



The Klingon™
Hamlet

The Restored
Klingon Version

Klingon Language Institute
Flourtown, Pennsylvania
1996
www.kli.org



POCKET BOOKS

New York London Toronto Sydney



Hamlet

Prince of Denmark

by

William Shakespeare

restored to the original Klingon™ by
Nick Nicholas and Andrew Strader

edited by Mark Shoulson
with assistance from
Will Martin and d'Armond Speers

layout and design by Lawrence M. Schoen
with assistance from Sarah Ekstrom

A part of the Klingon Shakespeare Restoration Project.
A sponsored project of the Klingon Language Institute

The sale of this book without its cover is unauthorized. If you purchased this book without a cover, you should be aware that it was reported to the publisher as "unsold and destroyed." Neither the author nor the publisher has received payment for the sale of this "stripped book."

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

The Klingon Language Institute is a nonprofit 501(c)(3) corporation and exists to facilitate the scholarly exploration of the Klingon language and culture. *Klingon*, *Star Trek*, and all related marks are Copyrights and Trademarks of Paramount Pictures. All Rights Reserved. Klingon Language Institute Authorized User.



POCKET BOOKS, a division of Simon & Schuster Inc.
1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020

Originally published in 1996 by the Klingon Language Institute
Illustration copyright © 1995 by Gennie Summers
Klingon translation copyright © 2000 by Paramount Pictures.
All rights reserved.

An earlier edition of this book was published in 1996
by the Klingon Language Institute.



STAR TREK is a registered Trademark of
Paramount Pictures.

This book is published by Pocket Books, a division of
Simon & Schuster Inc., under exclusive license from
Paramount Pictures.

All rights reserved, including the right to reproduce
this book or portions thereof in any form whatsoever.
For information address Pocket Books, 1230 Avenue
of the Americas, New York, NY 10020

ISBN-13: 978-0-671-03578-5
ISBN-10: 0-671-03578-9

First Pocket Books paperback printing February 2000

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2

POCKET and colophon are registered trademarks of Simon & Schuster Inc.

Cover design by Matt Galembo
Front cover illustration by Phil Foglio

Printed in the U.S.A.

The translators, editors, and officers
of the Klingon Language Institute
wish to thank Paramount Pictures
for boldly going where none had gone
in commissioning the creation of the Klingon language;
thereby setting in motion something truly extraordinary
and quite in keeping with the *Star Trek* legacy.

This volume is dedicated to the memory of Gene Roddenberry.
He may or may not have approved of what we've done,
but we hope he'd have liked it in either case.



-Gennie Summers-1994

laDwl'vaD:

naDev qonwl' qab'e' Dalegh:
SeQpIr qab 'IHmoH QuchDaj ghegh.
wIDeltaHvIS nuqaD Qu' Qatlh
'IHmo' 'ej Dojqu'mo' chovnatlh.
vaj navDaq 'ang'eghlaHchu' qab,
'ach Qu'vam ta'laHbe'bej yab.
toH, yabvam Dun wIDelchu'chugh
tugh naDmey maqmo' QopchoH Hugh.
'ach yab potlh law', qabHey potlh puS:
qab yIqImIla', paq neH yIbuS.

To the Reader.

This Figure, that thou seest here put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Grauer had a strife
with Nature, to out-doo the life:
O, could he but haue drawne his wit
As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face, the Print would then surpasse
All, that was ever writ in brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

PREFACE

From its founding in 1992, the Klingon Language Institute has grappled with the warrior's tongue, embracing the willful suspension of disbelief necessary to study an artificial language originally created as little more than a prop. The volume you hold should be ample evidence of Klingon's evolution, from the sound stage to popular culture, from a back lot at Paramount Pictures to Klingon and *Star Trek* fans throughout the world. Working with only a thin grammar and a glossary of some two thousand words the membership of the KLI has studied the language, taught the language, engaged in word play from puns to pallindromes, composed original poetry and fiction, translated books of the Bible, and now perhaps the most well known of Shakespeare's plays, *Hamlet*.

I ask that you join us in our suspended disbelief; accept for a moment that this is the original version of the play. Don't concern yourself with temporal anomalies of how you can be reading this play from the future (it never concerned you before, whether in front of the television or at the theatre). A wondrous thing has been created here, a translation (or restoration, as we prefer) that has been labored over, argued about, and finally put before you. Take the time to read it, not just the English text but the corresponding Klingon as well, one never knows when a bit of classical Klingon might not come in handy. And speak it, I pray you, trippingly on the tongue. Surely that's how the Klingons do it.

