**Macbeth’s soli**l**oquy**

To kill or not to kill? That’s my dilemma! Is it better to kill, or leave my forever worries? The more I kill, the more guilt flows through my cold-blooded heart. Am I safe? If the weird witches were gone, if they vanished, then I won’t have to kill. Will Macduff come for me or will I have to make another bad decision?

The more I put faith in prophecy, my loved ones suffer.

Die! The worst thing is the pain that haunts me and brings hatred to everyone. Guilt flows through me like a snake slithering for prey. I wonder that the prophecy is not true. Am I even making the right choices of killing anyone and everyone? If I don’t kill, then people could be on to me and I will be in deep danger.

Some kings are born to their throne: others fight for their fame. Hatred, death, a murder – which one will destroy me first? King Duncan made me thane and I just slaughtered him. I shouldn’t be king. Surrounded by ghosts, I feel like maybe even killing myself.

Who will I betray next? My wife, my subjects or even my family? Paranoid, afraid, scared of the outside world and that if people find out I could be dead in a worse way.

I have decided the future! I will continue my murdering. I will be safe at last and my troubles will be deserted. The more blood on my hands, the more I worry about my terrible future. I’m doing this for my beloved, beautiful wife’s life and mine. This is for my own good!

**Jake**