

## Re: Jenny Craig

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- *From:* Melinda Meahan – take out TRASH to send <[mmeahan@xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx](mailto:mmeahan@xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx)>
  - *Date:* Tue, 07 Feb 2006 22:26:56 -0800
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Su wrote:

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

Su, have you ever seen this version?

To be, or not to be; that is the bare bodkin  
That makes calamity of so long life;  
For who would fardels bear, till Birnam Wood do come to Dunsinane,  
But that the fear of something after death  
Murders the innocent sleep,  
Great nature's second course,  
And makes us rather sling the arrows of outrageous fortune  
Than fly to others that we know not of.  
There's the respect must give us pause:  
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst;  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The law's delay, and the quietus which his pangs might take,  
In the dead waste and middle of the night, when churchyards yawn  
In customary suits of solemn black,  
But that the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns,

Breathes forth contagion on the world,  
And thus the native hue of resolution, like the poor cat i' the adage,  
Is sicklied o'er with care,  
And all the clouds that lowered o'er our housetops,  
With this regard their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action.  
'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.  
But soft you, the fair Ophelia:  
Ope not thy ponderous and marble jaws,  
But get thee to a nunnery -- go!

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