

How now

you secret black and

midnight hags

What is't you do?

Whose horrid image

doth unfix my hair

And make my seated heart

knock at my ribs

Against the use of nature?

Present fears

Are less than horrible imaginings:

My thought

whose murder

yet is but fantastical

Shakes so my

single state of man

that function

Is smother'd in surmise

and nothing is

But what is not.

But in these cases

We still have judgment here;

that we but teach

Bloody instructions, which, being taught,

return To plague the inventor:

this even-handed justice

Commends the ingredients of our poison'd

chalice/To our own lips.

He's here in double trust

[R E C O N S T R U C T E D : R E - E N V I S I O N E D]

1. Examine the words and images before you. Let your minds wander and your imaginations be inspired.
2. Now, REMIX the words/phrases from William Shakespeare's, Macbeth, as well as your own original words/phrases and write an original RECONSTRUCTED story. YOU DO NOT HAVE TO USE ALL THE WORDS.
3. The story should be 100 words or less.
4. Now, imagine the story is being filmed.
5. Put the images in a order that you think will best tell the story you have just written.
6. Think about what type of sounds or music would be used to heighten the filmed version of the story.
7. Remember OZYMANDIAS? Remember how some words/phrases were emoted? Remember how some words/phrases stood-out?
8. Now, practice reading your new story as a team. Remember to create an atmosphere with your words. Use pauses, speed and audibility to help you convey the tone and atmosphere in your story.

T H E H A G S A N D T H E C R O W

He stands by an open window smothered in surmise. The breeze is balmy. Uncomfortable. The air is secret and mysterious. *Nothing is but what it is not.* His thoughts are black, midnight, and loud. Voices from the unknown speak to him.

"Hags, your horrid image doth unfix my hair. Stop whispering. Stop. What is't you want? What is't you do? Have I created you and cursed myself to have you return to plague the inventor? Doth unfix me with these horrible imaginings. Stop, stop, stop. Stop buzzing," he screams out the window.

A crow cries and the voices stop.

what was done...

- a Macbethian character was created (He)
- lines from Act 1 Scene 3, Act 1 Scene 7 and Act 4 Scene 1 (see below) were RECONSTRUCTED and REIXED with original words and ideas
- the story is thematically linked (Schisms and Chaos: The Mind and World in Disorder) to Macbeth

Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair/And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,/Against the use of nature? Present fears/Are less than horrible imaginings: My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,/Shakes so my/single state of man that function/Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is/But what is not.

ACT 1 SCENE 3

But in these cases/We still have judgment here; that we but teach/Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return/To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice/Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice/To our own lips. He's here in double trust

ACT 1 SCENE 7

How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags! What is't you do?

ACT 4 SCENE 1

