A man in a dark tank top and shorts is sitting on a stage, looking towards the right. A bright spotlight illuminates him from above, creating a strong contrast with the dark background. The background features a large, textured archway, possibly part of a stage set or a tunnel.

Unburden your mind with *To Be or Not to Be*

*A collection of parodies
of the famous soliloquy*

Edited by Roberto Cuccu

Introduction

Even if you have never seen a Shakespeare play, you will know this famous “Hamlet” quote: “To be, or not to be.” But what makes this speech so renowned?

“To be, or not to be” is the opening line of a soliloquy – that is an act of speaking one’s thoughts aloud when by oneself – from Shakespeare’s “Hamlet.” A melancholy Hamlet is contemplating death and suicide while waiting for his lover Ophelia.

Actors playing Hamlet have great difficulty with that speech, and particularly with the line “To be or not to be”, because they don’t know how to do it in a way that makes it sound new, as the audience knows it so well. One way to make it sound new is to make a parody of it. But what is a parody?

A parody also called a caricature is a work created to imitate, make fun of, or comment on an original work by means of ironic imitation. Parodies are often exaggerated in the way they imitate the original in order to produce a humorous effect. Comedians often use parody to take on serious issues while still making us laugh.

The texts included in this collection are parodies, or maybe they could also be called pastiches, of the famous soliloquy. The difference between a parody and a pastiche is that a pastiche is generally a light-hearted imitation of another’s style; although jocular, it is usually respectful, it can also be considered as a witty homage or playful imitation.

After having read and analysed Hamlet's soliloquy, students from different classes were invited to rewrite their own reflections based on the original text by Shakespeare. It proved to be a task relevant and simulating to students, in part because of the laughter involved, and at the same time because it allowed them to have a better understanding of the work they had to imitate.

Apart a more intimate knowledge of the puzzling dilemma that took place in the mind of Hamlet, the task had also a more personal benefit. Self-irony helps you face your fears, as it allows you to admit your fears to yourself and eventually learn the best way to handle them. The appeal to the sense of humour, in many situations, can be an effective way to meet the challenges of life.

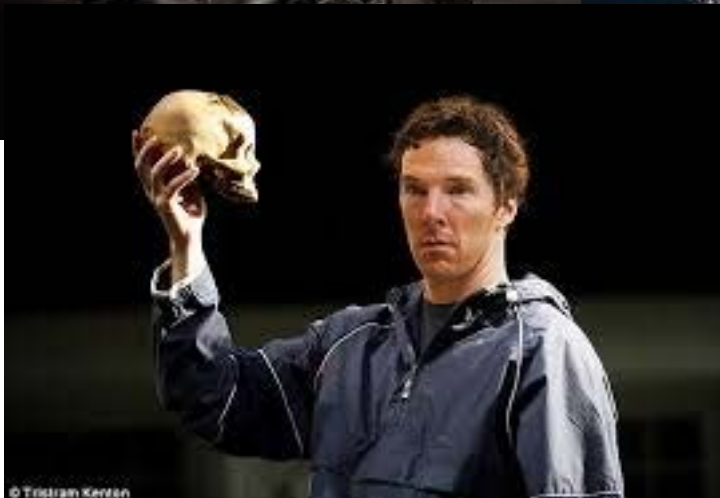
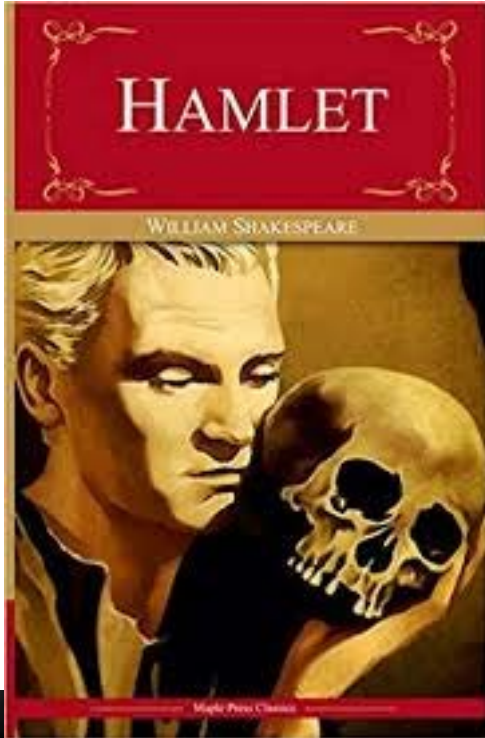
Not only is this activity beneficial to the individual, but it might enhance creativity. When we try to understand or give life to an ironic comment, the process will require the brain to think creatively, and it might ultimately lead to clearer and more creative thinking.

