

The background of the top half of the cover features three witches, known as the Three Sisters, rendered in a dark, blue-grey, almost monochromatic style. They are positioned behind the title, with their faces partially obscured by shadows and their forms appearing spectral against a dark, reddish-brown background.

Macbeth

A GRAPHIC NOVEL ADAPTATION BY

GARETH HINDS





CAITHNESS

ROSS

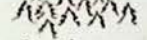
Inverness
(Macbeth's Castle)

Forres

Cawdor

LENNOX

Birnam Wood



Dunsinane

Scone

Fife

SCOTLAND

IRELAND

ENGLAND

London

Dramatis Personae



DUNCAN
King of Scotland



MALCOLM and
DONALBAIN
Duncan's sons



Three WITCHES



MACBETH and BANQUO
Generals of the King's army



LADY MACBETH



FLEANCE
Son of Banquo



SEYTON
An officer
attending
Macbeth



MACDUFF



LENNOX



ROSS



MENTEITH



ANGUS



CAITHNESS

Thanes (noblemen) of Scotland



LADY MACDUFF



SIWARD
Earl of Northumberland and
general of the English armies



MACDUFF'S SON



YOUNG SIWARD
His son



A DOCTOR



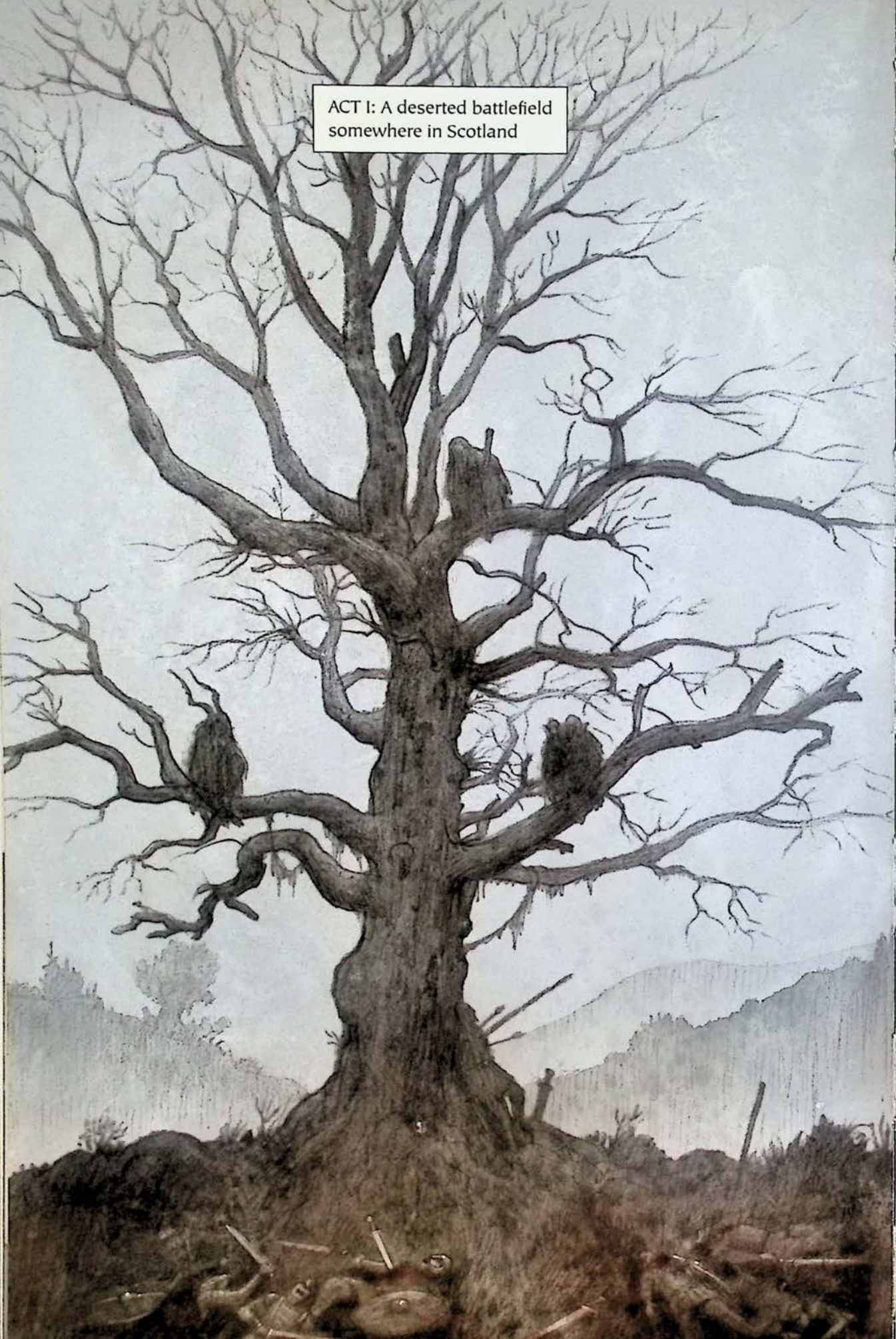
A CAPTAIN



A PORTER

Not pictured: Lords, Gentlemen,
Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants,
Gentlewomen, and Messengers; the Ghost
of Banquo, and other Apparitions

ACT I: A deserted battlefield
somewhere in Scotland





When shall we three meet again?

In thunder, lightning, or in rain?



When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

That will be ere the set of sun.



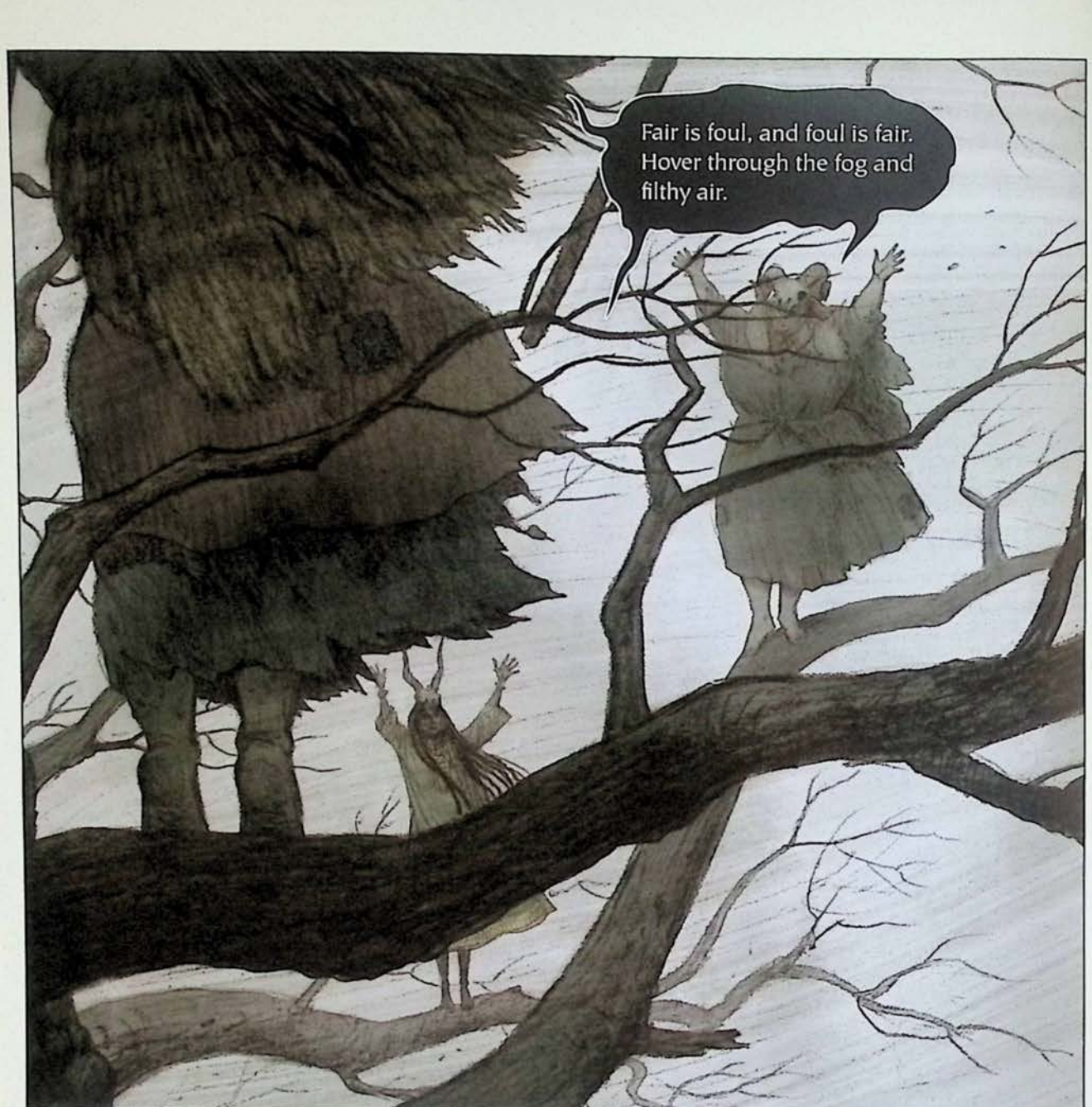
Where the place?



