST ALL MY MIRTH...
FORGONE ALL CUSTOM
OF EXERCISES.

AND INDEED,
IT GOES SO
HEAVILY WITH
MY DISPOSITION
THAT THIS
GOODLY FRAME,
THE EARTH,
SEEMS TO ME...

A *STERILE*
PROMONTORY.



THIS MOST
EXCELLENT
CANOPY,
THE AIR,

LOOK
YOU,

THIS **BRAVE**
O'ERHANGING
FIRMAMENT,

THIS
MAJESTICAL
ROOF FRETTED
WITH GOLDEN
FIRE---

WHY, IT
APPEARS NO
OTHER THING
TO ME THAN A
FOUL AND
PESTILENT
CONGREGATION
OF VAPORS.

WHAT A
PIECE OF
WORK IS
A MAN!

HOW NOBLE
IN REASON,
HOW INFINITE
IN FACULTY!

IN FORM AND
MOVING HOW
EXPRESS AND
ADMIRABLE!
IN ACTION, HOW
LIKE AN ANGEL--

IN
APPREHENSION,
HOW LIKE
A GOD!

THE BEAUTY OF
THE WORLD!
THE PARAGON
OF ANIMALS!

AND YET,
TO ME, WHAT
IS THIS
QUINTESSENCE
OF DUST?


MAN
DELIGHTS
NOT ME--



NO, NOR
WOMAN
NEITHER,

THOUGH BY
YOUR SMILING
YOU SEEM TO
SAY SO.

MY LORD,
THERE WAS NO
SUCH STUFF IN
MY THOUGHTS.



WHY DID YOU
LAUGH THEN,
WHEN I SAID
"MAN DELIGHTS
NOT ME"?




TO THINK,
MY LORD, IF YOU
DELIGHT NOT IN
MAN, WHAT LENTEN
ENTERTAINMENT
THE PLAYERS
SHALL RECEIVE
FROM
YOU.

HITHER ARE
THEY COMING,
TO OFFER YOU
SERVICE.



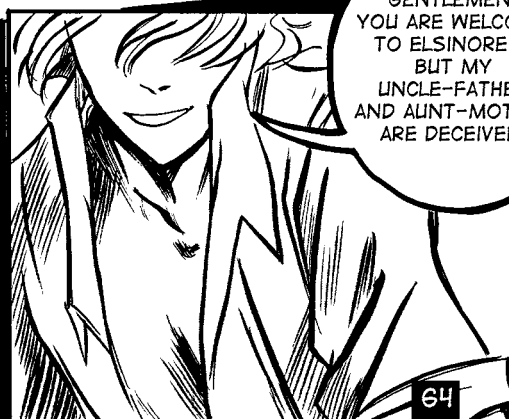
WHAT
PLAYERS
ARE
THEY?



EVEN THOSE
YOU WERE
WONT TO TAKE
DELIGHT IN--




THE
TRAGEDIANS
OF THE CITY.



GENTLEMEN,
YOU ARE WELCOME
TO ELSINORE--
BUT MY
UNCLE-FATHER
AND AUNT-MOTHER
ARE DECEIVED.



IN
WHAT,
MY DEAR
LORD?



THE ACTORS ARE
COME HITHER, MY
LORD.

THE BEST ACTORS
IN THE WORLD,

EITHER FOR
TRAGEDY,
COMEDY,
HISTORY,
PASTORAL,

PASTORAL-
COMICAL,
HISTORICAL-
PASTORAL,
TRAGICAL-
HISTORICAL,
TRAGICAL-
COMICAL-
HISTORICAL-
PASTORAL,
SCENE
INDIVIDABLE,
OR POEM
UNLIMITED.

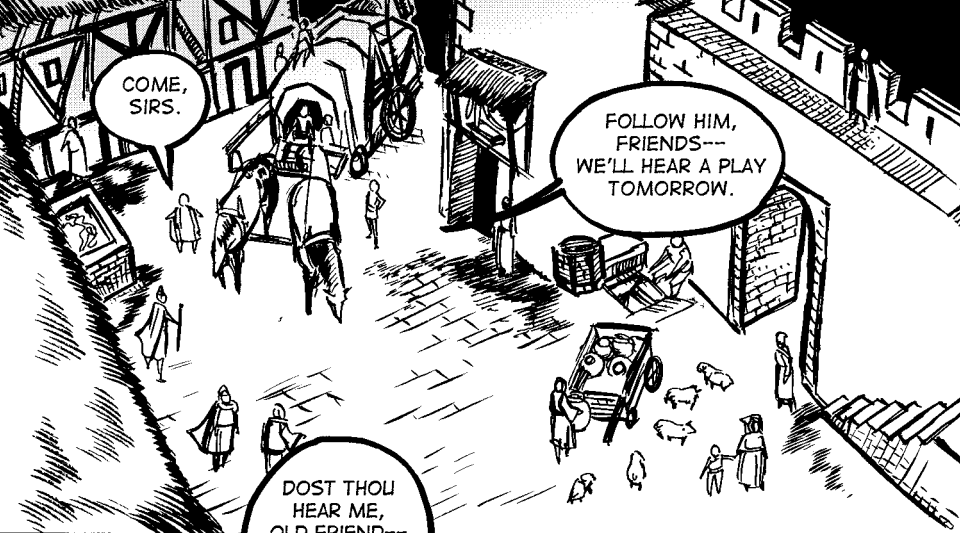
I AM
BUT
MAD
NORTH-
NORTH-
WEST:

WHEN THE
WIND IS
SOUTHERLY
I KNOW A
HAWK FROM
A HANDSAW.

WELCOME,
GOOD
FRIENDS.

GOOD MY LORD, WILL YOU
SEE THE PLAYERS WELL
BESTOWED? LET THEM BE
WELL USED, FOR THEY ARE
THE ABSTRACT AND BRIEF
CHRONICLES OF THE TIME.

*AFTER YOUR DEATH
YOU WERE BETTER
HAVE A BAD EPITAPH,
THAN THEIR ILL REPORT
WHILE YOU LIVE.*



COME,
SIRS.

FOLLOW HIM,
FRIENDS---
WE'LL HEAR A PLAY
TOMORROW.

DOST THOU
HEAR ME,
OLD FRIEND---
CAN YOU
PLAY *THE
MURDER OF
GONZAGO?*

AY,
MY
LORD.

WE'LL HA'T TOMORROW NIGHT. YOU
COULD, FOR A NEED, STUDY A
SPEECH OF SOME DOZEN OR
SIXTEEN LINES,

WHICH I WOULD
SET DOWN AND
INSERT IN'T---
COULD YOU
NOT?

AY, MY
LORD.




VERY
WELL.

FOLLOW
THAT LORD,
AND LOOK
YOU MOCK
HIM NOT.

MY GOOD
FRIENDS, I'LL
LEAVE YOU
'TIL NIGHT.

YOU ARE
WELCOME
TO ELSINORE.





OHHHHH,
WHAT A
ROGUE AND
PEASANT
SLAVE
AM I!

AM I A
COWARD?

WHO
CALLS ME
VILLAIN?

BREAKS MY PATE
ACROSS? PLUCKS
OFF MY BEARD, AND
BLOWS IT IN MY
FACE? TWEAKS ME
BY THE NOSE?
GIVES ME THE LIE I'
THE THROAT, AS
DEEP AS TO THE
LUNGS?

WHO
DOES ME
THIS?

HA!
'SWOUNDS,
I SHOULD TAKE IT,
FOR IT CANNOT BE BUT
I AM PIGEON-LIVERED
AND LACK GALL TO MAKE
OPPRESSION BITTER,
OR ERE THIS I SHOULD
HA' FATTED ALL THE
REGION KITES WITH
THIS SLAVE'S OFFAL:

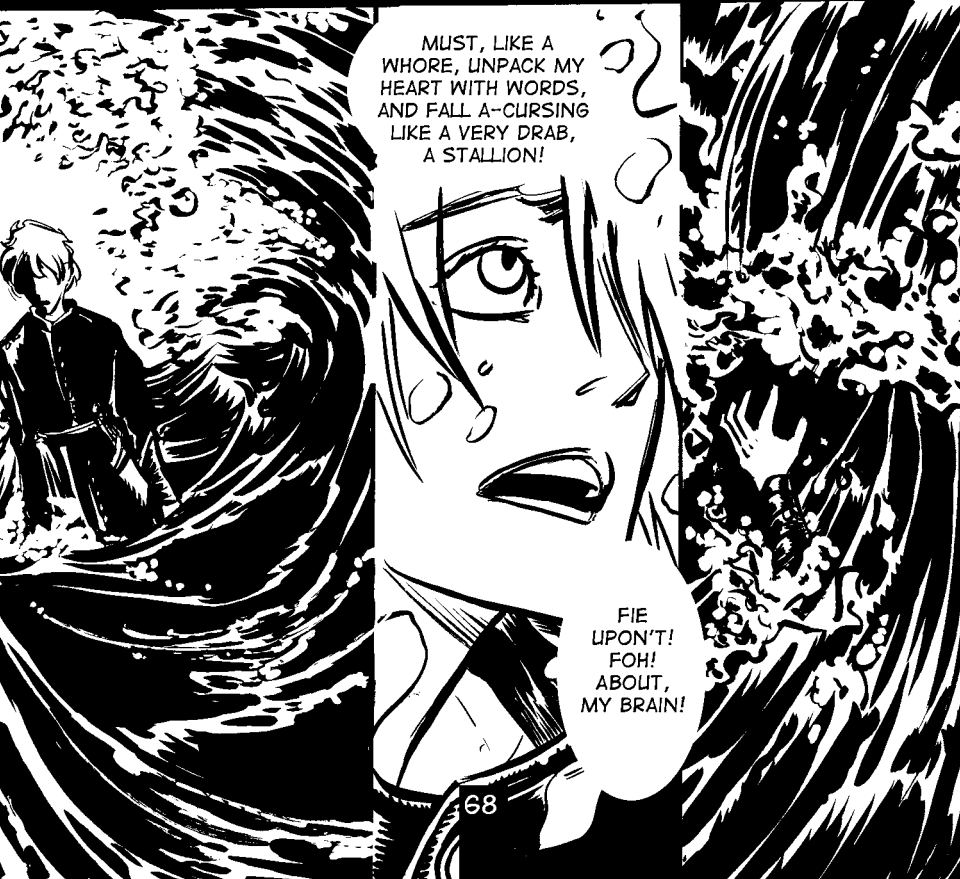


BLOODY,
BAWDY
VILLAIN!

REMORSELESS,
TREACHEROUS,
LECHEROUS,
KINDLESS
VILLAIN!

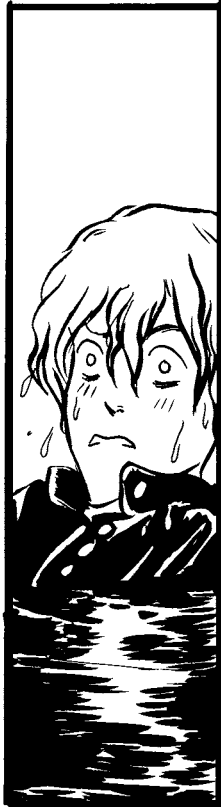
WHY,
WHAT
AN ASS
AM I!

THIS IS MOST
BRAVE, THAT I,
THE SON OF A
DEAR FATHER
MURDERED,
PROMPTED TO
MY REVENGE
BY HEAVEN
AND HELL,



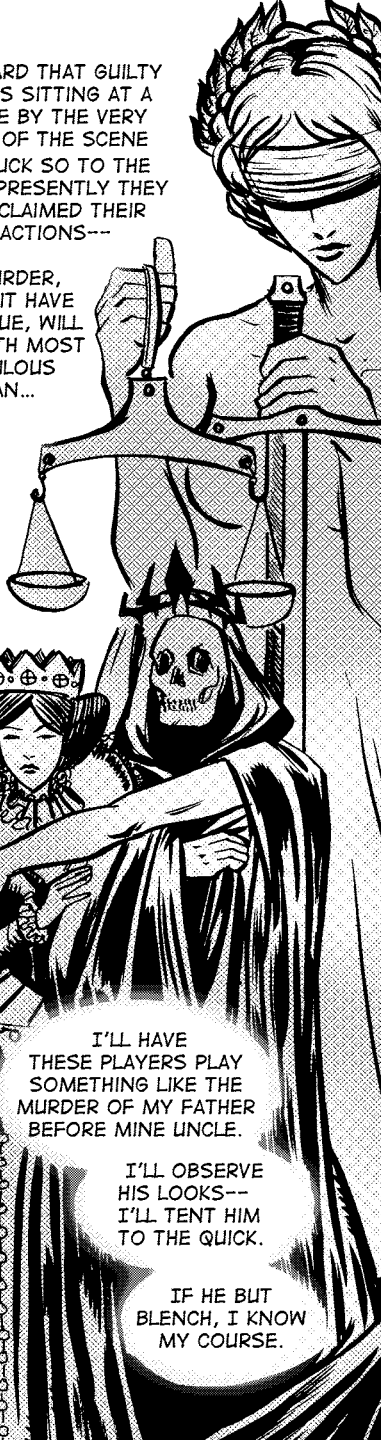
MUST, LIKE A
WHORE, UNPACK MY
HEART WITH WORDS,
AND FALL A-CURSING
LIKE A VERY DRAB,
A STALLION!

FIE
UPON'T!
FOH!
ABOUT,
MY BRAIN!



I HAVE HEARD THAT GUILTY CREATURES SITTING AT A PLAY HAVE BY THE VERY CUNNING OF THE SCENE BEEN STRUCK SO TO THE SOUL THAT PRESENTLY THEY HAVE PROCLAIMED THEIR MALEFACTIONS---

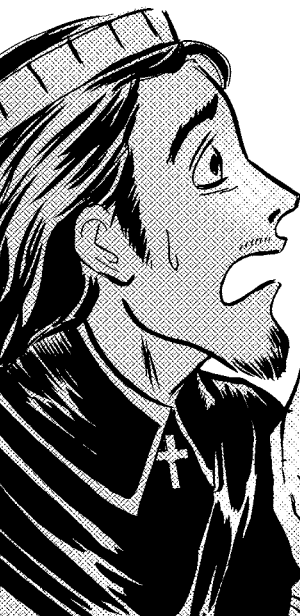
FOR MURDER, THOUGH IT HAVE NO TONGUE, WILL SPEAK WITH MOST MIRACULOUS ORGAN...




I'LL HAVE THESE PLAYERS PLAY SOMETHING LIKE THE MURDER OF MY FATHER BEFORE MINE UNCLE.

I'LL OBSERVE HIS LOOKS-- I'LL TENT HIM TO THE QUICK.

IF HE BUT BLENCH, I KNOW MY COURSE.





THE SPIRIT
THAT I HAVE
SEEN MAY BE
THE DEVIL,
AND THE DEVIL
HATH POWER
T' ASSUME A
PLEASING
SHAPE---


YEA, AND
ABUSES ME
TO DAMN
ME.

I'LL HAVE
GROUNDS
MORE RELATIVE
THAN THIS.

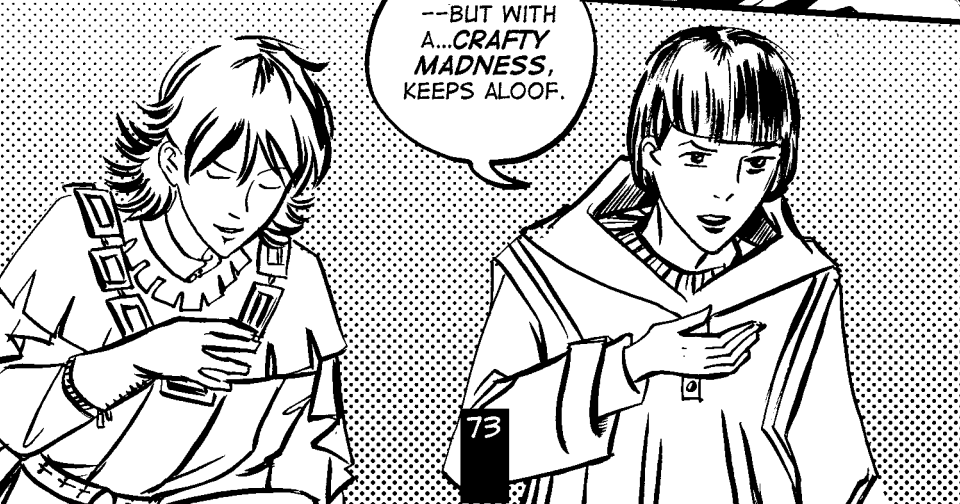
THE *PLAY'S*
THE THING
WHEREIN I'LL
CATCH THE
CONSCIENCE
OF THE KING.

ACT III

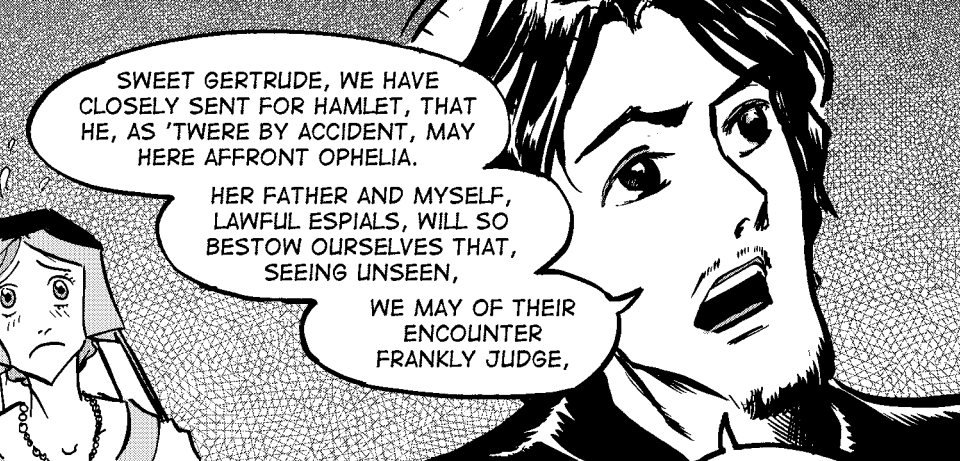




HE *DOES*
CONFESS HE
FEELS HIMSELF
DISTRACTED



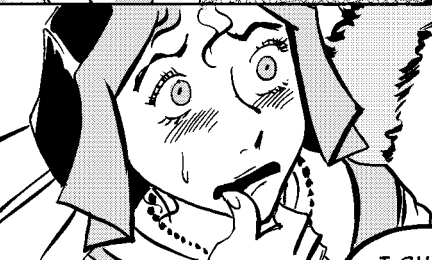
--BUT WITH
A...*CRAFTY*
MADNESS,
KEEPS ALOOF.



SWEET GERTRUDE, WE HAVE CLOSELY SENT FOR HAMLET, THAT HE, AS 'TWERE BY ACCIDENT, MAY HERE AFFRONT OPHELIA.

HER FATHER AND MYSELF, LAWFUL ESPIALS, WILL SO BESTOW OURSELVES THAT, SEEING UNSEEN,

WE MAY OF THEIR ENCOUNTER FRANKLY JUDGE,



AND GATHER BY HIM, AS HE IS BEHAVED, IF 'T BE THE AFFLICTION OF HIS LOVE OR NO THAT THUS HE SUFFERS FOR.

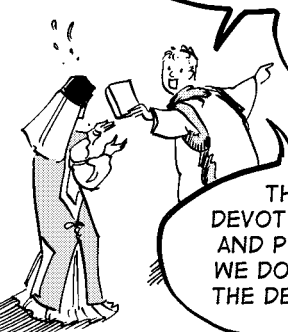
I SHALL OBEY YOU.




OPHELIA, WALK YOU HERE.

READ ON THIS BOOK, THAT SHOW OF SUCH AN EXERCISE MAY COLOR YOUR LONELINESS.