Lawrence M. Schoen, Ph.D.
KLI Director

FOREWORD

"You have not experienced Shakespeare, until you have read him in the original Klingon." Thus speaks Chancellor Gorkon, in the film *Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country*. For some viewers the line produced hearty chuckles and knowing nods. Among others it served as inspiration. This volume is the finished product crafted by just a few from among the inspired. Since its initial penning in 1600, *Hamlet* has earned the distinction of being one of the most often quoted works in the English language, second only to the Bible, and has been translated into spoken and written languages worldwide. Still a matter of much debate among Shakespearean scholars, we have taken the study of the melancholy Dane and his words one step more. One step in a different direction, at the very least.

It is our hope that this volume of *Hamlet* will be but the first in a growing collection of Shakespeare's works, returned to their "original" state. Be it a showpiece on a mantle, a bookend, or a well and often read volume, it is our wish that it brings you and yours enjoyment.

Sarah Ekstrom
KSRP Coordinator

INTRODUCTION

It is with great pride that we bring to the peoples of the Federation this edition of the works of the great Klingon dramatist, Wil'yam Shex'pir. It is with particular pride that we start this series with one of the cornerstones of Shex'pir's achievement, a play that both questions and encapsulates the very essence of being Klingon: the Tragedy of Khamlet, Son of the Emperor of Kronos.

Wil'yam Shex'pir is a figure of vital importance in Klingon culture. He was an astute observer of both Klingon character and Klingon politics. It has rightly been said that it is impossible for an alien to appreciate who Klingons really are, unless they have come to understand Shex'pir. At a time when relations between the Federation and the Empire have reached a certain degree of normalization, and when citizens of the Federation are increasingly seeking to know more about Klingons and their way of life (a need regrettably responded to by much misinformation from certain quarters), we are satisfied to present this work as a contribution towards better understanding and respect between our two races.

Wil'yam Shex'pir's biographical details are not important; what matters is that he lived at a time of crisis for the Klingon Empire; a crisis which has continued and escalated up to the present day. Almost all the problems confronting Klingons today have their origin in the time when Shex'pir lived. Shex'pir was aware of these problems, often long before most others, and he addressed them in his plays. These were acclaimed from the beginning, in the mess-halls and actor-bars of the Empire: these plays struck a responsive chord in the hearts of many Klingons. Given the subsequent political troubles in the Empire, these plays are read and heard by Klingons today all the more keenly.

It is regrettable that, during the years when the Empire and Federation were at war—a war the Federation fought on the propaganda front even more keenly than on the battlefield—certain individuals resorted to crude forgeries of Shex'pir, claiming him as a conveniently remote mediaeval Terran, a certain Willem Shekisper, and hoping by this falsification of history to discredit the achievements of Klingon culture. We will not dwell on this unfortunate episode, although we are dismayed that this belief continues and persists amongst many in the Federation to this day. In this edition, we juxtapose the Klingon original with the most prevalent of the versions of “Amlet” purported to have been written by “Shekisper.” We think that the quality of the two plays—on the one hand, the spontaneous, direct, vibrant verse of Khamlet, and on the other, the flaccid, ponderous, convoluted meanderings of “Amlet”—speak for themselves. Those who persist in being Doubting Thomazs would do well to consult the Central Federation Mediaeval Archival Database on the meagre, unconvincing amount of information extant on the existence of this Shekisper, and compare it to the testimonials of the Declassified Approved-For-Aliens pre-Khitomer Personnel Rolls on Wil'yam Shex'pir.

It remains a fact, though, that these forgeries were as thorough as they were malicious: gigabytes of allegedly Industrial Age back-dated so-called Shekisperian Criticism were fabricated, and the works disseminated as part of a well-organized campaign. This campaign appears to have succeeded far beyond its initiators' anticipations. For better or for worse, works like Amlet, for all their crudity, have acquired a certain resonance amongst citizens of the Federation, and Terrans in particular. This is no doubt due to their pseudo-mediaevalist parochial appeal, which has rendered these incisive masterpieces of

sociopolitical analysis into innocuous picturesque period pieces—a genre favored on Terra (and Betazed) much more than on planets like Vulcan and the Human colonies.

