**Macbeth’s soli**l**oquy**

To stay or not to stay? That is the questions.

Is it better to run and keep my darkest secrets; or to rot in the town, betraying the ones I love? The more I kill. The more people get suspicious. I hate the guilt. Guilt, like a snake, slithers into my heart and soul. Blood, murder, secrets – what the witches brought upon me. The thought of being caught, burns my cold heart. If my wife wasn’t so tyrannical, if the witches hadn’t entered my life, if I appreciated that I was Thane of Cawdor, I wouldn’t have these life-changing illusions.

If I run, I’ll be alone; if I stay, I’ll suffer. I abhor living like this with my life on the edge! What would happen if the wood climbed high Dunsinane Hill? What would happen if a man not of woman born came? What would happen if Macduff appeared?

Life’s too short to be making these decisions…I should stay in the town, the castle, where I’ll be safe for so long , but I must leave the witches.

To love, to dream, to hope!

**Matthew**