WE ARE OFT TO BLAME IN THIS-- 'TIS TOO MUCH PROVED--



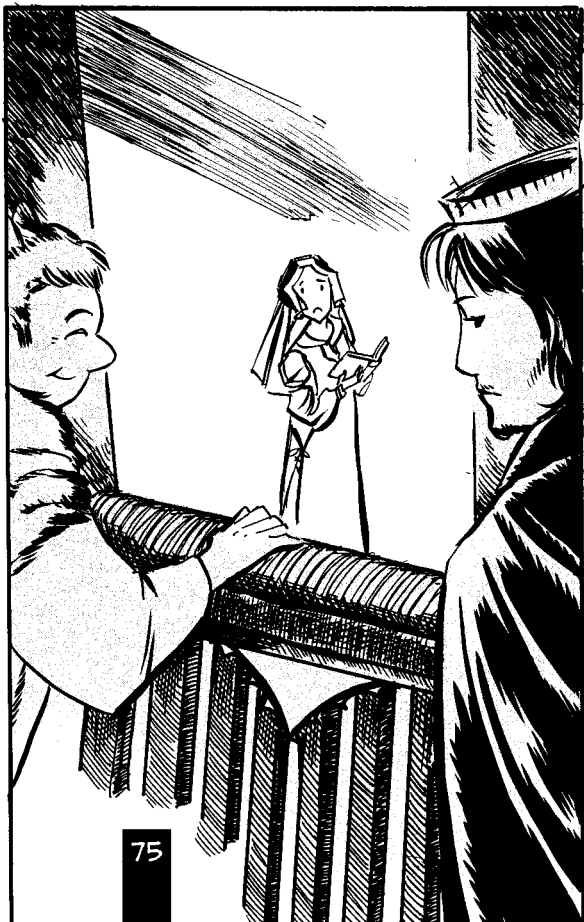
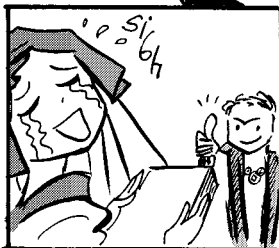
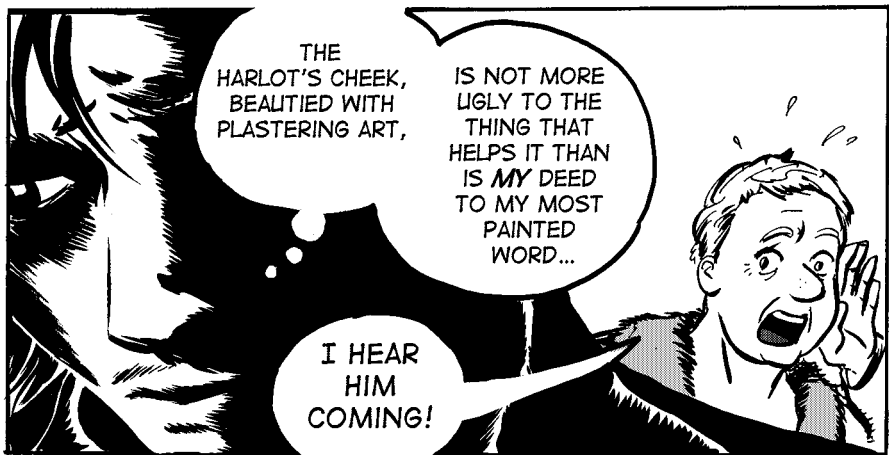
THAT WITH DEVOTION'S VISAGE AND PIOUS ACTION WE DO SUGAR O'ER THE DEVIL HIMSELF.



O, 'TIS TOO TRUE.



HOW SMART A LASH THAT SPEECH DOTH GIVE MY CONSCIENCE!




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
DEVOTILY 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 PROUD
MAN'S
CONTUMELY,

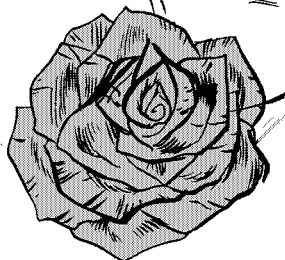
THE
OPPRESSOR'S
WRONG,

THE
PANGS OF
DESPISED LOVE,

THE LAW'S DELAY,
THE INSOLENCE
OF OFFICE,

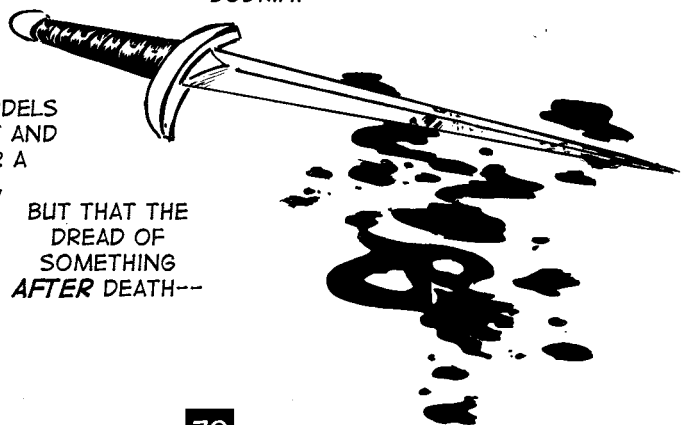
AND THE SPURNS THAT PATIENT
MERIT OF THE UNWORTHY
TAKES, WHEN HE HIMSELF MIGHT
HIS QUIETUS MAKE...

...WITH A
BARE
BODKIN?



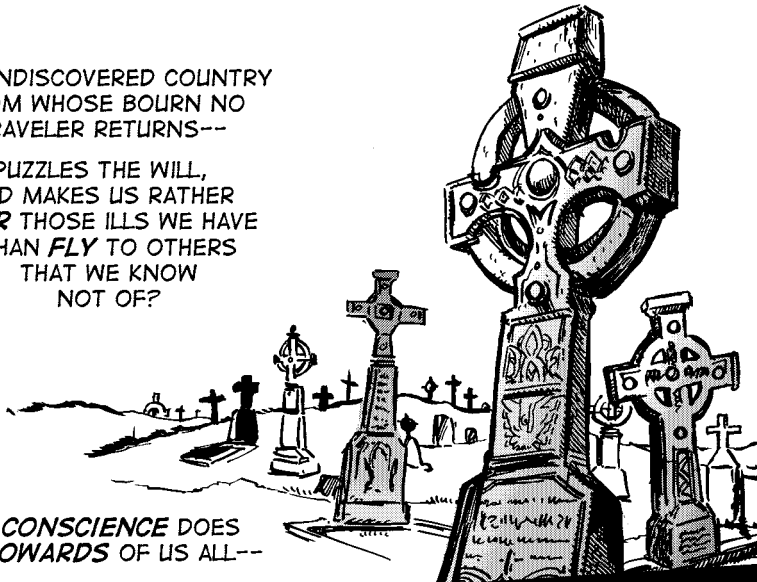
WHO WOULD FARDELS
BEAR, TO GRUNT AND
SWEAT UNDER A
WEARY LIFE,

BUT THAT THE
DREAD OF
SOMETHING
AFTER DEATH---



THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY
FROM WHOSE BOURN NO
TRAVELER 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--

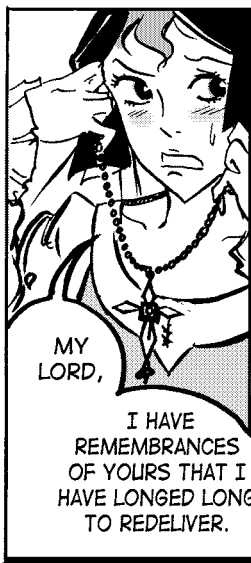
AND THUS THE NATIVE
HUE OF **RESOLUTION**
IS SICKLIED O'ER WITH
THE PALE CAST OF
THOUGHT,

AND ENTERPRISES
OF GREAT PITH AND
MOMENT WITH THIS
REGARD THEIR
CURRENTS
TURN AWRY,



AND LOSE THE NAME OF ACTION.



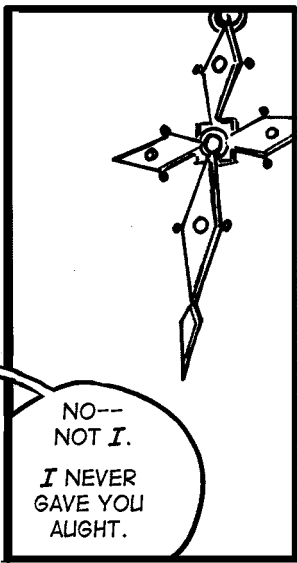


MY LORD,

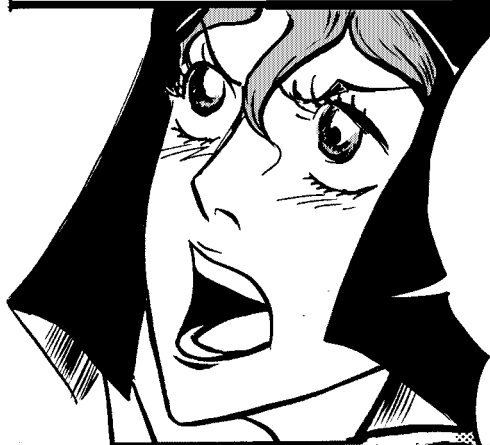
I HAVE REMEMBRANCES OF YOURS THAT I HAVE LONGED LONG TO REDELIVER.



I PRAY YOU, NOW RECEIVE THEM.



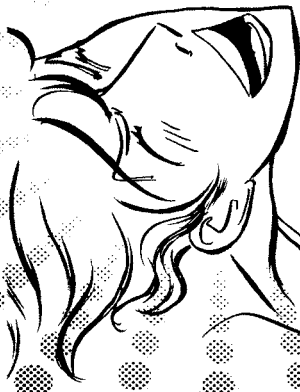
NO-- NOT I.
I NEVER GAVE YOU AUGHT.



MY HONORED LORD, YOU KNOW RIGHT WELL YOU DID.

TAKE THESE AGAIN-- FOR TO THE NOBLE MIND,

RICH GIFTS WAX POOR WHEN GIVERS PROVE LINKIND.



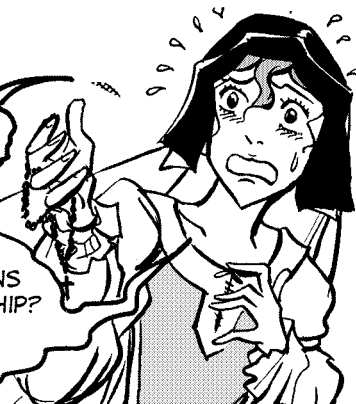
HA, HA!

ARE YOU HONEST?

ARE YOU FAIR?

MY LORD?

WHAT MEANS YOUR LORDSHIP?





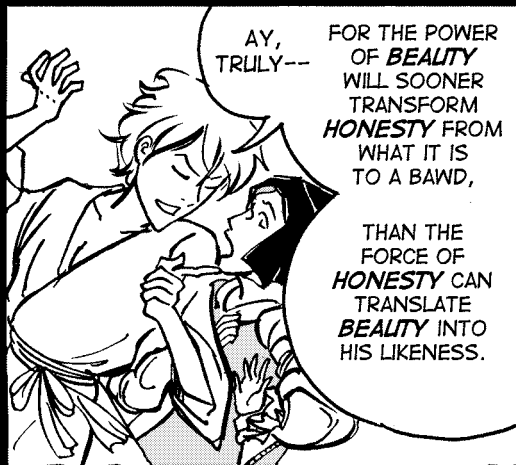
THAT IF YOU
BE HONEST
AND FAIR,



YOUR
HONESTY
SHOULD
ADMIT NO
DISCOURSE
TO YOUR
BEAUTY.



COULD BEAUTY,
MY LORD, HAVE
BETTER
COMMERCE
THAN WITH
HONESTY?



AY,
TRULY---

FOR THE POWER
OF *BEAUTY*
WILL SOONER
TRANSFORM
HONESTY FROM
WHAT IT IS
TO A BAWD,

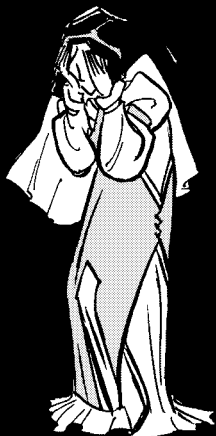
THAN THE
FORCE OF
HONESTY CAN
TRANSLATE
BEAUTY INTO
HIS LIKENESS.



THIS WAS
SOMETIME
A PARADOX,
BUT NOW
THE TIME
GIVES IT
PROOF.



I DID
LOVE
YOU
ONCE.



INDEED, MY
LORD, YOU
MADE ME
BELIEVE SO.

YOU SHOULD
NOT HAVE
BELIEVED ME!

I LOVED
YOU
NOT.



I WAS
THE MORE
DECEIVED.

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 OFFENSES 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?

AT HOME,
MY LORD.

LET THE
DOORS BE
SHUT UPON
HIM,

THAT HE MAY
PLAY THE FOOL
NOWHERE BUT
IN'S OWN
HOUSE.

FAREWELL.



O, HELP
HIM, YOU
SWEET
HEAVENS!

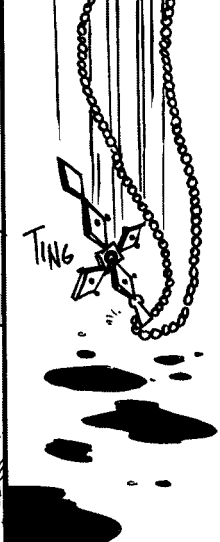
IF THOU DOST
MARRY, I'LL
GIVE THEE THIS
PLAGUE FOR
THY DOWRY:

BE THOU AS
CHASTE AS
ICE, AS PURE
AS SNOW,

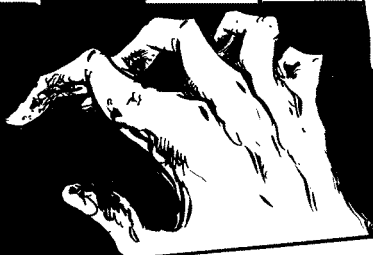
THOU
SHALT
NOT
ESCAPE
CALLIMNY.



AH...



I SAY WE
WILL HAVE
NO MORE
MARRIAGE!

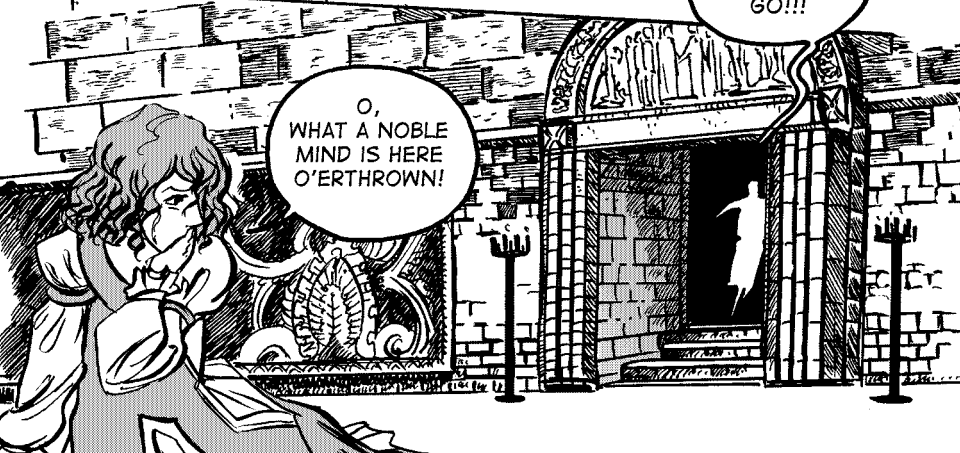


THOSE THAT
ARE MARRIED
ALREADY--
ALL BUT ONE
SHALL LIVE.



THE REST
SHALL KEEP
AS THEY
ARE.

TO A
NUNNERY--
GO!!!



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 SUCKED
THE HONEY OF HIS MUSIC VOWS,

NOW SEE THAT NOBLE AND
MOST SOVEREIGN REASON
LIKE SWEET BELLS JANGLED,
OUT OF TUNE AND HARSH--

THAT UNMATCHED FORM AND
FEATURE OF BLOWN YOUTH

BLASTED WITH
ECSTASY.



O, WOE IS
ME, TO HAVE
SEEN WHAT I
HAVE SEEN,
SEE WHAT I
SEE!

LOVE
???

HIS AFFECTIONS
DO NOT *THAT*
WAY TEND.

NOR WHAT HE
SPAKE, THOUGH IT
LACKED FORM A
LITTLE, WAS NOT
LIKE MADNESS.

THERE'S SOMETHING
IN HIS SOUL,
O'ER WHICH HIS
MELANCHOLY SITS
ON BROOD,

AND I DO DOUBT
THE HATCH AND THE
DISCLOSE WILL BE
SOME DANGER--

WHICH FOR
TO PREVENT,
I HAVE IN QUICK
DETERMINATION
THUS SET
IT DOWN:

HE SHALL
WITH
SPEED TO
ENGLAND.



HAPLY THE SEAS AND COUNTRIES
DIFFERENT WITH VARIABLE OBJECTS
SHALL EXPEL THIS SOMETHING-
SETTLED MATTER IN HIS HEART,

WHEREON HIS BRAIN
STILL BEATING PUTS
HIM THUS FROM
FASHION OF HIMSELF.

DO AS
YOU PLEASE.

BUT, IF
YOU HOLD
IT FIT,


AFTER THE PLAY LET
HIS QUEEN MOTHER ALL
ALONE ENTREAT HIM
TO SHOW HIS GRIEF.

LET HER BE ROUND WITH HIM, AND
I'LL BE PLACED, SO PLEASE YOU, IN
THE EAR OF ALL THEIR CONFERENCE.

IF SHE FIND HIM
NOT, TO ENGLAND
SEND HIM--OR
CONFINE HIM,
WHERE YOUR
WISDOM BEST
SHALL THINK.

IT SHALL
BE SO.

MADNESS IN
GREAT ONES
MUST NOT
UNWATCHED GO.



SPEAK THE
SPEECH, I
PRAY YOU,

AS I
PRONOUNCED
IT TO YOU:
TRIPPINGLY
ON THE
TONGUE.

NOR DO NOT SAW
THE AIR TOO MUCH
WITH YOUR HAND, BUT
USE ALL GENTLY.

SUIT THE
ACTION TO THE
WORD, THE
WORD TO THE
ACTION--

WITH THIS SPECIAL
OBSERVANCE, THAT
YOU O'ERSTEP NOT
THE MODESTY
OF NATURE.

FOR
ANYTHING SO
OVERDONE IS
FROM THE
PURPOSE OF
PLAYING,

AS 'TWERE,
THE MIRROR
UP TO
NATURE.

GO
MAKE
YOU
READY

WHOSE END,
BOTH AT
THE FIRST AND
NOW, WAS AND
IS TO HOLD,

THERE IS
A PLAY
TONIGHT
BEFORE
THE KING.

ONE SCENE
OF IT COMES
NEAR THE
CIRCUMSTANCE
WHICH I HAVE
TOLD THEE,

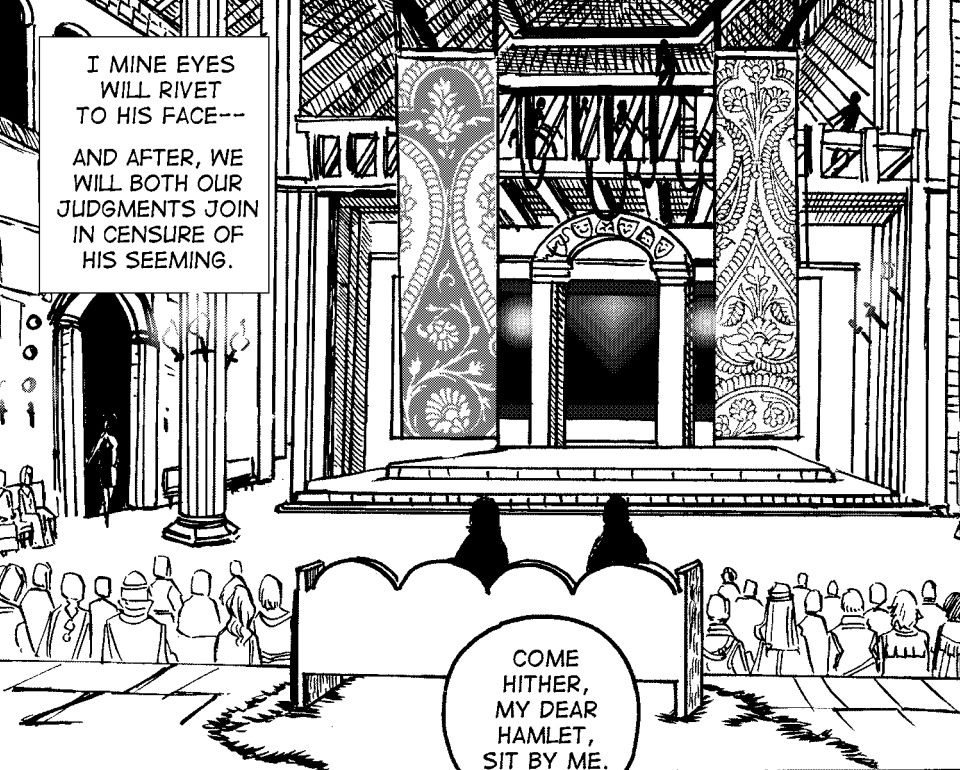
OF MY
FATHER'S DEATH.
I PRITHEE, WHEN
THOU SEEST THAT
ACT AFOOT,
OBSERVE
MINE
UNCLE.

