

To eat or not to eat that is the question:

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**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

To eat or not to eat — that is the question: Whether 'tis nobler in the stomach to suffer [...] To eat, to indulge — No more — and by indulge to say we end The deprivation and the thousand natural shocks That the stomach is heir to - 'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wished. To eat, to indulge — To indulge, perchance to satisfy the soul. Ay, there's the rub, For in that surrender to food what regrets may come, When we have given in to a few mouthfuls of delicious freedom, Feed guilty desire to end the body's famine. There's the respect That makes calamity of so long life. For who would bear the whips and scorns of starvation, [...] Thus conscience does make us slaves of society's ideals, And thus prevents us all from sacrificing weight for such brief pleasures And the urge to stuff the face and fill the stomach to its full capacity With this regard, the stomach stops weeping, And loses the name of appetite. To eat or not to eat — that is the question: Whether 'tis nobler in the stomach to suffer [...] To eat, to indulge — No more — and by indulge to say we end The deprivation and the thousand natural shocks That the stomach is heir to - 'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wished. To eat, to indulge — To indulge, perchance to satisfy the soul. Ay, there's the rub, For in that surrender to food what regrets may come, When we have given in to a few mouthfuls of delicious freedom, Feed guilty desire to end the body's famine. There's the respect That makes calamity of so long life. For who would bear the whips and scorns of starvation, [...] Thus conscience does make us slaves of society's ideals, And thus prevents us all from sacrificing weight for such brief pleasures And the urge to stuff the face and fill the stomach to its full capacity With this regard, the stomach stops weeping, And loses the name of appetite.