The following parodies are based on the original text by Shakespeare, whose structure is the following:

<i>Original text</i>	<i>Main idea expressed in the passage</i>
<p>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?</p>	<p>Hamlet poses an existential question</p>
<p>To die: to sleep; No more; and by a sleep to say we end The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wish'd.</p>	<p>If we choose one of the two possibilities, what will the consequence be?</p>
<p>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:</p>	<p>At first, the outcome might appear good, but on further reflection there is a problem.</p>
<p>there's the respect That makes calamity of so long life; For who would bear</p>	<p>It is because of this problem that we keep on living this life, in fact who would suffer the following adversities</p>
<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. the whips and scorns of time, 2. The oppressor's wrong, 3. the proud man's contumely, 4. The pangs of despised love, 5. the law's delay, 6. The insolence of office 7. and the spurns That patient merit of the unworthy takes, 	<p>Here is a list of common evils</p>
<p>When he himself might his quietus make With a bare bodkin?</p>	<p>All these troubles could end just with a simple knife</p>
<p>who would fardels bear, To grunt and sweat under a weary life, But that the dread of something after death, The undiscover'd 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?</p>	<p>Here is the reason why we are afraid of committing suicide</p>

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 enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

As a consequence, our
reflections in our mind
prevent us from taking
any action



Home sweet home

*24 hours are much longer than we expect,
The real problem is to stay at home doing nothing!*

To go out, or not to go out, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler to go to square
And meet my friends and have fun,
Or to stay at home
And study or help my parents in the house work,
to reward them for what they do for me?
To stay warm, to do my duty, no more.
And turn off the phone and don't go on facebook,
to ignore the call and the message of my friends,
That make me want to go out, to talk, to play.
And go to bed early, so as to arrive on time at school
And do not enter at the second hour,
That makes me lose important lessons.
Aye, there's the problem of a lot of guys,
That don't know if it's better to go out or to stay at home to do
their duty.
But if we think about that for two minutes, we'll get a solution:
We can do the both things, in fact
If we organize our day, we'll find the time to do all we want,
24 hours are much longer than we expect,
The real problem is to stay at home doing nothing!

Alessandro Ciosci

The lazy man soliloquy.

*To relax, to do nothing:
And stay in peace on my sofa playing with the pc
or with my telephone,*

To do homework or not to do homework: that is the question;
Whether 'tis better for the school report to do
The homework that Mr Cuccu had assigned
Or to relax in the sofa all the evening,
watching the TV or writing to my friends on Facebook?
To study, to do homework, no more:
And be interested in my duty, concentrated to study the story of
Hamlet,
But thinking to how it is funny playing play-station,
And how soft is my bed.
To relax, to do nothing:
And stay in peace on my sofa playing with the pc or
with my telephone,

Thinking to nothing, without preoccupations,
Or, better, to go out for all the Sunday evening.
Unfortunately the thought of school and of my parent's expecta-
tions, must give me a pause:
If I don't do homework, I will get a bad grade
on my school report,
And my parents will be disappointed, so I will do it
and I will renounce to lie on my bed, for this time.

Andrea Etzi

To chill out, to sleep

Chatting chilling out with my pets and eating fast food

To go out with my friends or not to go out,
this is the question:

Whether it is better to stay at home with playstation
and facebook,
chatting chilling out with my pets and eating fast food;
or to get dressed against a sea of laziness
and by opposing end them.

To chill out, to sleep;

No more; and by a sleep to say we end the boriness
and the thousand school thoughts:

‘tis a consummation devoutly to be wish’d.

To chill out, to sleep;

To sleep perchance to dream – ay, there’s the rub:

for sleeping and chilling out is much better
than staying in the pub

chatting and drinking coffee and eating unhealthy chips with
ketchup and mayo.

Then sleep gives us pause.