I WARRANT
YOUR HONOR.

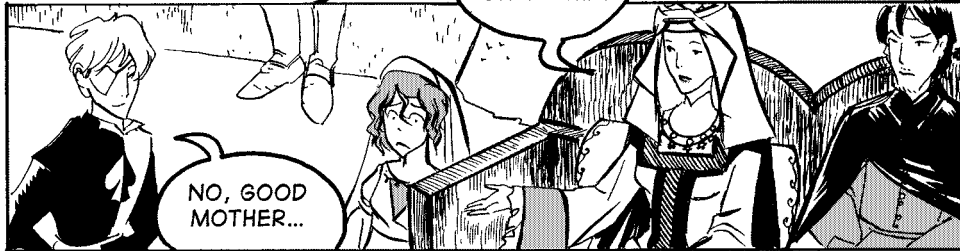
IF HIS OCCULTED
GUILT DO NOT
ITSELF UNKENNEL
IN ONE SPEECH,
IT IS A **DAMNED**
GHOST THAT WE
HAVE SEEN.

I MINE EYES
WILL RIVET
TO HIS FACE--

AND AFTER, WE
WILL BOTH OUR
JUDGMENTS JOIN
IN CENSURE OF
HIS SEEMING.

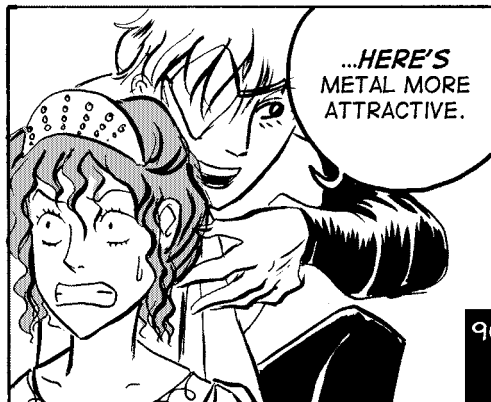


COME
HITHER,
MY DEAR
HAMLET,
SIT BY ME.



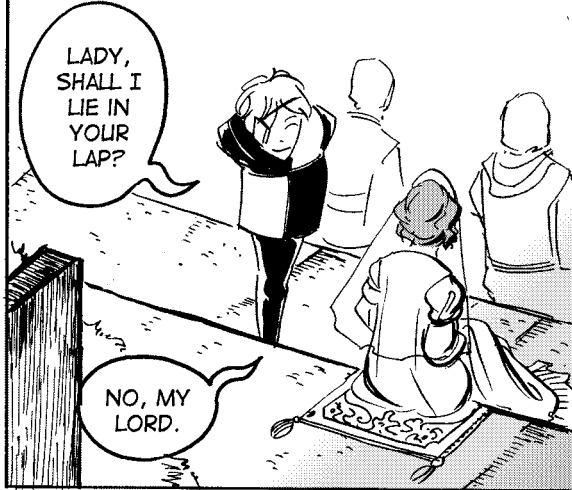
NO, GOOD
MOTHER...

...HERE'S
METAL MORE
ATTRACTIVE.



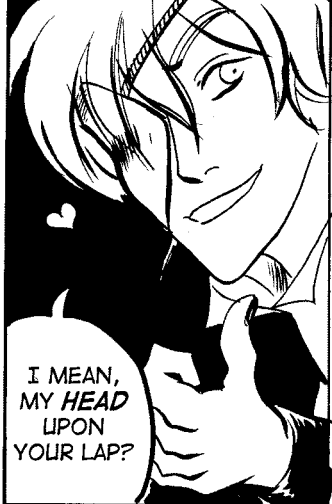
O, HO!
DO YOU
MARK THAT?



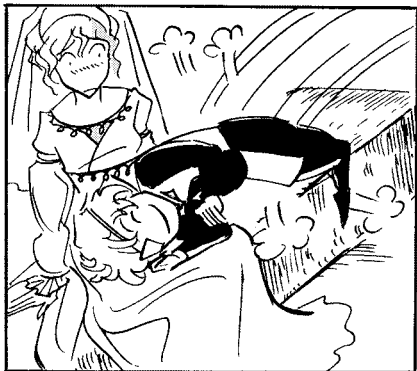


LADY, SHALL I LIE IN YOUR LAP?

NO, MY LORD.



I MEAN, MY HEAD UPON YOUR LAP?



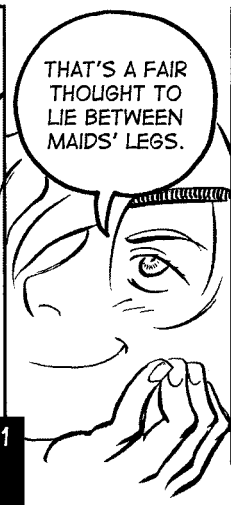
SIGH

AY, MY LORD.



DO YOU THINK I MEANT **COUNTRY** MATTERS?

I THINK... NOTHING, MY LORD.

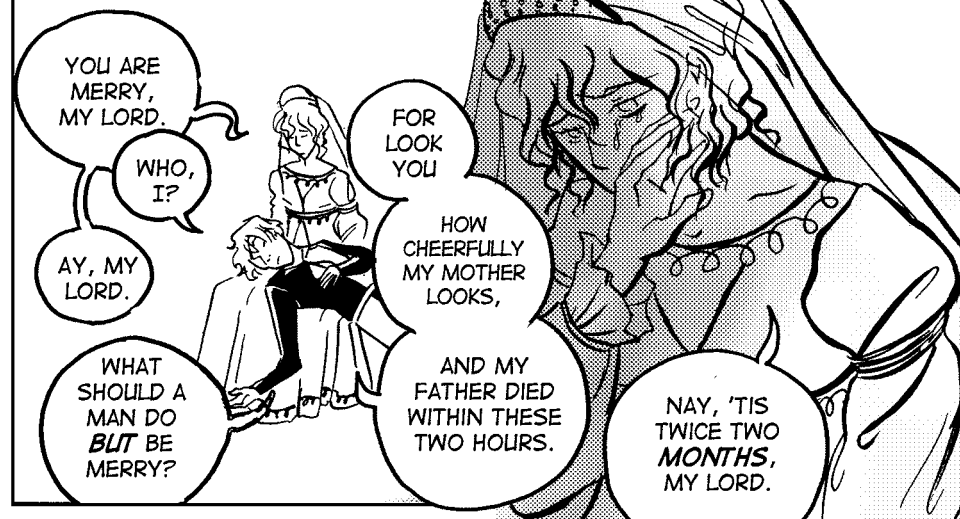


THAT'S A FAIR THOUGHT TO LIE BETWEEN MAIDS' LEGS.



WHAT IS, MY LORD?

NOTHING.



YOU ARE
MERRY,
MY LORD.

WHO,
I?

AY, MY
LORD.

WHAT
SHOULD A
MAN DO
BUT BE
MERRY?

FOR
LOOK
YOU

HOW
CHEERFULLY
MY MOTHER
LOOKS,


AND MY
FATHER DIED
WITHIN THESE
TWO HOURS.

NAY, 'TIS
TWICE TWO
MONTHS,
MY LORD.



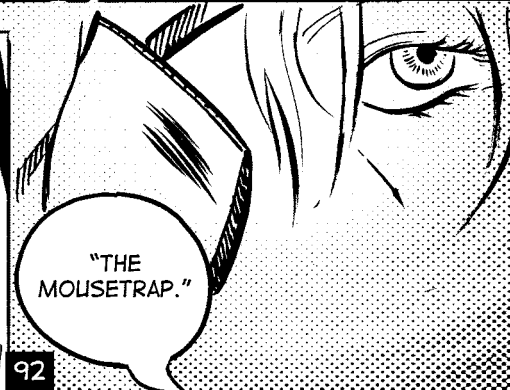
SO LONG?
NAY THEN--
LET THE DEVIL WEAR
BLACK, FOR I'LL HAVE
A SUIT OF SABLES.
O HEAVENS!

DIE *TWO*
MONTHS AGO,
AND NOT
FORGOTTEN
YET?



THEN THERE'S
HOPE A GREAT
MAN'S MEMORY
MAY OUTLIVE
HIS LIFE HALF
A YEAR!

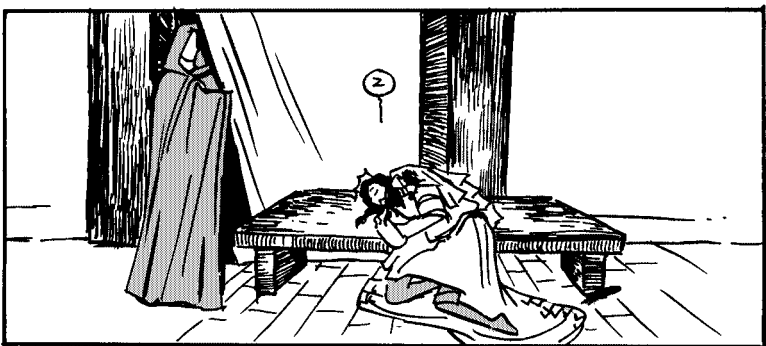
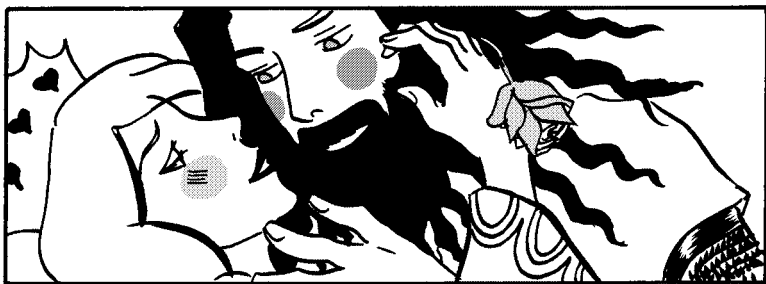
WHAT DO
YOU CALL
THE PLAY?

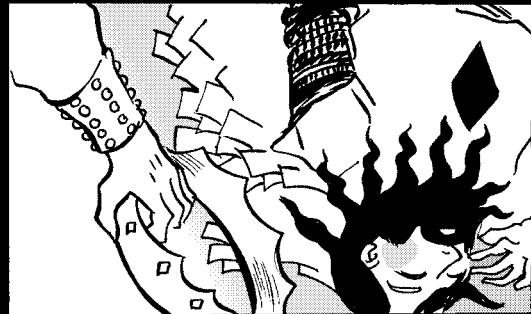
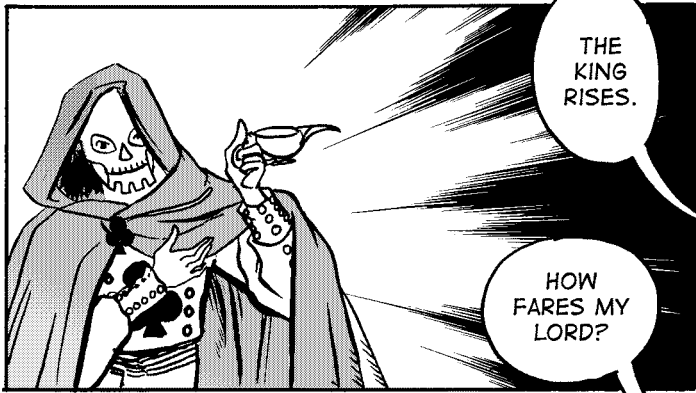


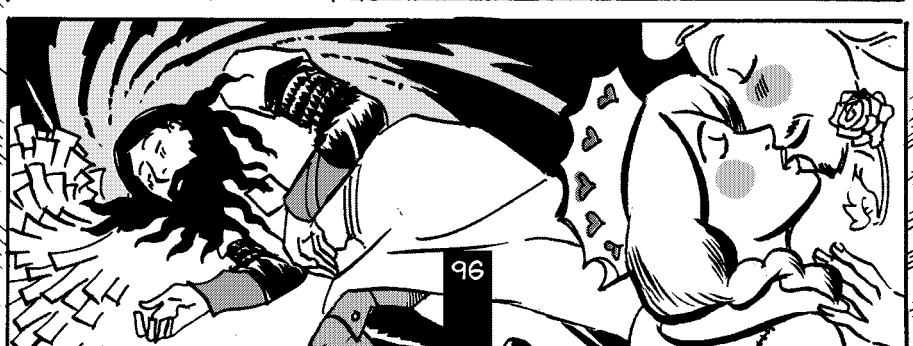
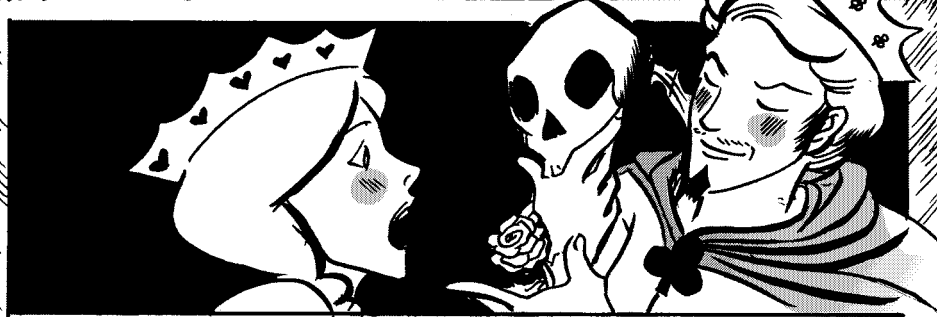
"THE
MOUSETRAP."

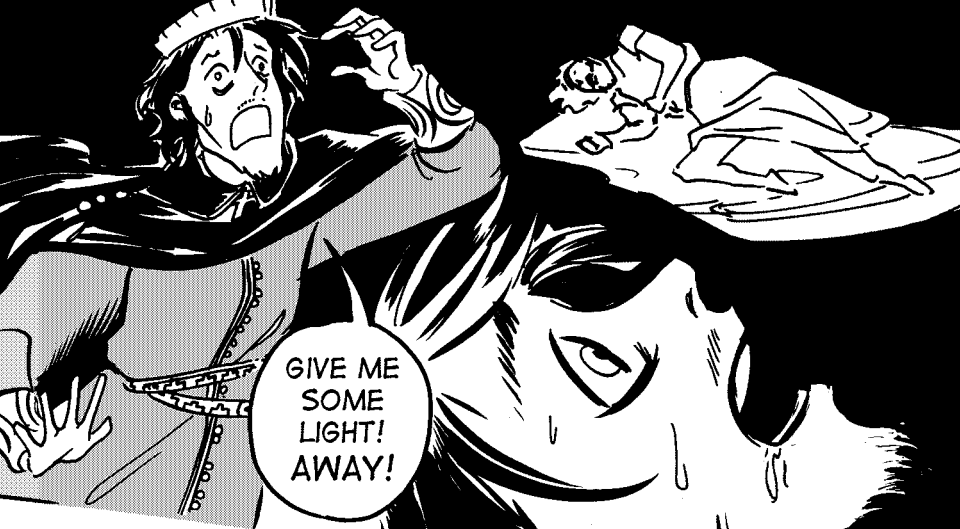


THE
MOSGTRAP

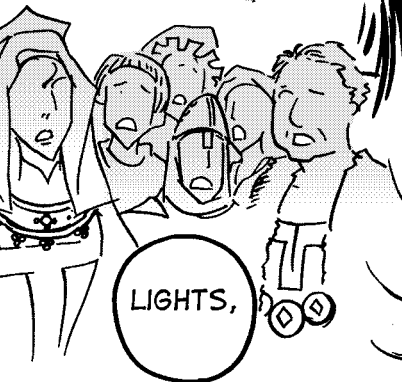








GIVE ME
SOME
LIGHT!
AWAY!

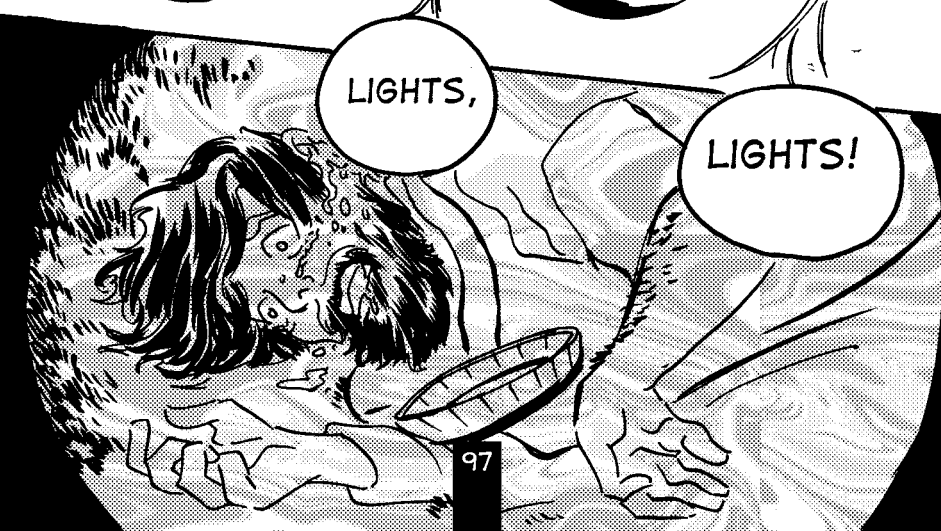


LIGHTS,



LIGHTS,

LIGHTS!






O GOOD
HORATIO,

I'LL TAKE
THE GHOST'S
WORD FOR A
THOUSAND
POUND.

DIDST
PERCEIVE
UPON THE
POISONING?

VERY WELL,
MY LORD.



MY LORD, THE
QUEEN WOULD
SPEAK WITH YOU,
AND PRESENTLY.



TIS NOW
THE VERY
WITCHING
TIME OF
NIGHT,

WHEN
CHURCHYARDS
YAWN AND HELL
ITSELF BREATHES
OUT CONTAGION
TO THIS WORLD.

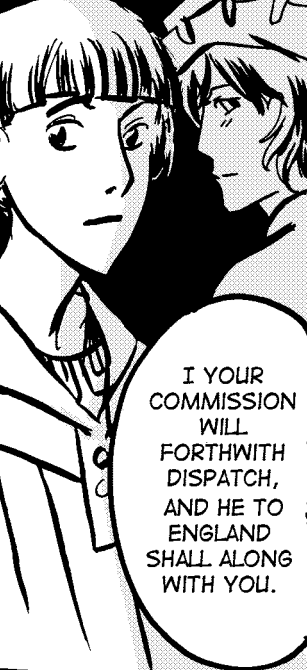
NOW COULD
I DRINK HOT
BLOOD, AND
DO SUCH
BITTER
BUSINESS AS
THE DAY
WOULD QUAKE
TO LOOK ON.

SOFT!
NOW TO MY
MOTHER.

O HEART, LOSE
NOT THY NATURE.
LET NOT EVER
THE SOUL OF
NERO ENTER THIS
FIRM BOSOM.

LET ME BE
CRUEL, NOT
UNNATURAL--
I WILL *SPEAK*
DAGGERS TO
HER, BUT
USE NONE.

MY
TONGUE
AND *SOUL*
IN THIS BE
HYPOCRITES.



I YOUR COMMISSION WILL FORTHWITH DISPATCH, AND HE TO ENGLAND SHALL ALONG WITH YOU.

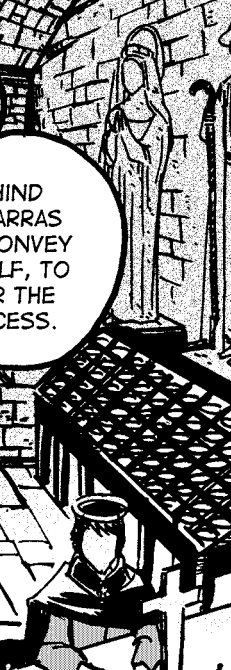


WE WILL HASTE US



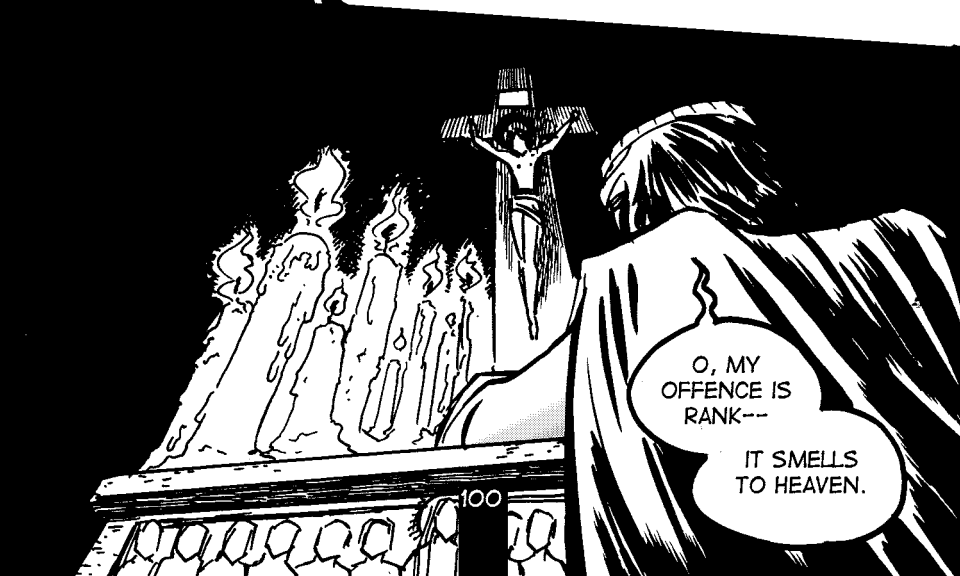
MY LORD, HE'S GOING TO HIS MOTHER'S CLOSET.