Upon the heath.



There to meet with Macbeth.



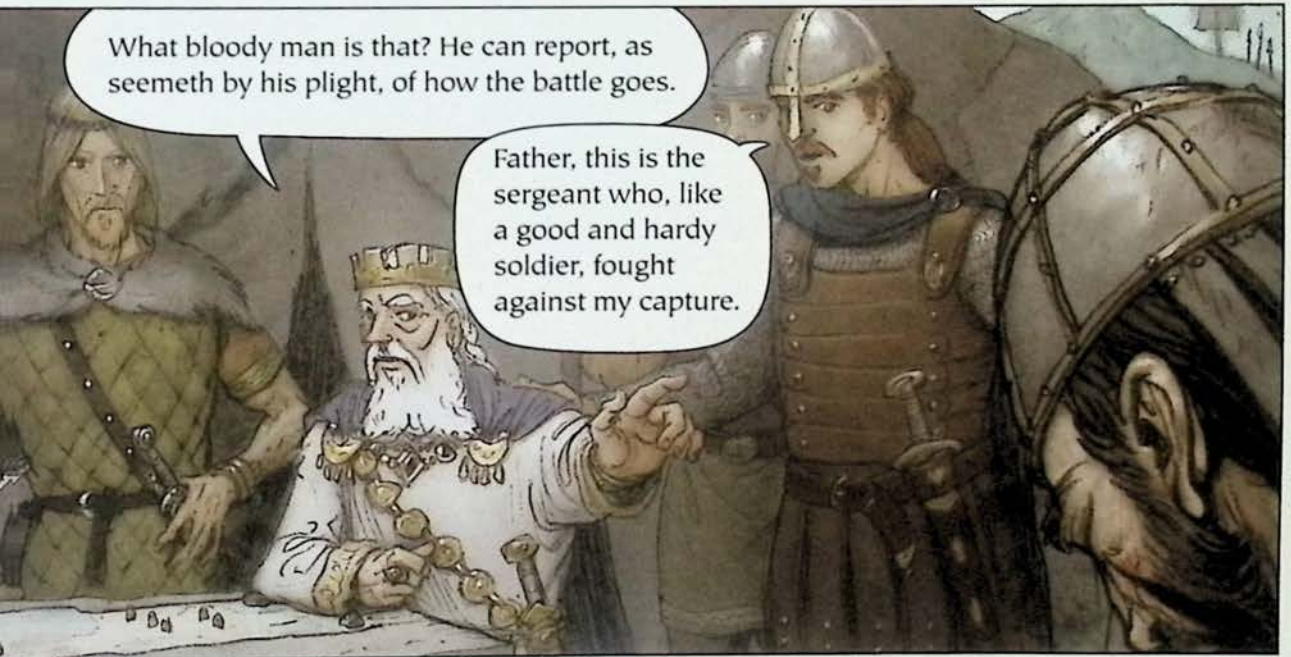
Fair is foul, and foul is fair.
Hover through the fog and
filthy air.