Corrado Senis

To teach, or not to teach

*To suffer the noises and nonsense of outrageous students,
Or to take arms against a sea of ignorance*

To teach, or not to teach: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The noises and nonsense of outrageous students,
Or to take arms against a sea of ignorance,
And by opposing (maybe) end it? To disregard: to fend;
No more; and by a fending to say we end
The head-ache and the thousand natural humbugs
That students are heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To disregard, to fend;
To defence myself: perchance to be loose: ay, there's the rub;

For in that loose of silence what stupid ideas may come
When we have let these imbecile children go,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes our cursed work of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of ploughed students,
The principal's wrong, the proud parents' contumely,
The pangs of despised expositions, the rules' delay,
The insolence of office and the superannuations
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare travel in Antarctica?

Who would these obstacles face,
To grunt and sweat on a cruel desk,
But that the stupidity of something in the generations of future,
The unthinkable scenery in whose stage
A lot of monkeys seem to be going, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear that rubbish we must listen and correct
Than fly to other jobs that we would prefer?
Thus conscience does make resigned of us all;
And thus the native hue of the will of cursing them all
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of sense of duty,
And insults of great ardor and energy
With these damned cares their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of sincere thoughts.



The shirker's soliloquy.

*Bed creates dependence:
I must use it only if it is necessary*

To sleep, or not to sleep: that is the question
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind of suffer
The sadness of your bed that every morning
You must leave to go to school
Or to remain at home embraced with the only
Love that will last forever?
But the problem isn't only every morning,
It resurfaces when I come back home, after lunch
When I have to do everything, but in reality
I don't do anything.
I have to study: I'll do it after.
I have to go out: ...after!
Everything I must do becomes secondary.
Bed creates dependence:
I must use it only if it is necessary.



Luca Granella

The student's soliloquy.

In that moment everything can entertain you better than books

To study, or not to study, that is the question:
Whether it is nobler to study and give a good way at your future
Or to stay lying on the couch?
When you are at home and out it's raining is better
To use the Computer and read tittle-tattle on Facebook
Or to read a boring book?
Is it better what you want to do in another moment
And think that you have to study for your future
Or to watch television?
In that moment everything can entertain you better than books.
But the very big disaster is when out is sunny.
Everything is better than study.
Your friends are alone waiting you and so your conscience speaks
to you and says that they have more necessity of you than books:
You go out without thinking!
Every time is too early
and you think to have more time to study...
But you don't have it!
And you realize it only when your teacher calls you to speak!
But we have time to fun and to study is our duty and we must do
it...
...it is only for us.

To go out or not to go out

Chatting chilling out with my pets and eating fast food

To go out with my friends or not to go out,
this is the question:

Whether it is better to stay at home
with playstation and facebook,
chatting chilling out with my pets and eating fast food; or to get
dressed against a sea of laziness and by opposing end them.

To chill out, to sleep;

No more; and by a sleep to say we end
the boriness and the thousand school thoughts:

'tis a consummation devoutly to be wish'd.

To chill out, to sleep;

To sleep perchance to dream – ay, there's the rub:

for sleeping and chilling out is much better
than staying in the pub chatting and drinking coffee
and eating unhealthy chips with ketchup and mayo.

Then sleep give us pause.



Corrado Senis

To eat or not to eat that is the question

*People who really understand the value of food are fat people
that see their belly not as a digestive organ*

To eat or not to eat that is the question:
eating is an action so important because
it helps to be happy and never get bored,
people who really understand the value of food
are fat people that see their belly not as a digestive organ
but like an enormous dustbin
that can be cleared at their command
and after having emptied, they can resume to eat
because you can not control your mind
that always wins against poor belly,
which is forced to receive food until it bursts
or rejects the food back.

So it would be better to get out of the city
where there are shops where you can stop after 5 steps to get food
supplies.

But why leave the house to stay heat or cold,
and leave the comfortable chair, the beloved TV and all the good
junk food that accompany us and help us to overcome the saddest
moments of our lives?

If you go out just to buy food and it would be better to buy a
house with only one floor, near a supermarket, of course.

It is impossible to think that you can live a moment without
bringing to the mouth whatever thing is edible

The disgrace of getting 1

*To suffer the slings and arrows of horrible grades,
Or to take books against a sea of troubles*

To study, or not to study, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of horrible grades,
Or to take books against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To study, to sleep...
No more, and by the will of studying to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That mind is heir to: 'tis consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To study, 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 studied this mortal coil
Must give us a pause. There's the suffer
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and teacher's scorns,
Mr. Cuccu's test, the disgrace of getting 1,
The pangs of despis'd diligence, the text's delay,
The rebuke of the teachers,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare book? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under weary extra works,
But that the dread of the teacher's pen,
The interrogation from whose bourn
No student returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those horrible grades we have
Than fly to good grades that we know not of?

