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**

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

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| --- | --- | --- |
| Lines 141-144  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! |  |  |
| Lines145-147  Must 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 148-153  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 mourn'd longer) married with my uncle; |  |  |
| Lines 154-159  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! |  |  |
| Lines 161-162  It is not, nor it cannot come to good.  But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue! |  |  |