

Student Exemplar: Kevin's 7.3 Author Assignment on *Macbeth*

Use the following checklist to ensure you have completed the assignments entirely:

I have selected the following essential question with this role:

- ☒ What influence do others have on who we become?
- ☐ What drives our need to belong?

I have confirmed that . . .

- ☒ My assignment considers the essential question through the entire text.
- ☒ I have created an original text.
- ☒ I have included a short paragraph that explains the choices I made in creating my text(s).

Essential Question: What Influence do others have on who we become?

The Women In My Life: A Retrospective Monologue by Macbeth



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Hell. Burn in Hell. Damnation. Eternal Damnation.

*Often, I'll admit, these thoughts of hell weren't the thoughts that first came to my mind in my life, but I sure did hear them a lot before I died. Being in Hell has given me a lot of time to think and reflect on the choices that I made in my life and the people that influenced me to do the things that I did. I have to admit that sometimes I can't believe how stupid I was about the choices that I made, but when it all comes down to it, it was the women in my life that made me do it. It's just not my **fault!*** ←

Sure it isn't, Macbeth.... remember your 'vaulting ambition' speech?

Let me tell you about the women in my life. Here I am, Macbeth, the tough "He-Man" in Duncan's army! Man, I tell you, ripping a man's guts open from the "nave to the chops" is pretty easy for me. I can just take that old sword of mine, thrust it in and power it upwards and there is no way that loser is going to survive.

*Blood, blood, and more blood seemed to be the key to my life. And here I am, sitting in Hell, because my wife made me do the one thing that would ensure this as my place of residence for eternity. Oh, I'm a righteous man, I am, except I get bossed around by my woman because I can't say no to her under any circumstances. I just need her so much, and what she wants, she gets. Yet, **"A little blood will clean us of this deed"** she says. "It will be washed away in a jiffy," says she!* ←

Add line references here for the quotations.

Right, but damned am I from the moment I killed old Duncan.

Women have been my downfall. Sure, my mother treated me right and trained me to be honest, loyal, and honourable. She taught me the ways in which I should go and, for a time, I went in that direction. I did pretty well in school and had some pretty good friends, but I'll tell you, my life sure changed when I met those three **women**. Okay, okay, I know that one woman is often enough for a guy but three women? I'll admit at first they seemed to be pretty **gorgeous** to me.

witches

Is there a reason why you would use the word "gorgeous" to describe the witches?

Banquo, my good friend and fellow soldier, and I were coming back from battle. We were fighting the Norwegians who challenged Duncan, thinking that Duncan was pretty busy putting out fires of rebellion in his own ranks what with the little coup d'état that the Thane of Cawdor was trying. So, Banquo and I were heading up the forces against the Norwegians, and I will sure tell you that that was some battle! We were literally covered with blood from head to foot because of the fierceness of the battle. Victory was ours!

On our way home, the weather was pretty murky and then, suddenly, there were these three beautiful women, just standing there in front of us. We looked at them and they looked at us.

"Hail, Macbeth, Thane of Glamis." Did I know these women or were they just **hangers-on** that we often got on the battlefield? Was it that these women just wanted to be around real men, bloody men, heroes?

Fans?

Then, they greeted me with: "Hail, Macbeth, Thane of Cawdor." Wowzers, ! What were they talking about? I had no idea what was going on at this time but the way in which they were addressing me, was I also going to be Thane of Cawdor? That would sure make my little woman back home happy! We could have a few more servants and, of course, the power in the court would increase as we would have double the size of influence. I was getting a bit excited. We could influence the king probably and maybe even, think, just think, mind you, about someday being in the big chair!

Again, line notations would be beneficial for the reader.

"Hail, Macbeth, that shalt be King hereafter.". Oh, oh, now they've gone and done it! Was I going to be King? Hey, maybe Duncan bought the farm in the other battle, and everyone thought that I would be a good king to take his place? Hey, wouldn't that be something? To be King, and not to even have to think about - no, I **knew** that I couldn't think about the alternatives, but **is** that a possibility? These beautiful women were getting better looking by the minute with the news they were giving me.

Verb tense shift here...

And then Ross came and presented me with the title of Cawdor which the King had bestowed on me. **BUT**, the king was still alive! I could hear my hammering heart, telling me to "kill, kill, kill, the king!" No, I wouldn't listen to those voices, because that was unthinkable.

