

Dear my love,

I would like to explain to that I have some terrific news I have been promoted to the legendary title: Thane of Cawdor. I have really missed thee. I was celebrating the battle (where we achieved victory) I came across three hags that foretold my prophesy. Please read on for more details.

After we were victorious, myself and Banquo (do you remember Banquo?) were riding our white stallions through the sea of blood on the battlefield. Then out of the blue, three mysterious creatures lurked through the cloudy mist. Once I saw their dark, hideous expressions a sudden chill trembled up my spine. "All hail Macbeth Thane of Glamis. All hail Macbeth Thane of Cawdor, All hail King of Scotland Macbeth!" As well as that it's not who had their gutters unravelled. Suddenly, the three old, wrinkly sisters began to chant "all hail children of Banquo, heirs to Scotland's throne". However, Banquo would not be king, how unusual is that?

As the sky began to fall into darkness, myself and Banquo noticed how all King's servants, the King's men and even his faithful chief advisor were outside. Had I done something that left the King in complete awe? Fortunately the King announced that I was the new Thane of Cawdor! So this means my beloved that I might achieve my dream. I don't know if I should this fantastic promotion. I really need to find those sisters. I really need your advice. I am gullible with awe, despair with the chances of reaching my goal I am not sure if I should approve. Will my luck run out? I am not to sure. I wish you were here right now you would know the answer.

The King has spoke to me saying he will come to our castle. We must be respectful at all costs. I really miss thee my dear I hope you reply eagerly. I cannot stand not seeing thee.
Your well loved husband

Macbeth