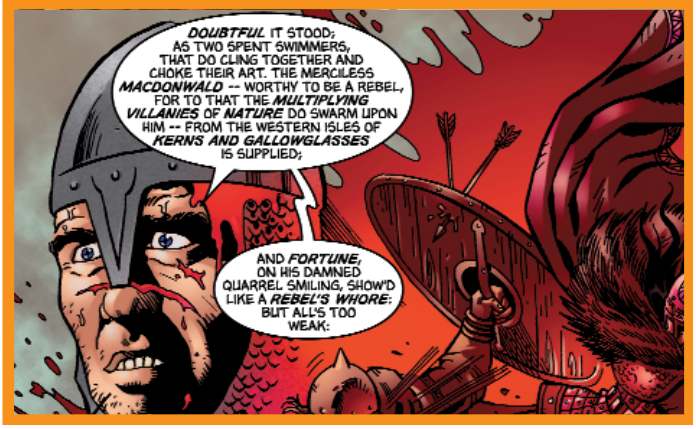
Macbeth The Graphic Novel is available in three versions.

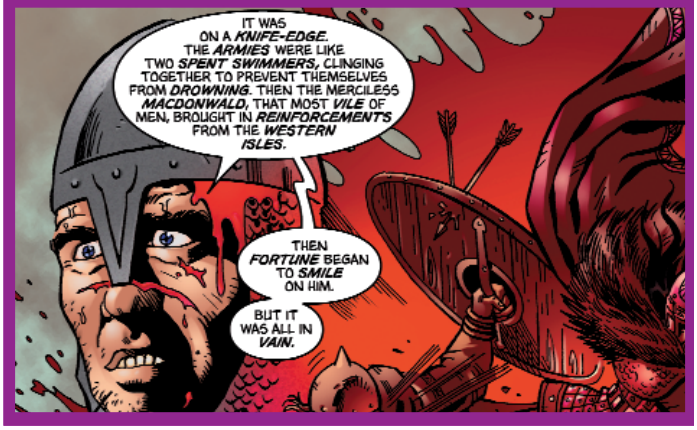
Original Text: The full and unabridged play in comic book form.
Plain Text: The complete play, translated into plain English.
Quick Text: The full story with reduced dialogue for easier reading.

Please see below for examples.

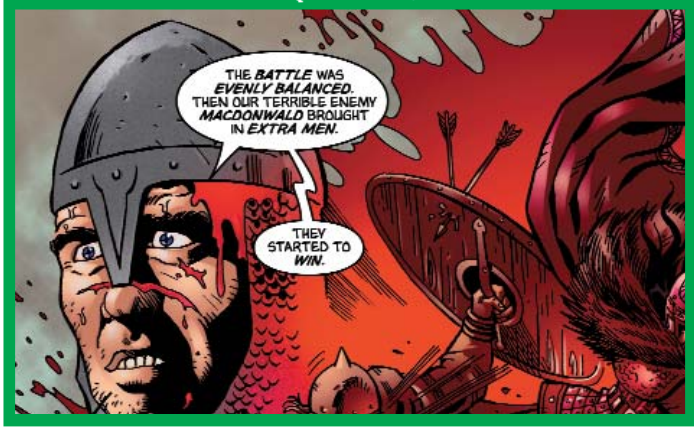
Original Text



Plain Text



Quick Text




Act One
Scene One
A desert place
CRRRRRACKKKK!!!
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.
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.

SO *WELL* THY *WORDS* BECOME THEE AS THY *WOUNDS*;

THEY SMACK OF *HONOUR* BOTH. GO GET HIM *SURGEONS.*

WHO COMES HERE?

THE WORTHY *THANE* OF *ROSS.*

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?