I wonder if the BUT is what he would emphasize or if the ALIVE is what hung him up... thoughts?

See, that is what I mean about the women in my life! They put these ideas into my head and then I get blamed. If it weren't for those women, I might never have written to my wife, the love of my life, and told her what the witches had said. Why couldn't I just have kept that to myself? Banquo and I could have talked about this whole event and laughed about it and that would be the end of it. But no, I had to open up **my trap** to my wife and then she got that look. I knew when I walked in that she had got my letter and had imagined the possibilities. She came at me, and there was no doubt. She had focus, man. The things she said. "Rip my baby from my breast and dash its head on the rocks?" What kind of woman says this? But I knew in my gut that I couldn't refuse. I needed this woman too much. She was my life. She knew how to work me to get me to give her what she wanted and I knew, deep, deep down, that no matter what she wanted, I would do **it**.

Love the overall tone, but this slang might not communicate effectively with your audience.

Hmmm... let's not forget that he thought of killing the king, before she even talked to him... can that be worked in somehow?

I could almost smell the fires of **Hell** I could taste the black ash lodged in my throat that wouldn't go away. As if in a dream, I did what the love of my life told me I had to do. The noise spun around in my head with Macduff's voice: "O horror, horror, horror! Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope the Lord's anointed temple and stole then the life of the building?"(II,iii,64,68-70).

When?

It was interesting. What I thought would happen never happened. I didn't get this grand and glorious feeling of pure joy and bliss when I was crowned the king. It was almost as if it were trivial, because these soft voices in my head were chanting continuously to me:

"Hell and Damnation! Hell and Damnation! Welcome, **Macbeth!**"

Notation?

I had to silence these voices! "Hell and Damnation! Hell and Damnation! Welcome, Macbeth!" Every time I conversed with people and looked at Banquo I could hear the voice chanting in my head: "Hell and Damnation! Hell and Damnation!" Maybe if Banquo was gone they would stop, so I had Banquo killed but the voices, if anything, got louder. The looks of people said it all. They would do what I told them to, but I could see it in their eyes and I could still hear it in my head, the soft incantation of **doom**.

It means nothing to be king without being safely thus...

The women, yes, the women made me do it and would help me undo what I had done. I took a road trip and tried to find them to see what would happen. I found the ugly women in a cave and their words were so confusing. Their double talk told me to "Beware Macduff" but then saying no one born of woman could harm me, and I didn't have to worry until Birnam Forest would come to Dunsinane.

Their evil cackles and painted up faces were the face of evil. They were playing me, and I knew it, but it seemed I couldn't do anything about it. I hate them, but I love them. They gave me the crown, but they gave me Hell as well. "Hell and Damnation! Hell and Damnation! Welcome Macbeth!" I didn't want to think about what they had meant and it felt like I was powerless to resist their influence.

Killing Macduff's wife and kids didn't help at all and the voices kept getting louder and louder, until all I could hear was the chant of the women in my life. "Hell and Damnation! Hell and Damnation! Welcome Macbeth!"

Hmm... speaking to his motive for killing her would be interesting there... the witches and his wife did not motivate these murders.

I can see it. I can feel it. The flash of the blade in the light. The flash of light in my head as the blade ripped through my neck and my head toppled down. Then my head was on the stake and waving around in the air and the people cheered! I could see the joyful faces below as they looked at my head and somehow the voices of the women stopped in my head. There was relief! It was finished and the anticipation of the punishment was now reality.

How would he see this? Out of body experience perhaps?

The fires licked my ankles and my legs and worked their way up until my whole being was cast in flames. I knew I deserved what I was getting and would live with that knowledge for eternity.

This seems to contradict everything he has said up to this point... when did he change his mind that it wasn't his fault?

My Paragraph:

In my monologue I am exploring the ways in which Macbeth allowed himself to be influenced by other people, and I chose the witches and his wife who were influential in his decision to murder Duncan. Once he had committed the murder, he was doomed, because he had upset the natural order established by God. At first his view of the witches was positive, because they gave him good news and we often view with favour those who bring us joy. Later, once he knows his fate, he sees the evil side of them and can't understand how he had let them take him from a path of glory, honour, loyalty and peace of mind. I have tried to show through the repetition of the chant that he knows every waking moment that he is bound for hell. I also tried to show that the only time the accusations will stop in his mind is when he has paid the price for his deeds.

Knew – verb shift