



Yr7's

Macbeth & Anthology

Sequels,
prequels and
more

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PREQUELS:

DEATH OF BABY ALBERT BY EMILY THOMPSON.....	3
---	---

IN-BETWEEN:

MEMORY OF A MURDER BY FLORA ZSOLDOS.....	4
DESCRIPTIVE WRITING BY KING LIU.....	6
DIARY OF A MURDER BY BENJAMIN LAKATOS.....	7
THE THUNDER STRIKES BY AKOS LAKATOS.....	8
THE FINAL BATTLE BY MILAN RANDALL.....	9
A PLEA FOR MERCY, UNANSWERED BY JASON WU.....	10
THE MISTRUST OF A SERVANT BY DARIA YUREVICH.....	11
THE MIDNIGHT MURDER BY JASMINA POLAKOVA.....	12
AN ACT OF REGICIDE BY MANNA KURALI.....	13
ASSASSINATION OF KING DUNCAN BY ANAGHA SUDIAN.....	14
DESCRIPTIVE WRITING BY EMMA NEMETH.....	15
THROUGH A SERVANT'S EYE BY DORA TONG.....	16

SEQUELS:

AFTERWARDS... BY EMILY QUAN.....	17
AN ACT OF BETRAYAL BY CALLIOPE TULEA.....	18
DIARY ENTRY BY ALEX FEJES.....	20

STORIES OFF THE GRID:

FINAL BATTLE SCENE BY MAX TURNER.....	21
---------------------------------------	----

The Death of Baby Albert

By Emily Thompson

I sit here and look at his little, a face so perfect but so unnaturally still. Nothing could be worse. Nothing! No mother should awake, only to find that their baby is dead. I remember 8 months ago; I remember feeling like nothing could go wrong, nothing! Yet here I sit, my little Albert's tiny fingers cold to the touch. My life has no more meaning and Macbeth doesn't even understand.

He never understands.

"A boy", "It's a boy!" My husband may be a battle lord, but I thought he could at least hold our baby. He threw him into my outstretched arms. Albert had been alive for 9 hours and I still hadn't been able to hold him. My bedsheets were bloodstained, and my head was still throbbing, but I didn't care: the pain was outweighed. I sat there cradling him. Macbeth explained how he came out crying and screaming like an annoying vulture. He droned on and on, but I just sat there looking down at Albert's face, just sitting there. Calmly sitting there.

Cradling him back and forth, back and forth... back and forth.

That was the best moment in my entire life. It was the moment where I finally felt at home, like I belonged. I felt peaceful and responsible; I had a purpose. I know it meant a lot to Macbeth as well; Albert was his heir, but he meant even more to me. He wasn't my heir. No, he was my boy, my baby!

He was my child!

7 months was all it took for Albert to get a fatal illness. He wouldn't eat or sleep or cry. His eyes turned misty like he couldn't see me. Whenever I called his name, he wouldn't even perk up to listen. I told Macbeth that we should get a doctor but of course he told me that his heir was strong and healthy. He said that we would look weak and pitiful if it was known that our son was ill. Sometimes I think Macbeth is weak-hearted, while other times I think he is cold-hearted. I never left Albert's side: night and day, evening or morning, in my chambers' or his. Whenever or wherever, I was there cradling him.

Macbeth wanted no one to know about Albert. However, I wanted support. Banquo had allowed support when his daughter was ill. I needed comfort. I needed to know that Albert was ok and safe. That is one thing about men: they only care about their reputation not about the others around them.

Thinking this now makes me well up, my heart thud and my posture break. My whole life is collapsing. I am trying to run forward, trying to reach Macbeth but Albert's hand is too tight, his body too heavy to pull and I am trapped in the centre with nowhere to go. I have already told Macbeth that I shall have no more children. He came to me and said that others will arrive. Men: they don't care about their children but only that they have lost or gained an heir. I bet on my life that no man will cry over the death of their children or wives. All they desire is glory and power.

I can be like a man: show no feelings, kill just for recognition. All I need is power. Throw away the pain and I will live the best life possible.

A life where only power and recognition counts, where love is no more, and I won't have to worry about the death of those close to me.

MEMORY OF A MURDER - TWISTED

BY FLORA ZSOLDOS

I wasn't meant to overhear that night. I wasn't meant to see it all go down. But I did. It didn't matter who I was before that day: a saint, an outlaw? So much changed in so little time: I went from a server boy to what, what was I? A monster perhaps. Or maybe not, maybe the lord would forgive me, understand where that helpless act of desperation came from. Could I live with that on my conscience? Could I eat every meal remembering as I served him his last? Could I sleep knowing that I was in the room- that I witnessed the cold blooded murder of our king? So, do you want to keep on reading?

I remember it like it was yesterday. Let's rewind a moment go back in time. To understand what really happened that night, we have to start from the beginning. Macbeth had just been named Thane of Cawdor. I was at his celebration party, but of course I was not a guest, merely a servant boy to bring out dishes. It was the most tedious job; we always got to smell the fresh wafts of delicious cuisines as we lifted the lid to reveal the next masterpiece the chef had cooked up, but we never got a taste. We menial servers only imagined what different flavors of steak might taste like, or chocolate souffle. Most of us had never even had chocolate except for one, his name was Borins, and his grandfather had smuggled some in from a feast once; his description made all of us long for a taste.

