Dear Lady Macbeth,

I desire that this letter finds thee well. Much has happend since I left your side, but I am going to burst if I do not tell thee this news. I shall return with much knowledge but for now I shall explain with this letter. Of all the thrilling sightings I have seen.

Earlier this morrow on my voyage back from the east (as we have won). With good old Banquo by my side we encounterd three unusually ugly sisters. One was short and stumpy, the second tall and thin. The third fat, pale and very short like a dumpling. Below them was a black pot, bubbling with green ooze dribbling over the edge. Hiding their ugly faces were long black dokes. They looked wretched like no human I have seen before. Have they been cursed by the devil? They greeted me with a strange language and said, I was soon to be "thein of cawdor." They were chanting my hailing me as "King Hereafter". They spoke to Banquo, after me saying, he will not be King, but the father and gorer of kings. We were both shook from this news.

Not long after, a messenger for King Duncan came to inlighten us that he to speak to us and he barred fantastic news. The old Thane of Cawdor is a betrayer, and the King hath given me this title. Just like the sisters hath said. I am now Thane of Cawdor. If they were right about this will the other predictions be right. I am filled with curiosity and fear. Shall I let fate takeover or act quickly, and let their prophesy come true? My thoughts are disturbed, My Lady, and I long for thow wise council.

King Duncan comes soon to visit and I must welcome him with much honour and respect. Yet deep down, in my soul, I'm in desperate wonder in what is on its way to come. I miss thow and cannot wait to tell thee this news. Know thow are always in my heart.

Love your mighty loving husband

Macbeth