BEHIND THE ARRAS I'LL CONVEY MYSELF, TO HEAR THE PROCESS.



WISELY WAS IT SAID, 'TIS MEET THAT SOME MORE AUDIENCE THAN A MOTHER, SINCE NATURE MAKES THEM PARTIAL, SHOULD O'ERHEAR THE SPEECH, OF VANTAGE.

FARE YOU WELL, MY LIEGE.



O, MY OFFENCE IS RANK--

IT SMELLS TO HEAVEN.

IT HATH THE PRIMAL ELDEST
CURSE UPON'T: A BROTHER'S
MURDER.

PRAY CAN I NOT,

THOUGH INCLINATION
BE AS SHARP AS WILL.



MY FAULT
IS PAST.
BUT, O, WHAT
FORM OF PRAYER
CAN SERVE MY
TURN? "FORGIVE
ME MY FOLL
MURDER"?

THAT CANNOT BE, SINCE I AM STILL
POSSESSED OF THOSE EFFECTS FOR
WHICH I DID THE MURDER:

MY *CROWN*, MINE OWN *AMBITION*,
AND MY *QUEEN*. MAY ONE BE
PARDONED AND RETAIN THE OFFENCE?

O WRETCHED STATE! O BOSOM BLACK AS
DEATH! O LIMED SOUL, THAT, STRUGGLING
TO BE *FREE*, ART MORE *ENGAGED!*


HELP, ANGELS! MAKE ASSAY!
BOW, STUBBORN KNEES-

AND, HEART WITH *STRINGS OF STEEL*, BE SOFT
AS *SINEWS OF THE NEWBORN BABE!*



NOW
MIGHT
I DO IT...



A hand is shown in a close-up, gripping the hilt of a sword. The sword is held vertically, and the blade is partially visible. The hand is rendered with detailed line work, showing the texture of the skin and the grip.

...AND SO
HE GOES
TO HEAVEN.

AND SO
AM I
REVENGED.

A black and white illustration of a crucifixion. Jesus is on the cross, with a halo around his head. The background is dark, and there are some flames or light sources at the bottom right. The scene is framed by vertical lines, possibly representing a window or a doorway.

THAT
WOULD BE
SCANNED:

A VILLAIN
KILLS MY
FATHER--

AND FOR THAT,
I, HIS SOLE SON,
DO THIS SAME
VILLAIN SEND...

TO HEAVEN.

NO!



WHEN HE IS DRUNK ASLEEP, OR IN HIS RAGE,

OR IN THE INCESTUOUS PLEASURE OF HIS BED,

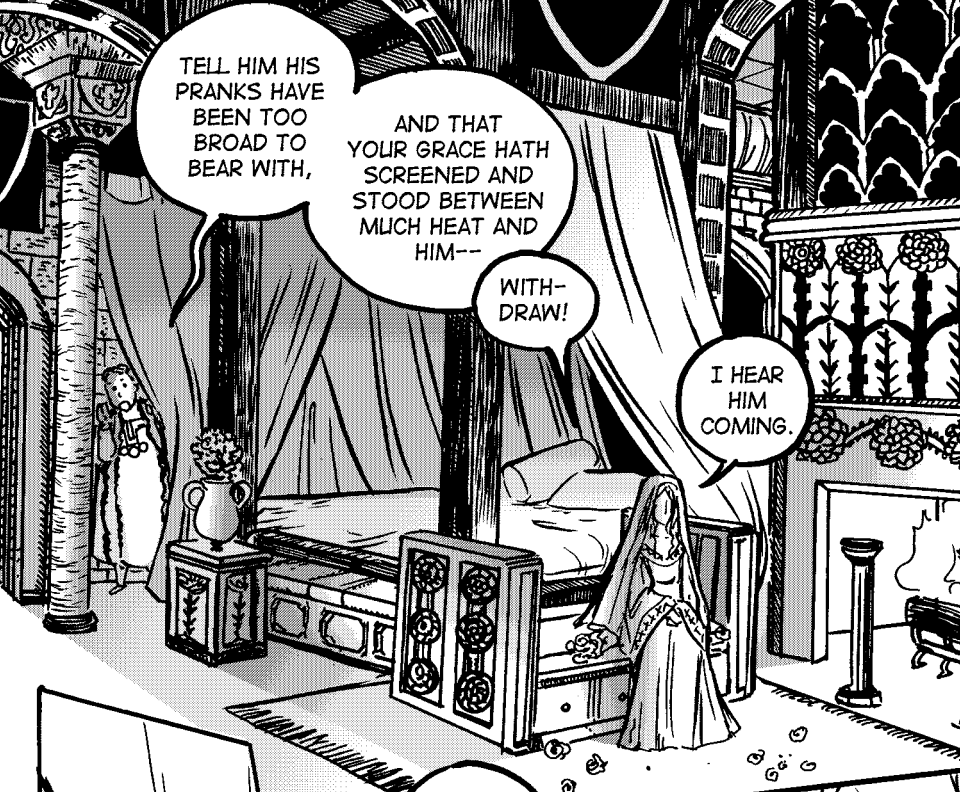
THEN TRIP HIM,

THAT HIS HEELS MAY KICK AT HEAVEN---



AND THAT HIS SOUL MAY BE AS DAMNED AND BLACK AS HELL,

WHERE TO IT GOES...



TELL HIM HIS
PRANKS HAVE
BEEN TOO
BROAD TO
BEAR WITH,

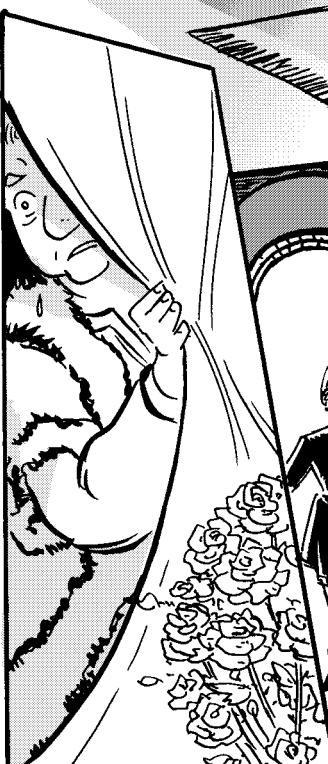
AND THAT
YOUR GRACE HATH
SCREENED AND
STOOD BETWEEN
MUCH HEAT AND
HIM--

WITH-
DRAW!

I HEAR
HIM
COMING.



NOW,
MOTHER,
WHAT'S THE
MATTER?



HAMLET,
THOU HAST THY
FATHER MUCH
OFFENDED.

MOTHER,
YOU HAVE
MY FATHER
MUCH
OFFENDED.

COME, COME,
YOU ANSWER
WITH AN IDLE
TONGUE.

GO, GO, YOU
QUESTION WITH
A *WICKED*
TONGUE.

HAVE YOU
FORGOT
ME?

NO, BY
THE ROOD,
NOT SO!

YOU ARE THE
QUEEN, YOUR
HUSBAND'S
BROTHER'S
WIFE.

AND---

WOULD IT WERE NOT SO!
--YOU ARE MY MOTHER.

COME,
COME, AND
SIT YOU
DOWN--
YOU SHALL
NOT BUDGE.

YOU GO NOT
TILL I SET YOU
UP A GLASS
WHERE YOU
MAY SEE THE
INMOST PART
OF YOU.

WHAT WILT
THOU DO?
THOU
WILT NOT
MURDER ME?

H
E
L
P!
V



HELP!

HOW NOW?

A RAT?

HELP!

DEAD FOR A DUCAT--

DEAD!

O, I AM SLAIN!

O ME,
WHAT HAST
THOU
DONE?

NAY, I
KNOW
NOT.

IS...
IS IT THE
KING?

O WHAT A
RASH AND
BLOODY DEED
IS THIS!

A BLOODY
DEED?
ALMOST AS
BAD, GOOD
MOTHER, AS
KILL A KING--


AND
MARRY
WITH HIS
BROTHER.

"AS
KILL A
KING"!

AY,
LADY, IT
WAS MY
WORD.

THOU WRETCHED,
RASH, INTRUDING
FOOL, FAREWELL!

I TOOK
THEE FOR
THY BETTER.
TAKE THY
FORTUNE.



LEAVE
WRINGING OF
YOUR *HANDS*.
PEACE, SIT
YOU DOWN AND
LET ME WRING
YOUR *HEART*--

FOR SO I
SHALL, IF IT
BE MADE OF
PENETRABLE
STUFF.



WHAT
HAVE I
DONE,

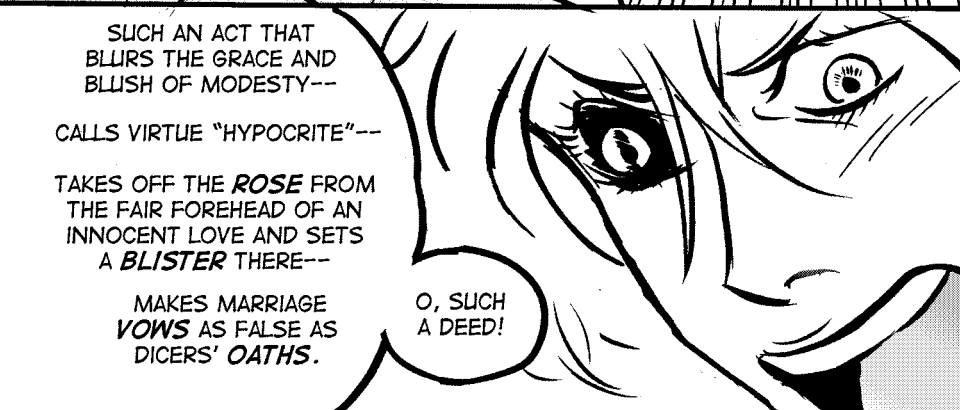
THAT THOU
DAREST WAG THY
TONGUE IN
NOISE SO RUDE
AGAINST ME?

SUCH AN ACT THAT
BLURS THE GRACE AND
BLUSH OF MODESTY--

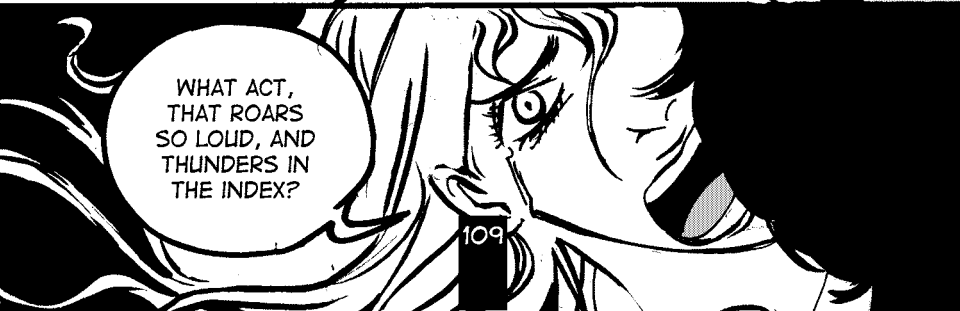
CALLS VIRTUE "HYPOCRITE"--

TAKES OFF THE *ROSE* FROM
THE FAIR FOREHEAD OF AN
INNOCENT LOVE AND SETS
A *BLISTER* THERE--


MAKES MARRIAGE
VOWS AS FALSE AS
DICERS' *OATHS*.



O, SUCH
A DEED!



WHAT ACT,
THAT ROARS
SO LOUD, AND
THUNDERS IN
THE INDEX?



THIS WAS
YOUR
HUSBAND.

LOOK YOU
NOW, WHAT
FOLLOWS:

HERE *IS* YOUR
HUSBAND, LIKE A
MILDEWED EAR,
BLASTING HIS
WHOLE SOME
BROTHER.

HAVE YOU
EYES? YOU
CANNOT CALL
IT "LOVE"---

FOR AT YOUR AGE,
THE HEYDAY IN THE
BLOOD IS TAME,
IT'S HUMBLE.

O SHAME,
WHERE IS
THY BLUSH?

O, SPEAK
NO MORE!

THOU
TURN'ST
MY EYES
INTO MY
VERY SOUL,

AND THERE
I SEE SUCH
BLACK AND
GRAINED SPOTS
AS WILL LEAVE
THEIR TINCT.

NAY,
BUT TO LIVE
IN THE RANK
SWEAT OF AN
ENSEAMED
BED,

STEWED IN
CORRUPTION,

HONEYING
AND MAKING
LOVE OVER
THE NASTY
STY--

A *MURDERER* AND A
VILLAIN--AND A
SLAVE THAT IS NOT
TWENTIETH PART
THE TITHE OF YOUR
PRECEDENT LORD--

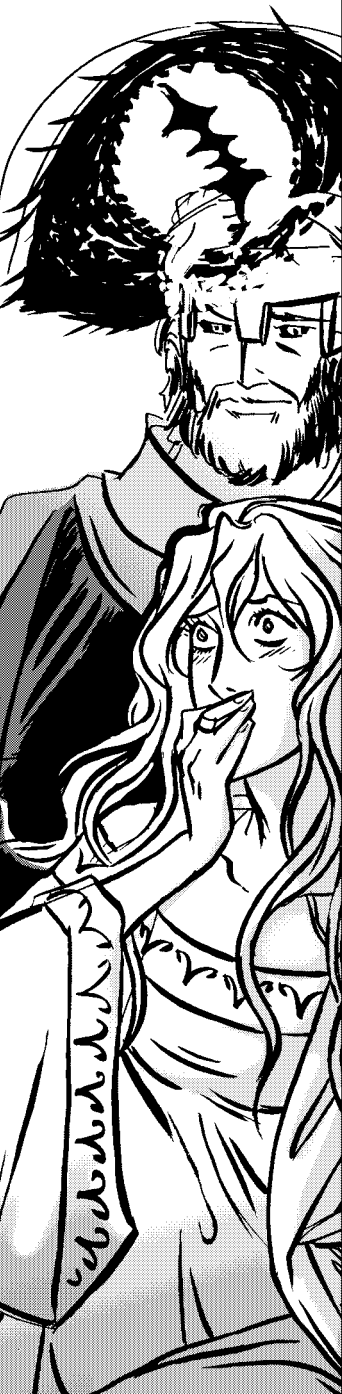
A *CLITPURSE* OF
THE EMPIRE AND
THE RULE,

THAT FROM
A SHELF THE
PRECIOUS DIADEM
STOLE AND PUT IT
IN HIS POCKET--

A KING OF
SHREDS
AND
PATCHES--

NO MORE,
SWEET
HAMLET!

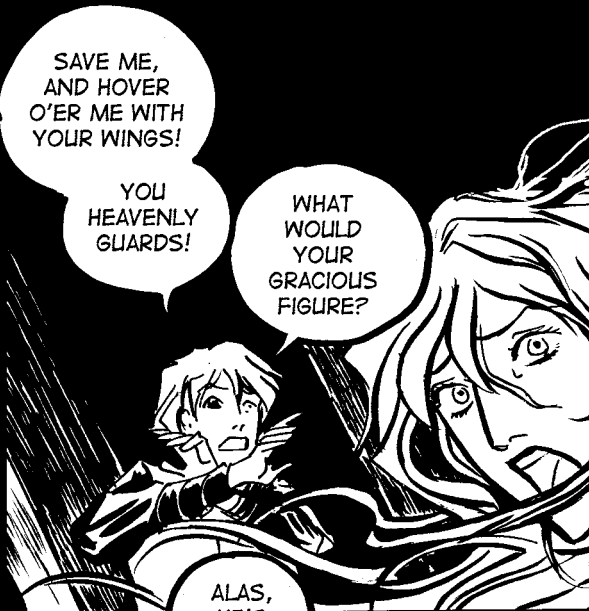
NO
MORE!



SAVE ME,
AND HOVER
O'ER ME WITH
YOUR WINGS!

YOU
HEAVENLY
GUARDS!

WHAT
WOULD
YOUR
GRACIOUS
FIGURE?



ALAS,
HE'S
MAD!

DO YOU NOT
COME YOUR
TARDY SON TO
CHIDE, THAT,
LAPSED IN TIME
AND PASSION,

LETS GO BY THE
IMPORTANT ACTING
OF YOUR DREAD
COMMAND?

O,
SAY!






DO...
NOT...
FORGET.




THIS
VISITATION
IS BUT TO
WHET THY
ALMOST
BLUNTED
PURPOSE.

BUT LOOK--
AMAZEMENT
ON THY
MOTHER SITS.
SPEAK TO HER,
HAMLET.



HOW IS IT
WITH YOU,
LADY?



ALAS, HOW
IS'T WITH
YOU,

THAT YOU DO
BEND YOUR
EYE ON
VACANCY,

AND WITH THE
INCORPORAL *AIR* DO
HOLD DISCOURSE?

WHEREON
DO YOU
LOOK?



ON HIM. ON HIM!
ON HIM!

DO YOU SEE NOTHING THERE?

NOTHING AT ALL.

MY FATHER, IN HIS HABIT AS HE LIVED-- LOOK WHERE HE GOES, EVEN NOW, OUT AT THE PORTAL.

THIS IS THE VERY COINAGE OF YOUR BRAIN.

MY PULSE, AS YOURS, DOTH TEMPERATELY KEEP TIME,

AND MAKES AS HEALTHFUL MUSIC--

IT IS *NOT* MADNESS.



HAMLET,
THOU HAST
CLEFT MY
HEART IN
TWIN.



O,
THROW AWAY
THE WORSE
PART OF IT,
AND LIVE THE
Purer WITH
THE OTHER
HALF.

GOOD NIGHT:
BUT GO NOT
TO MINE
UNCLE'S BED--
ASSUME A
VIRTUE, IF YOU
HAVE IT NOT.



ONE
MORE
WORD,
GOOD
LADY--

WHAT
SHALL I
DO?



NOT LET THE
KING TEMPT
YOU AGAIN TO
BED, PINCH
WANTON ON
YOUR CHEEK,
CALL YOU HIS
MOUSE, AND
MAKE YOU TO
RAVEL ALL THIS
MATTER OUT,

THAT I
ESSENTIALLY
AM **NOT** IN
MADNESS--

BUT MAD
IN CRAFT.

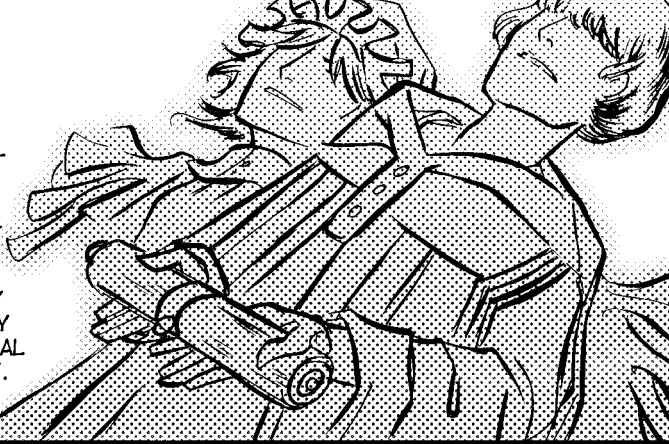


I MUST TO
ENGLAND--
YOU KNOW
THAT?

ALACK,
I HAD
FORGOT--
'TIS SO
CONCLUDED
ON.

THERE'S
LETTERS SEALED,
AND MY TWO
SCHOOLFELLOWS--
WHOM I WILL
TRUST AS I WILL
ADDERS FANGED--

THEY BEAR THE
MANDATE. THEY
MUST SWEEP MY
WAY, AND MARSHAL
ME TO KNAVERY.
LET IT WORK.



