

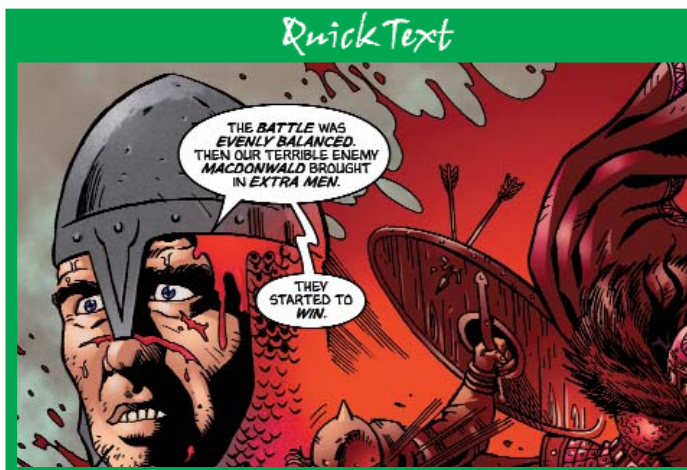
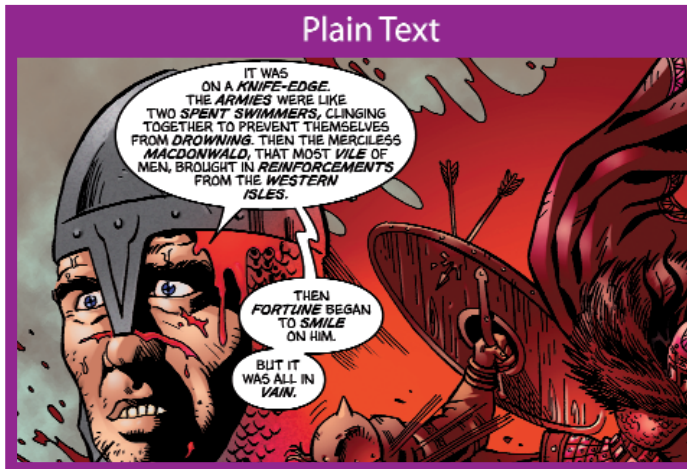
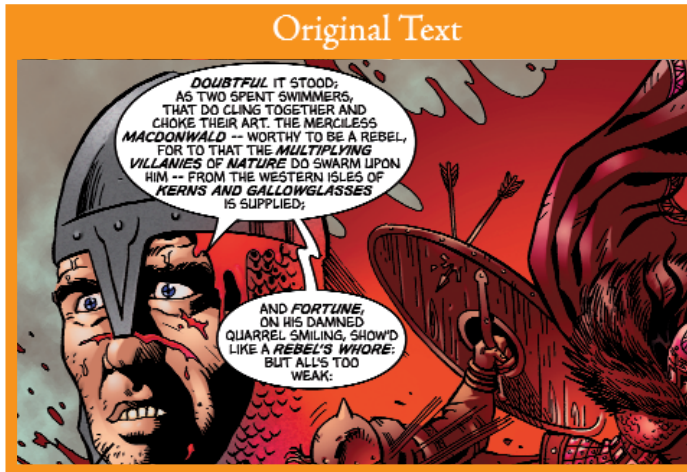
Macbeth The Graphic Novel is available in three versions.

Original Text: The full and unabridged play in comic book form.

Plain Text: The complete play, translated into plain English.

Quick Text: The full story with reduced dialogue for easier reading.

Please see below for examples.



Act One
Scene One
A desert place

WHEN SHALL
WE THREE MEET
AGAIN?
IN THUNDER,
LIGHTNING, OR
IN RAIN?

WHEN THE
HURLYBURLY'S
DONE,

THAT WILL BE
ERE THE SET OF
SUN.

CRAPPOCK-KK-KK!

WHERE THE
PLACE?

UPON THE
HEATH.

THERE TO
MEET WITH
MACBETH.

