

## **A Legacy Forgotten**

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“A murder most foul,” are four words that I would never hope to describe the experiences in my life. While I clearly cannot relate to all aspects of Shakespeare’s *Hamlet*, I can certainly connect to some of the emotional troubles. Hamlet, like most other Shakespearean characters, is very eccentric and over the top. Like my brother would say, “He’s going 50 in a 25.” Even though Hamlet pushes the boundaries of sanity, we can all see a glimpse of ourselves in his actions.

In Act I, Scene II, while complaining to Horatio, Hamlet says, “The funeral baked meats/did coldly furnish the marriage tables.” In this passage, he was saying that the food that was served for the funeral was also served at the marriage of his uncle and his mother. Hamlet, visibly outraged by the haste of his murderous uncle’s incestuous wedding, felt as if his father was worth nothing more than a leftover feast.

When I was eight years old, my father passed away from cancer in his lungs. Needless to say, it was a very difficult time for my family. Two years later, my mother met another man. Before long, I had a new step-father. They were married in the summer, when the days were long and full of hope. However, as the cold weather was steadily approaching, so too was the influence of an unfamiliar lifestyle. While the leaves were falling off the trees, the pictures and memories of my dad were being removed from our home. I felt as if my old life was being crudely painted over, cheaply replaced, or covered with an inadequate veil. It was as if the legacy of my father, the paragon of honorable men, was being dirtied and forgotten, like an old grandfather clock that had no use.

Fortunately for my family and I, that is where my connection with Hamlet ends. I did not adopt an “antic disposition,” and I certainly did not plot or execute any murders. Throughout my adolescent years, I learned many valuable lessons from my stepfather. He has taught me many things about becoming a responsible adult, and has been a positive influence to me. I am actually very proud to say that he is a part of my family. While I will never forget the impact and legacy of my father, my stepdad is continuously an encouraging role model in my life.

Whether we want to believe it or not, we can all find a personal connection with Hamlet. It may be as simple as acknowledging death that waits for everyone, or as complex as being unhealthily consumed with revenge. Filled with deception, vengeance, love affairs, and trickery, *Hamlet* is essentially the ultimate manifestation of conflict that paved the way for all soap operas to come. No matter what situation, it encompasses many different emotions that we as humans can relate to. People of all races, genders, ages, and lifestyles can truly find a piece of themselves in this play and proclaim, “I am Hamlet.”