FOR 'TIS SPORT TO HAVE THE ENGINEER
HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD, AND 'T
SHALL GO HARD BUT I WILL DELVE ONE
YARD *BELOW* THEIR MINES,
AND BLOW THEM AT THE MOON!

O, 'TIS
MOST
SWEET.

THIS MAN
SHALL SET ME
PACKING: I'LL
LUG THE GUTS
INTO THE
NEIGHBOR
ROOM.

MOTHER,
GOOD
NIGHT.

INDEED THIS
COUNSELOR
IS NOW MOST
STILL, MOST
SECRET AND
MOST...
...*GRAVE*.

WHO WAS IN
LIFE A FOOLISH
PRATING KNAVE.



ACT IV



WE WILL SHIP HIM HENCE.

HOW...*DANGEROUS*
IS IT, THAT THIS
MAN GOES LOOSE!

YET MUST NOT WE
PUT THE STRONG LAW
ON HIM--

HE'S LOVED OF
THE DISTRACTED
MULTITUDE...

AT
SUPPER.

AT
SUPPER!
WHERE?

NOT WHERE HE *EATS*,
BUT WHERE HE IS
EATEN: A CERTAIN
CONVOCATION OF POLITIC
WORMS ARE E'EN AT HIM.

A MAN MAY *FISH*
WITH THE WORM
THAT HATH *EAT*
OF A KING--AND
EAT OF THE FISH
THAT HATH *FED*
OF THAT WORM.

WHAT DOST
YOU MEAN
BY THIS?

NOTHING--


BUT TO SHOW YOU
HOW A *KING* MAY
GO A PROGRESS
THROUGH THE GUTS
OF A *BEGGAR*.

HO,
GUILDENSTERN!

NOW,
HAMLET.
WHERE'S
POLONIUS?

WHERE--
IS--
POLONIUS?

IN *HEAVEN*.
SEND HITHER
TO SEE.



IF YOUR MESSENGER FIND HIM NOT THERE, SEEK HIM I' THE OTHER PLACE YOURSELF.

GO SEEK HIM THERE.

BUT INDEED, IF YOU FIND HIM NOT WITHIN THIS MONTH, YOU SHALL NOSE HIM AS YOU GO UP THE STAIRS INTO THE LOBBY.

HE WILL STAY TILL YE COME!



HAMLET, THIS DEED, FOR THINE ESPECIAL SAFETY--

WHICH WE DO TENDER, AS WE DEARLY GRIEVE FOR THAT WHICH THOU HAST DONE-- MUST SEND THEE HENCE WITH FIERY QUICKNESS.

THEREFORE: PREPARE THYSELF FOR ENGLAND.

FOR ENGLAND?

FAREWELL, DEAR MOTHER.

THY LOVING
FATHER,
HAMLET.

MY **MOTHER.**
FATHER AND
MOTHER IS MAN
AND WIFE; MAN
AND WIFE IS ONE
FLESH; AND SO,
MY **MOTHER.**

COME, FOR
ENGLAND!

AWAY! FOR
EVERYTHING IS
SEALED AND
DONE.

AND, ENGLAND,
THOU MAYST NOT
COLDLY SET OUR
SOVEREIGN
PROCESS,

WHICH
IMPORTS AT
FULL, BY LETTERS
CONGRUING TO
THAT EFFECT...

THE PRESENT
DEATH OF
HAMLET.

DO IT,
ENGLAND.

GOOD SIR,
WHOSE
POWERS
ARE THESE?

THEY ARE OF
NORWAY, SIR.

AGAINST
SOME PART
OF POLAND.

HOW
PURPOSED,
SIR, I PRAY
YOU?

WHO
COMMANDS
THEM, SIR?

THE NEPHEW
TO OLD
NORWAY:
FORTINBRAS.



HOW ALL
OCCASIONS
DO INFORM
AGAINST ME,

AND SPUR
MY DULL
REVENGE!

WHAT IS A MAN,
IF THE CHIEF
GOOD AND
MARKET OF HIS
TIME BE BUT TO
*SLEEP AND
FEED?*

A BEAST--
NO MORE.



SURE HE THAT
MADE US WITH
SUCH LARGE
DISCOURSE,
LOOKING BEFORE
AND AFTER, GAVE
US NOT THAT
CAPABILITY AND
GODLIKE
REASON TO
FUST IN US
UNUSED.



I DO NOT KNOW
WHY YET I LIVE TO
SAY "THIS THING'S
TO DO," SITH I HAVE
CAUSE AND WILL
AND STRENGTH
AND MEANS.

WITNESS THIS
ARMY OF SUCH
MASS AND CHARGE,



LED BY A
DELICATE AND
TENDER PRINCE,
WHOSE SPIRIT
WITH DIVINE
AMBITION PUFFED
MAKES MOUTHS
AT THE INVISIBLE
EVENT--



EXPOSING WHAT
IS MORTAL AND
UNSURE TO ALL
THAT FORTUNE,
DEATH, AND
DANGER DARE,
EVEN FOR AN
EGGSHELL.

HOW STAND I THEN, THAT HAVE
A FATHER *KILLED*, A MOTHER
STAINED, EXCITEMENTS OF
MY REASON AND MY BLOOD,
AND LET ALL SLEEP---

WHILE, TO MY SHAME,
I SEE THE IMMINENT DEATH
OF TWENTY THOUSAND MEN, THAT,
FOR A FANTASY AND TRICK OF FAME,
GO TO THEIR GRAVES LIKE BEDS?

FROM THIS TIME FORTH,
MY THOUGHTS BE BLOODY...

...OR BE NOTHING WORTH!



HE IS DEAD AND GONE, LADY,
HE IS DEAD AND GONE.
AT HIS HEAD A GRASS-GREEN TURF,
AT HIS HEELS A...STONE.

WHITE HIS SHROUD
AS THE MOUNTAIN SNOW
LARDERED WITH SWEET FLOWERS
WHICH BEWEPT
TO THE GRAVE DID GO
WITH TRUE-LOVE SHOWERS.

HOW
DO YOU,
PRETTY
LADY?

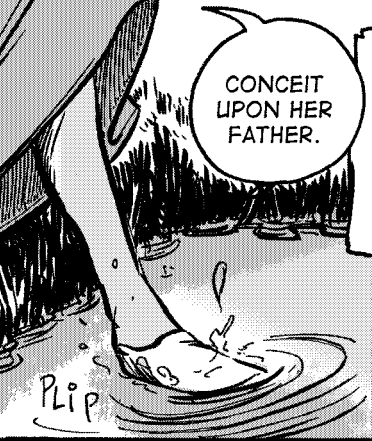
THEY SAY THE OWL
WAS A BAKER'S
DAUGHTER.

LORD, WE KNOW
WHAT WE ARE,

BUT KNOW NOT
WHAT WE MAY BE.

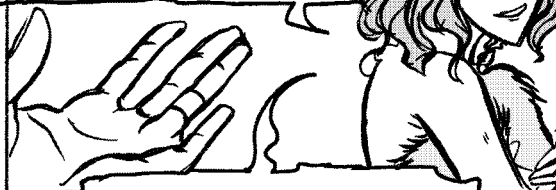
NAY, BUT,
OPHELIA--

ALAS, LOOK
HERE, MY
LORD.



CONCEIT
UPON HER
FATHER.

TOMORROW IS SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY,
ALL IN THE MORNING BETIME,
AND I A MAID AT YOUR WINDOW,
TO BE YOUR VALENTINE.
THEN UP HE ROSE, AND DONNED
HIS CLOTHES, AND DIPPED THE
CHAMBER DOOR;



LET IN THE MAID,
THAT OUT A MAID
NEVER DEPARTED MORE.

I CANNOT CHOOSE BUT
WEEP, TO THINK THEY
SHOULD LAY HIM I' THE
COLD GROUND...

PRETTY
OPHELIA!

MY BROTHER
SHALL KNOW
OF IT...

AND SO I THANK
YOU FOR YOUR
GOOD COUNSEL.
COME, MY COACH!

GOOD NIGHT,
LADIES, GOOD
NIGHT.

SWEET LADIES,
GOOD NIGHT,
GOOD NIGHT...

...
O, THIS IS THE POISON OF DEEP GRIEF--
IT SPRINGS ALL FROM
HER FATHER'S DEATH.

O GERTRUDE, GERTRUDE,
WHEN SORROWS COME,
THEY COME NOT SINGLE
SPIES BUT IN BATTALIONS!

FIRST,
HER FATHER
SLAIN;

NEXT,
YOUR SON
GONE,

AND HE
MOST VIOLENT
AUTHOR OF HIS
OWN JUST
REMOVE;

LAST, AND AS
MUCH CONTAINING
AS ALL THESE,

HER *BROTHER* IS
IN SECRET COME
FROM FRANCE...

SAVE
YOURSELF,
MY LORD!

YOUNG LAERTES,
IN A RIOTOUS
HEAD, O'ERBEARS
YOUR OFFICERS.
THE RABBLE CALL
HIM LORD--

THEY CRY
"CHOOSE WE,
LAERTES SHALL
BE KING."

WHERE
IS MY
FATHER?

DEAD.

--BUT
NOT BY
HIM!

LET HIM
DEMAND HIS
FILL.

HOW CAME
HE DEAD?

I'LL NOT BE
JUGGLED WITH!
LET COME
WHAT COMES,
ONLY...

I'LL BE
REVENGED
MOST
THOROUGHLY
FOR MY
FATHER.

NOW, YOU
SPEAK LIKE A
GOOD CHILD
AND A *TRUE*
GENTLEMAN.

THAT I AM
GUILTLESS OF
YOUR FATHER'S
DEATH--

AND AM MOST
SENSIBLE IN
GRIEF FOR IT--

IT SHALL AS
LEVEL TO YOUR
JUDGMENT 'PEAR
AS DAY DOES TO
YOUR EYE...

THEY BORE HIM
BAREFACED ON THE
BIER --
HEY NON NONNY,
NONNY, HEY NONNY...

...AND IN HIS GRAVE
RAINED MANY A TEAR--
FARE YOU WELL,
MY DOVE!

O HEAT, DRY
UP MY BRAINS!
O ROSE
OF MAY!

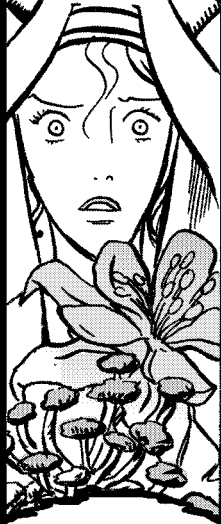
DEAR MAID,
KIND SISTER,
SWEET
OPHELIA!

THERE'S
ROSEMARY,
THAT'S FOR
REMEMBRANCE.

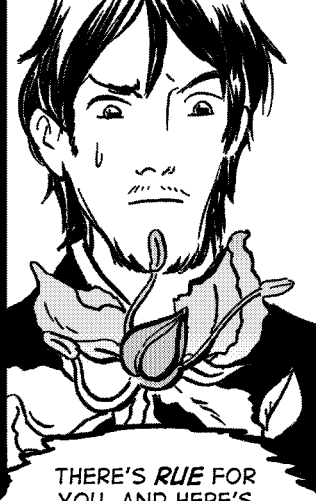
PRAY YOU, LOVE,
REMEMBER.

A DOCUMENT
IN MADNESS...

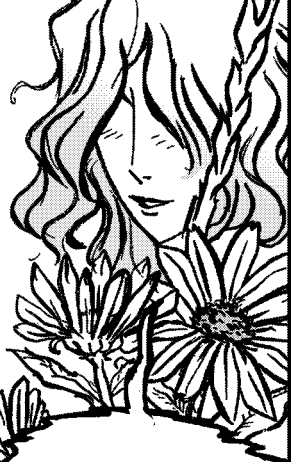
AND THERE
IS PANSIES,
THAT'S FOR
THOUGHTS.



THERE'S
FENNEL FOR
YOU, AND
COLUMBINES.



THERE'S *RUE* FOR
YOU. AND HERE'S
SOME FOR ME--
WE MAY CALL IT
HERB-GRACE O'
SUNDAYS. YOU MUST
WEAR YOUR *RUE*
WITH A DIFFERENCE.



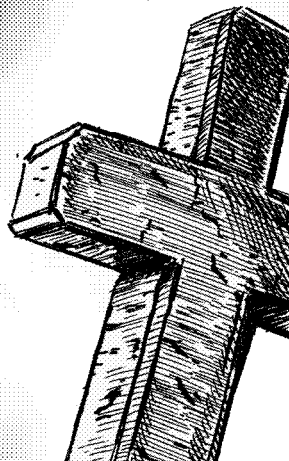
THERE'S A *DAISY*.
I WOULD GIVE YOU
SOME *VIOLETS*, BUT
THEY WITHERED ALL
WHEN MY FATHER
DIED. THEY SAY HE
MADE A GOOD END...


NO, NO, HE IS DEAD,
GO TO THY DEATH-BED,
HE NEVER WILL COME AGAIN.

DO YOU
SEE THIS,
O GOD?

HADST THOU
THY WITS, AND
DID PERSUADE
REVENGE, IT
COULD NOT
MOVE THUS!

LAERTES,
I MUST
COMMUNE WITH
YOUR GRIEF.





HIS MEANS
OF DEATH,
HIS OBSCURE
FUNERAL--

NO TROPHY, SWORD,
NOR HATCHMENT O'ER
HIS BONES, NO NOBLE
RITE NOR FORMAL
OSTENTATION--

CRY TO BE HEARD,
AS 'TWERE FROM
HEAVEN TO EARTH,
THAT I MUST CALL'T
IN QUESTION.

SO YOU
SHALL.

AND WHERE
THE OFFENCE
IS, LET THE
GREAT AX
FALL.

LETTERS,
MY LORD,
FROM
HAMLET.

*THIS TO YOUR
MAJESTY...*

*...THIS TO
THE QUEEN.*

*HIGH AND MIGHTY,
YOU SHALL KNOW I AM SET
NAKED ON YOUR KINGDOM.*

*TOMORROW SHALL I BEG
LEAVE TO SEE YOUR
KINGLY EYES, WHEN I
SHALL RECOLINT THE
OCCASION OF MY SUDDEN
AND MORE STRANGE
RETURN.*


*--HAMLET
P.S. ALONE.*

*HE WHICH HATH
YOUR NOBLE
FATHER SLAIN
PURSUED MY LIFE.*




IT WELL
APPEARS.

BUT TELL ME
WHY YOU
PROCEEDED
NOT AGAINST
THESE FEATS.

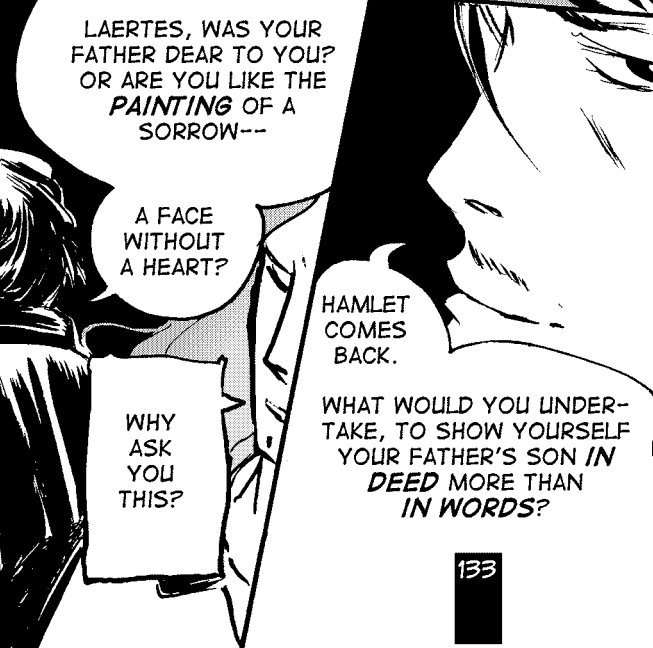


THE QUEEN,
HIS MOTHER,
LIVES ALMOST
BY HIS LOOKS.



AND SO HAVE
I A NOBLE
FATHER LOST,
A **SISTER**
DRIVEN INTO
DESPERATE
TERMS FOR HER
PERFECTIONS!

BUT MY
REVENGE
WILL COME.



LAERTES, WAS YOUR
FATHER DEAR TO YOU?
OR ARE YOU LIKE THE
PAINTING OF A
SORROW--

A FACE
WITHOUT
A HEART?

HAMLET
COMES
BACK.

WHAT WOULD YOU UNDER-
TAKE, TO SHOW YOURSELF
YOUR FATHER'S SON IN
DEED MORE THAN
IN WORDS?

WHY
ASK
YOU
THIS?



TO CLIT HIS
THROAT I'
THE CHURCH.

HAMLET, RETURNED, SHALL KNOW
YOU ARE COME HOME. WE'LL PUT
ON THOSE SHALL PRAISE YOUR
EXCELLENCE AND WAGER ON
YOUR HEADS.

HE (BEING REMISS, MOST GENEROUS
AND FREE FROM ALL CONTRIVING)
WILL NOT PERUSE THE FOILS, SO
THAT WITH EASE, OR WITH A LITTLE
SHUFFLING, YOU MAY CHOOSE
A SWORD UNBATED---

AND IN A
PASS OF
PRACTICE,
REQUITE HIM
FOR YOUR
FATHER.

I WILL
DO'T.

AND, FOR THAT
PURPOSE, I'LL
ANOINT
MY SWORD.

I BOUGHT
AN UNCTION
OF A
MOUNTEBANK...

I'LL TOUCH MY
POINT WITH THIS
CONTAGION, THAT,
IF I GALL HIM
SLIGHTLY...



...IT
MAY
BE
DEATH.

LET'S
FURTHER
THINK OF
THIS...

I'LL HAVE
PREPARED HIM
A CHALICE FOR
THE NONCE,

WHEREON
BUT
SIPPING,

IF HE BY
CHANCE
ESCAPE YOUR
VENOMED
STUCK,

OUR
PURPOSE
MAY HOLD
THERE.

BUT
STAY---
WHAT
NOISE?

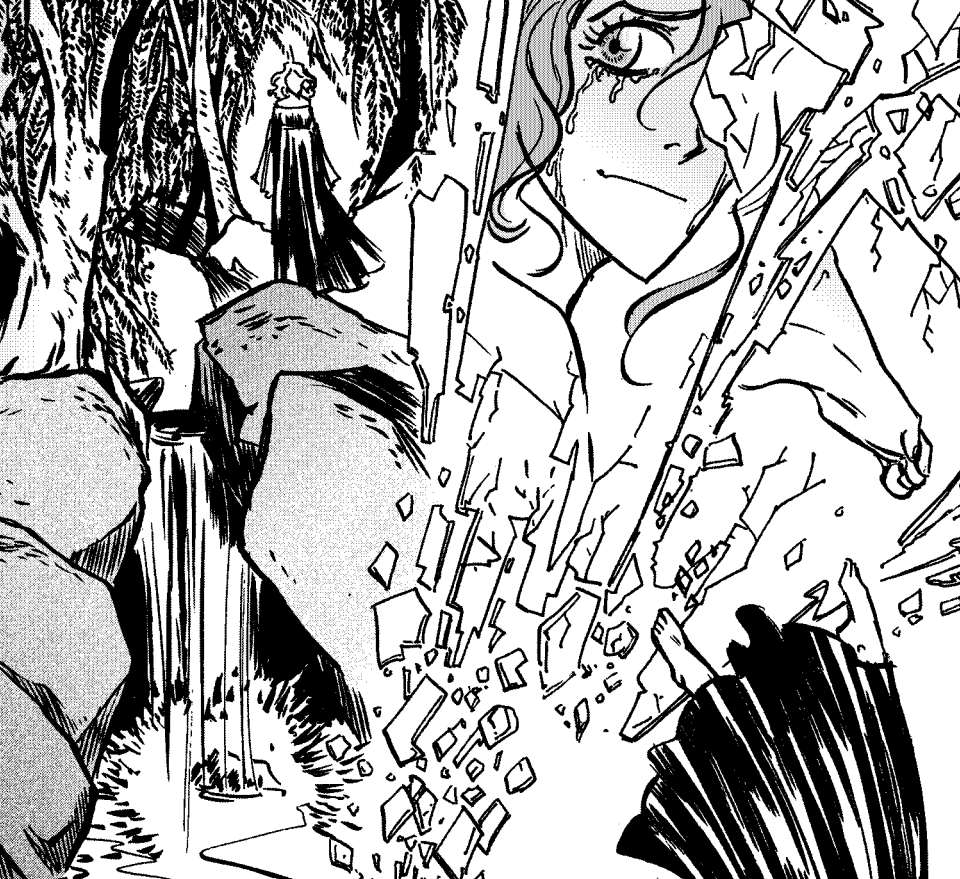
ONE WOE DOTH
TREAD UPON
ANOTHER'S
HEEL, SO FAST
THEY FOLLOW.