A camp near Forres, Scotland

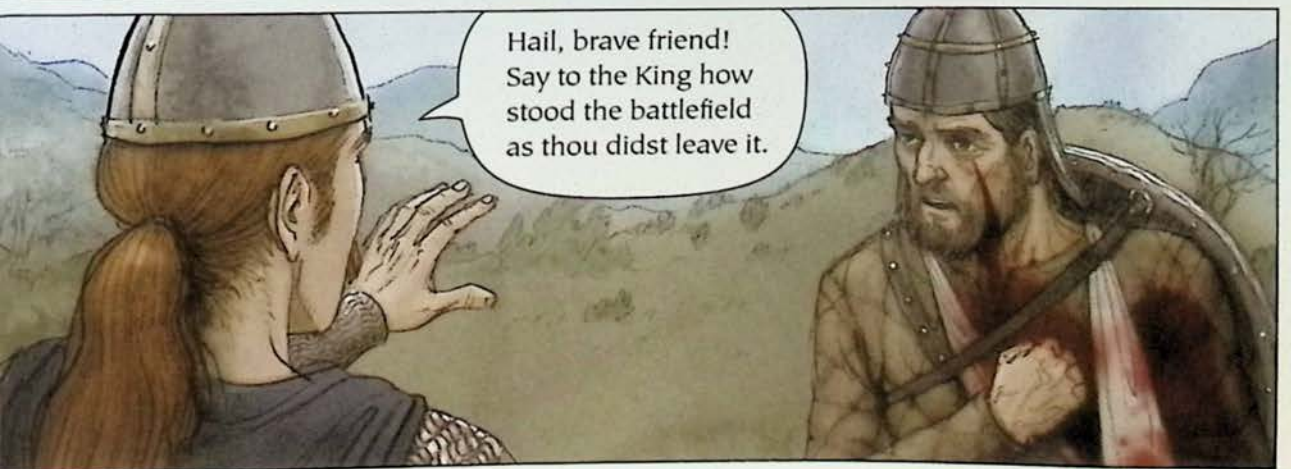


What bloody man is that? He can report, as seemeth by his plight, of how the battle goes.

Father, this is the sergeant who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought against my capture.



Hail, brave friend! Say to the King how stood the battlefield as thou didst leave it.



Doubtful it stood, as two spent swimmers that do grasp each other and choke for air.

The merciless Macdonwald from the Western Isles of ample men and weapons is supplied; and Fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling, showed like a rebel's whore.

But all to naught; for brave Macbeth — well he deserves that name — disdaining Fortune, with his brandished steel, unseamed him from the nave to the chops, and fixed his head upon our battlements.



O valiant cousin!
Worthy gentleman!

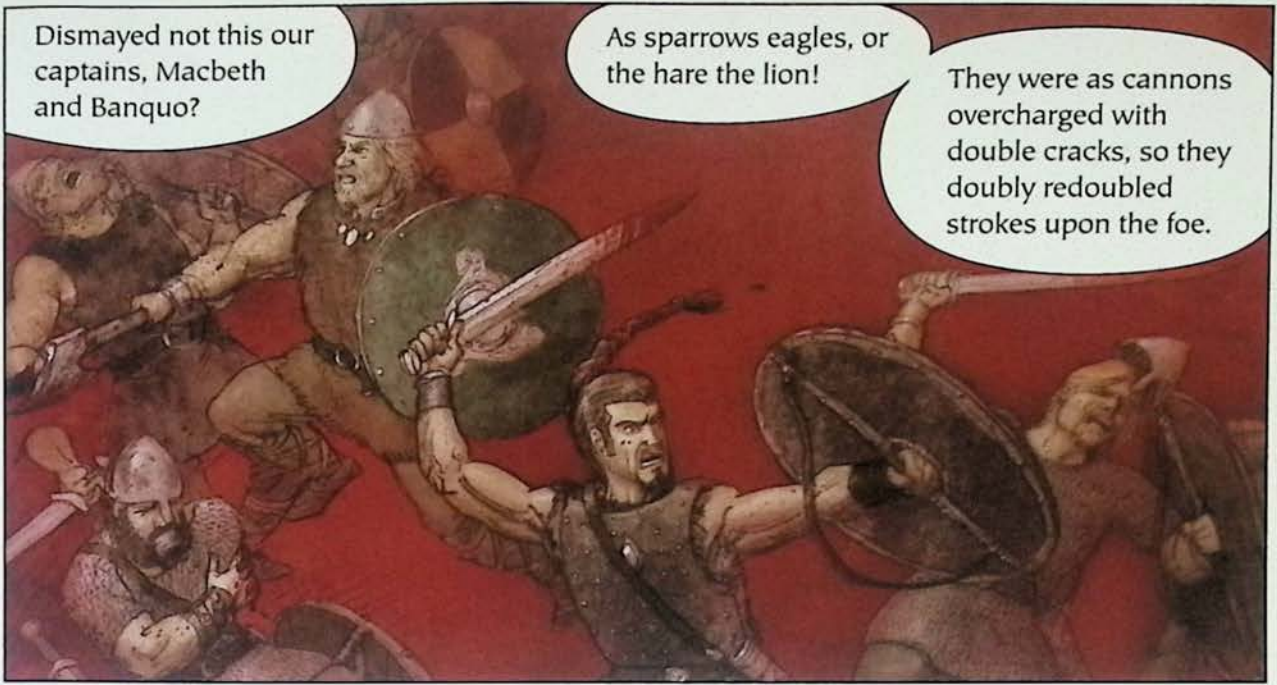
No sooner had that army taken flight, but the Norwegian horde attacked afresh.



