**Macbeth’s soli**l**oquy**

To kill or not to kill? That is the question. Is it better to stab, or hold back and forget?

To run? To stand? All these says and now it’s time to decide. There are just questions and more, to be answered by me. Blood, death, murder – that’s what I am afraid of. To order death?

I am king now and it’s up to me to make my own decisions. The more blood that is upon my hands, the more guilt shows in me. Some kings are born to the role: others have to fight for the crown. I should be grateful for what has happened. Sometimes life is gull of decisions and this one is extremely hard for me to make. Fear crawls through me like a spider searching for blood.

Should I tell my wife? Or, should I not?

If Banquo wasn’t in my life, if the witches didn’t use so many spells, if I didn’t have this idiotic brain, then In wouldn’t be so annoyed.

What if my wife goes mad? What if she hates me?

Questions all the time.

**Scarlett**