YOUR
SISTER'S
DROWNED,
LAERTES.

DROWNED!

O, WHERE?

THERE IS A
WILLOW GROWS
ASLANT A BROOK,
THAT SHOWS
HIS HOARY LEAVES
IN THE GLASSY
STREAM.



THERewith
FANTASTIC GARLANDS
DID SHE MAKE,
OF CROWFLOWERS,
NETTLES, DAISIES, AND
LONG PURPLES, THAT
LIBERAL SHEPHERDS
GIVE A GROSSER NAME,

BUT OUR COLD MAIDS DO "DEAD
MEN'S FINGERS" CALL THEM...

THERE, ON THE PENDENT BOUGHS
HER CORONET WEEDS CLAMBERING TO HANG,
AN ENVIOUS SLIVER BROKE ---

WHEN DOWN HER WEEDY TROPHIES AND
HERSELF FELL IN THE WEeping BROOK.



HER CLOTHES SPREAD WIDE
AND, MERMAID-LIKE, AWHILE
THEY, BORE HER UP--

WHICH TIME SHE CHANTED
SNATCHES OF OLD TUNES, AS
ONE INCAPABLE OF HER OWN
DISTRESS, OR, LIKE A CREATURE
NATIVE AND INDUED UNTO
THAT ELEMENT...

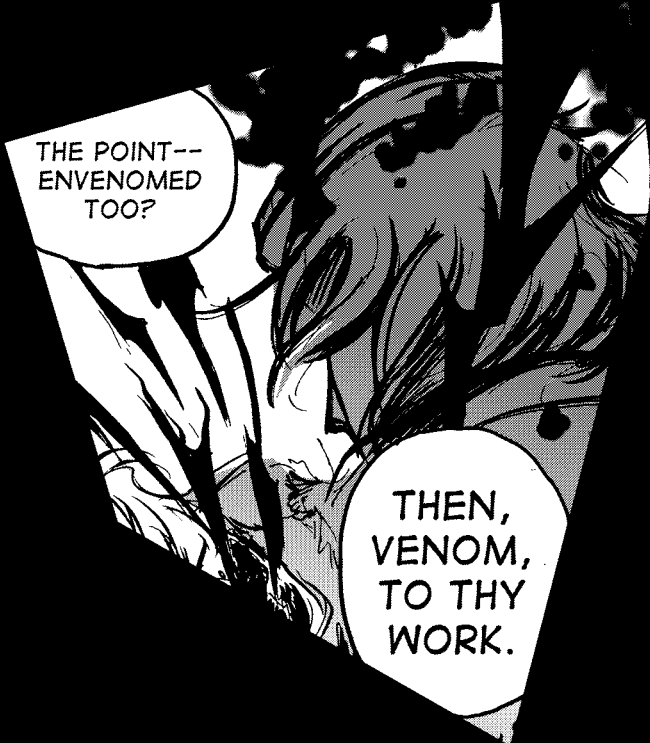
BUT LONG IT COULD
NOT BE TILL THAT HER
GARMENTS, HEAVY
WITH THEIR DRINK,

PULLED THE POOR WRETCH
FROM HER MELODIOUS LAY
TO MUDDY DEATH...

ALAS,
THEN SHE IS
DROWNED?

DROWNED.
DROWNED.

ACT V



THE POINT--
ENVENOMED
TOO?

THEN,
VENOM,
TO THY
WORK.



...UP FROM MY
CABIN, MY
SEA-GOWN
SCARFED
ABOUT ME,

IN THE DARK GROPED
I TO UNSEAL THEIR
GRAND COMMISSION...



...WHERE
I FOUND,
HORATIO--
O ROYAL
KNAVERY--
AN EXACT
COMMAND:

MY HEAD
SHOULD
BE STRUCK
OFF.



IS'T
POSSIBLE?

BEING THUS
BENETTED ROUND
WITH VILLAINIES,
I SAT ME DOWN,
DEVISED A *NEW*
COMMISSION:

AN EARNEST
CONJURATION
FROM THE KING,
AS ENGLAND WAS
HIS FAITHFUL
TRIBUTARY,

THAT,
ON THE VIEW
AND KNOWING
OF THESE
CONTENTS,

HE SHOULD THE
BEARERS PUT TO
SUDDEN DEATH.

I HAD MY
FATHER'S SIGNET
IN MY PURSE.

SO GUILDENSTERN
AND ROSENCRANTZ
GO TO'T.

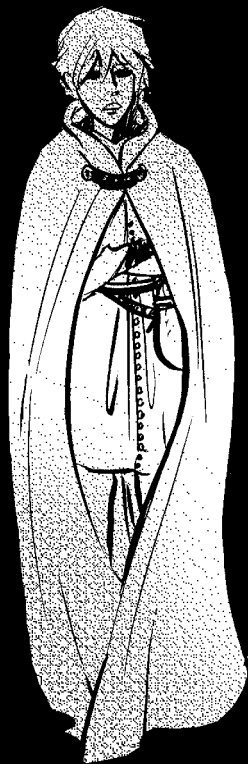
THEY
ARE NOT NEAR
MY CONSCIENCE--


THEIR DEFEAT
DOES BY THEIR
OWN INSINUATION
GROW.

IN YOUTH, WHEN I
DID LOVE, DID LOVE,
METHOUGHT IT WAS
VERY SWEET

TO CONTRACT
THE TIME FOR
MY BEHOVE--

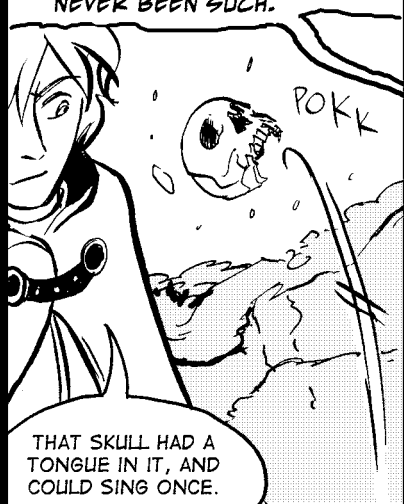
O, METHOUGHT
THERE WAS
NOTHING MEET...






HAS THIS FELLOW
NO FEELING OF
HIS BUSINESS,
THAT HE SINGS
AT GRAVE-
MAKING?

CUSTOM HATH
MADE IT IN HIM
A PROPERTY
OF EASINESS.



BUT AGE, WITH HIS
STEALING STEPS,
HATH CLAWED ME
IN HIS CLUTCH,
AND HATH SHIPPED ME
INTO THE LAND,
AS IF I HAD
NEVER BEEN SUCH.

THAT SKULL HAD A
TONGUE IN IT, AND
COULD SING ONCE.



HOW THE KNAVE
JOWLS IT TO THE
GROUND, AS IF IT
WERE CAIN'S
JAW-BONE, THAT
DID THE FIRST
MURDER!



IT MIGHT BE THE PATE OF A **POLITICIAN**, MIGHT IT NOT?

IT MIGHT, MY LORD.



...OR OF A **COURTIER**, WHICH COULD SAY "GOOD MORROW, SWEET LORD! HOW DOST THOU, GOOD LORD?"-- MIGHT IT NOT?

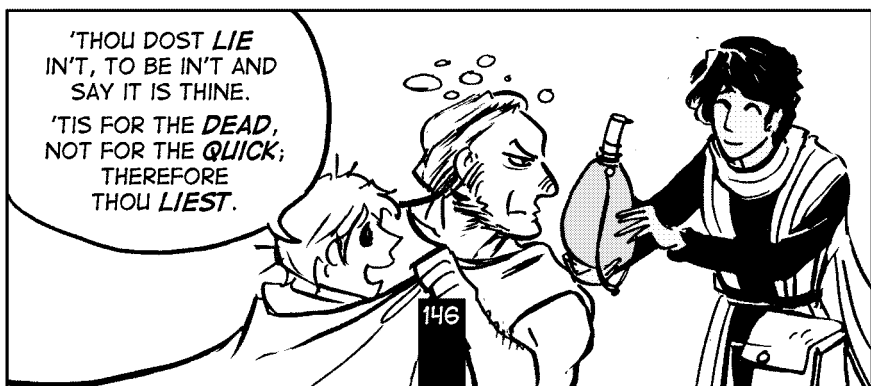
AY, MY LORD.




AND NOW MY LADY WORM'S, CHAPLESS AND KNOCKED ABOUT WITH A SEXTON'S SPADE.

A PICK-AXE, AND A SPADE, A SPADE, FOR AND A SHROUDING SHEET

BOXX
EOW HIT





WHAT MAN
DOST THOU
DIG IT FOR?

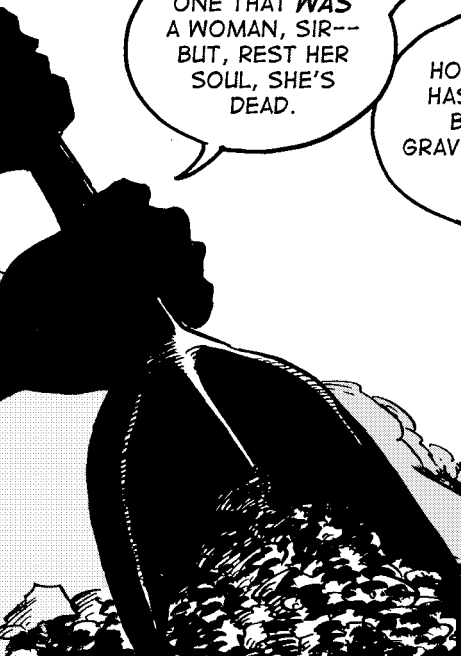
FOR NO
MAN, SIR.

WHAT
WOMAN,
THEN?



FOR
NONE,
NEITHER.

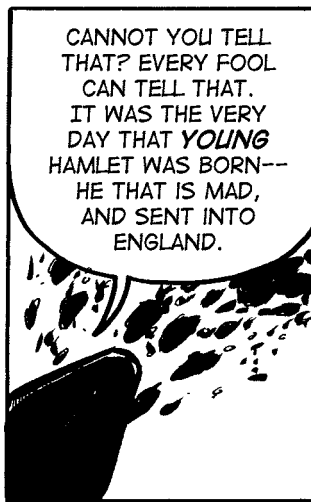
WHO
IS TO BE
BURIED
IN'T?



ONE THAT *WAS*
A WOMAN, SIR--
BUT, REST HER
SOUL, SHE'S
DEAD.

HOW LONG
HAST THOU
BEEN A
GRAVE-MAKER?

OF ALL THE
DAYS I' THE
YEAR, I CAME
TO'T THAT DAY
THAT OUR *LAST*
KING HAMLET
OVERCAME
FORTINBRAS.



THIS
SAME SKULL,
SIR, WAS
YORICK'S
SKULL--

THE
KING'S
JESTER.



ALAS,
POOR
YORICK!

I
KNEW HIM,
HORATIO--

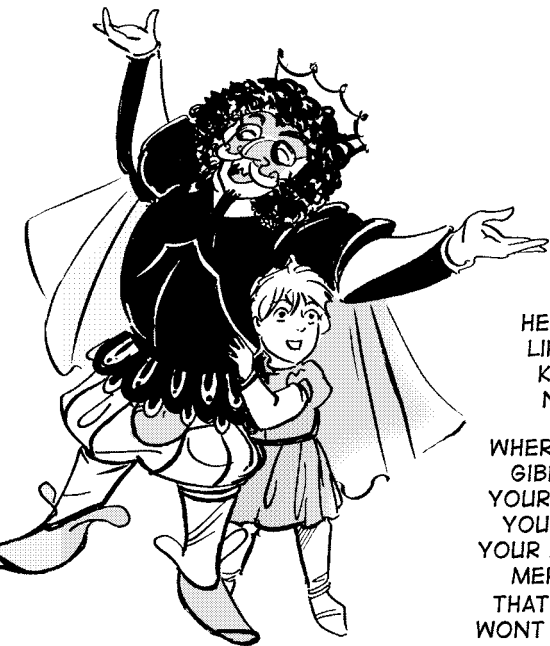


A FELLOW OF
INFINITE JEST, OF
MOST EXCELLENT
FANCY.

HE HATH BORNE
ME ON HIS BACK
A THOUSAND
TIMES.

AND NOW HOW
ABHORRED IN MY
IMAGINATION
IT IS!





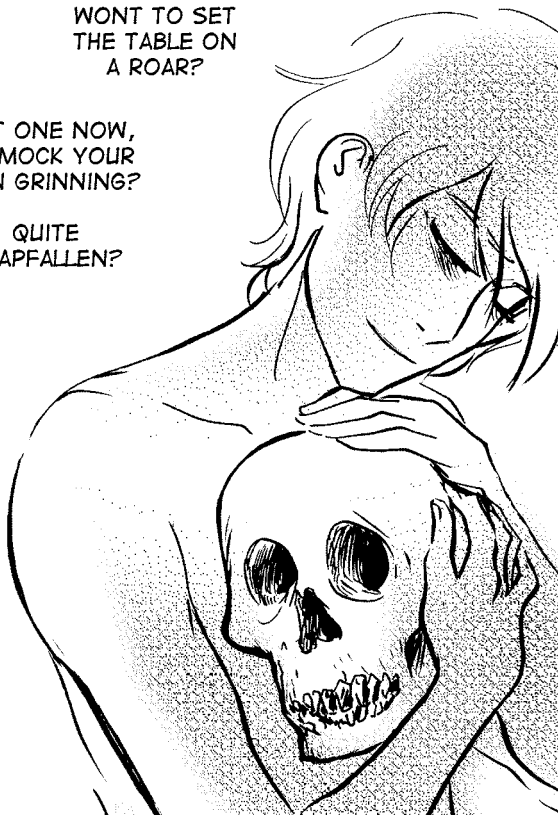
MY GORGE
RISES AT IT.

HERE HUNG THOSE
LIPS THAT I HAVE
KISSED I KNOW
NOT HOW OFT.

WHERE BE YOUR
GIBES NOW?
YOUR GAMBOLS,
YOUR SONGS,
YOUR FLASHES OF
MERRIMENT,
THAT WERE
WONT TO SET
THE TABLE ON
A ROAR?

NOT ONE NOW,
TO MOCK YOUR
OWN GRINNING?

QUITE
CHAPFALLEN?





--BUT SOFT!
HERE COMES
THE KING.




COLUCH
WE AWHILE,
AND MARK.




HER DEATH WAS...
DOUBTFUL, AND--
BUT THAT GREAT
COMMAND
O'ERSWAYS
THE ORDER--





SHE *SHOULD* IN GROUND
UNSANCTIFIED HAVE LODGED
TILL THE LAST TRUMPET.



MUST
THERE NO
MORE BE
DONE?


NO MORE
BE DONE.

WE SHOULD PROFANE
THE SERVICE OF THE
DEAD TO SING A
REQUIEM AND SUCH
REST TO *HER*
AS TO *PEACE-*
PARTED SOULS.

LAY HER I' THE EARTH,
AND FROM HER FAIR
AND UNPOLLUTED FLESH
MAY VIOLETS SPRING!



I TELL
THEE,
CHURLISH
PRIEST,




A MINISTERING
ANGEL SHALL
MY SISTER
BE...

...WHEN
THOU LIEST
HOWLING.



WHAT?
THE FAIR
OPHELIA?


SWEETS TO
THE SWEET.
FAREWELL!



I HOPED
THOU SHOULDST
HAVE BEEN MY
HAMLET'S WIFE---

I THOUGHT THY
BRIDE-BED TO
HAVE DECKED,
SWEET MAID,

AND NOT
HAVE STREWED
THY GRAVE.



O, TREBLE WOE FALL TEN
TIMES TREBLE ON THAT
CURSED HEAD, WHOSE WICKED
DEED THY MOST INGENIOUS
SENSE DEPRIVED THEE OF!

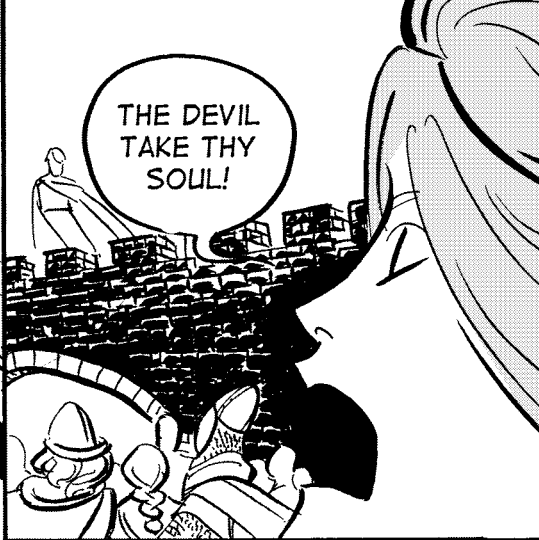
HOLD OFF THE
EARTH AWHILE,
TILL I HAVE
CAUGHT HER
ONCE MORE IN
MINE ARMS.

NOW PILE YOUR
DUST UPON THE
QUICK AND DEAD,
TILL OF THIS *FLAT*
A MOUNTAIN
YOU HAVE MADE!

THIS
IS I,



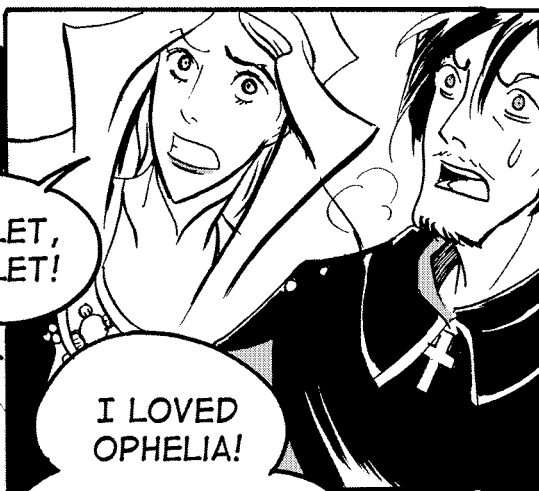
HAMLET
THE
DANE.



THE DEVIL
TAKE THY
SOUL!



HAMLET,
HAMLET!



I LOVED
OPHELIA!

*FORTY THOUSAND
BROTHERS* COULD
NOT, WITH ALL THEIR
QUANTITY OF LOVE,
MAKE UP *MY* SUM.

WHAT WILT *THOU*
DO FOR HER?

O,
HE IS *MAD*,
LAERTES.

THIS IS
MERE
MADNESS.

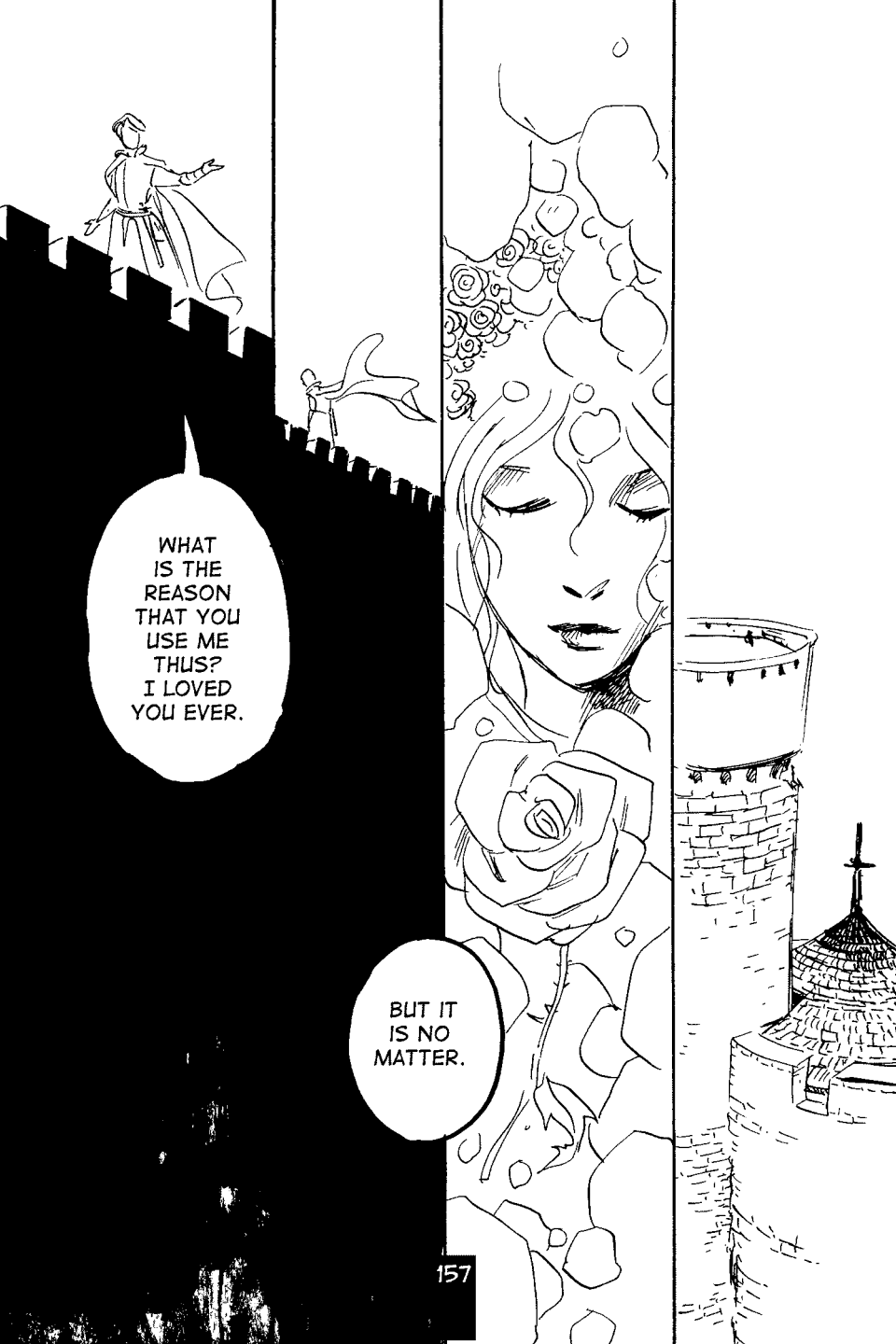
SHOW ME
WHAT THOU'LT
DO: WEEP?
FIGHT?
FAST?