Dismayed not this our
captains, Macbeth
and Banquo?

As sparrows eagles, or
the hare the lion!

They were as cannons
overcharged with
double cracks, so they
doubly redoubled
strokes upon the foe.

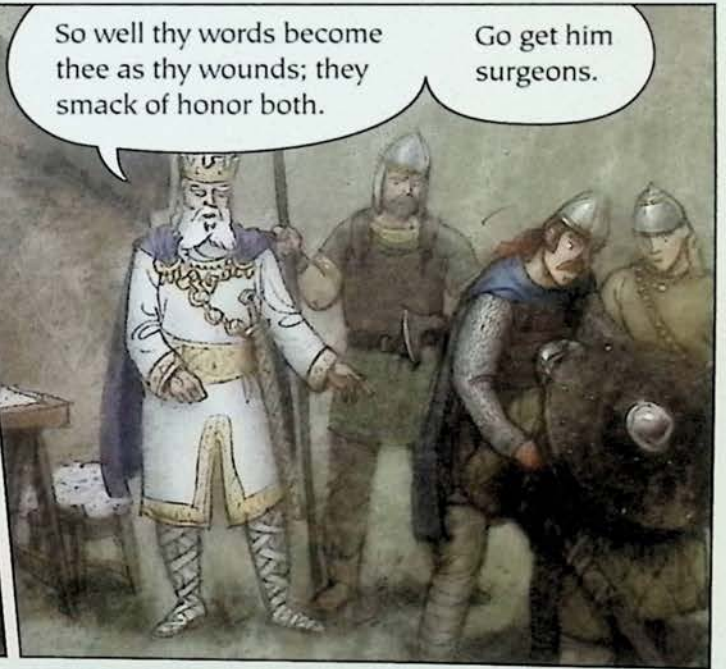


But I am faint.
My gashes cry
for help.



So well thy words become
thee as thy wounds; they
smack of honor both.

Go get him
surgeons.