This has had the interesting side-effect that passages in the two plays, pretty much identical textually, are interpreted in wildly differing ways by the two cultures. The differences between how Khamlet is read on Earth and Kronos are an excellent illustration of the different values of Klingon and Federation society; and a careful examination of this should prove rewarding to anyone interested in understanding Klingons better. To assist the novice reader whose Klingon is still not up to scratch for such a challenging text, or who is not as familiar with Klingon ethos as he might be, we have provided endnotes detailing the major discrepancies between the two texts. In this introduction we will refer to the cultural differences on a more general level.

Shex'pir wrote two major types of plays. His Classical plays follow the norms of traditional Klingon comedy (**lut tlhaQ**) and history (**qun lut**). The characters by and large follow the cultural norms of the old warrior society, and are usually intended as straightforward entertainment, although Shex'pir's character portrayal and command of verse are unequalled by other dramatists. These plays include *K'oryolakhnesh* (Coriolanus), *Khenriy Vagh* (Henry V), *Yulyush K'ayshar* (Julius Caesar), *The Confusion Is Great Because of Nothing* (Much Ado About Nothing), and what is frequently regarded as Shex'pir's greatest achievement, *Tityush Ardronik'ush* (Titus Andronicus).

In his 'Problem Plays,' on the other hand, Shex'pir departs from the conventions of the Klingon stage, and casts a critical eye on Klingon society, at both the individual level and in its relations with other civilizations. The Problem Plays enjoy a less wide audience; they are, as Khamlet himself would say, "stuffed to'bjaj legs to the general." Many Klingons find these plays confusing, wordy, and irritating; they also believe the plays spend too much time discussing aliens. But these same plays enjoy high repute amongst the upper classes of Klingon society, and the diplomatic corps. They include *Romyo and Djulyet* (Romeo and Juliet), *The Trader from Delviy Adu* (The Merchant of Venice), *Lir the King* (King Lear), *One Dreams in the Middle of the Hot Season* (Midsummer Night's Dream), and the play the reader currently has on his viewscreen.

To come to this particular play: *Khamlet* is widely regarded amongst Klingons as a problematic play. This is because of the daring innovations by Shex'pir on the conventions of the genre of the revenge play (**bortaS lut**). In the Klingon tradition of the revenge play, *Khamlet* would have been a simple affair: Klaw'diyush should have been dispatched with little ceremony ten minutes into the play. This does not occur. Instead, Khamlet spends a positively un-Klingon amount of time talking about what he should do, rather than getting anything done. Most Klingons cannot make head or tail of this; in some parts of the hinterlands of the Empire, *Khamlet* has even been banned from performance, as liable to corrupt the youth.

It is only the more perceptive Klingons who, like General Chang (may the Black Fleet commend him!) realize that the play is not about revenge at all. It certainly is not about the ghost of Khamlet Senior, who becomes almost an incidental figure. What the play deals with, rather, and what draws real feelings of dread from its audience, is the threat of the Empire becoming 'soft' and ineffectual, and the Klingon people becoming alienated from their traditional warlike virtues.

In effect, *Khamlet*, with its fawning courtiers, its insistence on ceremony, its healthy *Realpolitik*, and its underhand dealing (a world where Klaw'diyush survives a direct challenge from Layertesh by flattery rather than ritually disemboweling the offender; where the opinion of someone as garrulous as Polonyush can be taken seriously; and where Houses like that of Duras can pretty much ignore Imperial authority) is nothing less than a nightmare scenario, a chilling portrayal of a malaise and decay so pervasive that it infects the hero himself. And this is the crux of the play. Even the ending, where the slaughter of the dishonorable is supposed to signal the restoration of Klingon order, leaves a bitter after-taste: Khamlet exacts his revenge almost by accident, and Vortibrash Junior is as much an advocate of *Realpolitik* as Klaw'diyush before him. The restoration of order calls for a king like Khamlet Senior, or Vortibrash Senior, who followed the old ways and believed in honor. No such salvation is forthcoming for Khamlet's Kronos, a planet left to an uncertain future; and many Klingons, from Chang onwards, have feared that Khamlet's Kronos is too close to our own contemporary Kronos for comfort.