Giuseppe Lorefice

The lazy man soliloquy.

And I will renounce to lie on my bed, just for this time.

To do homework or not to do homework: that is the question;
Whether 'tis better for the school report to do
The homework that Mr Cuccu had assigned
Or to relax in the sofa all the evening,
watching the TV or writing to my friends on Facebook?
To study, to do homework, no more:
And be interested in my duty, concentrated to study the story of
Hamlet,
But thinking of how it is funny playing play-station,
And how it is soft my bed.
To relax, to do nothing:
And stay in peace on my sofa playing with the pc
or with my telephone,

Thinking of nothing, without preoccupations,
Or, better, to go out for all the Sunday evening.
Unfortunately the thought of school
and of my parent's expectations, must give me a pause:
If I don't do homework, I will get a bad grade on my school re-
port,
And my parents will be disappointed, so I will do it
and I will renounce to lie on my bed, just for this time.

To vote or not to vote

Sicher, dass das Programm Professor Bergen die beste ist

To vote or not to vote

It is right to vote because it is a moral duty,
but with my vote, will I change the Italian destiny?
Obvious my preference will decide if Mr Berlusconi,
or Mr Bersani, or professor Monti
will become prime minister of Italy...
certainly with Mr Berlusconi the fate of Italy
will be quite funny, every week everyone goes to Arcore
for a very big feast.

But with Mr Bersani the fate of Italy will be similar
to the situation of Cuba, every bank will become national,
every business will become nationalized.

With professor Monti the fate should be better

tax, work and work only work without holiday.

Italy has become integrant part of the fourth "Reich"
of Mr Merkel..... sorry Ms. Merkel.

In the Italian schools German will replace English.

"Sicher, dass das Programm Professor Bergen die beste ist".

Sorry I was already accustomed to the future.

If these are the consequences of the vote I probably
should not vote, as an important character
in the History, Ponzio Pilato, said:"I wash my hands."
The future of Italy with these important characters...
is nor assured.

The Mc Donald -addicted soliloquy

*To resist, to eat genuinely, no more:
And leave the fabulous sensation that only a scrap
of Mc Chicken can give me*

To eat at the Mc Donald or not to eat at the Mc Donald:
that is the question;
Whether 'tis better for the stomach to eat
The ill -tasty – baneful- perfect food
Or to hold out against the temptation
And eat a plate of healthy spaghetti?
To resist, to eat genuinely, no more:
And leave the fabulous sensation that only a scrap
of Mc Chicken can give me ,
That I desire constantly, even when I sleep.
To lose the feeling of the fragrance in the restaurant.
To give up, to eat a big sandwich :
And to enjoy the gorgeous - a little bit hot sauce, the soft bread,
the warm chicken;
But the thought of our sanity,
Must give us a pause:
We have to think to our stomach, to all the ingredients:
Do we know if they are healthy, or where are they from?
Their ingredients, if they are clean, not rotten.
So maybe it is better to eat at home, genuine food,
And be sure of how it was made;
to stand up to that beautiful sandwich.....

To sleep or not to sleep

*It's a really simple way: we must stay all the time
with the man's best friend: the bed.*

To sleep or not to sleep, that is the question:
whether 'tis nobler stay awake to study,
go out, sing and get happy,
or engage to fight, with the blanket and the pillow,
against the fantastic enemies of dreams??

To sleep: to rest;

No more; and by a nap to say that we can destroy
the tensions and the troubles

that consume our mind,

'tis a consummation devoutly to be wish'd.

To sleep: to rest;

To rest: perchance to relax: ay, there is a rub;

For in that relax something as the school, the friends,
the interrogations, the school (it's a nightmare), may come
to our mind and remind us to work. It's horrible.

Must give us pause;

This fact distracts us from our "pleasure;

For who would bear:

- 1) the daily struggles,
- 2) the tensions, the fears,
- 3) every kind of problem,
- 4) the fatigue for the job,

When there is a way to not suffer??

It's a really simple way: we must stay all the time
with the man's best friend: the bed.

To eat or not to eat pizza with friends

Than to buy a dress that, after years, you can not use anymore.

