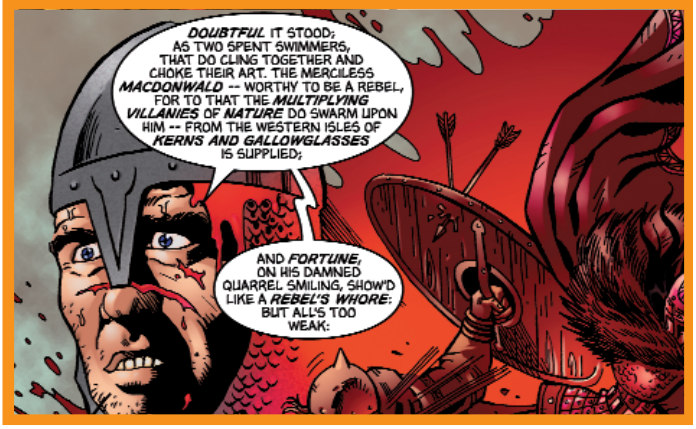
Macbeth The Graphic Novel is available in three versions.

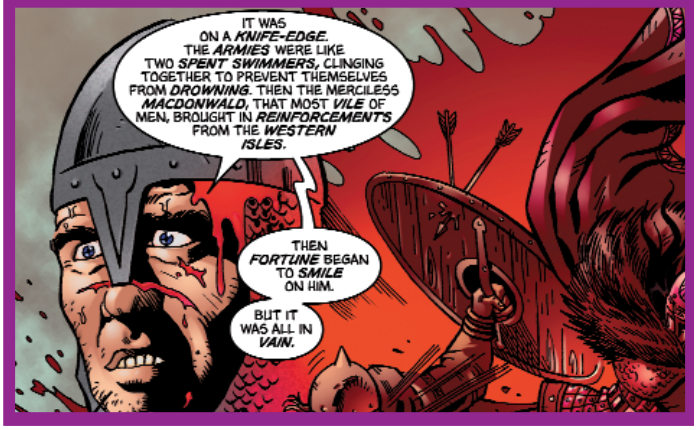
Original Text: The full and unabridged play in comic book form.
Plain Text: The complete play, translated into plain English.
Quick Text: The full story with reduced dialogue for easier reading.

Please see below for examples.

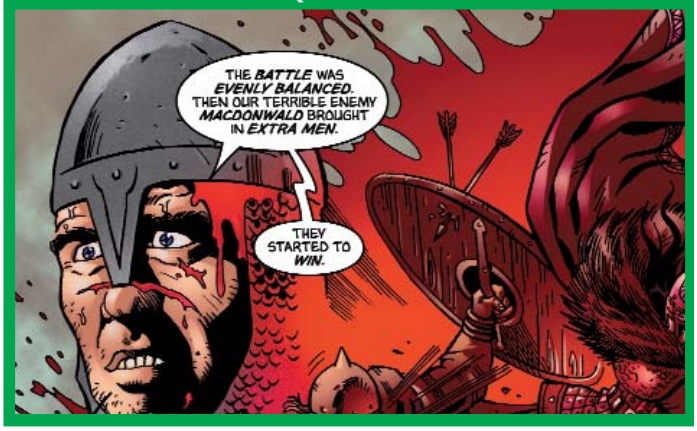
Original Text



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 HURLEYBURLEY'S DONE,
THAT WILL BE ERE THE SET OF SUN.
WHERE'S 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 THIS? PERHAPS HE CAN GIVE US *NEWS* FROM THE *BATTLEFIELD*.

THIS IS THE *SERGEANT* WHO STRUGGLED SO VALIANTLY TO SAVE ME FROM *CAPTIVITY*.

HELLO, BRAVE FRIEND!

TELL THE KING HOW THINGS *STAND*.

IT WAS ON A *KNIFE-EDGE*. THE *ARMIES* WERE LIKE TWO *SPENT SWIMMERS*, CLINGING TOGETHER TO PREVENT THEMSELVES FROM *DROWNING*. THEN THE MERCILESS *MACDONWALD*, THAT MOST *VILE* OF MEN, BROUGHT IN *REINFORCEMENTS* FROM THE *WESTERN ISLES*.

THEN *FORTUNE* BEGAN TO *SMILE* ON HIM.

BUT IT WAS ALL IN *VAIN*.

BECAUSE BRAVE *MACBETH*, HOW *WELL* HE DESERVES THAT NAME, *DISREGARDING* HIS *OWN SAFETY* AND BRANDISHING HIS *SWORD* WHICH *SMOKED* FROM *BLOODY USE*, CARVED HIS WAY THROUGH UNTIL HE *FACED* THE *VILLAIN*.

HE DIDN'T STOP TO SHAKE HANDS OR SAY GOODBYE, UNTIL HE HAD *RIPPED* HIM FROM *JAW* TO *NAVEL* AND FIXED HIS *HEAD* ON OUR *BATTLEMENTS*.

O VALIANT COUSIN! WORTHY GENTLEMAN!

BUT THE SUN DIDN'T SHINE FOR LONG. THE STORM BROKE OUT AGAIN AND OUR JOY WAS SHORT-LIVED. CAN YOU *BELIEVE* THIS, KING OF SCOTLAND, NO SOONER HAD THE WESTERN ISLANDERS TAKEN TO THEIR *HEELS* THAN THE *NORWEGIAN* TRIED *AGAIN*.

HE BEGAN A *FRESH ASSAULT*, ARMED WITH *REINFORCEMENTS*.

DID THAT NOT *WORRY* OUR CAPTAINS, MACBETH AND BANQUO?

YES, AS MUCH AS *SPARROWS* WORRY *EAGLES*, OR *HARES LIONS*!

I MUST *TELL* YOU, THEY WERE LIKE *OVERWORKED CANNONS*, FIGHTING *TWICE* AS HARD, AS IF THEY WANTED TO *BATHE* IN *BLOOD*, OR...

... I CAN'T TELL.

I'm weak. My wounds need attention...

YOUR *WORDS* ARE AS *VALIANT* AS YOUR *WOUNDS*.

GO, GET HIM TO A *DOCTOR*.

WHO'S THIS?

IT'S THE WORTHY *THANE* OF *ROSS*.

AND IN A *HURRY*. WHAT *STRANGE NEWS* HAS HE TO TELL US?

GOD SAVE THE KING!

WHERE HAVE YOU *COME* FROM, WORTHY THANE?