In a real sense, with its oppressive and relentless atmosphere, *Khamlet* is more akin to *The Trial* or *1984* in Terran literature than to "Amlet." And significantly, the problems addressed in *Khamlet* are still foremost in the minds of the honorable in the Empire. It is a topic which Shex'pir frequently returns to in his plays—even his putatively 'Problem-free' plays. There can be no better summary of his thinking than that in *The Confusion is Great because of Nothing*: "But manhood is melted into curtsies, valor into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too." (IV 1.317-319)

The malaise in Klingon society depicted in *Khamlet* pervades all levels of society; from the artful Klaw'diyush and the tedious anagram-puns of Polonyush, through to even the lowest commoners, the equivocating gravediggers. With this in mind, the gravedigger scene is much different from the 'light relief' expected in traditional tragedies. It is no longer funny, but almost absurdist—and deeply disconcerting, as the audience realizes that, if not even a "dirter" can speak with the directness required of honor, Khamlet's world is in deep turmoil. The real light relief in the play comes with Oshrik in V 2; his idiom, drenched with faddish loans from Federation Standard, can be safely held up to ridicule, since one would well expect a courtier to be corrupted. (Some scholars would contend Oshrik's language can still be heard in the Officer's Mess of the Klingon Military Academy!)

Khamlet is set in the 23rd century, although the fine details of the technologies and aliens mentioned are not always consistent. All the aliens figuring in the play are now familiar to members of the Federation, although the Ferengi, long familiar to the Klingons whose space they border, were only encountered by the Federation as recently as 2364. It would have been unwise for Shex'pir, however, to allow the political situation in *Khamlet* to reflect that of the contemporary Empire too closely. (The House of Duras was rather insignificant in the 22nd century; its place in the play acquired political poignancy only fairly recently, during the Klingon Civil War.) For this reason, the political situation in *Khamlet* is actually that of pre-Kahless Kronos, with rival houses able to effectively threaten a king who was more a *primus inter pares* than an absolute leader. The parallels to the Interregnum Empire are obvious, but clearly could not have been stated openly. Note that the pre-Kahless politics of the play does not prevent the characters from invoking the name of Kahless frequently, just as the recent restoration of Kahless The Unforgettable to the throne as a ceremonial figure has not yet had a significant effect on Klingon politics.

Relations between the Empire and the Romulans have always fluctuated wildly, from the 2268 detente to the Khitomer massacre of 2346, and the recent involvement of the Romulans in the Klingon Civil Wars. In the unspecified time-frame of *Khamlet*, the Klingons and the Romulans are on amicable terms, and Khamlet appears to have studied at Vulcan as part of a cultural exchange. (This drags the figure of Khamlet down into the 'malaise' of the play from its very onset.) There are in fact several parallels between *Khamlet* and *Yulyush K'ayshar*, which was written by Shex'pir during the detente as a tribute to the Romulan Ambassador. The areas of the Klingon hinterlands who object to the play's morals also cite its shows of amity with the Romulans as reason to distrust the play.

The disparities between Klingon and Federation culture are such that it is usually when Federation audiences think "Amlet" is mad that Klingon audiences think he has momentarily come to his senses. Such instances include the murder of Polonyush, Khamlet's overt flirting with Ovelya, and—as instances of "madness with method in 't"—some of his soliloquies. A good illustration of these cultural disparities lies in Act III Scene 1. For both Klingon and Federation audiences, something about the scene does not make sense; Khamlet/Amlet starts acting in an inexplicable manner, and to explain this it is usually assumed that he has caught a glimpse of the King and Polonyush spying on him, and he changes his behaviour to play up to them accordingly. In the Terran version, this turn in his actions comes right after his soliloquy, when he coldly dismisses Ofelea. To Klingons, his behaviour against the suddenly meek, apologetic Ovelya makes all the sense in the world. What doesn't make sense is the preceding soliloquy, which is explained by Klingon scholars as Khamlet giving the King and Polonyush what they want—a 'mad' Khamlet—although there is enough meaning and honor left in the speech that the King and Polonyush are not fooled.

It has caused Klingon social analysts no end of mirth to realize how highly Terrans prize the "To be or not to be" soliloquy; if Klingons had to single out one soliloquy above all others, it would be "'Tis now the very witching time of night," at the end of III 2, a speech which expresses the Klingon drive towards revenge masterfully. It is widely believed that this very cultural incongruity is what made General Chang (may he gain many victories in Krit'u!) quote the "To be or not to be" soliloquy so frequently; and which has succeeded in throwing Terrans 'off the track' in their attempt to understand Klingon culture for decades.

