

### *Macbeth* Narrative Example 3

Swirling winds and darkening clouds covered the area as a layer of electricity permeated the area with enough charge to raise the hair of any unsuspecting traveler nearby. The distant sounds of a clashing battle could be faintly hear under the piercing whines of the wind. Brutes fought brutes and traitors fell, but a victor had already declared as the pointless battle fought on. The sharp crackling of a bolt was heard as the ghastly figures within the vortex were illuminated and the Weird Sisters were unveiled, meeting soon to be adjourned.

“When shall we meet again? In thunder, lightning, or rain?” crowed the eldest with her back hunched and hair drawn back in a tight knot. The years had taken their toll upon her body as ghostly skin seemed seeped off her body and the greying facial hair was almost as thick as a man’s. A scraggly beast was weaving itself through her feet, patches of skin showing through it’s dark coat and eyes darting around as it surveyed the area.

“When the hurlyburly’s done; when the battle’s lost and won,” the tallest and thinnest of the three replied with **grotesque** and thinning hair whipping in the wind. A few strands seemed to defy gravity as the clouds continued their electrical storm. In her rail thin arms a large green toad hummed its discontent, and it hopped out of her arms to the ground with a loud splat.

“That will be ere the set of the sun,” a young woman with hair as dark as night and eyes like ice breathed out a **terse**. A large sinuous body curled itself around her neck and down the slim arm of her master. Tasting the air, the beast’s forked tongue flicked out of its mouth.

“Where the place?” The old woman coughed out as the cat at her feet found something more interesting towards the edge of the barrier.

“Upon the heath,” was the decision the second one made with a tone of finality ringing through her voice.

“There to meet Macbeth,” the third said with a sinister smile flitting across the beautiful face. The loud cry of **distraught** and impatient cat screeched through the air above the roar of the wind.

“I come, Graymalkin.” The eldest turned to respond to the feline. A loud croak was reverberated through the area, letting it be known that the end of the battle was neigh.

“Paddock calls. Anon.”

The women turned to each other and linked their hands together with faces and voices calling towards the sky. “Fair is foul, and foul is fair. Hover through the fog and filthy air,” the sisters called out, and, as quickly as it had become, the storm disappeared without a trace except for the fading hint of electricity.