





A series of horizontal red lines providing a writing area, consisting of 18 evenly spaced lines.





To be, or not to be: that is the question.





There is nothing either good or bad,
but thinking makes it so.



Handwriting practice lines consisting of ten horizontal dashed lines.

Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.





This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.





To die, to sleep -
To sleep, perchance to dream - ay, there's the rub,
For in this sleep of death what dreams may come...

