**Macbeth’s soli**l**oquy**

To kill or not to kill?

Should I believe the weird sister and their prophecies? Maybe it’s time to start making my own decisions. The more I look up to them, the more I hurt my loved ones. I am controlled by them, but if I wasn’t, my darkest secrets could be set as free as a bird. What am I going to do? That is the question…

Killing my dear friend Banquo made pain and guilt rush around my body, so just thinking about doing the same to Macduff makes my heart pound out of my chest. The more I think about the damage I have done, the more I am shattered to pieces. Where did this first start? Why did I murder two people who were innocent?

The time I killed Duncan was the first time I felt blood upon my hands – no…it was the first time I had ever felt guilt sink through me. I thought at first it would be the only time. But I was wrong. Should I let Macduff be safe or should I follow the witches’ instructions? There must be a way round this; mustn’t there?

Murder, death, blood – which is the most threatening to me? All those words send shivers down my spine, every single one of them. I must have a solution; or am I hopeless>? If I believe the witches, nothing could harm me. Or could it? I have no other choice but to follow the witches. I must do what they order me to, even if that means harming the souls I love…I believe!

**Isla**