**Macbeth’s soli**l**oquy**

To conceal or not to conceal? That is the question. Is it better to acquaint my wife with all my darkest secrets or to lock them deep inside my blood-thirsty heart and allow a waterfall of anxiety to topple inside me?

Blood, murder, secrets

Some have done me no harm; others have dug fear deep into my ice-cold heart. I have betrayed, betrayed the ones I love. Death! Seeing Duncan’s lifeless body made me shiver with guilt. Neptune’s mighty oceans could not have washed the ruby-red blood which stuck to the hands of me.

Banquo, the more I think of him, the more heart-broken I become. My dearest friend. Gone! My wife, putrid, and power-crazed, persuaded me to do these direst deeds. Treason. If Fleance was dead, if the executioners had done their jobs correctly, if my wife wasn’t so power-crazed, then my life would be perfect.

These thoughts obstruct my life.

**Frankie**