

Dearest Lady Macbeth,

I am writing to you to tell you that I am safe. I have survived and won the brutal battle, we sadly lost brave men. But we are successful and we are proud of our win.

We arrive at the heath, stood on the ground was three ugly wrinkly mystic mysterious creatures. They looked like zombies they were so supernatural plus they were telling tales. They told me I would become Thame of Cawdor and then eventually king.

I can't get over the feeling of becoming king its stuck in my head. I'm just flabbergasted bust sad because my close friend has to die do I want this to happen?

My thoughts are questionable: really, I don't know the right decision. It's hard to choose. What do you want Lady Macbeth? help me make a plan because I'm to overwhelmed.

As I wish, I hope you reply soon.

Your beloved husband,



Macbeth