Buy it, or not to buy it: that is the question
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The sadness for a dress that you always wanted
Or to save money to do something more useful.
To spend, to pay; All of our discontents, irritabilities
Would be deleted, and we could feel more beautiful:
'tis a thought devoutly to be wish'd.
To spend, to pay; there's the rub.
For with our money what other beautiful things we could do.
Must give us pause: that's the reason why
We stop and think about this action.
In fact who would not save money to travel around the world?
Or not to eat a pizza with friends?
Or not to go to the cinema?
Or not to buy a beautiful house?
Thus conscience does make responsible of us all;
And so our thoughts make us think
That is better to spend our money in a better way
Than to buy a dress that, after years, you can not use anymore.



The nerd's Soliloquy

*And by working hard ending the stress of being alone
and maybe have a girlfriend*

To play video games, or not to play video games,
that is the question:

Whether 'tis nobler to be the strongest in World of WarCraft
and tease all of my friends,

Or to play some sports, be healthy
and maybe become someone famous, with a lot of money.

To do my duty, to work hard, no more;

And by working hard ending the stress of being alone
and maybe have a girlfriend.

To be a good student, to have a real social life;

To study well when I'm at home, without wasting time
so I can be a good example for my brother.

Ay, this is the rub of many nerds!

How difficult is to labor to do something different
from what we usually do,

even the easiest thing, like say "hello", can be hard.

But video games are not the real life,
they're just a virtual world.

And it's better to focus more on what is concrete
than on something that doesn't exist.



Watch the match or not watch the match?

*To suffer the sweat and toil to chase a ball,
or unnerve me for a goal not given.*

Watch the match or not watch the match?
That is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
the sweat and toil to chase a ball,
or unnerve me for a goal not given.
And by opposing end them. To suffer, to watch.
No more- and with a button to put an end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That flash is heir to by getting good results.
'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.
To suffer, to observe. To observe, maybe to win.
Ay, there's the rub, because at that time,
the anxiety of victory, what you hope can take place.
When we have shuffled off this burdensome 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 viewers,
the oppression of the coach, but the player is determined,
the support of friends, cheering fans,
make that you can win the game.
It gets better,
that a good match?

To study or not to study?

We can't always sit on sofa with joystick because we would become fat and ugly so what can we do if we don't go to school?

To study or not to study: this is the question?

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
the slings and arrows of outrageous teachers,
or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
and by opposing end them? To pull out of school. To study no
more; and by a study to say we end the hours passed on facebook
or exits chatting with friends, and the thousand natural shocks, in
particularly bad grades, that flesh is heir to,
'tis a consummation devoutly to be wish'd.

To pull out of school, to study; to pull out of school: perchance to
play: ay, there's the rub; we can't always sit on sofa with joystick be-
cause we would become fat and ugly so what can we do if we don't
go to school? must give us pause: there's the respect that makes ca-
lamity of so long life; for who would bear waking up every morning
at six, the teacher's wrong, the proud classmate's contumely, the
delay of written exam's editing, when he himself might his quietus
make with television's remote control?

Who would fardels bear, to grunt and sweat under weary diction-
aries and books, but that the dread to become plump and mushy,
the flaccid and rose country with big mountains of skin that kill
many people, 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 enterprises of great
pith and moment with this regard their currents turn awry, and lose
the name of action.

Or to take a compass and a map

*The insolence of who has chosen the right road,
The fixed thought: "And if I had taken the other road?"*

To make a choice, or not to make it, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, in front of a crossroads,
to suffer the hurts of the brambles caused by the unknown
country between the roads,
Or to take a compass and a map
against a sea of possible choices,
And, by opposing, end them.
To act, not to be acted upon
No more, and by being passive to say we end
The heartache and the thousand decisions to take
That flesh is heir to: 'tis an idle life's condition
Devoutly to be wished.
To act, not to be acted upon.
Not to be affected, perchance to keep still. Ay, there's the rub,
For in that keeping still what occasions may come,
When we have shuffled off this possibility of choice
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life,
For who would bear the whips and scorns of the destiny,
Like for example the stars' luck because it is in a full day,
And the uselessness of the musk
because we don't know how to use it,
The insolence of who has chosen the right road,
The fixed thought: "And if I had taken the other road?"