But it is important to bear in mind that *Khamlet's* soliloquies are not intended as tomfoolery or slapstick—though the Act III Scene 1 soliloquy in particular is often performed as such. Their premise is sound enough that they won't be instantly rejected by a Klingon audience; it is their tendency to belabor the point, and to go on just a bit too long, that succeed in causing a deep feeling of unease.

There are many other illuminating parts of the play which we will let the Federation reader uncover himself. Read this work, Human, and learn.

Bureau of External Relations, Kronos—as translated by Nick Nicholas



Hamlet

Prince of Denmark

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

CLAUDIUS, *King of Denmark*
 HAMLET, *son to the late, and nephew to the present King*
 POLONIUS, *Lord Chamberlain*
 HORATIO, *friend to Hamlet*
 LAERTES, *son to Polonius*
 VOLTIMAND
 CORNELIUS
 ROSENCRANTZ
 GUILDENSTERN
 OSRIC
 A Gentleman
 A Priest
 MARCELLUS
 BERNARDO
 FRANCISCO, *a soldier*
 REYNALDO, *servant to Polonius*
 Five Players
 Two Clowns, *grave-diggers*
 FORTINBRAS, *prince of Norway*
 A Captain
 English Ambassadors
 A Lord
 A Soldier
 Two Messengers
 A Servant to Horatio
 Danes
 Ghost of Hamlet's Father

 GERTRUDE, *queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet*
 OPHELIA, *daughter to Polonius*
 Non-Speaking: *Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, and other Attendants*
 SCENE: *Denmark.*

ACT I

SCENE I *Elsinore. A platform before the castle.*
 [FRANCISCO at his post. Enter to him BERNARDO]

<i>Bernardo</i>	Who's there?
<i>Francisco</i>	Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.
<i>Bernardo</i>	Long live the king!
<i>Francisco</i>	Bernardo?
<i>Bernardo</i>	He.
<i>Francisco</i>	You come most carefully upon your hour.
<i>Bernardo</i>	'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.
<i>Francisco</i>	For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.

Qo'noS ta'puq, Hamlet lotlut.

LUTVAD GHOTVAM LUDALU'

TLHAW'DIYUS, *Qo'noS ta' ghaH*
 HAMLET, *ben ta' puqloD; DaHjaj ta' loDnI'puqloD je ghaH*
 POLONYUS, *Qang ghaH*
 HOREY'SO, *Hamlet jup ghaH*
 LAYERTEs, *polonyuS puqloD ghaH*
 VOLTIMAD
 QORNELYUS
 ROSENQATLH
 GHILDESTEN
 'OSRIQ
 wa' 'utlh
 wa' lalDanyaS
 MARSE'LU'S
 BERNARDO
 VERANCHISQO, *mang ghaH*
 REYNALDO, *polonyuS toy'wl' ghaH*
 vagh Dawl'pu'
 cha' tlhaQwl'; *molwl' Da*
 VORTIBRAS, *DuraS tuq pln be'nI'puqloD ghaH*
 wa' HoD
 tera' Duypu'
 wa' yaS
 wa' mang
 cha' Qumwl'
 Horey'So wa' toy'wl'
 QonoSnganpu'
 Hamlet vav lomqa'

GHERTLHU'D, *Qo'noS ta'be', Hamlet SoS je ghaH*
 'OVELYA, *polonyuS puqbe' ghaH*
 jawloDpu', jawbe'pu', yaSpu', mangpu', yo'mangpu', latlh toy'wl'pu' je; jatlhbe' chaH
 LUT DAQ: Qo'noS

LUT 'AY' WA'

LUT 'AY'HOM WA' *tlhIn. ta'qach'a' tlhop 'avwl'Daq jen.*
 ['avtaH VERANCHISQO. ghaHDAQ 'el BERNARDO]

bernarDo	chol 'Iv?
veranchISqo	Qo', jIH Hljang. yltaDchoH 'ej yIngu'egh.
bernarDo	taHjaj wo'!
veranchISqo	bernarDo?
bernarDo	jIHbej.
veranchISqo	blmatlhba', qarqu'mo' blcholmeH poHllj.
bernarDo	qaSpu' ramjep. QongDaq ylgHoS, veranchISqo.
veranchISqo	qatlho'bej, Qu'wljvo' choSonmo'. blrqu'. 'ej roplaw' tlqwlj.

