

The Revenge Tis not been Given

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ITs about hamlet for my english project

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# The Revenge Tis not been Given

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English 11

## The Revenge Tis not been Given

Hamlet is a play by William Shakespeare. This play is about a young man who's father is the king of Denmark who was murdered by his jealous brother. In this play there is countious murder, suicide, insanity, revenge, poison, and many many other evilous things. Focus on the main plot with me, Revenge. Revenge is defined as Inflict hurt or harm on someone for an injury or wrong done to oneself by the other person.

Revenge in Hamlet is described in many places and translated into different things, such as Hamlet Jr. plotting to take revenge on his Uncle Claudius, who killed his brother (also hamlet's father), to marry his brother's wife to become king. The death of the king is done in a horrible way, causing the dead king's ghost to return to the castle to seek out revenge from Claudius. Eventually when Hamlet returns to Denmark, he mets his father's ghost who tells him to take revenge on Claudius to free him from the twilight (Quote 1 at bottom).

Revenge is the plot on which the play is built, from the beginning when Hamlet finds out Gertrude (Hamlet's mother the queen) married Claudius not even a year after her husband dies, (Quote 2 at bottom) to when he seeks out proof that what King Hamlet's ghost told him about Claudius murdering him was true. Even with the non-main character Fortinbras (Prince of Norway) who seeks out to take back the land that King hamlet had fight Fortinbras's father for. And to the very end when Laertes fights Hamlet, taking his REVENGE Hamlet for killing his father Polonius.

Like many things dealing with revenge, the inncent will get hurts. For example : (Quote 3 at bottom). When Hamlet's mother Queen Gertrude is killed by drinking from a poisoned goblet of wine that Claudius had gotten specifcly for Hamlet to drink during his fight with Laertes. Or when Ophelia commets suicide after going insane when her father is accidently killed by Hamlet (Quote 4 at bottom).

In the world or in a play, revenge is everywhere, and with anyone. But revenge may seem the best course of action, but even in Hamlet, it only leads to the desctruction of everyone involved. Either in pain of some kind, or just wanting more power, it leads to the death of the characters of all.

### Quote 1"

Ghost	If thou has nature in thee, bear it not, Let not the royal bed of Denmark be A couch for luxury and damned incest. But howsomever thou pursuest this act, Taint not thy mind nor let thy soul contrive Against thy mother aught. Leave her to heaven, And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once: The glow-worm shows the matin to be near And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.	Adieu, adieu, adieu. Remember me"
Hamlet	Oh all you host of heaven! Oh earth! What else?	

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And shall I couple hell? Oh fie! Hold, hold, my heart,  
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,  
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee?  
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat  
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?  
Yea, from the table of my memory  
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,  
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past  
That youth and observation copied there,  
And thy commandment all alone shall live  
Within the book and volume of my brain,  
Unmixed with baser matter. Yes, by heaven!  
Oh most pernicious woman!  
Oh villain, villain, smiling damned villain!  
My tables. Meet it is I set it down  
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain -  
At least I may be sure it may be so in Denmark. " **Act 1, Scene 5**

### **Quote 2"**

HAMLET

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!  
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:  
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!  
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 monthâ  
Let me not think on'tâ Frailty, thy name is woman!â  
A little month, or ere those shoes were old  
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,  
Like Niobe, all tears:â why she, even sheâ  
O, God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,  
Would have mourn'd longerâ married with my uncle,  
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!  
It is not nor it cannot come to good:  
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue. " **Act 1 Scene 2**

### **Quote 3"**

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HAMLET

Good madam! KING

Gertrude, do not drink. QUEEN

I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me. KING [Aside.]

It is the poison'd cup: it is too late. HAMLET

I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by. QUEEN

Come, let me wipe thy face. LAERTES

My lord, I'll hit him now. KING

I do not think't. LAERTES [Aside.]

And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience. HAMLET

Come, for the third, Laertes: you but dally;

I pray you, pass with your best violence;

I am afeard you make a wanton of me. LAERTES

Say you so? come on. [They play to a draw.] OSRIC

Nothing, neither way. [Hamlet turns back to his mother.] LAERTES

Have at you now! [Laertes wounds Hamlet; Hamlet

knocks Laertes' rapier from his hand

and picks it up.] KING

Part them; they are incensed. HAMLET

Nay, come, again. [Hamlet wounds Laertes. The Queen falls.] OSRIC

Look to the queen there, ho! HORATIO

They bleed on both sides. How is it, my lord? OSRIC

How is't, Laertes? LAERTES

Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric;

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery. HAMLET

How does the queen? KING

She swoons to see them bleed. QUEEN

No, no, the drink, the drinkâ O my dear Hamletâ

The drink, the drink! I am poison'd. [Dies.] **Act 5 Section 2**

**Quote 4"QUEEN**

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,

So fast they follow; your sister's drown'd, Laertes. LAERTES

Drown'd! O, where?

QUEEN

There is a willow grows aslant a brook,

That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;

Therewith fantastic garlands did she make

Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples

That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,

But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:

There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds

Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;

When down her weedy trophies and herself

Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;

And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:

Which time she chanted snatches of old lauds;

As one incapable of her own distress,

Or like a creature native and indued

Unto that element: but long it could not be

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Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,  
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
To muddy death.

LAERTES

Alas, then, she is drown'd? QUEEN

Drown'd, drown'd. LAERTES

Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,  
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet  
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,  
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,  
The woman will be out. Adieu, my lord:  
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,  
But that this folly drowns it. Exit. KING

Let's follow, Gertrude:

How much I had to do to calm his rage!  
Now fear I this will give it start again;  
Therefore let's follow. " **Act 4, Scene 7**

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