So we devised a plan. We knew there wasn't any chocolate available, but we would settle for leftover potatoes; where we come from having dinner every night is considered a luxury. The plan went as follows: throughout the night Borins and his friend were in charge of clearing tables, and they quickly slipped some of the posh food they cleared under the sink (there wasn't any time in between courses to actually separate the edible things). After all the guests fall asleep, one goes to check to make sure all have fallen into a deep slumber, another two stand watch; then Borins and I run into the kitchen to collect the food set aside.

But if you are reading this you already know something didn't go as plan. Something went horribly wrong. If you have read to this point, I assume you know what I am referring to, and you most likely have a reason to be here. Or maybe you don't, maybe it is pure curiosity that has lead you to read till this point. But whichever, it may be that nothing can prepare you for what you are about to hear. Though you are still luckier than me, you don't have to see her face. It is not engraved in your memory.

It isn't up to you to determine if it was regret or maybe pride written on her face. But even if you have a purpose for being here, I still must give you a warning, I will never know what may have happened if I closed the closet door any later that night. Could I have saved an innocent life? Or would I have just lost my own? I will never know... And for that you must forgive me, for valuing my own life over the king's; it was wrong of me, I know, but I pray you take pity on me. Alright, now that I have warned you, it is your own choice, possibly mistake, are you still reading on? If you're here you obviously picked yes so now let's get into what really happened the night of the murder.

Borins heard something, what he heard I will never know, and he wanted to run to abandon the plan. It was easy for him: he already had chocolate. That is when I made the biggest mistake; I decided to continue on without him. I sneaked past the tables, past the fountains, past the fancy dresses now layered on the floor, carelessly tossed by their owners who were probably black-out drunk lying on a sofa somewhere. I knew I had to pass through the bedrooms one of them at least. I wasn't sure what to expect but we had mapped out this path before.

It was going to be quick; I would be in and out into the next room. But as I entered, I heard someone else's trailing footsteps from behind. Who could it be at this hour? I thought, possibly it was just Borins. Imagine my horror when I saw that it was a she. My immediate response was to slam the closet door shut with me barely escaping inside. I tried to get a look from the sliver of a creak I left open.

I couldn't believe my eyes in that moment. It was Lady Macbeth, wife of Macbeth, and she was holding a sharp dagger. For a moment I questioned if she had seen me, if she was carrying the dagger to take my life. But then I noticed something, she was walking towards Duncan. I froze and watched in horror as she knelt down and ruthlessly stabbed Duncan to death. I had a lump in my throat. I wanted to save him but it felt as though my feet were set in stone. I couldn't bring myself to move.

I saw as she lifted her chin, her expression was so damn specific but I couldn't place it. It was on the verge of pride and horror. My attention quickly shifted when I saw the lifeless body of Duncan lying there. Terrified, trying not to scream I watched as she removed the slick blade from his chest. I observed the thin blood dripping down the blade. My heart dropped, as I then saw her stand up ever so silently and make her way to the closet. The sound of a clock mounted onto the wall above the closet I had taken refuge in, the sound of it amplified tick tock, tick tock. She placed the dagger next to one of the sleeping guests; then she grabbed the bucket of water, rinsed her hands off and left the room.

It took me over an hour to finally overcome my devastation, and leave the closet. I was trying to rush back to the servant quarters unnoticed. But I couldn't seem to avoid trouble that evening; I briefly caught a little of a dispute between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. It seemed it had been going on for a while. I tried to remain unseen as I listen to them pace around the room. The tip of Lady Macbeth's heels gently tapped the floor with each step. She kept on saying that this was the only way for them to be happy, the only way they could rule together. But I was confused; he wouldn't rule; Duncan had kids. They discussed the details: how they would cover it up, how she did it, specifically which guest she hid the ruby dagger beside, and what happened with the water she used to rinse her hands.

I sneaked away. I knew I had to tell somebody, tell them everything. The closet, the water, the pacing, but then I realized no one would ever believe a servant boy. One who brings out cuisines and clears tables, that's all I was, merely a servant boy who happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. No one would ever believe a servant boy.

And in that moment I knew that they were going to get away with the murder of the king.

Descriptive Writing

By King Liu



The smell of blood fills the air, it seems that definitely Macbeth is losing, but whatever is upon him, he is ready to face it. Right now he is gazing from his window to see the last view of the forest, as we all knew this may be the last time he can see the forest. His armor is polished until it's as shiny as the sun, this man is ready to battle till death under the bright sun.

When Macbeth made his way to the battle field, the day became darker, the wind blew his robes, and he was shivering. The great battle began! Both troops have fought bravely, and especially Macbeth's best general, General Voudrais: he fought with Macduff's Sergeant, sergeant Brant, and they were comparable, no one could win this! At this moment Macduff's Archer hit General Voudrais on the back, through the armour, the blood came gushing out and splat all over the sergeant's face.

'Macbeth, You danish fool-born hedge-pig, I dare you challenge moi!'

'Of course, Come and you shall meet your doom!!!'

They fought courageously, and everybody stopped to watch them.

'Oh MacDuff I know you are younger than me but I have more experience!'

Then Macbeth struck Macduff down with the sword, the witch's prophecy is wrong!' he shouted to the air.

'No one can defeat me!!!' The knife cut through Macbeth's neck. He fell and forever he has gone while Macduff had that smirk on his face.

