

A narrative of macbeth

Literature, British Literature



So there we were. Sitting around this long, medieval-looking, table. Macbeth, “hallucinating”. Lady Macbeth, trying to conceal her associations with this whole thing. I briefly reflect on the situation at hand.

Macbeth isn't really hallucinating. The ghost he is seeing is more real than reality itself, but of course The Lady discredits him. Considering the crime that was committed, who would want anyone to know the lad was telling the truth? Then, all fingers would point to the evil hag!“ Sit, worthy friends.

My lord is often thus and hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat. The fit is momentary; upon a thought he will again be well.” The Lady persuades. “ If much you note him, you shall offend him and extend his passion. Feed and regard him not.” Macbeth; the one that is ill? Inconceivable! But, she was so confident. And convincing. To everyone but me, that is. I saw right through her translucent attempts.“ Lady Macbeth, no disrespect to you, of course.

But, perhaps Macbeth is telling the truth?” I let out a whisper. Ok, maybe not a whisper, but a pretend one. Of course I ensure it's just loud enough so that it is audible to the dinner guests.“ Mind your own, Lennox” she snapped. “ This is beyond your comprehension.” She sends a condescending, soul-piercing glare my way. It's almost too much for me to handle. Bite.... your..... tongue.... Lennox.

“ Are you even a man?” she sneers towards Macbeth. I can see, from her snide scowl, she thought no one else could hear her comment. But, I did. And that was the exact moment I made the most courageous move I've ever made in my life I stood up, shoulders back, spine tall, feeling more masculine

than ever. Ready to take on the world, let alone little old Lady Macbeth. “ You all should know that Lady Macbeth was the one who killed Banquo!” I scream. Everyone’s eyes immediately focus on me and I have their full-attention. Macbeth looks horrified. Or intrigued? I can’t tell. He is still a bit unsettled from Banquo’s ghost and all of this commotion. “ That’s right! She would’ve killed his son, too! She hired a slew of three murderers to carry out the evil-deed! She did this all on her own with the most deplorable intentions and she should die!” I pause, “ If not to avenge Banquo, then to see well-deserved justice served!” I survey the room, the guests look appalled. Disgusted, even. And I can tell by their reactions that nothing The Lady can say will convince them otherwise! I continue my elaborate story by explaining how Macbeth’s “ hallucinations” are residual from the guilt he feels from his knowledge of this wife’s despicable crime. One by one, the dinner guests begin to attack Lady Macbeth. She is fear-ridden, it is written all over her face.“ Off with her head!” one guest yells.“ That wouldn’t be enough!” another chimes in.

Everything is going exactly how I imagined it!, It’s only a matter of time before my love is professed and my true intentions come to light.“ Cutting her, limb for limb, and scattering her throughout the town wouldn’t be sufficient payback for what she has done to Banquo! Finish her!” I exclaim. The dinner guests were so appalled by the revelation that they took it upon themselves to forcefully take The Lady out behind the castle and do away with her. Beheading was ultimately the method of choice and I couldn’t have been more happy. In a matter of moments, it was just Macbeth and I. Alone. He stared at me and I was mesmerized.

I felt I should break the silence. I gulped the remainder of the wine and boldly feeling the liquid courage build like fire in my veins“ If you haven’t realized yet Macbeth” I pause. “ I love you.”“ She didn’t deserve your love. Now we can run away together. I will never make you feel like a lesser man. I will love you unconditionally.” I continue. I notice an arch in his eyebrow and a slight wrinkle on his forehead. But still, no words.“ Say something, you crazy cook! Don’t you see what I’ve just done for you?!” I scream out in rage.“ I will never love you, Lennox. And I will never forgive you for what you have taken from me. My wife, my love, my life! You are a poor excuse for a man.” The words tear into me me. I try to respond but suddenly everything goes blurry, then black. And that is where my memory fades. Turns out, while I was filling the ears and minds of the dinner guests with dishonest information, Macbeth slipped a bit of poison into my goblet without my knowledge. It took a moment for the poison to set in but ultimately it did.