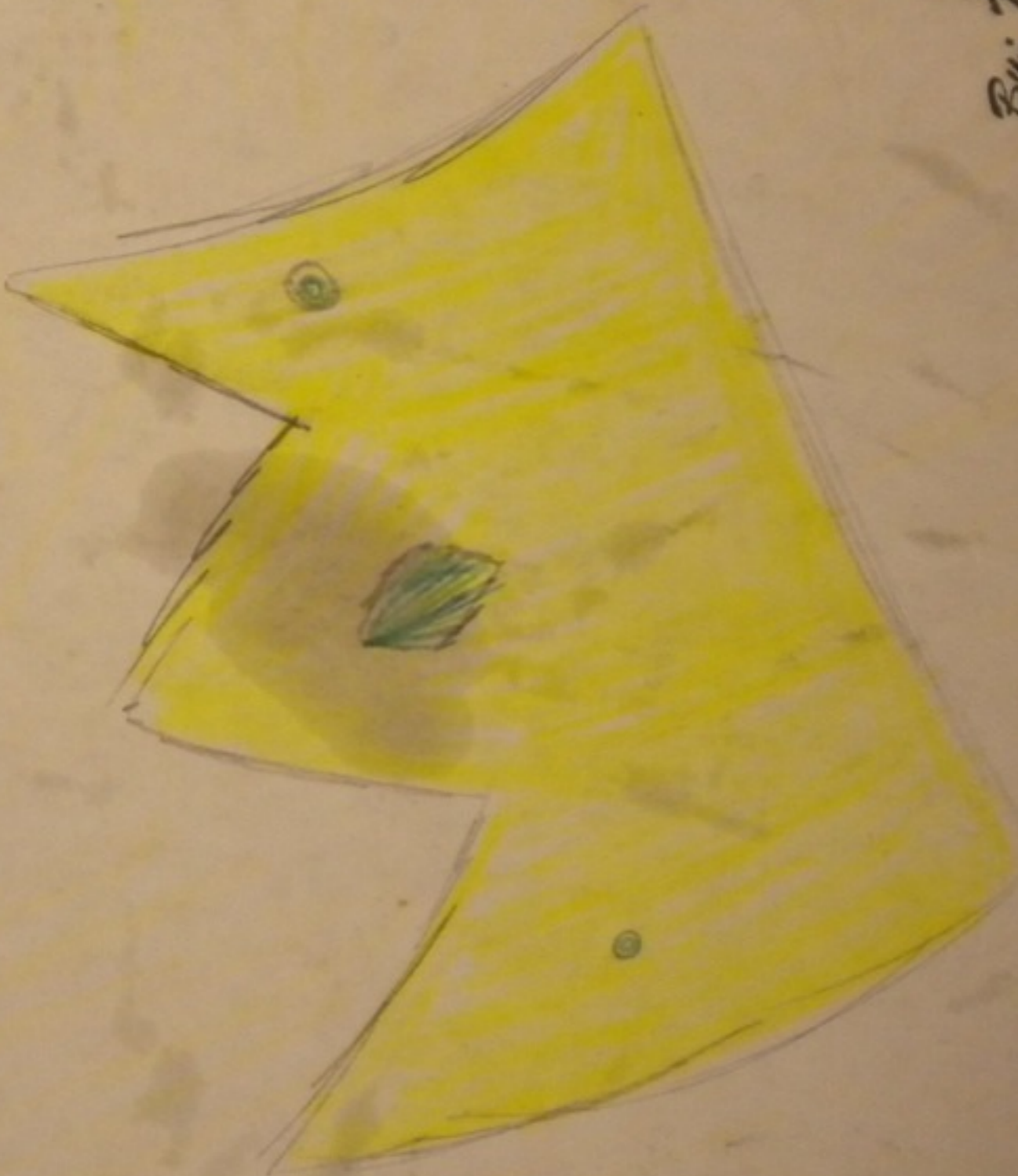