TEAR THYSELF?
DRINK UP EISEL?
EAT A
CROCODILE?
I'LL DO'T.

DOST THOU COME
HERE TO WHINE?
TO OUTFACE ME
WITH LEAPING IN
HER GRAVE? BE
BURIED QUICK
WITH HER, AND
SO WILL I.


*I'LL RANT AS
WELL AS THOU.*

FOR LOVE
OF GOD,
FORBEAR
HIM.



WHAT
IS THE
REASON
THAT YOU
USE ME
THUS?
I LOVED
YOU EVER.

BUT IT
IS NO
MATTER.




OUR INDISCRETION
SOMETIME SERVES US
WELL WHEN OUR DEEP
PLOTS DO PALL.


AND THAT SHOULD
LEARN US THERE'S
A DIVINITY THAT
SHAPES OUR ENDS,
ROUGH-HEW THEM
HOW WE WILL--



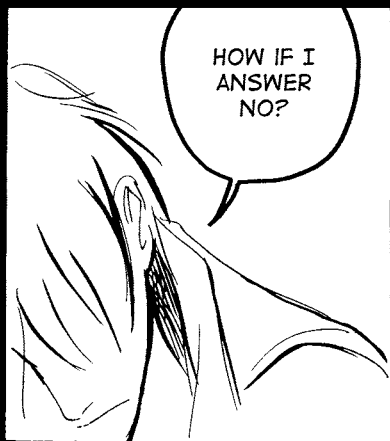
THAT
IS MOST
CERTAIN.



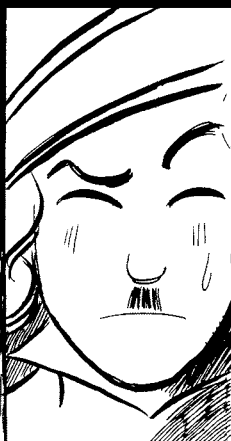
THE KING, SIR,
HATH LAID, SIR,
THAT IN A DOZEN
PASSES BETWEEN
YOURSELF AND
LAERTES,



HE SHALL
NOT EXCEED
YOU THREE
HITS.

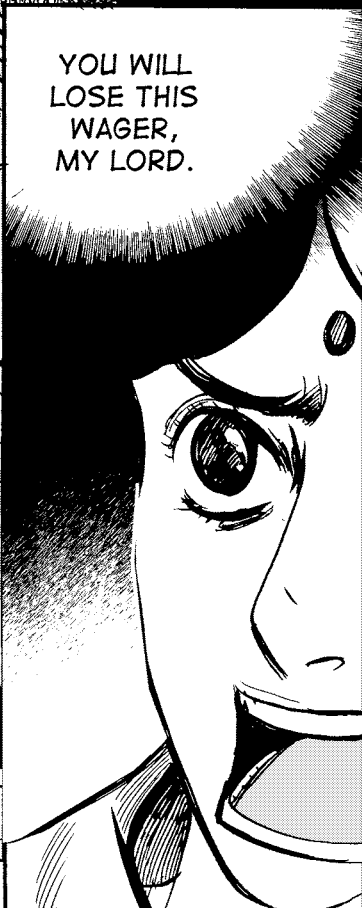


HOW IF I
ANSWER
NO?



LET THE FOILS
BE BROUGHT,
THE GENTLEMAN
WILLING, AND
THE KING HOLD
HIS PURPOSE,
I WILL WIN
FOR HIM--
AND I CAN.

IF NOT, I WILL
GAIN NOTHING BUT
MY SHAME AND
THE ODD HITS.



YOU WILL
LOSE THIS
WAGER,
MY LORD.



I DO NOT THINK SO. SINCE HE WENT INTO FRANCE, I HAVE BEEN IN CONTINUAL PRACTICE. I SHALL WIN AT THE ODDS. THOU WOULDST NOT THINK HOW ILL ALL'S HERE ABOUT MY HEART...



BUT IT IS NO MATTER.



NOT A WHIT, WE DEFY AUGURY. THERE IS SPECIAL PROVIDENCE IN THE FALL OF A SPARROW.

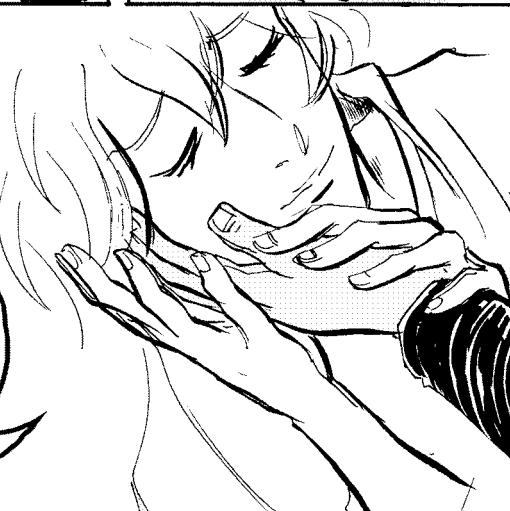


IF YOUR MIND DISLIKE ANYTHING, OBEY IT. I WILL FORESTALL THEIR REPAIR HITHER, AND SAY YOU ARE NOT FIT.



IF IT BE NOW, 'TIS NOT TO COME; IF IT BE NOT TO COME, IT WILL BE NOW; IF IT BE NOT NOW, YET IT *WILL* COME. THE READINESS IS ALL.


SINCE NO MAN OF AUGHT HE LEAVES KNOWS, WHAT IS'T TO LEAVE BETIMES?



LET BE.

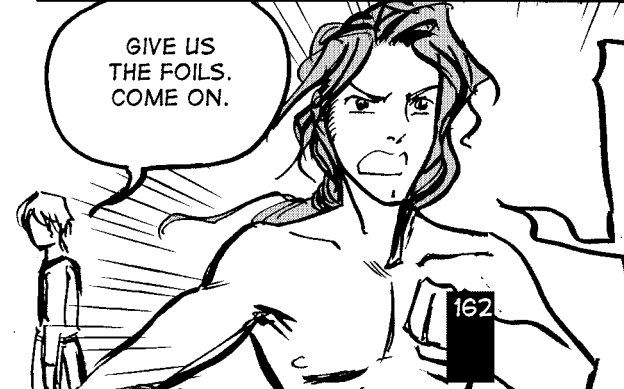
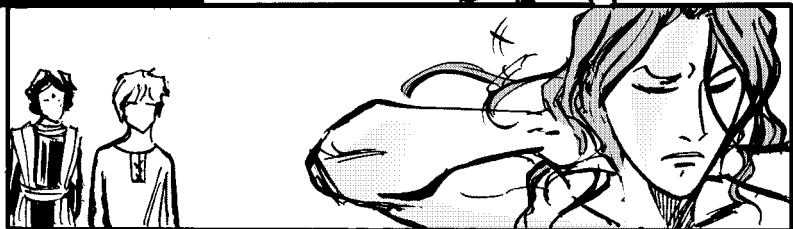
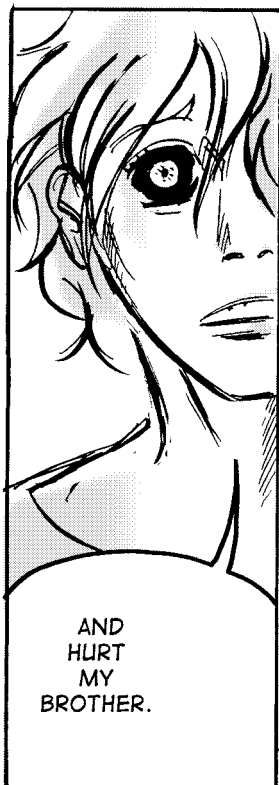
GIVE ME YOUR
PARDON, SIR:
I HAVE DONE
YOU WRONG.

THIS PRESENCE
KNOWS, AND YOU
MUST NEEDS HAVE
HEARD, HOW I AM
PUNISHED WITH A
SORE DISTRACTION.



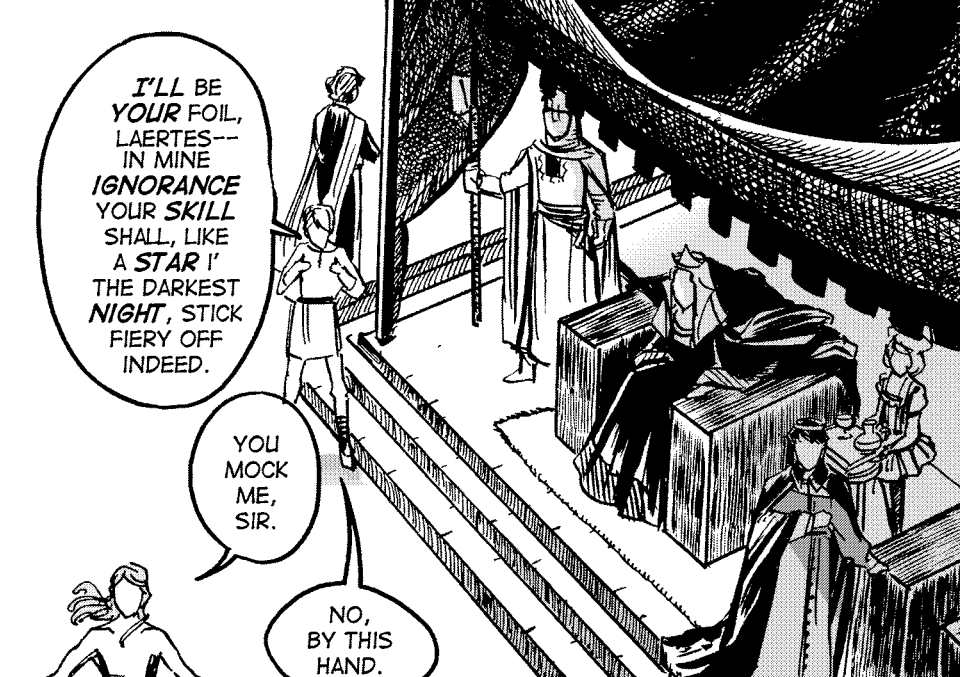
WHAT I HAVE DONE THAT
MIGHT YOUR NATURE, HONOR,
AND EXCEPTION ROUGHLY
AWAKE, I HERE PROCLAIM
WAS *MADNESS*.

LET MY DISCLAIMING FROM
A *PURPOSED* EVIL FREE ME
SO FAR IN YOUR MOST
GENEROUS THOUGHTS THAT
I HAVE SHOT MINE ARROW
O'ER THE HOUSE,



GIVE US
THE FOILS.
COME ON.

COME,
ONE
FOR
ME.



I'LL BE
YOUR FOIL,
LAERTES---
IN MINE
IGNORANCE
YOUR **SKILL**
SHALL, LIKE
A **STAR** I'
THE DARKEST
NIGHT, STICK
FIERY OFF
INDEED.

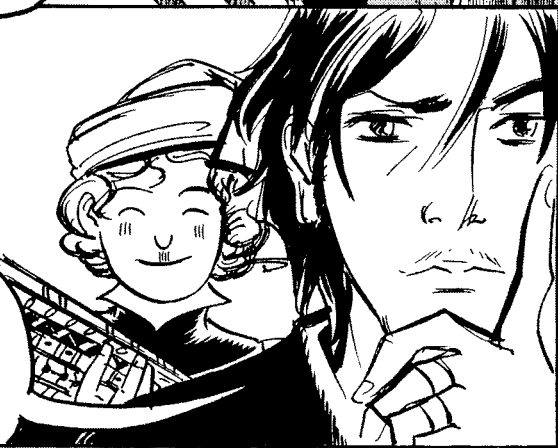
YOU
MOCK
ME,
SIR.

NO,
BY THIS
HAND.

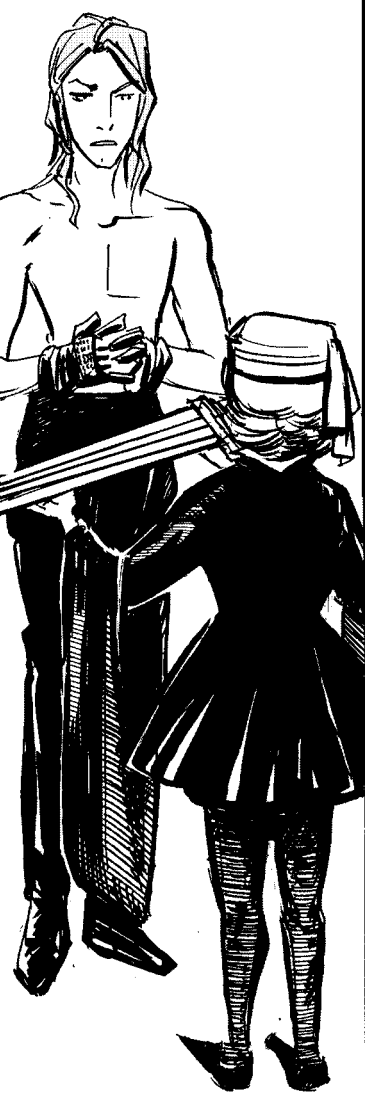


GIVE THEM
THE FOILS,
YOUNG
OSRIC.

COUSIN
HAMLET, YOU
KNOW THE
WAGER?



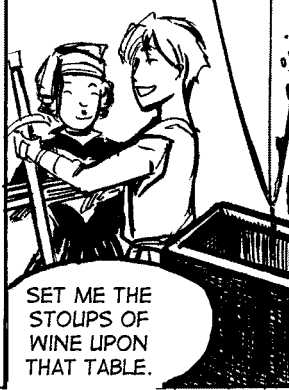
VERY WELL, MY
LORD. YOUR
GRACE HATH LAID
THE ODDS O' TH'
WEAKER SIDE.



THIS IS TOO HEAVY. LET ME SEE ANOTHER.



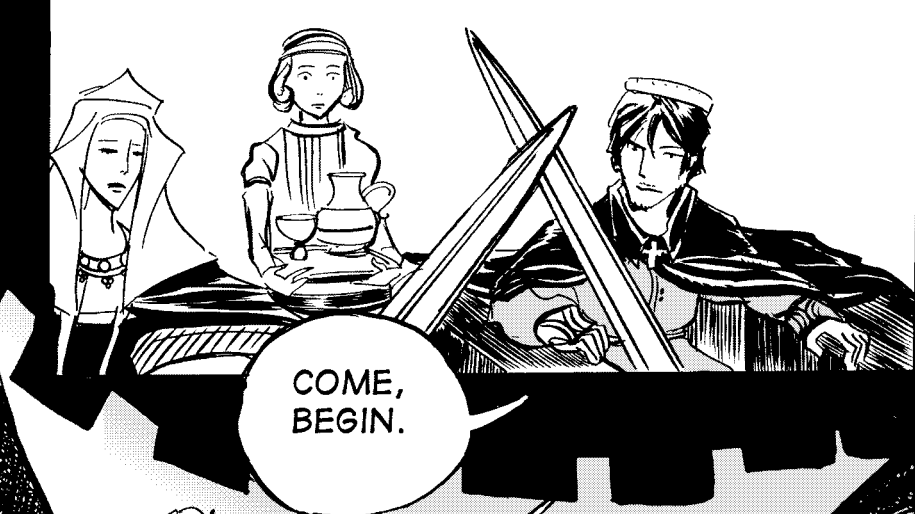
THIS LIKES ME WELL.



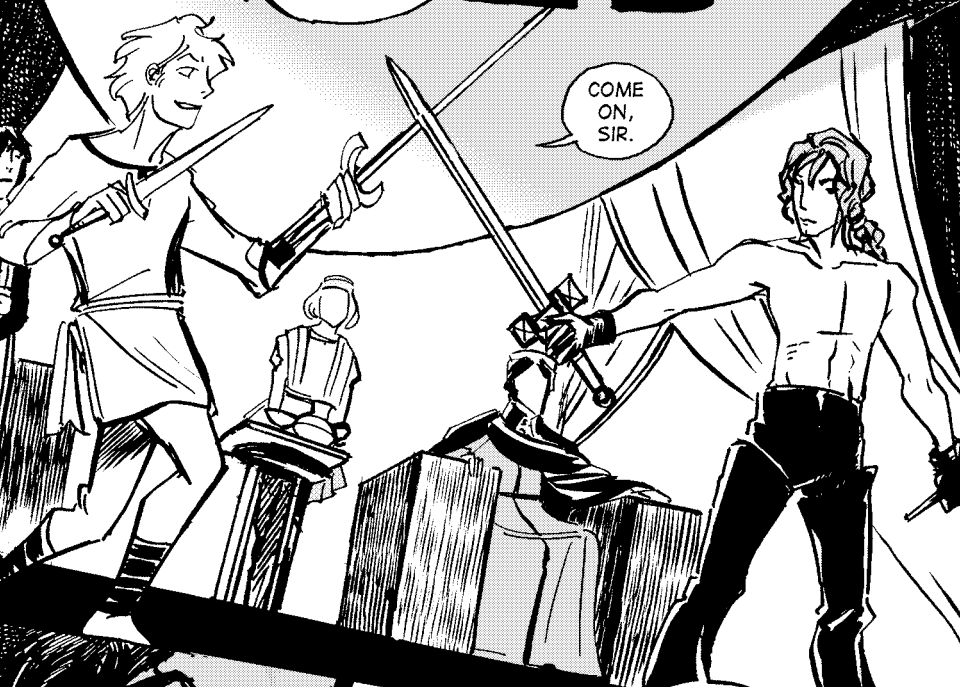
SET ME THE STOLIPS OF WINE UPON THAT TABLE.

IF HAMLET GIVE THE *FIRST* OR *SECOND* HIT, OR QUIT IN ANSWER OF THE *THIRD* EXCHANGE, THE KING SHALL DRINK TO HAMLET'S BETTER BREATH-- AND LET THE KETTLE TO THE TRUMPET SPEAK, THE TRUMPET TO THE CANNONEER WITHOUT, THE CANNONS TO THE HEAVENS, THE HEAVEN TO EARTH:

"THE KING DRINKS TO HAMLET!"



COME,
BEGIN.



COME
ON,
SIR.



COME,
MY LORD.



ONE.

NO.

JUDGMENT?

A HIT, A VERY
PALPABLE HIT.

WELL,
AGAIN.



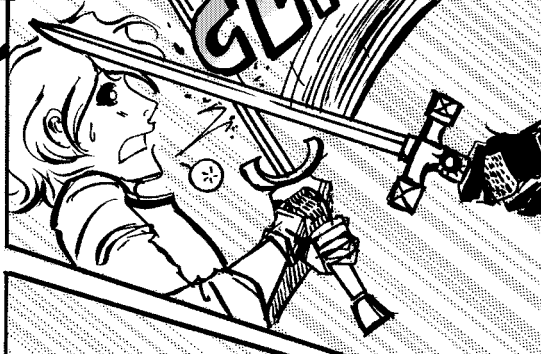
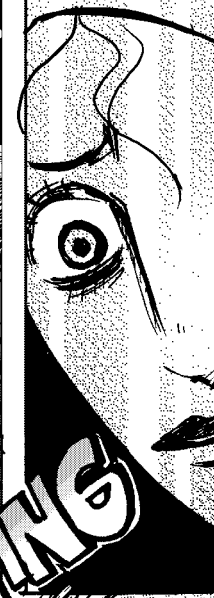
STAY,
GIVE ME
DRINK.