When he himself might his quietus make
Breaking the compass and tearing the map?
Who would consequences bear,
To grunt and sweat under the sun of the country without trees,
But that the dread of something after choice,
The road where we are always lucky
And we are always hit by bad luck, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear the heat of the sun of midday
Than standing up and orienting the map?
Thus lazing does make idle of us all,
And as we got lost, we are sitting in the same place,
Waiting that someone comes to save us,
And we are sure that it will happen
Because we are very important people.



The Lover's Soliloquy

*Perchance to catch my breath
and think carefully that it is possible to be a real love.
Aye, there's the ring*

To love or not to love; that is the question;
Whether it is nobler to hold our words
to the person that makes my heart pound
Or just let it all go
And by opposing be left wounded and humiliated.
To breathe; to think;
no more; And by not thinking, I want to say I love you
Losing my fear while I am speaking.
Losing my heart while she hesitates to answer
My words addressed by a desperate man in love
Due to the fact that she is a wonderful creature.
To breath; to think; to think:
Perchance to catch my breath
and think carefully that it is possible to be a real love.
Aye, there's the ring.
And to that desperately needed break there comes a time to think.
When I have screamed my love words
She must gave in and love me too
That makes my losing my voice worth it.



Arianna Ballocco

To study or not to study?

It's hard to bear the truth, it is a double edged sword:

To know or not to know? That is the question;
Whether it's nobler to bear the truth that makes us feel helpless,
and it happens that the price to pay to know is hard.
Not always the truth helps us to love the world,
but no doubt keeps us from hating it.
It's better to know the truth rather than have a question
throughout our life for some of us,
but who would be able to bear this burden?
It's hard to bear the truth, it is a double edged sword:
on the one hand there is the good, on the other pain.
But who is capable of bearing the weight that brings the pain?
It will remain affected, we may not be able
to process the response.
Rather, the lie would not be a pure good,
it's just a temporary illusion of good,
that will make us suffer too, perhaps more than the truth.
Then you should hold on to the truth and a lie
and illusion or disillusion?
Thus the result of indecision and anxiety could kill us.



Chiara Madeddu

To go to Barcelona or not to go to Barcelona

*Who doesn't want to leave and enjoy themselves,
look at the Camp Nou, eat a lot of paella, enjoy with friends in
some night-club*

To go to Barcelona or not to go to Barcelona
that is the question. Is it better to go to Barcelona
and enjoy myself or remain in this place because I'm tired?
To remain, to sleep: to sleep, maybe to feel comfortable:
ay, there's the rub,
For in the time of holiday what things may come,
when I solve every problem, must give us pause.
Who doesn't want to leave and enjoy themselves,
look at the Camp Nou, eat a lot of paella, enjoy with friends in
some night-club,
take a lot of photos in front of Sagrada Familia,
walk all the time and drink a little,
when I can cancel the booking with a click on the Internet?
Even if Barcelona is amazing,
and for me its fairy atmosphere,
it would be diminished by my laziness.
And I wouldn't enjoy some wonderful places and some night-
clubs and I would want only to sleep.



Chiara Sanna

To play football or not to play football

So the result is a big belly and a sedentary lifestyle.

To play football or not to play football, this is the problem;
Football is my favourite sport, but I don't practice it,
So the result is a big belly and a sedentary lifestyle.
And in general, sport is a remedy for any problems that we have
in old age.

But if I were to practice a sport,
for me football is a unique emotion
Because it lets you know many people.

Football is the most important sport in the world,
every country knows football: Canada, Mexico, New Zealand,
Japan, Siberia

and all countries have their own professional league.

And playing football is the dream of all little children in the
world, and mine too.

So why don't I practice this sport and in general any sport?

One answer lies in my "mandronia"

and another answer lies in my city, Iglesias,

where there isn't any possibility of scoring a goal!



Davide Coni

To be a candidate or not to be a candidate

*whether it's nobler to candidate myself so as to give Iglesias
a young politician who can understand the young people
of this city*

To be a candidate or not to be a candidate for the City Council, that is the question: whether it's nobler to candidate myself so as to give my town, Iglesias, a young politician who can understand the young people of this city, who will be our future, or not do it for the insecurity of being ready to address the political activity.

Thinking, thinking about sleep, nothing more, and by a sleep in which I hope to see my destiny, because I don't think that I can address a very difficult choice when I'm conscious.