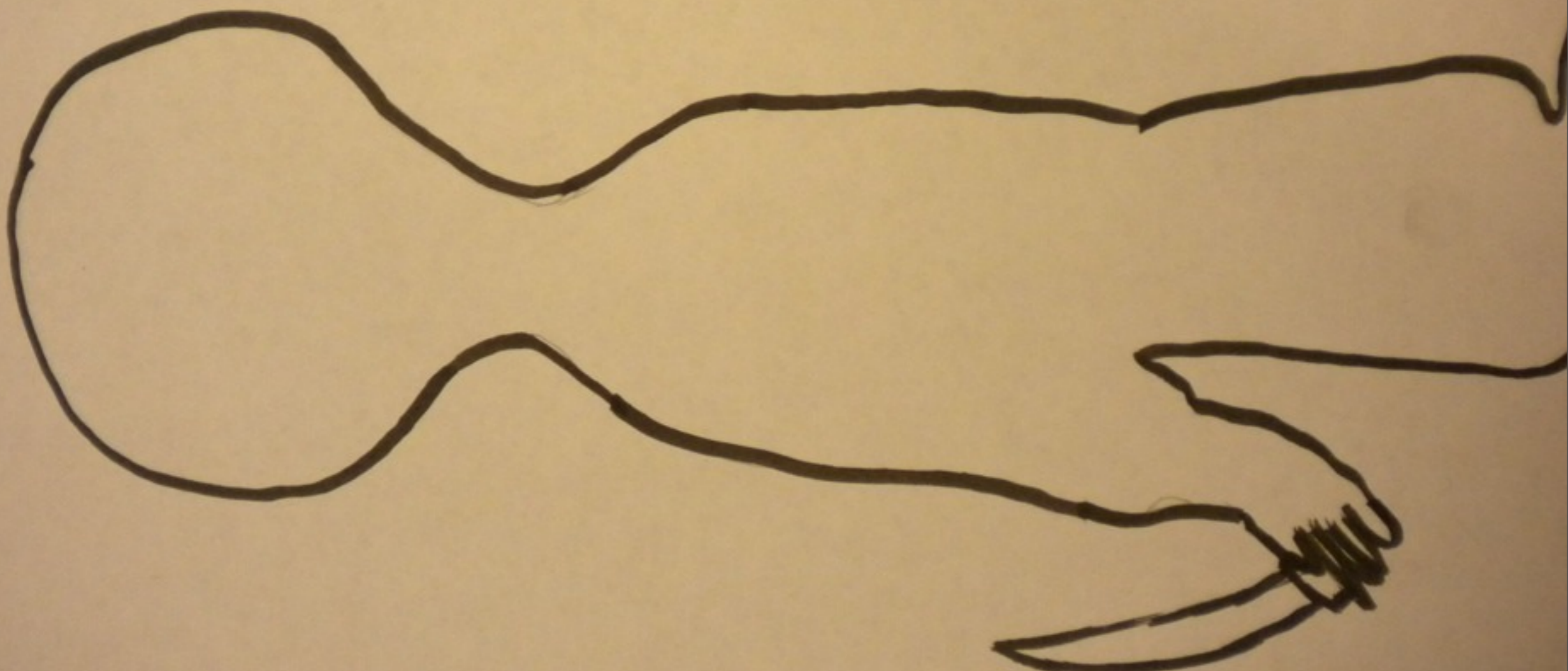


