

# The secret diary of lady macbeth

[Literature](#), [British Literature](#)



## The Secret Diary of Lady Macbeth

After receiving a letter from Macbeth

Earlier today, I received a most urgent letter from Macbeth. He told me that he was accosted by three witches on the night of the battle between Scotland and Norway. They greeted him " All hail Macbeth, hail to thee, Thane of Glamis! All hail Macbeth, hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor! All hail Macbeth, that shalt be King hereafter!" Macbeth was " rapt" with what the witches had said and tried to question them further but they vanished into a haze of fog. I could see his enthusiasm from his vocabulary and could tell that he believed the witches, even though they are feared and many hundreds have been burned. He said he " burned in desire" to question them further, indicating that he was almost on fire with this knowledge that came from the " perfect'st report". Witches have metaphysical powers and " more in them than mortal knowledge".

Later that day Macbeth received a message from the King saying he was to become Thane of Cawdor. He called me his " dearest partner of greatness" and plans to share the glory of the golden round with me. He sent the letter by messenger despite the danger of the contents being read by others, when it could have waited until he arrived here.

Having seen Macbeth's enthusiasm, I will take my cue from him. His letters have " transported me beyond this ignorant present". I nearly told a messenger who brought news of the King coming to stay, of my thoughts and for one moment, I reacted as though Macbeth were already King, and I Queen, I must be more careful in the future.

I have made the decision that Macbeth will be King, the only problem being

that he is " too full of the milk of human kindness" and does not have it in him to do the unthinkable deed, at heart Macbeth is a giver and not a destroyer.

I see my role as Macbeth's strengthener. I wish that I could persuade him to " catch the nearest way". To this end, I asked the evil spirits to take my womanly qualities away. I asked them to take my milk and replace it with gall. I am asking to become a poisoner instead of a nourisher. I asked for unnatural darkness so that heaven will not see and cry: " Hold, hold!" No one must see the murder, as killing the King is an unthinkable act; it is just like killing God.

I will have to teach Macbeth the lessons of deceit and hypocrisy. I told him " bear welcome in your eye, your hand, your tongue; look like th' innocent flower, but be the serpent under't." I meant the serpent in the Garden of Eden, who is really the Devil. After that I felt so confident, I was able to plan. I chose my words carefully. When I advised Macbeth he put the " night's great business into my despatch", he knew that underneath the domestic arrangements I was implying murder. Macbeth was less confident than I was and I reassured him by saying " leave the rest to me". I was taking all the responsibility from him and placing it on myself.

After the murder

It was the worst night of my life. I thought that after the deed was done everything would be well. I thought everything would run smoothly. It did not.

Before the banquet was finished, while everyone was sitting down for the meal, Macbeth left and went to the courtyard. I went to see him and he said, " We will proceed no further in this business". It was a disaster and I was shocked. I had to try my hardest to get him to change his mind. I even suggested that Macbeth was a coward; he kills people every day, yet he cannot do this one thing. I told him that he was green and said that he was " like the poor cat i' th' adage", who would not get his paws wet to get the fish that he wanted. I was drawing a parallel between the cat and Macbeth. He took offence and was astonished at what I had suggested and replied; " I dare to all that may become a man".

Macbeth was furious; I used the worst possible example that I could think of to shock him. I told him that rather than change my mind, as he was doing, I would " snatch my nipple" from the " boneless gums" of a baby while I was feeding it and bash out its brains. This had the desired effect. I followed it with a plan.

We would get Duncan's chamberlains drunk to the point of almost being unconscious. When they were asleep, I would take their two daggers to kill Duncan, then replace them in the hands of the two chamberlains smeared with blood. In the morning, everyone would think that they had murdered the King. Macbeth was convinced.

Later that evening when everyone was fast asleep Macbeth was 'settled' but I was anxious; I had to take drink. It made the chamberlains drunk but it made me 'bold' and gave me 'fire'. I took drink when I drugged the possets of the chamberlains. I was worried about giving myself false courage in that

way. My nerves were on edge, I wondered if the "murdering ministers" had really filled me with "direst cruelty".

When I was in Duncan's bedchamber, placing the daggers ready so that Macbeth could commit the murder, I saw Duncan lying in his bed. I would have killed him myself if he "Had not resembled my father". This burst of compassion made me worry about whether I was fit to be involved with this or not.

I rang the bell and Macbeth went into the chamber. I was jumping at every sound; an owl shrieked, my blood ran cold; it reminded me of the 'fatal bellman' in Newgate prison, ringing the bell outside a prisoners cell, before the day of execution. I was pacing up and down the corridors with pictures of hell and damnation in my mind.

Outside it was dark; at least one thing I asked the evil spirits for had been granted. The castle was wrapped in "the dunnest smoke of hell". I did not like the darkness, but I knew that later I would be able to light a candle.

There was a sound from Duncan's bedchamber, I wondered if the King had awoken whilst Macbeth had the daggers in his possession.

When Macbeth came down the steps out of the bedchamber, he was as anxious as I was. I could feel the tension in the air and in our voices, as we passed the conversation quickly from one person to another in short, jerky, anxious exchanges.

I was worried about Macbeth's state of mind when he stared at his blood-covered hands and said, "This is a sorry sight". I could hardly look but I dismissed the idea immediately, "a foolish thought to say a sorry sight".

Macbeth ranted about not being able to say 'Amen' when the chamberlains said " God bless us!" and " Amen". I had to stop him, I told him not to dwell on it or we would both go mad. I had to calm Macbeth down for my own peace of mind.

Macbeth then changed his attention to a voice he had heard cry " Sleep no more". I told him to wash his hands and it was at that point that, to my dismay, I saw the daggers in his hand. I took them back when it was obvious that Macbeth could not. This was bad; the first time he had deviated from my plan.

Outside, I could hear Macbeth ranting about some extravagant idea. The sight of blood overwhelmed him. In his imagination, he thought that if he dipped his hands into the sea, instead of the sea washing him clean, he would turn it red. I was appalled by the sight of it myself, how could the " old man" have " so much blood" in him? I could smell blood at the back of my throat; I felt " all the perfumes of Arabia" would not sweeten my hand. I was under a great strain to remain calm but I tried to shame Macbeth into control by trying the cowardice trick. I said, " I would shame to wear a heart so white". All we needed to do was to wash our hands and we would be clear of this deed, " what's done cannot be undone".

Macbeth stood in dismay even though someone was knocking at the castle gates. He stood in the corridor in his nightgown jumping at every knock. I pushed him to move, thinking " to bed, to bed, to bed", but it was no use. I was sure we were going to fail; he regretted what he had just done. I must try my very best. It is time for me to " screw my courage to the sticking

place", we cannot fail now!

Words

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