**Macbeth’s soli**l**oquy**

To trust or not to trust those witches? That is the question. Is it better to believe with witches or leave them out of my life? They are giving me too many worries. The three of them have led me to guilt. Thane of Glamis! Cawdor! King! King brought me to murder. If I hadn’t killed Duncan, if I didn’t feel this guilt, if I hadn’t have murdered Banquo, then I wouldn’t be this distressed!

Guilt, like a wolf upon its prey, creeps through every cell of my body, heart and soul. Some people have murder in their blood (like my wife); others just feel sorrow, like me.

I was once a loyal subject but now I am a murder monster. Good things have happened to me but for every good thing, a bad followed along. Me, Fleance, Banquo’s ghost – who will spill the secret first? This horrible time has got the better of me. Prophecies! Will somebody not be born by a woman? Will they come against me? Will they end my life? If that happens, they will harm me. Help me! My power-crazed wife has forced me to the wrong direction. I am in a tricky position. IO am so frightened!

O shall not keep my trust in them. I am dropping them out of my life. Perhaps if I don’t, I can do things my own way. Then, and only then, I will hopefully stop worrying.

They may have done me no harm, but they have left me in fear!

**Sophie**