*The Life and Lies of
Macbeth King of
Scotland*



By: Maggie Hohenste



◆ Entry 1,

“For brave Macbeth- well he deserves that name- Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel, which smoked bloody execution” (Act 1 Scene 2 Line 16-18).

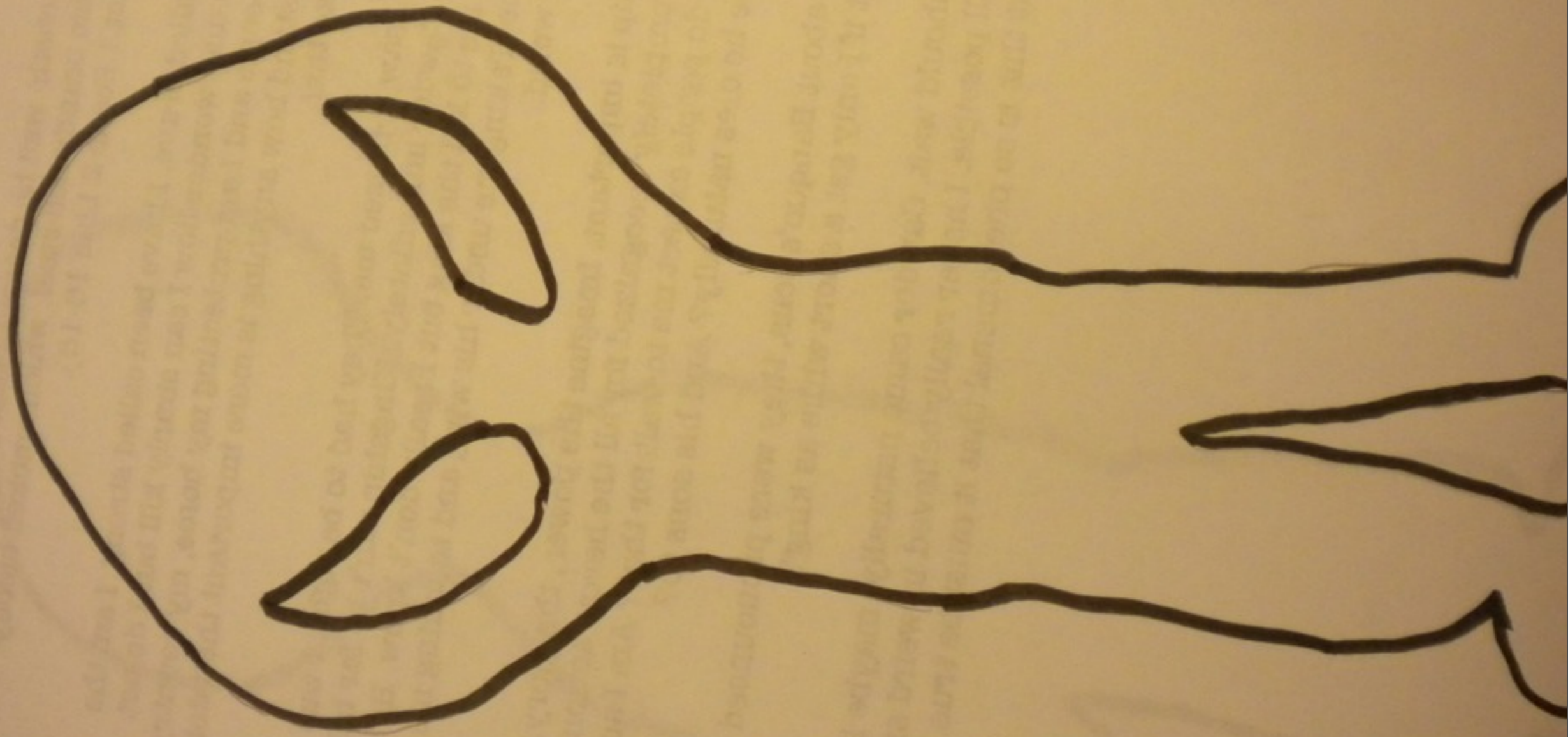
I have been called brave. I have been called strong. I am the world. People may wonder how I can simply kill but I do not know these people and I am protecting my home, my country. I do not understand how anything is more important then doing something like that.

