

Macbeth

Friday 15th 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.

L.O. To identify authorial techniques used in a modern retelling of *Macbeth*, and describe their effect.

Authorial Techniques

Short sentences;

Questions;

Ellipsis;

Empty words;

Dialogue from
the original text;

Breaking the
conventions e.g.

first sentence

does not contain a
verb; repetition of

and; beginning a
sentence with *but*.

Macbeth

Three old women out in a storm. But what old women, and what a storm! It banged and roared and crashed and rattled. The sky was quick with sudden glares, and the earth with sudden darknesses, darknesses in which wild images of rocks and frightened trees, like scanty beggars in the wind, leaped out upon the inner eye! And the old women! Ancient hags with backs hooped like question marks and their shabby heads nesting together, like brooding vultures . . .

"When shall we three meet again?" howled one, above the shrieking of the wind. "In thunder, lightning or in rain?"

"When the hurly-burly's done!" came an answer, lank hair whipping and half muffling the words. "When the battle's lost and won!"

"Where the place?"

"Upon the heath."

"And there to meet with Macbeth!"

The sky stared, then shut its eye . . . and when it looked again, the old women had gone. Had they been real or had they only been fantastic imaginings made up out of strange configurations of the rocks? Yet their words had been real enough. There was a battle being fought, and there was a man called Macbeth.

Macbeth! A giant of fury and courage, his sword arm whirling and

Read the text.

Which authorial techniques you can find?

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Model explanation

Watch Miss Terrell's
tutorial video.

Top Tips!

Read aloud.

Think about the way you read it and how this might make the reader:

feel;

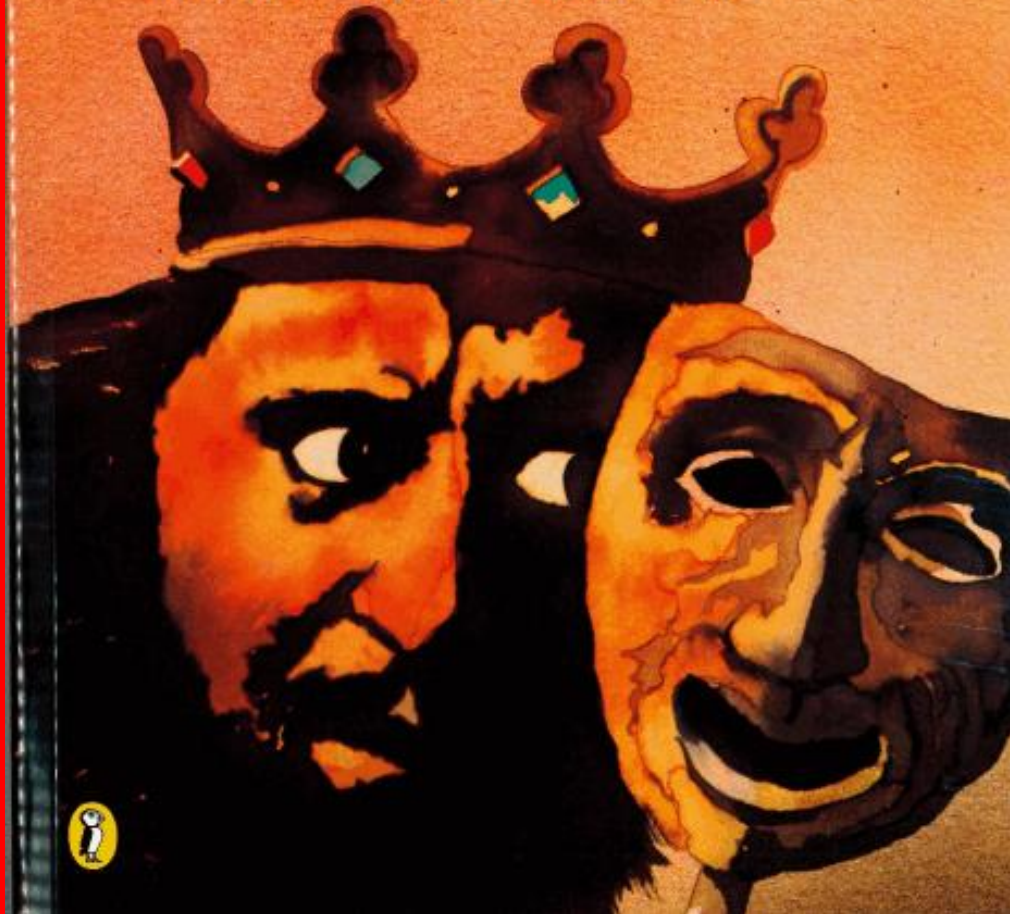
make connections with something else;

question things.

Or what it shows/helps the reader to understand.

LEON GARFIELD
**SHAKESPEARE
STORIES**

Illustrated by Michael Foreman



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

Read to the end and discuss

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.

But Macduff had forestalled him. He had fled to England and joined Malcolm, dead King Duncan's son. But he had left his wife and children behind.

"Where is your husband?" demanded Macbeth's murderers as they burst into her home.

