

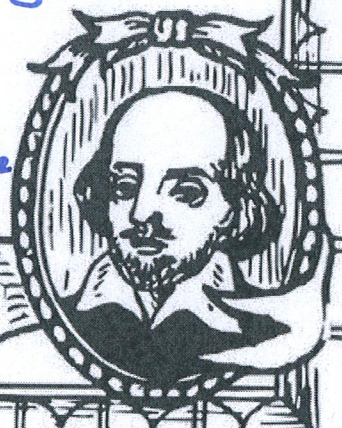
My beautiful, Beloved lady,

I hope this letter finds you and thee are safe. So much has happened since I have been gone; I really must tell you the strange things I have seen and heard.

In the morning, when the sun rose, I was going for a walk into the dark, gloomy forest with my fellow friend Barquet (do you remember him?) and we met three evil, mysterious sisters. In my life, I have never seen them before - This was very strange, like witches from an old fairy tale. A few minutes after, the witches proclaimed me I would become the Thane of Caerbor. Straight away, one of the witches said to me whilst pointing her long finger in my face, you will be King hereafter. Barquet and the witches were talking and they explained he will not become king. We were both starstruck at such news!

A couple of hours later, a messenger from King Duncan to tell and inform me that he wished to speak to us with his fascinating news. The old Thane of Caerbor was a traitor and the King was making me the Thane of Caerbor. If this is true that means everything else is true. I am filled in wonder and surprise. Should I let fate take its course or should I let this go and see if it will come true. At the minute, I am confused also my thoughts are troubled.

Duncan, the King, will finally come visit and I really have to take care with him, Duncan should show his respect and he



mary scho  
Did. He also showed his honour. Thou and I can prepare a  
fantastic, glorious feast. You are always in my heart.

Your great husband,  
Macbeth