I COME,
GRAYMALKIN.

PADDOCK
CALLS!

ANON!

FAIR IS
FOUL AND
FOUL IS
FAIR.
HOVER
THROUGH THE
FOG AND FILTHY
AIR.

Act One
Scene Two

A camp near Forres

WHAT **BLOODY MAN** IS THAT? HE CAN REPORT, AS SEEMETH BY HIS PLIGHT, OF THE **REVOLT** THE NEWEST STATE.

THIS IS THE **SERGEANT** WHO, LIKE A GOOD AND HARDY SOLDIER, FOUGHT 'GAINST MY CAPTIVITY.

HAIL, BRAVE FRIEND!

SAY TO THE KING THE **KNOWLEDGE OF THE BROIL** AS THOU DIDST LEAVE IT.

DOUBTFUL IT STOOD; AS TWO SPENT SWIMMERS, THAT DO CLING TOGETHER AND CHOKE THEIR ART. THE MERCILESS **MACDONWALD** -- WORTHY TO BE A REBEL, FOR TO THAT THE **MULTIPLYING VILLANIES OF NATURE** DO SWARM UPON HIM -- FROM THE WESTERN ISLES OF **KERNS AND GALLOWGLASSES** IS SUPPLIED;

AND **FORTUNE**, ON HIS DAMNED QUARREL SMILING, SHOW'D LIKE A **REBEL'S WHORE**: BUT ALL'S TOO WEAK:

FOR BRAVE **MACBETH** -- WELL HE DESERVES THAT NAME -- DISDAINING FORTUNE, WITH HIS BRANDISH'D STEEL, WHICH SMOKED WITH **BLOODY EXECUTION**, LIKE **VALOUR'S MINION** CARVED OUT HIS PASSAGE TILL HE FACED THE SLAVE;

WHICH NE'ER SHOOK HANDS, NOR BADE FAREWELL TO HIM, TILL HE UNSEAM'D HIM FROM THE **NAVE TO THE CHAPS**, AND FIX'D HIS **HEAD UPON OUR BATTLEMENTS**.



O VALIANT COUSIN! WORTHY GENTLEMAN!

AS WHENCE THE **SUN** 'GINS HIS REFLECTION **SHIPWRECKING STORMS** AND **DIREFUL THUNDERS** BREAK, SO FROM THAT SPRING WHENCE COMFORT SEEM'D TO COME, **DISCOMFORT SWELLS**. MARK, KING OF SCOTLAND, MARK:

NO SOONER JUSTICE HAD WITH VALOUR ARM'D COMPELL'D THESE SKIPPING KERNS TO TRUST THEIR **HEELS**, BUT THE **NORWEYAN LORD** SURVEYING VANTAGE, WITH **FURBISH'D ARMS** AND **NEW SUPPLIES OF MEN** BEGAN A FRESH ASSAULT.



DISMAY'D NOT THIS OUR CAPTAINS, MACBETH AND BANQUO?

YES; AS SPARROWS EAGLES, OR THE HARE THE LION. IF I SAY SOOTH, I MUST REPORT THEY WERE AS **CANNONS** OVERCHARGED WITH **DOUBLE CRACKS**, SO THEY **DOUBLY REDOUBLED STROKES** UPON THE FOE:

EXCEPT THEY MEANT TO **BATHE IN REEKING WOUNDS**, OR MEMORISE ANOTHER **GOLGOTHA**, I CANNOT TELL.



But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

THE WORTHY THANE OF ROSS.

SO WELL THY WORDS BECOME THEE AS THY WOUNDS; THEY SMACK OF HONOUR BOTH. GO GET HIM SURGEONS.

WHO COMES HERE?

WHAT A HASTE LOOKS THROUGH HIS EYES! SO SHOULD HE LOOK THAT SEEMS TO SPEAK THINGS STRANGE.

GOD SAVE THE KING!

WHENCE CAMEST THOU, WORTHY THANE?