## hamlet mad libs

1.	Verb - Base Form
2.	Verb - Base Form
3.	Adjective
4.	Verb - Present Ends In Ing
5.	Noun - Plural
6.	Noun - Plural
7.	Adjective
8.	Noun - Plural
9.	Noun - Plural
10.	Verb - Present Ends In Ing
11.	Verb - Present Ends In Ing
12.	Adjective
13.	Noun
14.	Verb - Base Form
15.	Verb - Base Form
16.	Noun
17.	Verb - Base Form
18.	Verb - Past Tense
19.	Noun
20.	Adjective
21.	Adjective
22.	Noun
23.	Verb - Base Form

24.	Adjective
25.	Adjective
26.	Adjective
27.	Verb - Base Form
28.	Adjective
29.	Adjective
30.	Verb - Base Form
31.	Adjective

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То	Verb - Base F	orm, O	or not to	Verb - Base	e Form	that is the	ne question:
Whethe	er 'tis	Adjective	in the mi	nd to	Verb - Prese	nt ends in ING	
The	Noun - Plura	and and	Noun -	Plural	ofA	adjective	fortune
Or to ta	ake <u>No</u>	oun - Plural	against a	sea of _	Noun - Pl	ural	
And by	opposing	end them.	To die, to _	Verb - 1	Present ends in	ING	
No mo	reand by	a Verb	- Present ends in	ING	to say we	end	
The he	artache, an	d the thous	sandA	djective	_ shocks		
That flo	esh is heir	to. 'Tis a _	Noun				
Devout	tly to be wi	shed. To d	lie, to	Verb - Base Fo	orm		
То	Verb - Base F	ormto	dream : ay	, there's the	he <u>No</u>	oun_,	
For in t	that <u>v</u>	erb - Base Form	of dea	ath what o	dreams ma	ay come	
When v	we have	Verb - Past	Tense O	off this mo	ortal	Noun ,	
Must g	ive us paus	se. There's	the respect				
That m	akes calam	nity of so _	Adjective	life.			
For wh	o would be	ear the whi	ps and scor	ns of time	2,		
Th' opp	oressor's wi	rong, the p	roud man's	contumel	y		
The par	ngs of	Adjective	love, the	e law's de	lay,		
The ins	solence of _	Noun	, and the	e spurns			

That

patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To and sweat under a Adjective life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The country, from whose bourn
No traveller, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprise of pitch and moment
With this regard their currents awry awry
And lose the name of action Soft you now,
The Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remembered.