She would not tell them; so they killed her, and all her children, and every living soul in the house.

In England, in peaceful, sunlit England, Malcolm and Macduff talked together of the sad plight of their own land that lay under the shadow of the tyrant King. Presently a messenger approached, a nobleman from Scotland. His looks were strange, his speech, halting.

"How does my wife?" asked Macduff.

"Why, well."

"And all my children?"

"Well too."

"The tyrant has not battered at their peace?"

"No. They were well at peace when I did leave 'em."

Then the messenger could keep back his terrible news no longer.

"Your castle is surprised, your wife and babes savagely slaughtered."

The great blow fell. Grief turned Macduff to stone. The world was empty for him now. Nothing remained but revenge.

Now, read to the end of the story with Miss Terrell's video.

Macbeth had gone to Dunsinane, and with him, like a painted shadow, went his Queen. Malcolm and Macduff were marching against him and he must needs prepare for war. He had no fear. No man born of woman could ever harm him, and he would not be vanquished till Birnam Wood should move and come to Dunsinane. Those were the promises of Fate. Yet he must be ready because Fate, he knew of old, needed a helping hand.

It was night in the castle of Dunsinane, and two figures stood close together in the dark hall. One was a doctor, the other a waiting-woman of the Queen.

"When was it she last walked?" asked the doctor, quietly.

"Since His Majesty went into the field."

"Besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?"

"That, sir, which I will not report after her."

"You may, to me . . ."

"Neither to you nor anyone," said the waiting-woman. "Lo you! Here she comes."

It was the Queen. She carried a taper and was in her night attire. Her eyes were open; but she was asleep.

"What is it she does now?" whispered the doctor. "Look how she rubs her hands."

"It is an accustomed action with her," murmured the woman, "to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour."

"Hark! She speaks," said the doctor eagerly; and he and the waiting-woman listened intently to the strange mutterings of the Queen.

"Out, damned spot! Out, I say!" Her hands seemed to gnaw at each other like feverish mice, and the taper tipped and tilted, making wild shadows behind her. Then she cried out, in a voice that filled the listeners with horror: "Who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?"

"She has spoke what she should not," whispered the waiting-woman.

"I am sure of that."

Then her mistress, the Queen, still rubbing at her hands, complained

that the smell of blood would not go; and she who had once told her husband that a little water cleared them of the deed, now cried out in anguish:

"All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand!" Then she drifted away. "To bed, to bed," she sighed. "What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed."

Malcolm and his army drew near. Already Birnam Wood was before them. It was thick and leafy.

"Let every soldier hew him down a bough," commanded Malcolm, "and bear it before him . . ."

Quickly it was done, and presently it seemed that Birnam Wood itself was moving towards Dunsinane.

Macbeth, secure in his prophecies, awaited the oncoming army. Suddenly he heard a cry, a desolate cry of women. Once, such a sound would have alarmed him; but now he was past all feeling, past all fear. Wearily he asked the reason for the cry.

"The Queen, my Lord, is dead," he was told.

He shrugged his shoulders. "She should have died hereafter," he sighed. "There would have been a time for such a word. Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow, creeps in this petty pace from day to day to the last syllable of recorded time . . ."

A messenger broke in upon his life-weariness, a messenger amazed and scarcely able to speak. He had been watching from a hill, and, as he watched, it had seemed to him that Birnam Wood was moving, moving towards Dunsinane.

"Liar and slave!" shouted Macbeth, rousing himself. Rage filled him, not against Malcolm, nor even against Macduff, but against the weird sisters, the Fates! They had deceived and entrapped him into destroying the great man that once he had been.

"They have tied me to a stake," he cried, "I cannot fly, but bear-like I must fight the course. What's he that was not born of woman? Such a one am I to fear, or none."

This last promise sustained him as he rushed from the castle to face his

enemies. He fought like a giant, for who could harm him? His life, though he valued it at nothing, was charmed. Then, in the smoke of battle, he came face to face with Macduff.

"Of all men else I have avoided thee," he cried. "But get thee back; my soul is too much charged with blood of thine already."

"I have no words; my voice is in my sword!" shouted Macduff, and rushed upon him.

"I bear a charmed life," warned Macbeth, parrying his enemy's blows, "which must not yield to one of woman born!"

"Despair thy charm!" panted Macduff, his murdered wife and children ever in his thoughts. "Macduff was from his mother's womb untimely ripped!"

The last promise had been broken, and the last prophecy fulfilled. The end had come. Nothing now remained for him but to perish bravely, like the soldier that he had been.

"Lay on, Macduff!" he cried, his sword and shield grasped firmly. "And damned be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'"

They fought, and Macduff killed Macbeth. Then he cut off his head and carried it, dripping, to Malcolm, the new King. He held it up on high, and its sightless glare bore witness to the double truth of Fate.



Macbeth

Who are the heroes in the story?

Who are the villains?

Do they maintain their roles throughout the story or do they change?

Watch animated version

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/teach/school-radio/english-ks2-macbeth-index/zkxcbdm>