# Resource F: Leadership

**CLAUDIUS A: Corruption Rots**

But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? ‘Forgive me my foul murder’?
That cannot be, since I am still possessed
Of those effects for which I did the murder:
My crown, mine own ambition and my queen.

**CLAUDIUS B: Echo Chambers Distort**

Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother’s death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe

**CLAUDIUS C: A Change for the Better?**

Now follows that you know young Fortinbras,
Colleaguèd with the dream of his advantage,
Prick'd on by a most emulate pride
So much for him.