The witches I saw confused me. They had to be right. I was promoted to Cawdor immediately. Kingship can't be far behind. Lady wants me to kill the king but I really don't know. He's been so kind to me. Taking me under his wing and teaching me the ways of the world.

But Kingship is important. Imagine the power, the glory. I could finally be completely recognized for all the heroic actions I have done. How do people expect me to wait for that? Am I supposed to just hope he dies naturally? And his sons to?

And what about Banquo's sons, they were pronounced kings as well. What if I only get a short while as king?

Maybe I should wait. Cawdor came naturally, maybe king will too. It's all possible. I never really believed in weird sisters before but this is so phenomal that it must be true.



◆ Entry 2:

“Still it cried ‘Sleep no more!’ to all the house; ‘Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more.’”

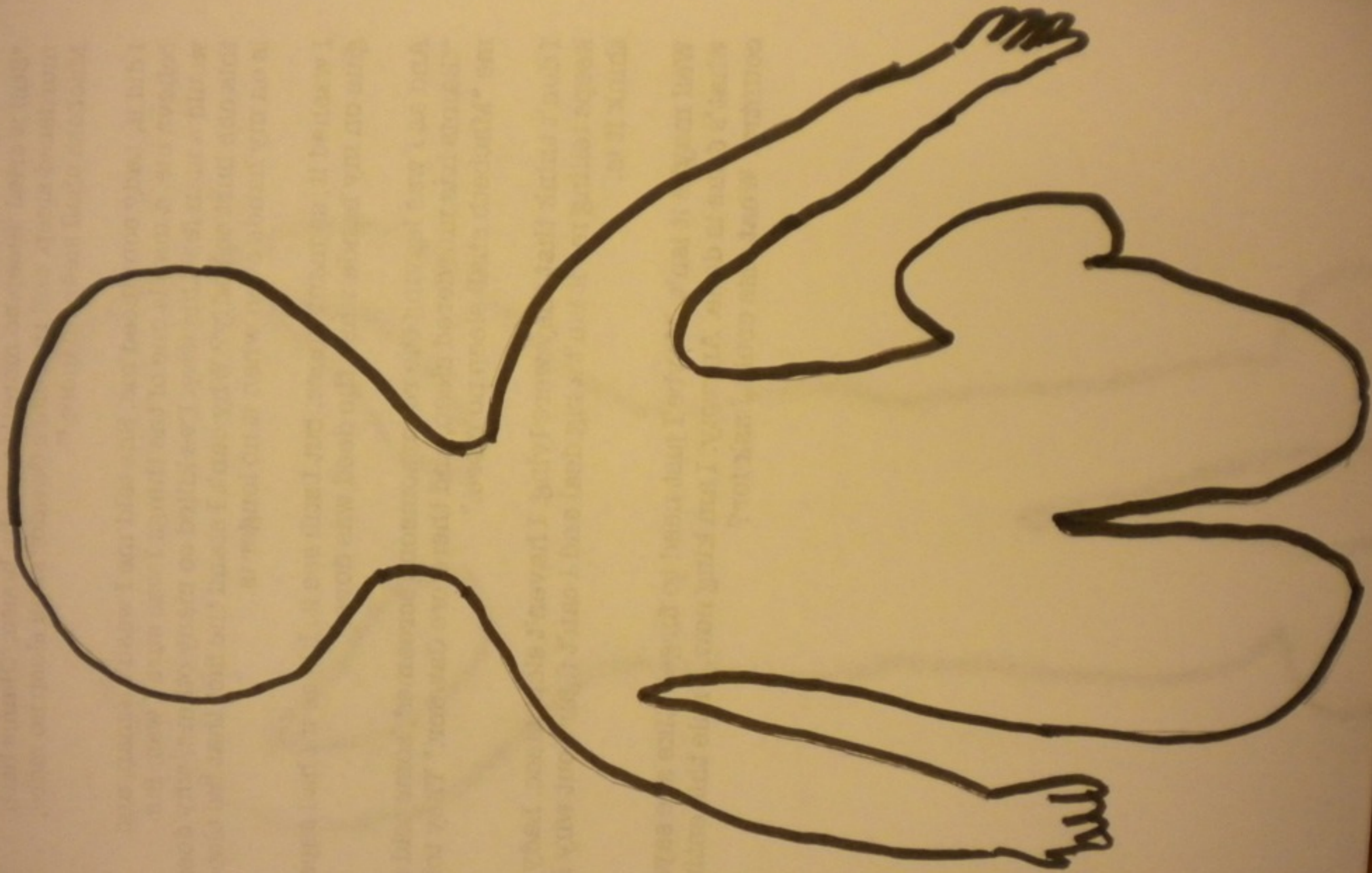
I did it, Lady convinced me. She told me I wasn’t a man, and believe me, a man is one of the things I was sure I was. But would a man feel this way. I’ve killed so many others, why does this one hurt so badly? Why can’t I stand the fact that his blood is on my hands even when it no longer is.

