**Macbeth’s soli**l**oquy**

To kill or not to kill? That is the question. Have I killed enough? Am I safe? The more I kill, the more I feel guilty that someone is watching me. As I imagine blood covering my hands, my mind feels like exploding. If Macduff was dead, if my dear friend Banquo was alive, then I could lay peacefully in my bed. Some are born to live; some others born to die!

Some people will not believe the witches; but I do. The witches’ prophecies have come true – I have become king. But then again will they deceive me? Will Neptune’s seas wash the blood from my hands and from an innocent person’s heart? The witches’ prophecies always come tru but also a threat overcomes it.

I have served my life to my liege and now I betray him. <My wife has been a big help but in the end I betray her and Banquo. Now I see ghosts as apparitions. The witches have brought me what I wanted all this time so I shall keep killing till I am safe

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**Dharshan**