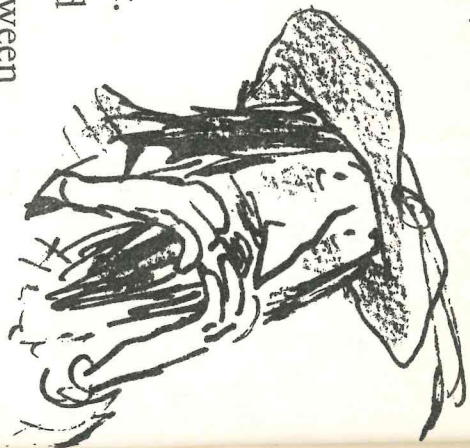


Macbeth's face  
turned deathly  
pale. 'So the  
witches told the  
truth?' he thought.  
'Only Duncan and  
his sons stand between



me and the crown! My wife must know  
of this – I will write to her tonight.'

Macbeth was so deep in thought that  
he didn't notice the troubled look that

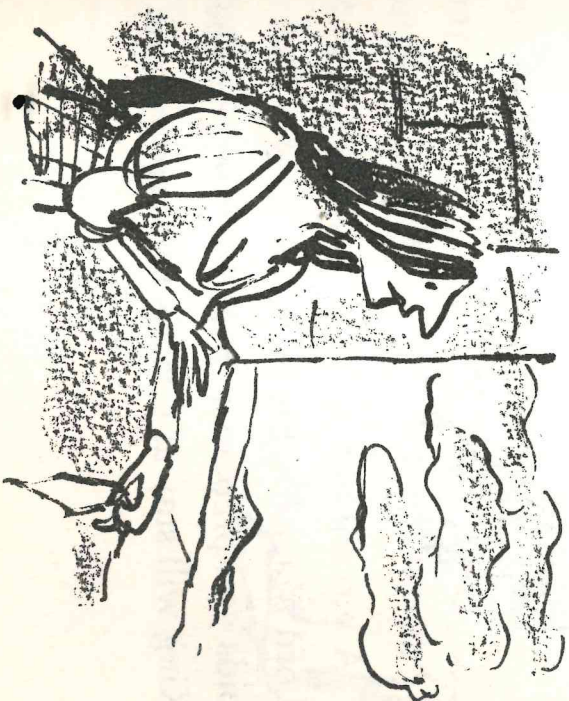
Banquo gave him.

The witches had  
left a scent of  
evil in the air,  
and Banquo  
seemed to smell  
it clinging to  
his friend.

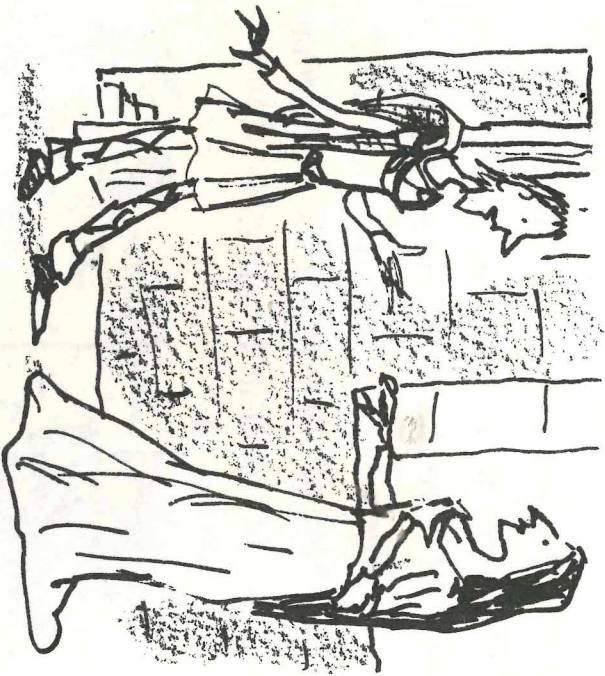


\* \* \*

Lady Macbeth stood at the window of her  
bedchamber, gazing out at the clouds  
gathering above the turrets of Glamis  
Castle. In her right hand, she held the letter  
from her husband, and its words echoed  
through her mind. "Glamis, Cawdor, King,  
you could have them all!" she whispered.  
"But I know you too well, my lord. You  
want greatness, but you shrink from what  
you must do to get it. If only..."



There was a knock at the door. Lady Macbeth started and turned, her long black hair whispering against the green silk of her gown. "Come!" she called.



A servant entered. "A message from Lord Macbeth, my lady," he said. "He bids you prepare a royal banquet, for the King will stay at Glamis tomorrow night."

"What?" Lady Macbeth gasped in amazement. "Are you mad?" She quickly recovered herself. "Go and tell the other servants to make ready for the King!" she commanded.

When she was alone again, Lady Macbeth opened the window, and a blast of cold air caught her hair and swirled it about her face. "Fate leads Duncan to Glamis!" she murmured.

"Come to me, Powers of Darkness! Fill me with cruelty, so I may teach my husband how to be ruthless!"

A low growl of thunder answered her.

\* \* \*