I washed it, so many times, but I still see it. It’s as if I had super glue on my hands when the deed was done.

And as I was leaving the room someone screamed, some told me that “Glamis has murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor.” They told me “Macbeth shall sleep no more.”

I don’t think that they were lying. I haven’t slept since. Lady keeps telling me it isn’t a big deal and I can’t figure out why I think it is.

Well maybe it isn’t. Maybe I just need to forget. Like she says, what’s done is done. Anyway. I am king now. I rule this entire country. What else could I ask for?



◆ Entry 3:

“I’ll call upon you straight. Abide within. It is concluded. Banquo, they soul’s flight, if it find heaven, must find it out tonight” (Act 3 Scene 2 Line 140-143).

I found out what to ask for. The people, I want them to like me. To respect me more, they all think that Macduff should be king. No one trusts me.

Oh and that Banquo, he’s been so suspicious of me, and his son, oh his son might steal this all from me.

Should I kill him as well? Oh what am I thinking?

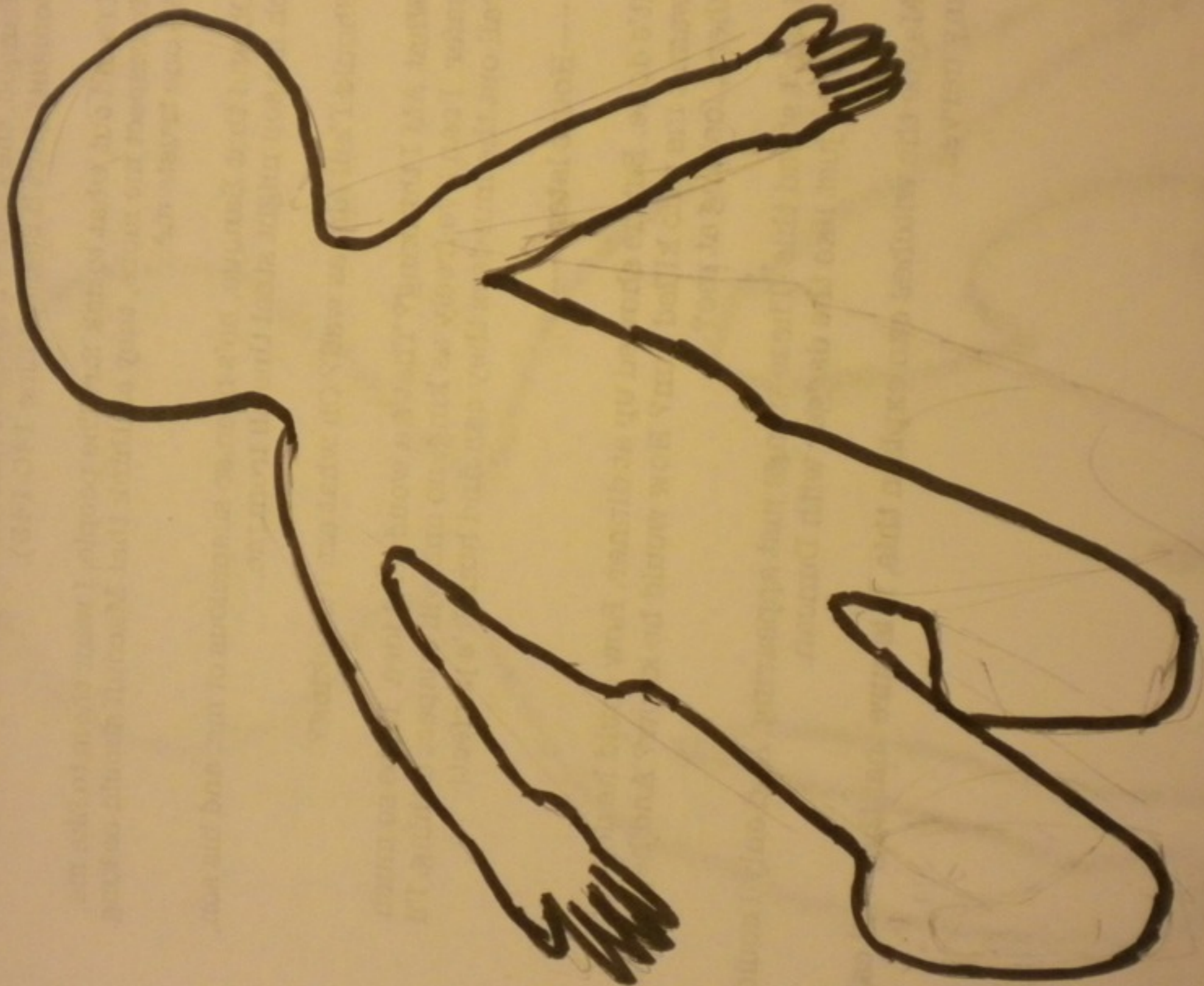
What AM I thinking? That’s a wonderful idea. I’ll be so much safer. I can live freely as king, no one will suspect a thing. I’ll call out the murders they can find him. It’s perfect!

-----Hours later-----

It’s done. But he showed up at dinner. How could he do that? It wasn’t me who killed him? How would he know? And he just sat there, looking at me?

I can’t stand this. These things just appearing. And only I could see him, just like the dagger with Duncan.

Maybe the witches can explain this, it is sure that they will calm my nerves.



◆ Entry 4:

