

After ^{me} winning the fierce battle with the Norwegians, Macbeth and ^{my} his loyal friend Banquo emerged from the colossal blanket of mist. Lightning forked and flashed, thunder rumbled and roared. It was extremely improbable and the ominous darkness was only broken when the

lightning flashed, threatening to strike anything or anyone. The malevolent-looking trees towered above, their skeletal ~~arms~~ trunks trying to snatch me up. The ground below me was as treacherous as the sky above. Chilled to the ~~my~~ bone, we stumbled on until we came across three inexplicable and grotesque witches, illuminated by the sudden lightning. "All hail Macbeth, King of Scotland," They croaked, "All hail Macbeth who is destined to be King hereafter." ~~Stumbling~~ Stumbling back, we were ~~trembling~~ trembling with fear.

"Stay back, you foul creatures!" Banquo shouted as he ~~drew~~ ^{drew} his sword, but they were already gone, disappeared into thin air, you could say. At that moment, ~~gale~~ ^{gale} blowing towards them was a messenger, ~~he~~ ^{May be} he pulled out a scroll, "Sir ~~Mac~~ Macbeth is to be King of Scotland." The messenger ⁿⁿ announced. Could it be? The ~~messenger~~ ⁿⁿ witches had spoke the truth! Perplexed about what had just ~~pr~~ happened, I quickly penned a letter to my wife, Lady Macbeth, stating about my whole experience with the witches.

↑12 For reflective, atmospheric description.

* King Duncan has decided that * They also told us that Banquo's ^{King} ~~King~~ ^{was to be King}

12.12.17

When I ^{finally} got home, my wife told me of her ^{cunning} plan, when she had finished, I ~~was~~ ^{wasn't} exclaiming I

have spent many months fighting for this man, and seem to foresee that I will kill thy! She had started circling me now, like a tiger stalking its prey I thought. "Everyone ~~thinks~~ thinks that you are a noble man but really you're just as brave as a helpless little baby," she teased. "Do you not want power?"

I was angry now, she could tease me all she liked but she could not call me a baby. "Quite correct that I want power, but I will not kill my own king and cousin to get it!" I ~~sh~~ shouted.

"I will leave you with the choice, power, or no power - fame, or no fame." She ~~is~~ told me not teasing me this time, but confidently and calmly, and with that she walked away. My head in my hands, I considered this ~~very~~ ^{awful} dilemma that I had been presented with. I repeated my wife's words in my head, 'power or no power

power - fame, or no fame. I had made my decision, and six and a half hours later, the deed would be done...

13.12.17

After a ^{lavish} feast, Lady Macbeth my wife dragged the guards and, cloaked by an ocean of darkness, I crept towards Duncan's chamber. Then, in front of me was a scarlet red dagger, blood dripping from it like tears. I moved forward to touch it, but as I did it moved away. Then, it turned, pointing to the place where the king ~~was~~ slept, urging me to do the thing that I had dreaded this whole time. This was it, now or never... it was now. Opening the door, I drew the sword that I had taken from the guards and plunged it into the sleeping man's heart.

"Arrghh!" came the anguish-filled cry, then silence. At the break of dawn, I heard Macduff cry. "The king has been killed!" I know my revenge to the devil who's killed my king and I will not rest until the traitor is put to death! I rushed down to see an enraged, mortified and traumatised Macduff. Fallen to his knees, paralyzed in intense

rage.

"Who could've ^{committed} ~~done~~ such a horrific crime?" So sobbed a very convincing Lady Macbeth, "Look! The guards have fresh blood on their hands, face, daggers and all."

"It must've been them!" I shouted as I struck them down like a lightning bolt. Then an anguish filled Malcolm and Donalbain (Duncan's two sons) had fled for their lives.

↑↑ for reflectiveness and creativity

Friday 15th December 2017

LO to retell the ending to 'Macbeth' (hot writing task) — show me what you've learned!

Writer's toolkit:

Describe the characters and settings using ambitious adjectives	Use 'ed' openers to convey character feelings	Use fronted adverbials to create cohesion.
Show how the characters are feeling through their actions.	Use accurately punctuated speech to advance your story.	Use paragraphs for changes of time, place, topic or person (including new speaker—new line)
Choose more interesting synonyms for 'said'.	Use colons or dashes to separate clauses in sentences.	Use figurative language — similes, metaphors and personification.

Act 4	- Macbeth visits the witches, who give him 3 prophecies - Macduff's family are executed - Lady Macbeth dies
Act 5	- Macbeth and Macduff's armies meet in battle - Macbeth is killed and Malcolm becomes king

As you would probably assume, my wife was over the moon about the outcome of her plan. Excited to get onto the royal ceremony, she kept getting up at night, ^{I suppose} talking to herself.

On the day before the ceremony, I ordered the execution of Banquo and his son. Nothing could stop ^{me} now! But then came the day of the celebration when the two assassins ^{that had} hired ^{to tell me wearily} ~~to~~ ^{sent to me} Sir Macbeth, "We have killed Banquo but have failed to kill his son, Fleance." I wasn't overjoyed at this but they had done an exemplary job at killing

Banquo.

The next day¹⁶, I went back to the very moor³ where this had all begun. It was raining³ like there was no tomorrow³ so I was soaked to my skin but I just had to see the witches again - I needed to know more. ^{Good edit} When I came to face them, I saw how hideous they were in broad daylight. They had dreadful eyes and a disgusting look about them. They told me three things: ~~1~~ that I should beware^{car} Macduff, that no single man born of woman could cause my demise and that my luck would turn bitter when Birnam Wood came to Dunsinane. This was exactly what I needed to hear. I was invisible for how could the woods move? When I arrived home at my ~~set~~ castle², I heard³ about Macduff running to England. Well I would show him! I viciously executed his family. That night¹⁶, I saw the terrifying sight of Banquo's spectre, "What, what how?" I ~~stumbled~~² ~~back~~³. The ghostly figure walked towards me and bellowed

"You have betrayed me, you have betrayed everyone!" Then he faded into the darkness. Nothing, silence.

The next morning, I heard of my ~~wife's~~ demise. Apparently she was walking round rubbing her hands stating to herself, "Let this ^{blood} be gone! I do not want this fate! Please let what has been done be undone." ~~was~~ ³ her last words. The Scottish nobles were turning on me, ~~so~~ but why should I care? Their approval to me did not benefit me, except my public figure³ which I didn't care about ~~any~~ anyway.

I heard the news of the Malcoms² and Macduff's army approaching¹⁴. I was not ~~scared~~^{in despair}! No one could kill me.

An hour later¹⁶, everything changed¹, all my hopes were gone, the only clear thing ~~that~~ there was now was my huge demise. The woods were approaching³ and I knew that my end was coming too with every step that the rival soldiers took²⁸.

↑LZ excellent effort and reflectiveness