The battle has ended, The cries and sadness fill the air.. the moaning for the passed away soldiers.

William Shakespeare

Diary of a murder

Benjamin Lakatos

Dear diary,

I have been slowly losing my mind ever since that dark gloomy and thunderous night of fear. I was just doing my day-to day work cleaning up when I saw these two ruffians come along and ruin my life. Anyway, I decided to start a diary to try keep myself sane; I haven't told my wife yet, but I will as soon as I'm done writing this to lift a little weight off my shoulders before I talk to her.

Anyway, it was a dark and spooky midnight with the owls hooting and crickets chirping, but still it felt like a dead silence; all you could feel was the moist air sticking to your skin. You couldn't make it out clearly because it was insanely foggy with sudden flashes of blue from thunder. The cobwebs tripled that night.

I could hear the footsteps of two people approaching; I was going to greet them when one of them pulled out a switchblade and targeted it in my direction. So I slowly slid behind a door and watched, noticing they were not aiming at me with that knife but rather near my direction. I could hear my heartbeat thumping louder than a horse neighing or a war scene in action. I could subtly make out what they were saying. "This way", the one with a raspy and high voice said; then the other spoke in an angry stressed and low voice, "I'm not sure I can do this!" This one was probably a man. Then the first voice spoke, "if you kill him you'll be king you must do this!"

I, being the clumsy person I am, tripped and made a bucket fall over and my very own cleaning mop fell on my face and knocked me out cold. The next thing I know it's the morning; there's the very silver switchblade I'd seen the night before in my hand dangling and dripping with blood with the dried blood stains stuck to my hand; I step outside and see the king with dried blood all over his neck. It looked the same as the blood on my hand.

I decided to run when I saw a person or three... I can't remember; my head still hurts and this was only 3 hours ago anyway. I ran away in fear of someone blaming it on me, so here I am writing this summary so it will be easier to tell my wife these events. But if these events are found out by anyone they would... well I guess now the king and that other person will kill me and my family with it, burying their secrets in a grave. I feel insane for running but what could have I done? This land is now in the hands of a murderer. I must escape the country otherwise I'm as good as dead.

The Thunder Strikes

Akos Lakatos

The thunder was roaring like the lions in the wild and getting closer and closer. As the lightning got nearer it was burning my eyes, everywhere I looked, I saw it. The thunder was getting louder and louder, like a screaming child.

As the rain and wind began, I knew that this was the darkest night ever. The weather was dreadful, the trees were falling, and the sky was rumbling. The sky was dark, the ground was full of fog and I couldn't see anything.

In the trees it feels like someone is watching you. You try to spot him but cannot see anything, only a black owl starring at you, like if someone was trapped in that body and couldn't get out. The eyes were yellow with a little black in the middle, as if he was waiting for his prayers to be answered.

There were loud voices crying like a child in its birth, in my head screaming and shouting. That feeling like if someone was in my body controlling me. That voice was like a woman crying, like a child shouting. It seemed like the gods were trying to tell me something.

Suddenly the rain and thunder just stopped. I looked up in the sky and saw three black cloaks flying away. The cloaks were laughing and screaming, I thought it was just in my head, but it wasn't.....

The final battle

By Milan Randall

If you look out a window from the castle you can see trees marching towards you; it is a sad sight. Many men will have to die today and just to overthrow a mad king. As the trees walk toward the castle everybody tenses up for what is about to come. Only then do people realize that there is going to be a big battle here.

Macbeth makes his way onto the battlefield in his shining armor. The armor reflects the sunlight off him so it's hard to see the expression. He is a proud man. He does not care if he dies today or tomorrow, he is here to fight now. The air becomes heavy; every soldier is tense; they are just waiting for the charge.

Then when the battle starts you can smell blood everywhere. People screaming for help. The battle intensifies as they cut off each other's heads. Some of them go berserk and gut the dead and throw the guts over them as a trophy. It is a horrid sight, then comes the flaming arrows, burning friend and foe alike. Some start to run because for some people it's just too much and they must get away.

Then you can see that Macduff found Macbeth in the battle and they have a duel. Macbeth tries to hammer the sword down on Macduff's skull, but he evades the bone crushing blow. Quickly, Macbeth retreats a few steps as Macduff sends a killing blow toward Macbeth. Then Macbeth attacks with his full strength but Macduff keeps him in a sword lock. Suddenly Macduff pulls his sword out of the lock ducks Macbeth's blow and cuts off Macbeth's head.

Finally, when the last of Macbeth's men have fallen, the battle is ended and Macduff has won. The site is gory; there is loads of blood everywhere guts spilled across the battlefield heads chopped from their bodies.

Macduff won, but at what cost?

A plea for mercy... unanswered

By Jason Wu

I hear footsteps, getting louder and louder, coming towards my bed like a mosquito buzzing at my ear, not letting me sleep. I see a shadow casting upon my velvet curtain, moving toward the door of mine.

The grand door of my bedroom opens silently, and here comes Macbeth, in his morning clothes, with an irregular lump under his right sleeve, enters my room. 'Words to the heat of deeds to the cold breath gives.' he whispers, and draws the lump out of his sleeves. I was right--a dagger.

With a silvery dagger in his hand, he closes in. I am shocked, and embarrassed at the same time, for a man who I trained to work for me betrayed me so easily. 'Put it down ! ' I whisper, in such a loud voice it is as if I am yelling instead.

