**Monday**

My dear diary, I am so desperate. Desperate as a hungry animal. When will I achieve my long-standing need for power? How rich could I become? Can I trust my husband to carry through my desired deed? Oh diary… I am so terribly desperate!

**Tuesday**

Joy! I am desperate no more! This morning, as the damp, dawn mist swirled around the castle battlements, the King was found dead in his bed. Murdered! Why should I sound so surprised? Ha! Ha! We both know, my dearest, oldest friend, that it is I who arranged this heinous, devilish act. Unfortunately, my wretched husband worries too much; he **must** not become a hindrance or else…

**Wednesday**

If I were the last person on earth, I could not be happier. Imagine this! I can buy anything I desire – golden trinkets, rooms full of silver, a legion of dutiful servants. Hold on! An army…I need a stronger, more powerful army to rout Banquo and his treacherous family. After that… Queen of England! Queen of Europe! Queen of the World! Nobody can interfere with my plans!

**Thursday**

Hmmm…. my husband will of course have to be persuaded of my plans. Not that I am concerned whatsoever by that. After all, I easily convinced this poor, weak man of the need to murder Duncan. Wicked, ghostly witches may talk in the new King of Scotland’s head; his heart is gripped tightly by my cold, strong hands. Macbeth is a mere puppet on a string, ready to dance to my tune.

**Friday**

I was desperate. Desperate as a hungry animal. Not any longer. However, I must go now, dear diary. I hear some soldiers, milling around outside my chamber like excitable mice. Power, wealth, influence – which of these is my favourite feeling? I cannot decide! The King is dead! Long live the Queen!