

**5 The scrambled sentences below form an outline of Hamlet's thoughts. Link each statement to the corresponding lines from the text. Hamlet...**

- sees an imperfection in death as a solution to man's problems. 1-5
- asks if man should take action against the negative aspects of life or endure them passively. 5-9
- asks why man endures suffering when he can simply end his life by committing suicide. 10-14
- compares death to sleep and considers it to be a passive solution to the suffering of living. 15-21
- says that thought paralyzes man and makes him unable to take action. 21-27
- answers his own question saying that the element of the unknown in death frightens man. 27-33

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<p>To be, or not to be, that is the question;            Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer            The slings<sup>1</sup> and arrows of outrageous<sup>2</sup> fortune,            Or to take arms against a sea of troubles            5 And by opposing end them? To die — to sleep,            No more; and by a sleep to say we end            The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks            That flesh<sup>3</sup> is heir to<sup>4</sup>: 'tis a consummation<sup>5</sup>            Devoutly<sup>6</sup> to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;            10 To sleep, perchance<sup>7</sup> to dream — Ay, there's the rub<sup>8</sup>;            For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,            When we have shuffled off this mortal coil<sup>9</sup>,            Must give us pause<sup>10</sup> — there's the respect            That makes calamity of so long life<sup>11</sup>.            15 For who would bear the whips and scorns<sup>12</sup> of time,            Th'oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely<sup>13</sup>,            The pangs of despis'd love<sup>14</sup>, the law's delay,            The insolence of office<sup>15</sup>, and the spurns</p>	<p>That patient merit of th'unworthy takes<sup>16</sup>,            20 When he himself might his quietus<sup>17</sup> make            With a bare bodkin<sup>18</sup>? Who would these fardels bear,            To grunt and sweat under a weary life,            But that the dread<sup>19</sup> of something after death —            The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn<sup>20</sup>            25 No traveller returns — puzzles the will<sup>21</sup>,            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<sup>22</sup> of resolution            30 Is sicklied o'er<sup>23</sup> with the pale cast<sup>24</sup> of thought,            And enterprises of great pitch and moment<sup>25</sup>,            With this regard<sup>26</sup> their currents turn awry<sup>27</sup>            And lose the name of action.</p>
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