He hesitates, withdraw a step back. We don't let a word leave our mouths in a death filled silence for what seems to be an eternity, and he moves his way towards me again. 'I trained you to be a warrior, a noble man, and you are going the opposite way ! ' I yell, he goes on, as if my words go through him. There must be devil in his brain, controlling him to do horrible things.

"Stop it you devil"

'I am here to fulfill the prophecy'

He stuns me with the first sentence spoken. 'For what? For the throne?' I speak furiously, as if the man in front of me is a devil. 'All men in this kingdom want this shiny little hat, but how many actually get it?'

He stops again, moves two steps towards my bed, drops his dagger, and kneels before me. I touch his head like father to son, and say: "Don't you worry, as long as you are not doing horrible things, God will forgive you for this. The moment I speak my words, he grabs the dagger and stabs me in the heart. I am stunned, blood starts gushing out of the body. It was a dream, I am telling myself, my eyes are heavy because that I want to wake up. As I am closing my eyes, Macbeth whispers, like a mosquito buzzing at my ear, not letting me sleep.

"Yes my dear king, god will forgive me."

The Mistrust of a Servant

By Daria Yurevich

Dear Diary,

You will not believe what I have witnessed today! Tis' unbelievable!

This is how it happened. I am the servant of Macbeth, who recently became the Thane of Cawdor. So, King Duncan came over to Dunsinane to celebrate this great event. They had a great feast. And after the feast, everyone had to go to sleep. However, I was the one who was to stay and clean up the kitchen that night.

When I went down to the kitchen, I noticed that, strangely, the guards seemed to be asleep. I also went past the room of Macbeth and the Lady Macbeth. They were whispering about something, which I ignored. I could hear the wind howling outside and the thunder rolling, which indicated a storm coming. The carpet rustled under my feet and the keys from the kitchen door clinked in my pocket. Returning, I saw Macbeth come out of his room. I instantly started searching for a hiding-place, while he didn't seem to have noticed me. I hid behind the corner of the corridor, which was quite close to the stairs, and stood as still as a statue. Luckily for me, he went straight and not to the left, where I was, but I decided to follow him, sensing he was up to something.

On the other side of the corridor, I could hear Lady Macbeth pacing about the room, which made me believe even more that those two were up to something. I followed Macbeth along the corridor to see what it was. Then I realised that he was going to Duncan's room. "What does he want to tell the King, that he went to his room at night?" I thought, but followed. Next, he opened the door, as quietly as possible, without knocking on it, which was, most certainly, strange.

I had always considered Macbeth a loyal man, so definitely didn't expect that from him; however, I had a thought that it may have been the Lady's influence. During the past few days she'd seemed a suspicious woman.

Macbeth went in, and I decided to stay behind the door to watch. I was just wondering why he went up to the King's bed, when I saw a dagger in his hand. I never thought he would ever do this! He stabbed the poor King to death! It was around 10:50 pm, and I started thinking whether I should call for help or not; eventually I decided that it could wait till morning. I was still too shocked to wonder what to do next, but he started walking towards the door, and I hid behind the corner of the corridor again.

I thought that next, he might go and hide the daggers, but he went back to his room. I listened. I couldn't make out much except for this: "I have done the deed". Next, I heard footsteps and went back to my hiding-place and stood still; from the noise I realised it was Lady Macbeth. She walked up to the drunk guards with the daggers in her hands, and placed the dirty daggers next to them and smeared blood on their bodies. Then she went back to her room.

When she closed the door, I went back to my place, still shocked at what had happened that night, and thinking about what to do next. I am writing this at 11:30 pm, about to go to sleep now. Today I realised, once again, that I should be careful with that brat, and his Lady.

The Midnight Murder

Jasmina Polakova

Dear Diary,

It was midnight in the quiet castle where almost everyone had fallen asleep. It had been an awfully long day. Heading upstairs, because I had finished work for the day, I felt the relief that flowed through my body as I untangled the knot from the back of my apron. I wiped the sweat off my forehead and continued to walk.

It couldn't have been a more ordinary day, at least that's what I thought. The candles burned and melted as the night went on. As I walked down the corridor, each step was on the beat of each candle's distance. I went up one floor and there I heard whispering. The sound was coming from the King's room, but then it stopped. I swiveled to my right for the next pair of stairs when I heard the whispering again, which knocked my breath away. I have never heard such a fearful whisper in my life, and that's when the shivers came in.

It was a dark and gloomy night, so the thought that I heard whispering and names being mentioned like Lady Macbeth or Duncan and the whisper sounded like Macbeth's voice that made no sense. I was curious as to what it was, but again it made me petrified. The thought of this happening at night made it even worse.

Cautiously, I walked towards the room as wind swooshed inside the castle from the large window behind me. I got to the edge of the door and stuck myself on to the wall to listen. Not long after I started to breath heavily, but still trying to keep quiet which made me look in that room.

I almost screamed. The scream was right at my throat and was dying to come out. My eyes were cursed forever and ever. Macbeth's hand was covered in thick dark red blood and covering Duncan's mouth. The wind seemed to blow faster and faster; it was as if someone had tortured me to listen and to watch this that made me want just die in that moment. I was so weak that I fell on to the ground and crawled back to where I had been. It was hard to keep my balance because everything seemed like it was turning around.