The points of my question are four, two in favour and two against the application:

1) To be a candidate is a good choice to try to better understand what young people want. From this point of view, my choice would be really positive.

2) To be a candidate is interesting, but I might suffer a great shame if I took very few votes. But I must accept this option regardless, because you can't always obtain what you want. But with the commitment, in this case with a good electoral campaign, you can obtain a good compromise.

And also you never risk your whole life, it is only half a life,

then also this point of view is to be considered as positive.

3) To be a candidate is a positive experience, but my hesitation is in the fact that I don't know if I could understand well the world of politics and be able to address a decent speech in public, with the risk of making the citizens laugh, if my speeches aren't convincing.

4) Another contrary view is the vision of other people against a politician who is much older, who would bear the whips and scorns, the oppression of the people, contempt, anxieties, and so on. The dilemma would last forever, if I hadn't seen in a dream my future, to know what it would have happened if I had taken either of the two choices, and I can tell you that the best choice is the candidature, because if I do not do it, in Iglesias nothing will change and if young people don't do anything and do not contribute to their community, this world will die on itself, will be without life.



Davide Senis

To vote or not to vote

*And by a ballot paper to say we end
The avidity, and the thousand new taxes
That citizens are heirs to*

To vote or not to vote – that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The cheats and lies of greedy politicians,
Or ignore your anger against a sea of swindlers,
And by ignoring end it? To vote, to choose.
No more; and by a ballot paper to say we end
The avidity, and the thousand new taxes
That citizens are heirs to. 'Tis an illusion
Hopelessly to be pursued. To vote, to choose;
To choose, perchance to be disappointed again; Ay, there's the rub;
For in that vote of desperation what politicians may come,
When we have shuffled off these terrible ones,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes doubts of so long life;
For who would bear the IMUs and the refunds for the parties,
The demagogues' words, the selfish men's contumely,
The pangs of the ignorance of ministers, the pensions' delay,
The hardship of students, and the spurns
That patient merit of the recommended workers takes,
When he himself might all this change
With a simple X? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and pay for a heavy tax
But that the dread of something after that,
The very-well-known country from whose bourn
Always someone worse comes, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those politicians we have
Than change to others that we know not of?
Thus fear does make undecided us all.

Giada Pisano

The Lazy person's Soliloquy

*But who would bear the continuous movement and effort,
The injustice of squatting,
The punishments given by lifting weights*

Going to the gym or not going to the gym: that is the question!
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer,
The race and the abs of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of jumps,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end!
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what efforts can not be done.
But who would bear the continuous movement and effort,
The injustice of squatting,
The punishments given by lifting weights,
the tiredness of your body!
When he himself might wash
with a nice relaxing shower?
Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life!
And so the sloth gets more and more in us
and the bed becomes our best friend.



Laura Concas

The Worker's Soliloquy

*To grunt and sweat under a weary work,
but that the dread of old age after retirement,*

To retire, or not to retire: that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of an outrageous boss,
And retiring end them? To retire, to relax.
No more; and by a retirement to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That to be in late you receive. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To retire, to relax;
To relax, perchance to travel. Ay, there's the rub;
For in that relax without work what travel may come,
When we have shuffled off the mortal routine,
Must give us fun.
There's the respect that makes calamity of so long work;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The supervisor's wrong, the proud colleagues' contumely,
The pangs of disprized love, the bus' delay,
The insolence of clients, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With an easy retirement? Who would boring meeting bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary work,
but that the dread of old age after retirement,
The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the uncertain worker,
And makes us rather bear those problems we have
then fly to others that we know not of?
Thus nursing home does make cowards all of us

Maria Giovanna Nieddu

To eat or not to eat

Till it finds the Nutella.

Big quandary that assails the women from the beginning of time

To eat, or not to eat, that is the question:

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the cramps

The slings and arrows of so much and insatiable hunger,

Or to give vent to appetite that so torments us

And by opposing end them. To satisfy ourselves, to eat;

No more; to gulp all this that we find in front of us,

Every junk food found around home, without restraint,

As if there wasn't a tomorrow, as if we had to satisfy every

whim of ours before the end. To satisfy ourselves, to eat;

To eat: perchance to resist: ay, there's the rub;

How can we ignore the recall of so many sweet temptations,

Easier said than done but how to silence that little voice

that has become your false friend convincing you

that this will be the last chocolate, How to stop the hand that,

no more obeying the brain but the stomach,

appropriates it now of the control and goes to search in the pantry

till it finds the Nutella.

