

Macbeth Narrative Example 2

Duncan looked out the tinted car window, a small smile dancing on the soft edges of his lips as they approached the large Spanish colonial revival style home. As he stepped out of the car, the man adjusted his white suit jacket, stretching subtly to get his muscles back in working order after the long car ride. The sharp, perfect lines of the still-crisp suit highlighted his square jaw, the black bow tie a stark contrast to the bleach white dress shirt. He smelled the scent of blossoming flowers on the air, the sun overhead beating down but the cool northern breeze keeping those in the beautiful front yard cool. The hedges that bordered the outside of the home perfectly were kept even, not a leaf out of place.

Somewhere in the tall trees that surrounded the outer property, a Blue Grosbeak began to sing; its song was so **arrantly** cheerful and beautiful one might believe that it was the happiest blue grosbeak that ever did live in the outskirts of Mexico City. Banquo exited the car soon after Duncan, taking in the sights and sounds around him. Lady Macbeth came out to meet the two men quickly, gliding easily in her heels and beautiful red thigh length dress, dark hair flowing in waves to the lower arch of her back, red lips curled up into a smile, dark intentions hiding behind the mask of perfection she refused to let slip like the dogs of war that had brought down so many others before her. Her servants followed in lines of twos, those that could be spared from the preparation process, anyway. They went in either direction beside her, two long lines to show her power. They moved by their order in the **echelon** of the household: those of most value closest to the Lady.

“See, see, our honor’d hostess,” Duncan exclaimed with a laugh. “The love that follows us sometime is our trouble, which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you how you shall bid God ‘ild us for your pains, and thank us for your trouble.”

The words Duncan spoke were **saturated** with the tones of trust and respect many had come to expect from him. Lady Macbeth gave the middle-aged man a smile, nodding in agreement.

“All our service in every point twice done, and then done double, were poor and single business to contend against those honors deep and broad wherewith your Majesty loads our house. For those of old, and the late dignities heap’d up to them, we rest your hermits,” Lady Macbeth replied, speaking softly as not to offend the man who could very easily cause her life to be gone.

She couldn’t let her life be lost before she got her shot to strike first.

“Fair and noble hostess,” Duncan spoke, voice as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn. “We are your guest tonight. Give me your hand; conduct me to mine host. We love him highly, and shall continue our graces towards him. By your leave, hostess.”