Finally, I got to the staircase and helped myself up on my feet. I ran up the stairs to my room and out to the tiny balcony and quickly got a breath of fresh air. I pushed myself towards the railing and that's when I finally said it in my head. Macbeth is a killer and Duncan is dead. I howled with tears and fell to the ground. This may be the night I will never forget.

An Act of Regicide

Manna Kurali

It was a cold dead night the owl was howling and you could hear the rain lightly tapping on the roof.

I was just clearing up after the big dinner when I heard panicked footsteps pass by. I quickly took off my apron and rushed through the narrow hallway, but the figure was moving so quickly that each candle on the floor was no longer burning. This meant that I had nothing to guide me through the castle. I could hear voices muttering in the distance; they might have been the guards since all the guests were no longer in the castle.

I slowly managed to find the figure turning right to the next part of the hallway. However, this was different; I had never seen this part of the castle. The walls were white and had gold accents running through them as well as gold lights. On the floor was a nice long velvet red carpet that was as red as fresh blood.

Then I heard the creaking door close. I was almost too intimidated to go on, but I had made it this far so I wasn't going to turn back. I took my shoes off so I would stay unnoticed and approached the door; the two guards had collapsed and one of the daggers was missing. When I reached towards the handle of the door I was prepared for anything. However, what I saw shocked me.

There was the king in his bed, dead, and I could see the blood dripping on to the carpet that was no longer white. I quickly hid behind the door because the door to the backyard opened and then I saw Macbeth standing soaked in blood and approaching his bedroom. I couldn't believe my eyes; I was shocked frozen. And now everything became clear.

The figure was Lady Macbeth and the guards were drugged and the dagger was the weapon for the murder. I can't trust Macbeth or Lady Macbeth; they just want power. And who will be king? what will happen next? I have no clue.....

Assassination of King Duncan by Anagha Sudin

The wind wailed in the atmospheric night.

The trees quivered in the angry breeze.

Ravens flew senselessly in the ominous clouds.

Darkness cast insidious shadows on the cold castle walls and the stormy smell of angry woods attacked your nose. Chaos reigned.

Swiftly, the grey clouds rolled in, thunder lashed and lightning whipped. Heavy rain pricked your face like sharp arrows.

That night was an omen.

Suddenly, you heard eerie voices in the dark. Fallen angels, crying and screaming in the air, piercing your delicate ears. Small voices whispering behind you. Every whisper was followed by a sharp gust of wind cutting through the air. The storm got more intolerable by the minute, as the strange voices grew impatient. It seemed as if the Devil was rudely woken up from his slumber.

An owl heckled, perched in the tallest and most ominous tree in the woods. It continued screeching, each squawk louder than the other.

You drew sharp, ragged breaths as the owl had startled you with all the racket it created. You tried ignoring it and hurried home. You heard a firm voice say; "There will be suffering." You frantically looked around you with eyes as wide as dinner plates. Beads of cold sweat formed on your forehead. You spotted no one.

The words spoken in the restless night, left an imprint in your mind. Who would commit such a sin, to cause such happenings in the gloom? You tried to walk as quickly as the deep soil would let you. Sharp roots jutted out of the thick mud, scratching your weary feet. Every step you took, sunk in the soil like quicksand. You noticed this and quickened your pace. There was a slow rumbling beneath you. At first, you thought you had stepped on a mound of rough rocks, but soon you realized that the ground itself was shaking.

The sharp roots that were scratching your feet slowly detached from the soil they were gripping onto. This earthquake was like no other. This one seemed as if the woods were breathing. It was a cycle of slow rumbles that spread across the ground. You heard bushes rustling and twigs snapping. You spotted two beady eyes staring into your soul. After a moment of shock, you broke into a run, panting and sweating. Wind whipped in your face as rain assaulted your eyes.

Darkness surrounded you.

That's all there was, darkness.

The Storm

Emma Nemeth

As the clouds were forming and huddling together to form a circle in the sky, a strike of lightning made an entrance; it was the start of the storm.

As the clouds turned black, the lightning was a bright light. It was as sharp as a knife; it slashed through the clouds and smashed to the ground. This lightning meant something. The lightning only occurred when there was something making its way. Thunder was like a hungry bear growling.

All of a sudden the lightning struck its way down, the rain stopped and three dark, old women shaped silhouettes appeared. As these creatures stepped out into the spotlight; the noise was gone, it was dead silent, like the world had frozen. Three malevolent, exquisitely horrid witches who could look into the future appeared. As they took a look around, the storm restarted and the witches vacated the spotlight to a place where they could watch the storm from.

The rough rowdy rain made the place look like a shower in hell. As the rain started the wind made its way in too. The storm made its own performance. Although the scent of the environment at this point was a delightful refreshing smell from the rain, the atmosphere did not look delightful at all; it was more of a raining hell.

Soon towards the middle of this unfortunate scene, the malicious, bitter witches came back into the horrific atmosphere that so happened to be created by them. They started to intone with their treble pitched voices. This made the scene even scarier as they were chanting and screaming with their screeching voices the thunder roared. The atmosphere looked like the witches were demons chanting in the abyss.

Slowly, as the witches took a turn they vanished from the scene. Wind starting to sway its way away, the rain starting to turn into drizzle, clouds turning light, lightning hiding away. The storm had ended.