Bernardo Have you had quiet guard?
Francisco Not a mouse stirring.
Bernardo Well, good night.
 If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
 The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.
Francisco I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who is there?
 [Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS]
Horatio Friends to this ground.
Marcellus And liegemen to the Dane.
Francisco Give you good night.
Marcellus O, farewell, honest soldier:
 Who hath reliev'd you?
Francisco Bernardo has my place.
 Give you good night.
 [Exit]
Marcellus Holla! Bernardo!
Bernardo Say,
 What, is Horatio there?
Horatio A piece of him.
Bernardo Welcome, Horatio—welcome, good Marcellus.
Marcellus What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?
Bernardo I have seen nothing.
Marcellus Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
 And will not let belief take hold of him
 Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:
 Therefore I have entreated him along
 With us to watch the minutes of this night;
 That if again this apparition come,
 He may approve our eyes and speak to it.
Horatio Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.
Bernardo Sit down awhile;
 And let us once again assail your ears,
 That are so fortified against our story
 What we have two nights seen.
Horatio Well, sit we down,
 And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
Bernardo Last night of all,
 When yon same star that's westward from the pole
 Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
 Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
 The bell then beating one,—
 [Enter Ghost]
Marcellus Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!
Bernardo In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

- bernarDo* bl'avtaHvIS jot'a?
veranchISqo vIHbe' je ghew.
bernarDo vaj maj. Qapla'.
 Horey'So quv, marSe'luS je Daghomchugh—
 jI'avtaHvIS qochma' chaH—vaj tImoDmoH.
veranchISqo SuH, chaH vIQoylaw'. 'eH, yItaD! chol 'Iv?
 ['eI HOREY'SO, MARSE'LUS je]
Horey'So qo'vam juppu'.
marSe'luS Qo'noS pIn'a' lobwI' je.
veranchISqo tIhIHvaD Qapla'.
marSe'luS Qapla', SuvwI' yuDHa'.
 DuSonta' 'Iv?
veranchISqo Qu'vaD mucho' bernarDo.
 Qapla'.
 [mej]
marSe'luS SuH! SuH! bernarDo!
bernarDo toH, yIja':
 SaH'a' Horey'So?
Horey'So SaHlaw' 'ay'Daj neH.
bernarDo nuqneH, Horey'So QaQ. nuqneH, marSe'luS.
Horey'So qaStaHvIS ramvam, narghqa'a' HoSDo'Hey?
bernarDo paghna' vIlegghpu'.
marSe'luS Sunaj neH ja' Horey'So. ghaH jon qechvetlh
 'e' botqu' je ghaH, qa'Hey Dojqu'e'
 cha'logh wIlegghpu'bogh Harbe'taHvIS.
 vaj naDev ramvam tupmey 'avll'meH,
 vItIhejmoHpu'. vaj cholqa'chugh HoSDo'Hey,
 mInDu'maj 'ollaH ghaH, 'ej qa'vaD jatIhlaH.
Horey'So wejpuH. narghbe'ba' bIH.
bernarDo toH, loQ yIba'.
 'elbe'meH lutmaj, teS Surchem DarIHlaw'.
 vaj bIH DIHvqa'meH, wanI' wIlegghbogh,
 qaStaHvIS cha' ramjep, wIja'.
Horey'So maba'.
 'ej maHvaD ghu'vam ja'choHchu' bernarDo.
bernarDo qaStaHvIS wa'Hu' ram,
 lengDI' QuvHov poS yuQvetlh, 'ej, DaH SepDaq
 wovmoHbogh, bochmeH ghoSpu'DI' lengwI';
 naDev ma'avtaHvIS marSe'luS jIH je,
 'ej wa'logh Qoy'lu'DI'—
 ['eI lomqa']
marSe'luS bIjatlh 'e' mev! peqIm! DaH cholqa' bIH!
bernarDo Heghpu'bogh ta'ma' rurmeH chenta' bIH.