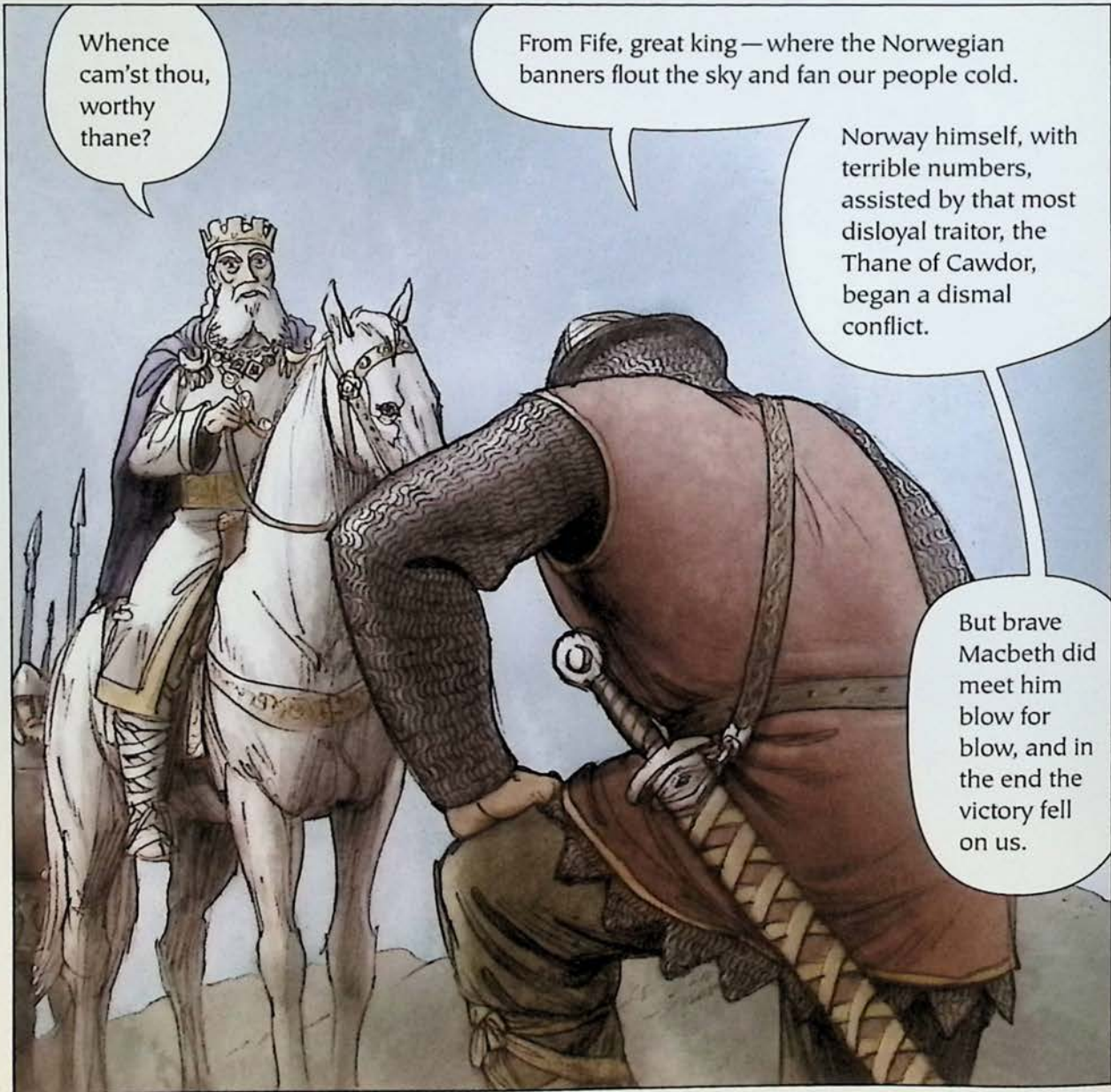




Who comes now?

The worthy Thane of Ross.

God save the King!



Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

From Fife, great king — where the Norwegian banners flout the sky and fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers, assisted by that most disloyal traitor, the Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict.

But brave Macbeth did meet him blow for blow, and in the end the victory fell on us.

No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive our bosom interest. Go pronounce his present death, and with his former title greet Macbeth.