Through a servant's eye

By Yuening Tong

Dear Diary,

It was a dark, rainy, stormy night, full of groans of the wind and crackles of the thunder. I was bringing the dirty laundry to the laundry room on Mrs. Berma's orders---

Now, that might be a little odd. You know I was never on laundry duty. But, you see, that day, King Duncan came to stay at my Master's house. It was joy, of course, as we common servants had never laid eyes on a real king before. It was because my Master had just been granted the title Thane of Cawdor after his bravery in the recent battle. Look at that, Thane of both Cawdor AND Glamis! How heroic, you might say. But, I'm afraid, it's the complete opposite from what I heard that night.

Like I said, I was bringing laundry to the laundry room when I passed Master's bedroom. The hall was nearly empty, except for the low murmurs and my shadow. The torches gave off an orange light against the stone walls and the moon shone high in the sky, above us all. Master was talking with Mistress when I passed their room. Suddenly, I caught the word "kill". Out of curiosity, I put my ear against their door. I knew that I was going to be punished, but we servants never get any news from the outer world.

"...We will proceed no further in this business. He hath honored me of late, and I have bought golden opinions from all sorts of people, which would be worn now in their newest gloss, not cast aside so soon" Master was saying. They seemed to be referring to King Duncan. "Art thou afeard to be the same in thine own act and valor as thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that which thou esteem'st the ornament of life, And live a coward in thine own esteem, letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would'?" argued Mistress. Her language shocked me—always so prim and proper, so elegant, such a perfect Mistress, now using language like that?

"Prithee, peace! I dare do all that may become a man; who dares do more is none." Shouted Master. "To be more than what you were, you would be so much more the man!" Screamed back Mistress. I turned away in fear and behind a pillar nearby when I heard the door open and footsteps coming.

Please don't come... Please don't come ...Pease don't come... I closed my eyes and thought desperately, clutching to the basket of dirty, foul-smelling laundry. Thank goodness, it was only Master who came out and he only went to the bedroom in front of theirs. I sighed, relieved, but only to realize a few seconds later that it was King Duncan's bedroom that Master had gone into. And without knocking! I couldn't believe Master's manners. But, what if, Master was going to...murder King Duncan? Don't be silly! I said to myself. Master wouldn't do that...

I was just about to go to the laundry room and leave the pillar when I heard Master coming out of the bedroom. I quickly turned my head but peeked from the pillar out of curiosity. What did Master do? Why did he go in? Peeking, I saw just what I'd feared the most. A dagger, wrapped around a red-stained cloth, he held it in his hands and had an expression that was not readable. He went back into his room, and closed the door behind him gently.

That night, I laid in bed thinking about what I saw. I could not—could NEVER get this out of my mind without telling someone, so I turned to you. Please, diary, I need your help!

P.S: I did send the laundry into the laundry room.

Afterwards...

By Emily Quan

[Malcolm's coronation at Scone] "Hail, King of Scotland! Hail, King Malcolm!" echoed off every inch of the church's walls. Everyone knew Malcolm to be the noble King of Scotland, with the exception of me. I expected Malcolm to be no more than a figure with a fruitless crown placed upon his crest: unfortunately, Malcolm would not be able to become like his father. And soon enough, he would be faced with the supernatural beings of witches and their vexatious prophecies.

The three weird sisters had planned another trip to visit Malcolm. They prepared prophetic information to be delivered to him. Malcolm was startled by the withered and wild women when they appeared out of thin air while he was working. The witches told him that it will be wise for him to abdicate his throne when the time comes, otherwise he would no longer be safe and Fleance- Banquo's son- would take over Scotland after Malcolm's twenty-seventh year of rule. Malcolm did not believe any of the prophecies and thought that there was plenty of time until the date the prophecies may come true.

However, after twenty-seven years of ruling Scotland, Malcolm realized that everything was about to change; he became very ill and he noticed the weather to be unusually appalling with thunder and lightnings striking his castle every single night. Later, a battle broke out on the border of England and Scotland, caused by villagers who had a very severe lack of food and shelter who were fighting for their lives. Fleance was one of the villagers. Additionally, Donalbain- Malcolm's brother, was desperately trying to convince Malcolm that the prophecies were to come true and that they must act on them. Malcolm was eventually rethinking the options that he now faced; whether he abdicated the throne, or he would face Fleance's uprising to the Scottish throne. This meant that no matter which choice he made, he would not be able to rule Scotland anymore. This idea infuriated Malcolm as he was keen to rule Scotland himself and had no interest in yielding the throne to Fleance, or any other person for that matter.

One week later, Malcolm was visited by Fleance, who unintentionally told Malcolm that he had always dreamed of becoming a king one day. Malcolm was haunted by the image of Fleance succeeding to his throne, so he ordered his men to assassinate him. Malcolm's men did not manage to kill Fleance but killed his entire family, which included his wife and children. When Malcolm heard the news that Fleance was still alive, he was beyond incensed and went to great lengths in order to see Fleance dead, but all his attempts seem to be for naught. Fleance, unbelievably, did not attempt to escape at all, and this enraged Malcolm even more than ever.

One day, Malcolm was so aggravated that he decided to finish Fleance himself. Malcolm had invited Fleance to an extensive field where they would fight, and he also invited Donalbain to adjudicate if necessary. The air on the field was thick with smoke, with a touch of determination and malice disseminating from Malcolm. When Fleance arrived, he was taken aback by the idea of fighting against his king, so he refused to fight Malcolm.

"Fleance, my boy, your father would be extremely disappointed in you for this."