- Marcellus* Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.
- Bernardo* Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.
- Horatio* Most like—it harrows me with fear and wonder.
- Bernardo* It would be spoke to.
- Marcellus* Question it, Horatio.
- Horatio* What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak!
- Marcellus* It is offended.
- Bernardo* See, it stalks away!
- Horatio* Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!
[Exit Ghost]
- Marcellus* 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
- Bernardo* How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?
- Horatio* Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
- Marcellus* Is it not like the king?
- Horatio* As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.
'Tis strange.
- Marcellus* Thus twice before, and just at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.
- Horatio* In what particular thought to work I know not;
But in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
- Marcellus* Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land;
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week;
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day:
Who is't that can inform me?
- Horatio* That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,

- marSe'luS* HaDwl' SoH. bIHvaD vay' yljatlh, Horey'So.
bernardo ta' rurqu' bIH, qar'a'? ylqIm, Horey'So.
Horey'So rurqu'bej bIH. mumerqu' 'ej mublmoH.
bernardo bIHvaD jatlh vay' DaH neHlaw'.
marSe'luS bIHvaD yljatlh. 'eH, Horey'So.
Horey'So ram repvam, vIDbogh porghvetlh 'IH'e' je, ben yltmeH lo'bogh Qo'noS ta' webHa' wlmolpu'bogh, boDoQta', HattaHvIS. vaj nuq tlhIH jay'? ghuy'cha' Sara': pejatlh!
marSe'luS bIH mawlu'law'.
bernardo SuH! Haw'meH moDchoH bIH.
Horey'So peloS! pejatlh! pejatlh! Sara': pejatlh!
 [mej lomqa]
marSe'luS DaH Haw'ta', 'ej jangQo'.
bernardo nuqneH, Horey'So? DaH blchIS. blQomlaw'. wa'Hu' manaj neH DaH 'e' DaHar'a'? toH, vuDlIj nuq?
Horey'So jI'lprup jay': wanl'vam vIHArQo', 'olbe'chugh tu'chu'bogh 'ej vItbogh mInwlj.
marSe'luS ta'ma' lurur, qar'a'?
Horey'So blrur'egh je!
 DuraS pIn tlhIvqu' Hay'taHvIS je ghaH, yoDSutvetlh'e' tuQ. qejmeH qabvetlh 'ang ghaH, chuchDaq yoDDuj qInSaya qIpDI' je, QeHtaHvIS ja'chuq. Hujqu'.
marSe'luS qaStaHvIS ramjepna' tup qar, DaH wejlogh vID 'ej nujuSpu' ghaH, ma'avtaHvIS.
Horey'So qechwlj vlchavnlSbogh vlwlvlaHbe'. 'ach nom jIwuqnISchugh jIqelchu'pa', vaj wo'vaD qaS Qugh taQ 'e' pIHmoHlaw'.
marSe'luS toH, DaH peba', 'ej ja'choH Sovbogh vay': qatlh wo' rewbe'pu', negh je vumnlSmoH yepbogh 'ej SaHnlSqu'moHbogh ram Qu'vam, qaSDI' Hoch ram? 'ej qaStaHvIS Hoch pem, qatlh, chenmeH may'morgh, baS lutetmoHlu'? qatlh, veS mlqta'mey je'meH, novvaD mechlu'? 'ej qatlh Duj chenmoHwl' lumuvmoHqu'lu'? pavqu'mo' Qu'chaj, chaHvaD Hatlaw' len. DaH vummeH pemvaD jIjnIS je ramjep, moDmo' Doy'wl'pu'. Hochvam chavnlSlu', qaSbeHmo' nuq? 'oH QIjlaH 'Iv?
Horey'So SuH, jIH.
 toH, joS lutlhuplu'bogh vlja'qa'laH. wanl' DaSov: DaH maHvaD narghlaw'pu'bogh

Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
 Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
 Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet—
 For so this side of our known world esteem'd him—
 Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,
 Well ratified by law and heraldry,
 Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,
 Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror:
 Against the which, a moiety competent
 Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
 To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
 Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same cov'nant,
 And carriage of the article design'd,
 His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
 Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
 Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
 Shark'd up a list of lawless resolute,
 For food and diet, to some enterprise
 That hath a stomach in't: which is no other—
 As it doth well appear unto our state—
 But to recover of us, by strong hand,
 And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands
 So by his father lost: and this, I take it,
 Is the main motive of our preparations,
 The source of this our watch, and the chief head
 Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Bernardo

I think it be no other, but e'en so:
 Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
 Comes armed through our watch; so like the king
 That was and is the question of these wars.

Horatio

A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
 In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
 A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
 The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:
 As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
 Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,
 Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
 Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse:
 And even the like precursor of fierce events,—
 As harbingers preceding still the fates
 And prologue to the omen coming on,—
 Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
 Unto our climatures and countrymen.—
 But soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!

[Re-enter Ghost]

I'll cross it, though it blast me—Stay, illusion!
 If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
 Speak to me:
 If there be any good thing to be done,
 That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
 Speak to me:
 If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
 Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,