**English 12- Mrs. Boggio Name: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**To Be or Not To Be: Parody Assignment (20 points)**

You are writing a Parody based on Shakespeare’s most famous speech.

A parody (when the style of an author or work is closely imitated, usually for comedic effect) of Hamlet’s “To Be or Not to Be” speech. (III.I)

- It can be written in modern or Shakespearean English, but must mimic the structure and tone of Hamlet’s speech.

- The parody should begin at the start of his speech (about line 56) and end around line 85.

**Audience:**

- Teens/young adults

**Topic:**

- Your choice (deliberating about a specific question or course of action) School appropriate!! Be original and creative. Check out YouTube videos for more examples. Interesting *Twilight* adaptation: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hQIKQ1zT72w

**The Parodies (EXAMPLES)**

**The Slacker's Soliloquy**

To slack, or not to slack, that is the question;  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The zeros and low marks of outrageous assignments,  
Or to take pens against a sea of compositions,  
And by opposing, finish them. To work; to accomplish,  
No more, and by accomplishment to say we end  
The workload, and the thousand essays  
That students are heirs to; 'tis a dream  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To work, to accomplish;  
To accomplish; perchance to succeed; ay, there's the rub;  
For in that accomplishment of work what mark may come,  
When we have submitted this completed piece,  
Must give us pause; there's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long a school career.

By: Enoch Tung

**The Worker's (perhaps Teacher?) Soliloquy**

To work, or not to work, that is the question:  
Whether it is better to stay at home with the television,  
Munching on chips and gulping on root beer,  
Or continue with the ever troublesome job,  
An by opposing, get fired. To eat, to watch,  
No more, and by working hard, we will earn that  
Pleasing, satisfying, all-good paycheck  
That will be spent in less than a week  
Devoutly to all of the personal needs and wants.  
To eat, to watch;  
To watch; the minutes ticking before racing out of the house; ay, I am late;  
Many insolent words from the Boss, not to be delayed again,  
For who could endure the yells and screams of the little rascals,  
The numerous demands from co-workers,  
Aches and pains of marking hundreds of papers, cross and swoosh?  
And that desperate grumble in my stomach, will finally met,  
When the tasks have been completed, only one place left to go,  
Which is my sweet home, where dinner will be waiting, television will be on.  
With this tremendous day finally over,  
Another will soon arrive.

By: Mike Miu

**Hamlet:**  
*To be, or not to be, that is the question:*  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles  
And by opposing end them. To die—to sleep,  
No more; and by a sleep to say we end  
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to: 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. 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,  
Th'oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of th'unworthy takes,  
When he himself might *his quietus make*  
*With a bare bodkin?* Who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,  
*The undiscovere'd country, from whose bourn*  
*No traveller returns,* puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of?  
*Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,*  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
And enterprises of great pitch and moment  
With this regard their currents turn awry  
And lose the name of action.

Hamlet Act 3, scene 1, 55–87