Big quandary that assails the women from the beginning of time,

then will come the sad day in which

the end will make you to think:

when the scale with insolence will mock your "shape"

And opening you eyes you will notice the paunch overflowing

the jeans bought for fashion four sizes smaller.

And even when your same mirror shows you deformed

So that also the diet, feeling ignored, turns a cold shoulder on you

As last resort it will remain to you the gym.

To sweat, to toil, to burn fat: between bench and weights

To want also hell, with the illusion that so doing you can

compensate or the food swallowed that is worth the equivalent of

your weight.

Michela Garau

Woman fifty's soliloquy

To avoid the risk

Of ending up in the separate collection of rubbish.

To use plastic surgery, or not to use it - that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The signs of passing time
Or run by the surgeon that
With a scalpel delete them. To use plastic surgery, to rejuvenate,
No more; and by a surgery to say we end
The wrinkles and the thousand natural shocks
That old age is responsible for. 'Tis a bodily natural transforma-
tion
Devoutly to be wished. To use plastic surgery, to rejuvenate,
To rejuvenate - perchance to suffer. Ay, there's the rub!
For in that surgery of death what complications may come
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,
The people's wrong, the seductive man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the fear of looking in the mirror,
The insolence of young women and
The bad words said by vigorous adolescents ,
When the surgeon might your quietus make
With a bare scalpel?
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,
So you decide to keep your bags under the eyes, saggy tits,
Forehead wrinkles, cellulite and flabby tummy.
With this regard their currents turn awry.
And leave the place of action; To avoid the risk
Of ending up in the separate collection of rubbish.

Nadia Zicarelli

The sales' Soliloquy

*For in that shopping of January what price of clothes may come
Must give us a pause.*

There's the respect that makes calamity of so long sales

To go shopping, or not to go shopping, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind suffer and stay at home,
Or to take arms against a sea of customers,
And, by opposing, end them. To buy, purchase...
No more, and by a good buy to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to: 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To choose, to buy.
To try, perchance to purchase. Ay, there's the rub,
For in that shopping of January what price of clothes may come
Must give us a pause.
There's the respect that makes calamity of so long sales,
For who would bear the whips and scorns for the sizes,
The shops' wrong, the bad advice;
The insolence of sellers, the shopping center's delay,
the thousand other girls with the same clothes,
When she herself might her quietus make shopping in the Inter-
net?
The undiscovered country of clothes, bags and shoes
and the satisfaction to try them on
makes us rather bear those ills we have
rather than order them on line.

Serena Meloni

To go out, or not to go out

*The yells and screams of parents
who tell you to stand up and go out;
The indecision for which clothes to wear*

To go out, or not to go out- that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler to stay at home to watch television
and to read a great book, lying on the sofa,
or to stand up and dress ourselves to go out and
to do tedious chores ? To do nothing, to relax.
No more ; and by relaxing to say we end
the worry to remember everything that we must do.
'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wish'd.
To do nothing, to relax;
To relax perchance. Ay , there's the rub;
Because when you relax the body also the mind is relaxed and
we will become stupid. There's the respect
that encourages us to act;
For who could bear the yells and screams of parents
who tell you to stand up and go out;
The indecision for which clothes to wear ;
In winter with the cold outside and in summer with the heat;
The agony to try and find parking;
The weight of the bags;
The insolence and the dislike of shop assistants;
The patience to stay for long and long time into the car,
waiting for the traffic lights?
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.

To lie or not to lie

*Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to change
the truth in order to protect a friend*

To lie or not to lie, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to change
the truth in order to protect a friend
or reveal it in order to protect ourselves.
Is it worth lying not to hurt other people?
Is it worth becoming a liar?
If lying means to avoid sorrow to people that have suffered
enough,
Well, in that case it is worth it.
But, when you start lying to somebody,
even if only for his/her good,
you believe it to be true so much
that you start to persuade yourself about it.
Lying, indeed, does not only mean lying to others,
often we lie to ourselves.
Lying to oneself, in order to deny reality,
it is maybe the worst thing somebody can do to himself/herself.
So why do we do that?
We realize that life is cruel in itself,
We do it because we need to think that happiness does exist
and that sooner or later this will come.
Is it a good reason?
We need to understand that lying is only an illusion,
eventually it will backfire.