

Macbeth Narrative Example 1

An erratic pattern of jagged lines bursting outwards from the center filled all fields of vision as a blinding flash of lightning illuminated the sky. An deafening boom, powerful enough to shake trees and shacks and the earth below the Weird Sisters, quickly followed the **ephemeral** flashes of light. The nerve-wracking sound of the clash of metal on metal managed to pierce the air, carrying with it the faint smell of blood. The atmosphere surrounding them was heavy, composed of anger and detrimental grief over the lives needlessly lost as the battle between Scotland and Norway waged on. Rumors of a savior among the Scots had already reached the Weird Sisters; they, however, already knew the identity of Scotland's protector. Each sister hobbled to the meeting place across the once-**verdant** field: grass now trampled and yellowed, spattered with blood from previous battles.

“When shall we three meet again?” the eldest sister hissed over the howling winds. Dry, bloodshot eyes darted around the field, observing the chaotic weather that always followed them like a newborn puppy to his mother. “In thunder, lightning, or in rain?” The other two sisters were grateful that the rain kept the grotesque smell of the eldest’s breath away from them, for it reeked of decay. Her dramatically thinning gray hair whipped around with each gust, causing her to appear much older than her wrinkling skin covered in warts betrayed.

“When the hurlyburly’s done; when the battle’s lost and won,” the second eldest sister quickly croaked out, fearful of the reprimand by her older sister if she delayed. Her worn, torn, and frayed **raiments** were thrashing against her limbs. She was hunched over permanently, causing her hobble to be more defined than her sisters’. Her ash-colored

hair was composed of tangled haphazard curls. As she searched for her familiar, Paddock the toad, her large, swollen knuckles became visible.

“That will be ere the set of the sun,” the youngest witch of the three rasped out in order to join in the plans. She owned the title of youngest sister, but her appearance contradicted that fact. Her voice was deep and came in short bursts. Her chin was covered in a gray beard made of uneven hairs: some were short while others neared two to three inches and began to curl in on itself. Her skin had accumulated the most skin tags and warts of all three sisters. Her mouth was full of teeth in various stages of decay, causing the smell of her breath to be three times more potent than the eldest sister.