HAMLET,
THIS PEARL
IS THINE.

HERE'S
TO THY
HEALTH.

I'LL PLAY THIS
BOUT FIRST--
SET IT BY
AWHILE.



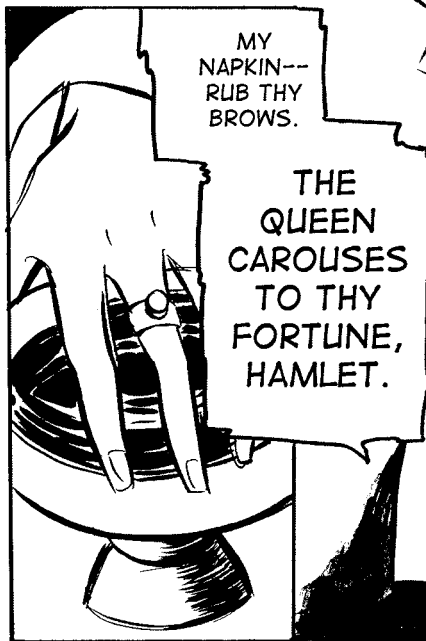




ANOTHER
HIT--
WHAT SAY
YOU?

A TOUCH. A
TOUCH, I DO
CONFESS'T.

OUR SON
SHALL WIN.



MY
NAPKIN---
RUB THY
BROWS.

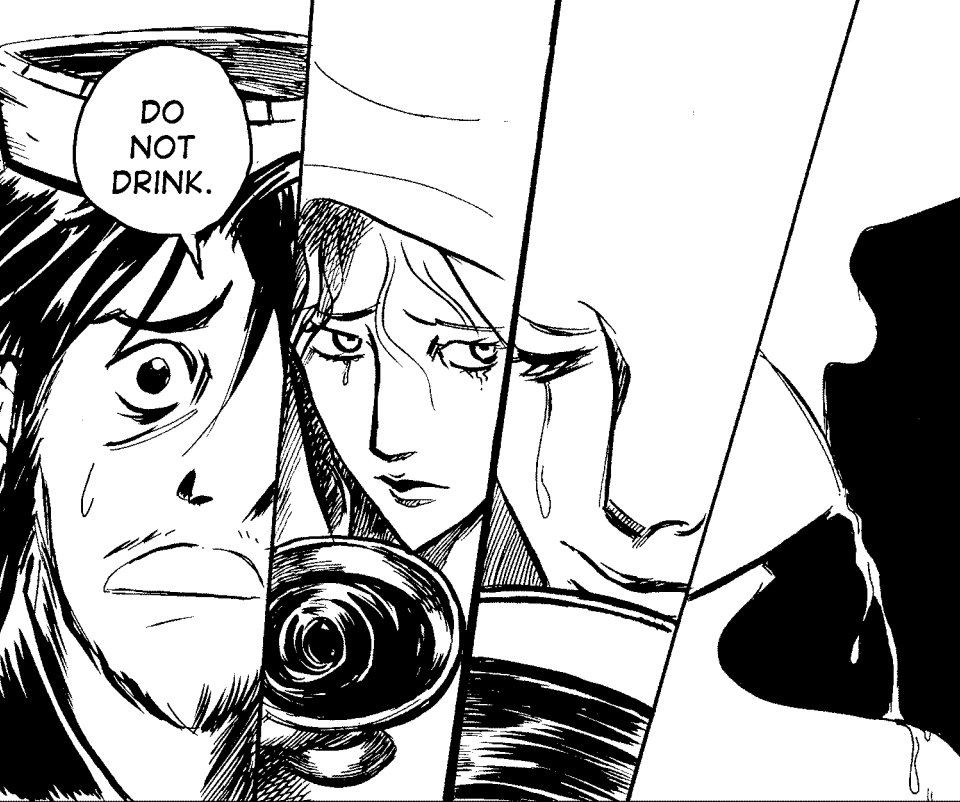
THE
QUEEN
CAROUSES
TO THY
FORTUNE,
HAMLET.



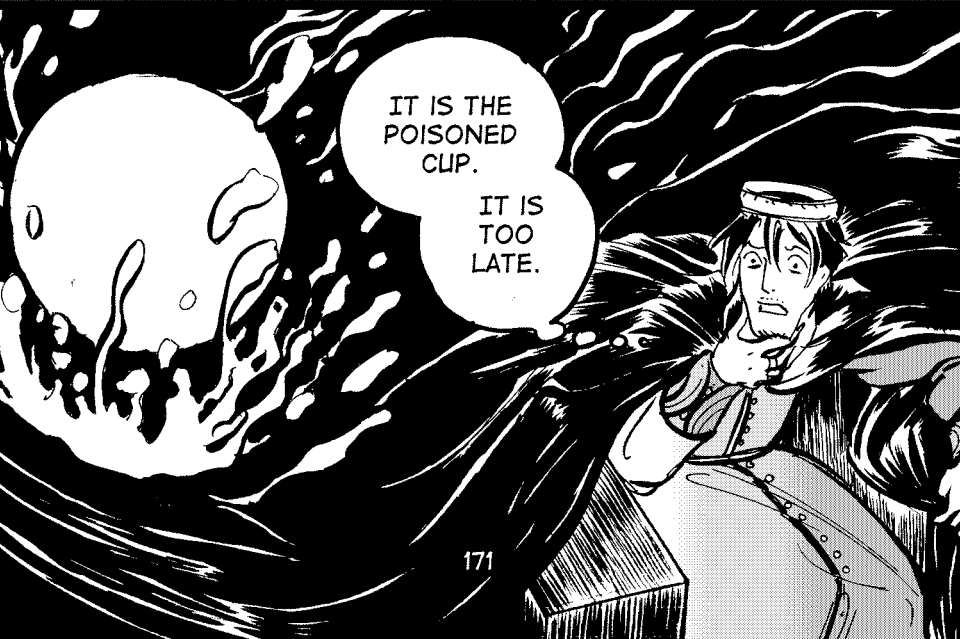
GOOD
MADAM.



GERTRUDE,



DO NOT DRINK.



IT IS THE
POISONED
CUP.

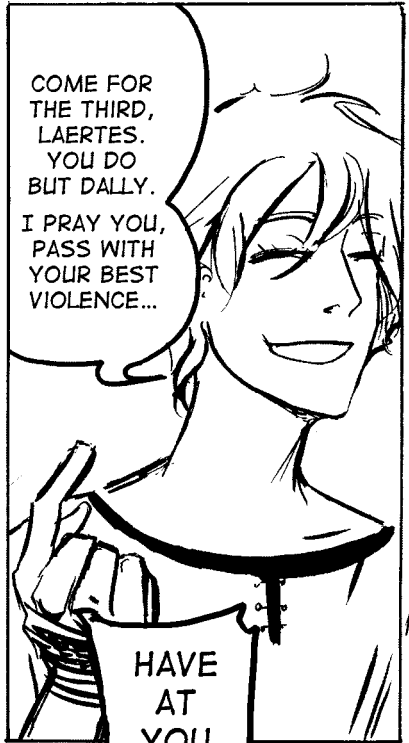
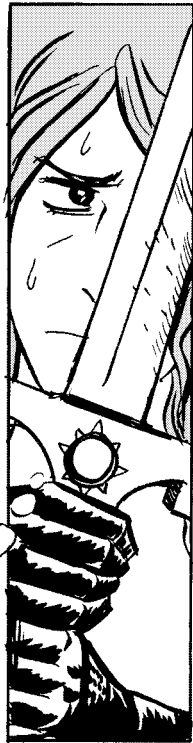
IT IS
TOO
LATE.



MY LORD,
I'LL HIT HIM
NOW.

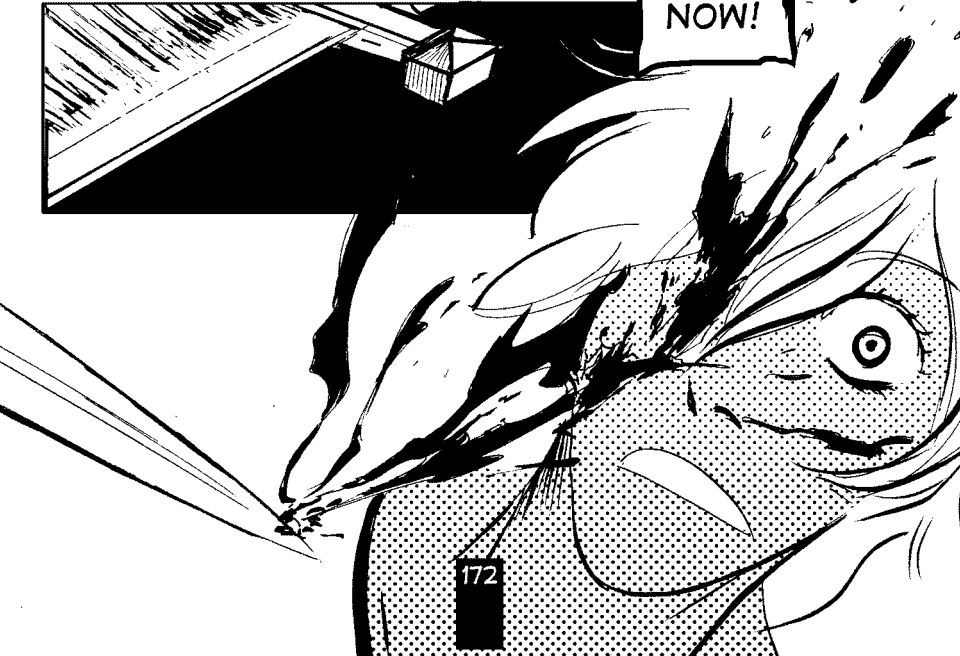
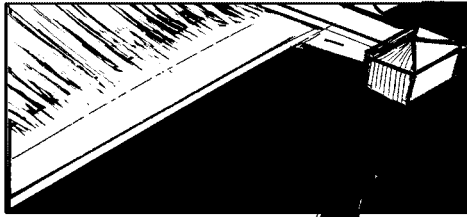
I DO
NOT
THINK'T.

AND YET IT
IS ALMOST
AGAINST MY
CONSCIENCE.

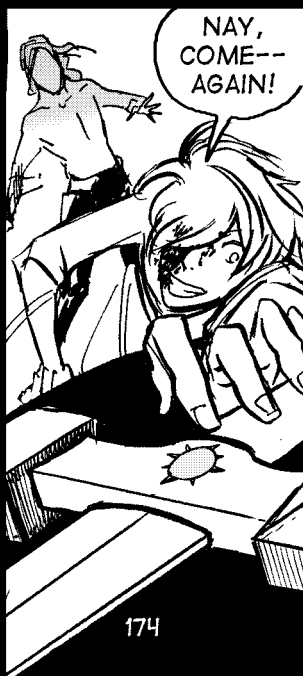


COME FOR
THE THIRD,
LAERTES.
YOU DO
BUT DALLY.
I PRAY YOU,
PASS WITH
YOUR BEST
VIOLENCE...

HAVE
AT
YOU
NOW!









LOOK TO
THE QUEEN
THERE, HO!

THEY
BLEED ON
BOTH SIDES.

HOW IS
IT, MY
LORD?

HOW DOES
THE QUEEN?

SHE...
SWOONS TO
SEE THEM
BLEED!

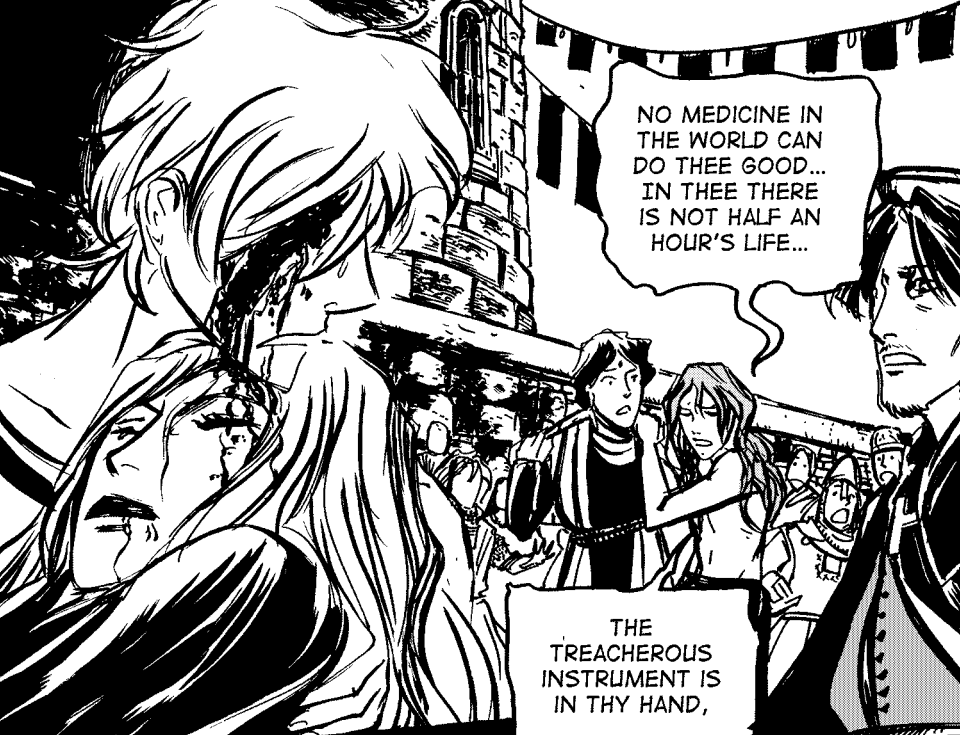
NO, NO,
THE DRINK,
THE DRINK!

O MY
DEAR
HAMLET!

I AM...

POISONED.

O VILLAINY! HO!
LET THE DOOR BE
LOCKED. TREACHERY!
SEEK IT OUT.



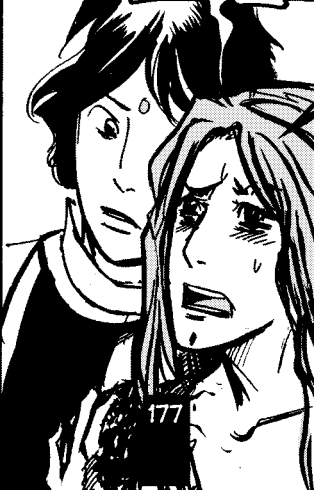
NO MEDICINE IN THE WORLD CAN DO THEE GOOD... IN THEE THERE IS NOT HALF AN HOUR'S LIFE...

THE TREACHEROUS INSTRUMENT IS IN THY HAND,

UNBATED AND ENVENOMED...



THY MOTHER'S POISONED... I CAN NO MORE... THE KING...



THE KING'S TO BLAME.



GRIP

THE POINT--
ENVENOMED
TOO?

THEN,
VENOM,
TO THY
WORK.

TREASON!


TREASON!

O, YET
DEFEND ME,
FRIENDS--

I AM
BUT
HURT.

HERE, THOU
*INCESTUOUS,
MURDEROUS,
DAMNED*
DANE:

DRINK OFF THIS
POTION! IS THY
UNION HERE?
FOLLOW MY
MOTHER.



HE IS JUSTLY SERVED. IT IS A POISON TEMPERED BY HIMSELF.



EXCHANGE FORGIVENESS WITH ME, NOBLE HAMLET.



MINE AND MY FATHER'S DEATH COME NOT UPON THEE...



...NOR THINE ON ME.



I AM DEAD, HORATIO.

WRETCHED QUEEN, ADIEU!

HAD I BUT
TIME---

AS THIS FELL
SERGEANT,
DEATH, IS STRICT
IN HIS ARREST---

O, I COULD
TELL YOU...
BUT LET IT BE.

HORATIO,
I AM
DEAD.
THOU
LIVEST.
REPORT
ME AND
MY CAUSE
ARIGHT.

IF THOU DIDST
EVER HOLD ME
IN THY HEART,
ABSENT THEE
FROM *FELICITY*
AWHILE,

AND IN THIS
HARSH WORLD
DRAW THY
BREATH IN
PAIN, TO TELL
MY STORY.

WHAT
WARLIKE
NOISE IS
THIS?



YOUNG
FORTINBRAS,
WITH CONQUEST
COME FROM
POLAND.

I DIE,
HORATIO.

THE
REST IS
SILENCE.



NOW
CRACKS
A NOBLE
HEART.

GOOD
NIGHT,
SWEET
PRINCE--

AND
FLIGHTS
OF ANGELS
SING THEE
TO THY
REST!

THIS
QUARRY
CRIES ON
HAVOC.

O PROUD DEATH,
WHAT FEAST IS
TOWARD IN THINE
ETERNAL CELL,
THAT THOU SO
MANY PRINCES AT
A SHOT SO
BLOODILY HAST
STRUCK?

THE SIGHT
IS DISMAL.

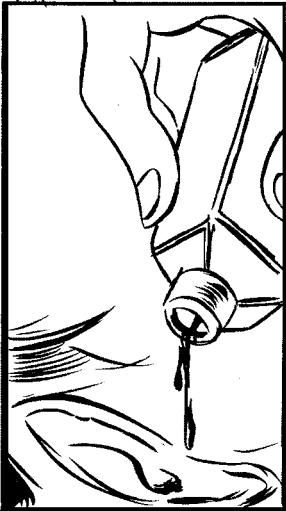
LET ME SPEAK
TO THE YET
UNKNOWING
WORLD HOW
THESE THINGS
CAME ABOUT.



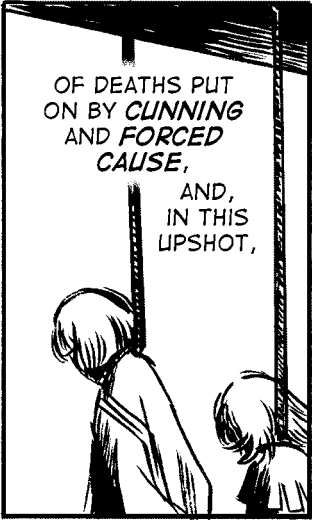
SO SHALL
YOU HEAR



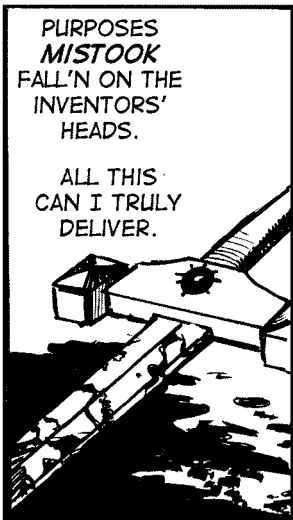
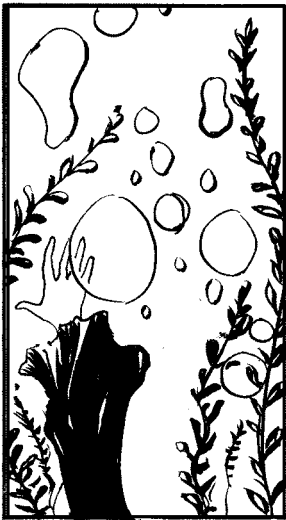
OF CARNAL,
BLOODY,
AND
UNNATURAL
ACTS;



OF ACCIDENTAL
JUDGMENTS,
CASUAL
SLAUGHTERS,



OF DEATHS PUT
ON BY *CUNNING*
AND *FORCED*
CAUSE,
AND,
IN THIS
LIPSHOT,



PURPOSES
MISTOOK
FALL'N ON THE
INVENTORS'
HEADS.

ALL THIS
CAN I TRULY
DELIVER.

LET US HASTE TO
HEAR IT, AND CALL
THE NOBLEST TO
THE AUDIENCE.



FOR ME, WITH
SORROW I
EMBRACE MY
FORTUNE:



I HAVE SOME RIGHTS OF
MEMORY IN THIS KINGDOM,
WHICH NOW TO CLAIM MY
VANTAGE DOTH INVITE ME.

TAKE UP THE BODIES.
SUCH A SIGHT AS
THIS *BECOMES*
THE FIELD--
BUT HERE *SHOWS*
MUCH AMISS.



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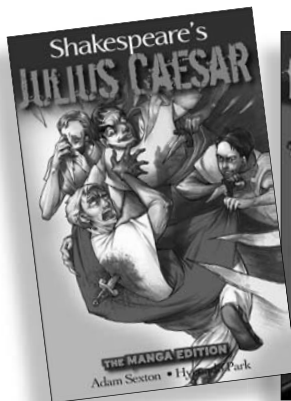
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