"You know nothing of my father!" Fleance yelled, stunned and furious.

"Well, then shall we fight to find out?"

Fleance could not tolerate the mentioning of his father, hence he made up his mind to fight Malcolm. As time passed, Malcolm was slowly losing the fight, but he was never going to yield to Fleance. At the last second, when Fleance's sword was on Malcolm's neck, Fleance gave Malcolm a last chance to apologize for mentioning his father.

But Malcolm knew he would never surrender to Fleance.

An act of betrayal...

By Calliope Tulea

As Macduff thrust the cutting blade through Macbeth's chest, he felt a rush of adrenaline; it was as if nothing could stop him. The thought hit him then: he had killed Macbeth, killer of Duncan, Banquo and his whole family. It had finally been done; the murderous king was dead. "This tyrant won't ever kill anyone again." Macduff thought. But he couldn't stop thinking about what Macbeth had said before he died: "Lay on, Macduff! And damned be the first to cry hold, enough!"

As the rush of adrenaline passed, he realized how exhausted he was; he was weary and ready to collapse at any moment. His knees buckled beneath him as he stood over Macbeth's cold, limp body. He realized it had been raining. The rain poured down on him making him feel the pressure of the water, pinning him down and his armor dragged him to the ground. On the bloody battlefield, the metallic stench of blood was overwhelming. The grass seemed to scream, as it drowned in the red river heading downhill. The skies seemed to reflect the atmosphere, on the ground, as they clouded, but nonetheless, they had won.

"All hail Malcolm, the new and rightful king!" The messenger shouted "Do any dare to cry "Hold"?" That was a milestone; he once again brought back Macbeth's dying words. For some reason, he couldn't get it out of his head. It was almost as if, he had heard those words before...

Riding towards the castle, victorious, Macduff was trying to get Macbeth's dying face out of his mind. "How's thou feeling, as we have killed the devil's snake?" asked Malcolm. *I killed him, you sat at the edge of the battlefield and let us do the fighting* Macduff thought. But Macduff wasn't about to question his new king. "I am well, your Majesty."

They arrived at the castle, all hailing Malcolm, as their new king. Macduff was more and more sure that something was wrong. Malcolm wasn't what he used to be. He was authoritative, strict, blood-chilling, no warmth in his dull eyes. Most would say, it was the weight of the whole country, that was wearing him down. But Macduff knew his friend and his friend looked, bewitched...

A sound awoke Macduff. It was the pale sound of footsteps outside his door. He silently and stealthily got out of his bed; he walked up to the wooden door in his dark, large, humid chambers. The air was strangling and dry. He felt like he couldn't breathe and for the first time, he was afraid of opening the door. He, usually so courageous, was afraid. Afraid of seeing someone there, doing something awful. Astonishing, how courage is so close to fear, separated only by a thread. Some are inside the thread, brave, but afraid, while others are just one of them. He opened the door and he saw a figure. It was walking towards the King's chambers. Is someone trying to kill Malcolm? Not on my watch!! But before Macduff could say or do anything, the man showed his face. It was Malcolm. But something was once again wrong. That was when Macduff noticed the dagger in his hand, filled with blood and his clothes, disguised as a commoner, drenched in the red fluid. But his eyes: Malcolm's eyes were black, pitch black. It was like he wasn't even there.

Macduff rapidly, but silently closed the door and locked it tight, so no one could enter from the outside. How coms't my friend become a man who plays with blood?! Macduff knew he couldn't repeat this to anyone. This was something that a country should be ashamed of, something told by someone who didn't want history to repeat. His best friend couldn't have become a murderer.

The next night Macduff saw Malcolm sneaking away towards the castle's door. He decided to follow him. Macduff, dressed as a commoner, he had ripped shoes and a dusty cloak, but with a mighty dagger underneath, just in case things got ugly. He followed Malcolm out of the door and into the nearby woods. Why is Malcolm in the woods? As he wound deeper and deeper into the undergrowth, he noticed a difference in Malcolm's pace. He was slowing down and coming to a halt.

"I can't believe it was this easy to lead you here." Malcolm grinned.

Macduff rose slowly from the bush he was hiding in. Malcolm's voice was somewhat chuckling, and it was dangerously and blood-chillingly quiet.

"Malcolm! You haven't been yourself lately. What happened to you?" MacDuff ventured.

"Did you really think I didn't see you last night or you coming here and following me." Malcolm murmured "Because let me tell you, you shouldn't have come here, but you did. And know you will suffer the consequences."

Three more shapes started taking shape behind Malcolm. They were withered, weary, dirty, without a place on this earth. The witches.

"He'sssssss right! You shouldn't have come here." Said the first. The second started speaking. "But know you will suffer the consequences."

Understanding clouded Macduff's eyes. The change of Malcolm's voice, his black eyes, his cloak, the dagger, the blood, everything. It was the witches. And before that, Macbeth's dying words, he had heard those in a dream from these witches before. He was strong enough to hold the witches from entering his mind.

"You see, while I was in England, I met three witches and they gave me understanding.... understanding of everything in the world. They prophesized I would become king and what has happened? That's right." He pointed to his crown hidden underneath his robe.

"Can't you see they are using you!" Macduff screamed." Can you really not link this to Macbeth's story!!!"

Malcolm's eyes turned red. "Of course, I do!!! He needed to die. So that my prophecy would be fulfilled, and you helped me achieve that."

