Name: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ Period:\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

*Hamlet*

Act I, Scene ii

***“O that this too too solid flesh would melt”***

*Paraphrase your section line by line. Then, think of a “tweet” that Hamlet would write in order to sum up his thoughts. Include hashtags!*

**Text Paraphrase (line by line) Tweet**

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| Lines 131-134O that this too too solid flesh would melt, Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew! Or that the Everlasting had not fix'dHis canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!  |  |  |
| Lines 135-140How 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. | unf |  |

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| --- | --- | --- |
| Lines 141-144So 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!  |  |  |
| Lines145-147Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him As if increase of appetite had grown By what it fed on; and yet, within a month- |  |  |
| Lines 148-153Let 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 mourn'd longer) married with my uncle;  |  |  |
| Lines 154-159My 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!  |  |  |
| Lines 161-162It is not, nor it cannot come to good. But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue! |  |  |