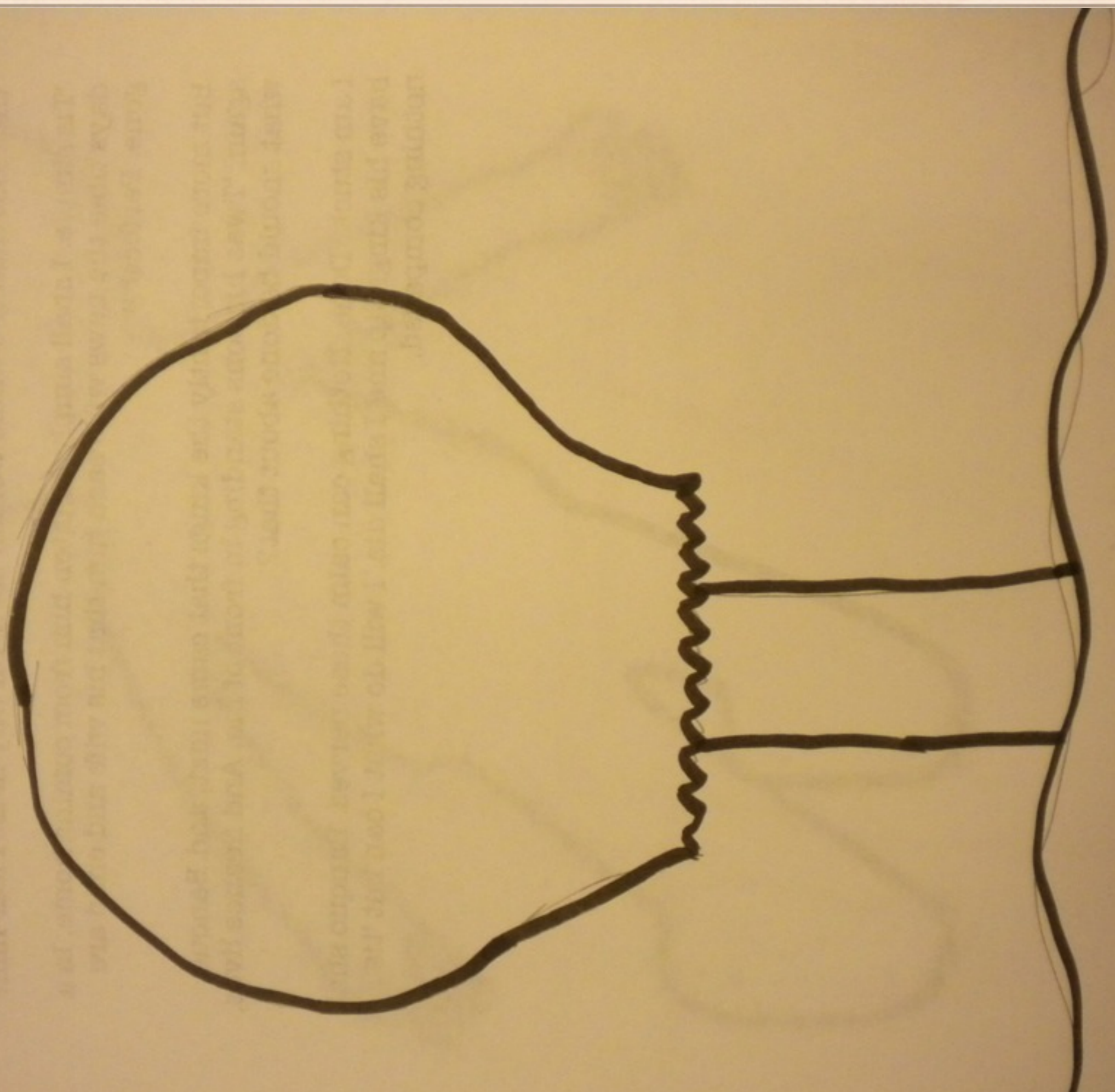
“Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo. Down! Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs. And thy hair, Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first. A third is like the former. Filthy hags!”

Calm indeed! Oh the first two things that were there, those did nothing. I already knew to kill Macduff. I have been planning that. But then the whole woman born. Oh why must I fear him?

‘Tis simple. I shall simply frighten him from coming home. In a days time the news will reach him that his wife and child are gone. Perfect!

But more importantly the kings that came next, and Banquo again. ‘Twas his sons standing in front of me. And fleance lives, what should be done about that?

I am stuck. Done. Nothing can calm these nerves. Banquo shall have his kingship and I shall die. I will do what I can but ‘tis nothing compared.



◆ Entry 5:

“Accurséd be that tounge that tells me so, for it hath cowed my better part of man; and be these juggling fiends no more believed, that palter with us in a double sense, that keep the word of promise to our ear and break it to our hope. I’ll not fight with thee.”

Tis rumors only that the forest is moving. I am not yet ready to believe. It is still that no one can hurt me.

Everyone is woman-born. I shall live, but now I still must fight.

-----Later----- (already dead)

That Macduff, is dead to me. Which is ironic because I think I might be dead. It doesn’t feel any different.

I’m just locked up in a room. If I am dead, is this how it will be forever. Can I not be like Banquo who haunted me so much. Can I not walk through these walls?

Alas dead or not this is how I must be.