Macduff gazed astonished, first at Malcolm, then at the witches and then he gazed at the forest. For the first time he realized, it was so dark, so menacing, it was as if the powers of evil were working in it, and they were.

"You will never get away with this! You know you are going to hell, don't you? You know you're a dead man. Good will always find a way."

"Oh, I can't believe you. You're a warrior, not a child. As for me getting away, I already did, because you won't live to tell the story."

They sprang into battle. Both with their daggers. Malcolm was supported by the witches, who did everything in their power to stop Macduff from winning. Macduff thrust his dagger through Malcolm's chest, but before he died, Malcolm returned the favor. Malcolm's eyes turned blue, freed from the witch's spell and they both died there that night with their daggers puncturing each other's chests. The blood trickling through the rest.

THE END

Macduff's diary

By Alex Fejes

Dear diary,

I won the battle.

The monster known as Macbeth is in hell, where he belongs.

I am sure that everyone in their right mind would agree with me. He has not only killed my entire family, but also his best friend, and countless other people that I do not know personally. My condolences obviously go out to their families.

Although, I do feel another emotion than triumph and victory. I feel...sorry for Macbeth. Sure, he slaughtered lots of people, and that is absolutely unforgivable. But it was not really his fault. At first I thought he was roped into this by Lady Macbeth, who tragically is no longer with us, but it is not her fault either. The blame goes to these witches that I have now heard about.

Apparently, they spoke some sort of ancient prophecy. Something about Macbeth becoming the Thane of Cawdor and the king of the country. Those came true completely. If Macbeth wouldn't have encountered those cursed witches, then Banquo may still be alive and his son, Fleance, not living in fear. If he would have gone a different path home, then my family would still be alive...I miss them so much...

The people of the country were pleased to say the least. No longer do they have to be tormented by the tyrant that was our past king. No longer do they have to fear that they might be killed by his men in any second. Everyone has freedom now. Although, again, I feel extremely sympathetic for him. He wouldn't have succumbed to this fate if he wouldn't have met these accursed witches! It's their fault my family is gone. It's their fault that Banquo is gone. It's their fault that I had to kill Macbeth. I do not know what will happen from here, and I do not know if I can do anything about it. I hope that Malcolm can revive this country into a prosperous society with a good reputation to boot.

The Final Battle

Max Turner

The voice of God, after watching the battle that Macbeth caused.

It made me enraged. I looked upon Macbeth. Oh, how evil he had become!

Enraged, I remembered how he killed his best friend to try and prevent a prophecy. You cannot prevent a prophecy. I witnessed as he slaughtered people in battle. Needing to calm down, I looked at my hero Macduff. He had my blessing, so he could only be harmed by Macbeth. Best I could do. As I saw him go forward and challenge Macbeth, my heart swelled with pride. When they started with hand to hand combat, I realised how powerful Macbeth was. His strength must have been magnified by the witches, so to keep evil at bay, I had to go and kill the witches. Even if I didn't kill them, I could distract them enough, so they would stop enhancing Macbeth's strength. Since I knew they must have been close to the battle to enhance Macbeth, I went searching for them underground. Weirdly, the witches were not underground.

Then, I sensed a presence, so slight I knew it must have been suppressed; the witches shouldn't be that powerful to suppress themselves so much. Were they? But then I saw them. They were disguised as rats! Because they had changed form, I couldn't feel their presence unless I concentrated with all my might. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw the rats hanging around on the edges of the battle. There was nothing for it. If I caught them by surprise, then I might be able to take them out before they could realise, I was there. That was the plan.

ZAP! I lightning bolted one of them and sent power lasers into the others. The other two witches reacted faster than what was possible and dodged the lasers, instantly sending bats in my direction. I sent out a blast wave in all directions that shattered the bats to smithereens, before freezing the witches with ice blasts. The witches reacted speedily again and selected the right spell to heat themselves up. I glanced over at the fight. Shocked, I saw that Macbeth still was still strong!

"Impossible!" I yelled, "how can you fight me, have speedy reactions and keep magnifying Macbeth's power as well?". Witch two replied in a cackling voice "Ha! Since Macbeth killed the king, we have been all powerful! The Great Chain of Being was disrupted and that made us more powerful than before!" I began the strike mid-sentence. Since the second witch was speaking, I struck her with lightning and this time her agility wasn't enough. She was zapped to dust.

Unfortunately, the other witch knew I was distracted and immediately used a spell that made me keep falling over. With a thud, I fell to the ground and before I knew it the witch was standing over me. "You shall die for meddling!" she exclaimed, "I will kill you and then Macduff!" I threw up a weak shield.

Terrified, but hiding it well, I knew what would happen. She would blast me; the shield would not be enough to stop it. I would die. Just before she blasted me, her power dimmed, she released the blast and the shield held it! I had a little bit of power left, but she had none. So, I threw a weak blast. I knew it wouldn't be enough to kill her, but it would dim her a bit. We would have to reduce to hand to hand fighting. Lying on the ground, breathing heavily, I had no strength left in my body, but as I looked upon her, there was no movement. It did kill her! Something must have happened to reduce her power. I had a good feeling I knew what it was. I looked over my shoulder, into the fight, Macbeth was also motionless, had he died too? Yes! He had! There was blood spilling out of every orifice.

Order had been restored and the evil had been cleared. For now ...