I. **Sane or Insane?** Read the following quotes from Act III and determine if Hamlet is indeed mad or just pretending to be:

1. “What he spake, though it lack’d form a little, was not like madness. There’s something in his soul, o’er which his melancholy sits on brood; and I do doubt the hatch and the disclose will be some danger” (Polonius 3:1:163-167).
3. “Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me” (Hamlet 3:2:370-372).
4. “Let me be cruel, not unnatural: I will speak daggers to her, but use none” (Hamlet 3:2:395-396).
5. “I like him not, nor stands it safe with us to let his madness range” (Claudius 3:3:1-2).

- After Reading Act III-

I. **“Though this be madness, yet there is method in ‘t” (2:2:195-196).** What looks like madness to an outsider, may make perfect sense to someone else. Briefly explain how this quote relates to Hamlet’s situation and how it supports the adage, “You don’t know someone ‘til you’ve walked a mile in their shoes.”

Is Hamlet insane? Provide supporting evidence in your response. **Minimum 5 sentences.**
1. Why does Hamlet assume madness in his interview with Ophelia and speak so harshly to her?

2. What is the tone of Ophelia’s soliloquy?

3. What does Claudius think is the cause of Hamlet’s madness? What does Polonius think?

4. If Hamlet tries to use a play to "prick the conscience of the King," what is Shakespeare trying to do to our consciences in the larger play?

5. What is the emphasis of Hamlet’s soliloquy at the close of Scene 2?

6. In his soliloquy in Scene 3, what does the king reveal of the murder? His mental and moral condition?

7. What are Hamlet’s reasons for not killing the king when he finds him alone, praying? Why is this ironic?

8. The scene in which Hamlet stabs the man behind the curtain is a symbol for all acts of revenge. What is the meaning of that symbol?

9. What two people does Hamlet compare? What does he ask his mother at the end of the scene?
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 heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to. 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. 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 despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the 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 undiscovered 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 enterprise of great pitch and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action. -- Soft you now,
The fair Ophelia! -- Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remembered.
Cut my life into pieces
This is my last resort,
Suffocation, no breathing
Don't give a $@$! if I cut my arm bleeding

This is my last resort
Cut my life into pieces
I've reached my last resort,
Suffocation, no breathing
Don't give a $@$! if I cut my arm bleeding
Do you even care if I die bleeding?

Would it be wrong, would it be right?
If I took my life tonight,
Chances are that I might
Mutilation out of sight
And I'm contemplating suicide

'Cause I'm losing my sight, losing my mind
Wish somebody would tell me I'm fine
Losing my sight, losing my mind
Wish somebody would tell me I'm fine

I never realized I was spread too thin
'Til it was too late and I was empty within
Hungry, feeding on chaos and living in sin
Downward spiral, where do I begin?

It all started when I lost my mother
No love for myself and no love for another
Searching to find a love upon a higher level
Finding nothing but questions and devils

'Cause I'm losing my sight, losing my mind
Wish somebody would tell me I'm fine
Losing my sight, losing my mind
Wish somebody would tell me I'm fine

Nothing's alright, nothing is fine
I'm running and I'm crying
I'm crying [4x]
I can't go on living this way

Cut my life into pieces
This is my last resort,
Suffocation, no breathing
Don't give a $@$! if I cut my arm bleeding

Would it be wrong, would it be right?
If I took my life tonight,
Chances are that I might
Mutilation out of sight
And I'm contemplating suicide

'Cause I'm losing my sight, losing my mind
Wish somebody would tell me I'm fine
Losing my sight, losing my mind
Wish somebody would tell me I'm fine

Nothing's alright, nothing is fine
I'm running and I'm crying
I can't go on living this way
Can't go on, living this way, nothing's alright
Comparison Explanation #1:

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Comparison Explanation #2:

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Comparison Explanation #3:

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