

Macbeth

Thursday 14th January

Macbeth

Key Writing Skills



- Use metaphor, simile and personification.
- Use a range of authorial techniques to achieve specific effects.
- Introduce and develop characters through blending action, dialogue and description within sentences and paragraphs.
- Use semi-colons to link two clauses of equal weight.
- Use ellipsis to link ideas between paragraphs.

Today's
Key Skills

What do similes, metaphors and personification do?

➤ Use metaphor, simile and personification.

They help the reader imagine the scene.

Imagery

What is the difference between similes, metaphors and personification?

simile

Compares one thing with another using **as** or **like**.

metaphor

Says one thing is something else.

personification (also a metaphor)

Gives something human-like characteristics.

Sort the similes and metaphors

simile

metaphor

personification

Macbeth! A giant of fury and courage, his sword arm whirling and beating like a windmill...

Over and over again she read it as she paced back and forth across her tall chamber where light came through a narrow window like a knife. Each time she crossed the beam, her red hair blazed, as if there was a furnace in her head.

Ancient hags with backs hooped like question marks and their shabby heads nesting together, like brooding vultures...

The sky stared, then shut its eye...and when it looked again, the old women had gone.

A soldier from the battlefield, a gaudy, staggering patchwork of blood and gashes...

Here and there on the open heath naked trees seemed to hold up their hands in fear and dismay; and the three old women crouched and waited, still as stones.

Do these extracts contain similes, metaphors or both?

Remember that personification is also a metaphor.

Now try innovating a simile from the examples.

L.O. Identify similes, metaphors and personification, and explain the effects.

Imagery

Explain the effect.

Macbeth! A giant of fury and courage, his sword arm whirling and beating like a windmill as he fought for his king against the treacherous enemies who sought to overturn the state. So tremendously did he fight that he made killing almost holy, and they say his blade smote with traitors' blood.

Model explanation

Top Tips!

Identify the key noun or thing.

Think about what the imagery helps you to picture and why the author uses that comparison. What does it tell us about it?

Your task is to find the imagery in the extracts and explain their effects – use the *Top Tips!* and watch Miss Terrell's tutorial video to help you explain.

Now complete find
find the similes,
metaphors and
personification in
these extracts and
explaining the
effects in your book.

Please use the
resource sheet in
the Y6 RL area on
the website.

It was towards evening. There was thunder in the air and little lightnings, like bright adders, wriggled across the sky. Here and there on the open heath naked trees seemed to hold up their hands in fear and dismay; and the three old women crouched and waited, still as stones. Presently there came a rolling and a rattling, as if a small thunder had lost its way and was wandering in the dark. The three old women nodded.

The lady of the castle had a letter in her hand. Over and over again she read it as she paced back and forth across her tall chamber where the light came through a narrow window like a knife. Each time she crossed the beam, her red hair blazed, as if there was a furnace in her head. The letter was from her husband, Macbeth. It told of his meeting with the weird sisters, of their strange prophecies, and of how the first had already been fulfilled. She put the letter aside.

Top Tips!

Identify the key noun or thing.

Think about what the imagery helps you to picture and why the author uses that comparison. What does it tell us about it?

L.O. To read and understand the story of *Macbeth*.

Read in pm

They were waiting for him, even as once they'd waited before. They knew he would come. They waited in a dark room in a dark house in Forres, not very far from the royal palace; and, while they waited, they made ready.

"Double, double toil and trouble," they chanted, as they moved about a cauldron that smoked and reeked in the middle of the room; "fire burn and cauldron bubble." And into it they cast weird, unholy things.

Then they stopped.

"By the pricking of my thumbs," cried one, "something wicked this way comes!"

It was Macbeth. They stared at him, but did not speak. As before, they were answers awaiting a question.

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Now read the next part of the story with Miss Terrell's video.



"What is't you do?" he demanded, gazing at the cauldron.

"A deed without a name."

"Answer me to what I ask you."

"Speak," said one. "Demand," said another. "We'll answer," said the third. Then the first said: "Say if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths or from our masters."

"Call 'em," commanded Macbeth; "let me see 'em."

The weird sisters obeyed. They poured blood into the cauldron, and presently there arose from it, wreathed in smoke and wearing a warlike helmet, a severed head. It hovered in the air and stared at Macbeth.

"Tell me, thou unknown power . . ." he began; but one of the sisters bade him only listen, as the apparition already knew what he had come to ask.

"Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth," it chanted; "beware Macduff! Beware the Thane of Fife!"

Then the head dissolved and its place was taken by another, even stranger sight. There floated in the air before him an infant, a little child all streaked with blood.

"Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth," it piped. "Be bloody, bold and resolute . . . for none of woman born shall harm Macbeth!"

He would have asked more, but this second apparition had already vanished, and its place was taken by a third. Another child. But now it was a child wearing a crown and holding out the branch of a tree.

"Macbeth shall never vanquished be," this apparition told him, "until great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane hill shall come against him."

"That will never be!" cried Macbeth, as the third apparition sank into smoky nothingness. What he had been told lifted up his heart and bewitched his spirits as if with wine! No man born of woman could ever harm him; and he would never fall till Birnam Wood came to Dunsinane. Such things could never happen, so he would never fall!

Yet there was still one thing he wanted to know. "Shall Banquo's issue ever reign in this kingdom?" he asked. "Seek to know no more," he was told. But he insisted, and, at length, he had his answer. Before his peering eyes the cauldron sank away and out of the thick air, silent and gleaming, there stalked a procession of kings. One by one they passed him by, each

with a stare and each with a nod: five; six; seven; eight in all. And then came Banquo! Banquo, thick and clotted with blood. He pointed to the last of the kings who held up a glass; and in the glass were kings and more kings, stretching out into future time. Banquo smiled. Those kings to come were his!

Suddenly Macbeth was alone. Banquo, the kings and the weird sisters had vanished.

"Where are they?" he cried wildly. "Gone! Let this pernicious hour stand aye accursed in the calendar!"

Banquo's children would be kings. Macbeth would be barren. He himself was the beginning and the end of his line. But that was in the future. Present matters needed present action. That very day he sent men to murder Macduff.