** Macbeth’s soli**l**oquy**

To kill or not to kill? That is the question. Is it better to kill or to let souls live a heart-filled, faithful life and never hold a dagger again? The more people I kill, the more my royal life fades away. Some don’t believe in prophecies, others, like me, believe because they all came true.

Killing causes guilt in my soul and a cold heart. I remember when my loyal, trustworthy wife captured my mind to kill my lord, King Duncan, my guest! I felt like a trespasser that committed treason over the royals; even Macduff ran to England. Just if I had never listened to the apple of my eye then I would be free. Free as a married man. I shouldn’t have got captured by my wife and do such a thing, especially after he gave me the privilege to be Thane of Cawdor.

If I wasn’t so selfish, if I didn’t kill Banquo, if I just killed Macduff, then I would be safe and my wife would stop asking me questions.

Daggers, blood, murder – which of the will close the doors to my future? All I can think of are daggers that were set before me when I killed King Duncan. The blood from the daggers stains my heart; not even Neptune’s oceans can wash the guilt off me.

Death, like a snake, slivers through every cell and poisons my heart. Should I believe the witches when they said “Fouls is fair and fair is foul”? because something bad can happen, and it turned to be good but now it is bad again.

To kill or not to kill? That is the question. I have made my decision to kill Macduff because I will not be killed because the apparitions said anyone born of a woman cannot kill me.

**Kago**