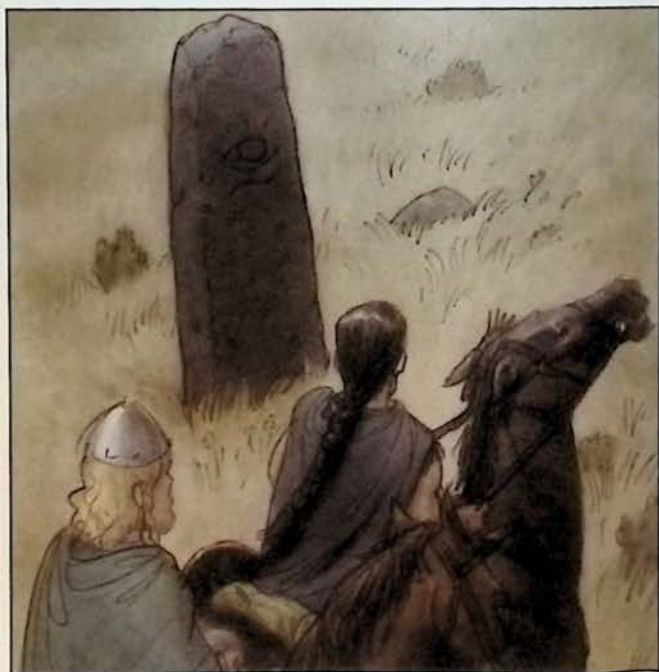
I'll see it done.



What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.



A heath near Forres





Live you? Or
are you aught
that man may
question?



Speak, if you
can. What
are you?

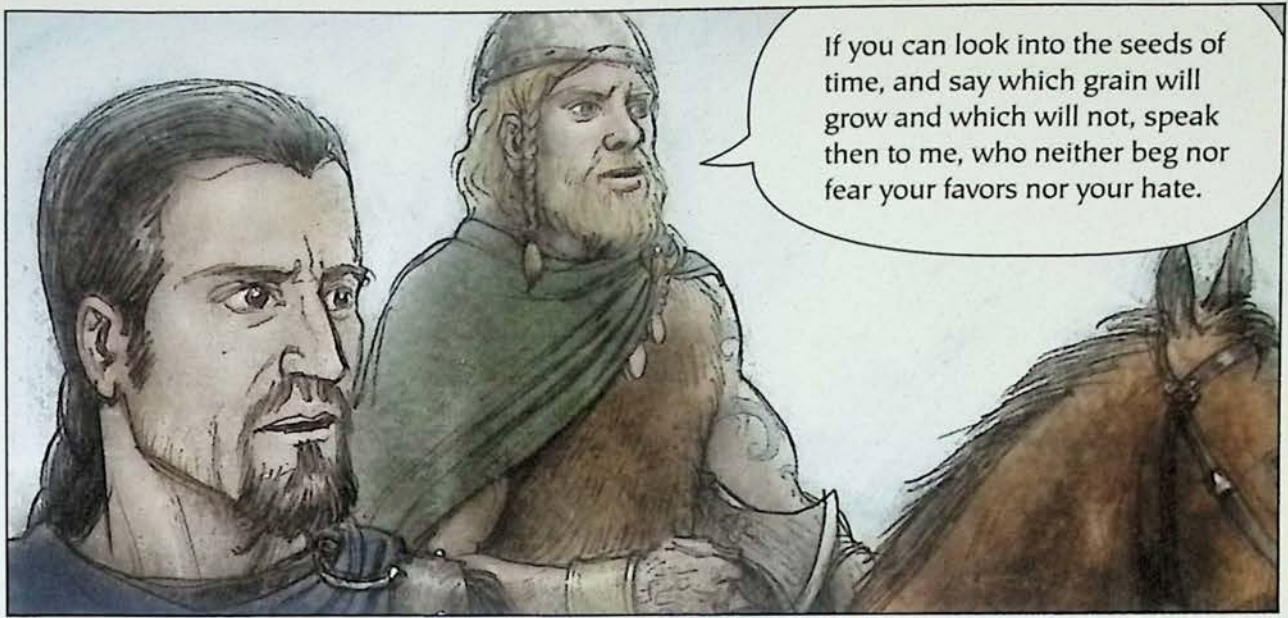


All hail,
Macbeth! Hail
to thee, Thane
of Glamis!

All hail, Macbeth! Hail to
thee, Thane of Cawdor!

All hail,
Macbeth, that
shalt be king
hereafter.





If you can look into the seeds of time, and say which grain will grow and which will not, speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear your favors nor your hate.



Hail!

Hail!

Hail!



Lesser than Macbeth and greater.

Not so happy, yet much happier.

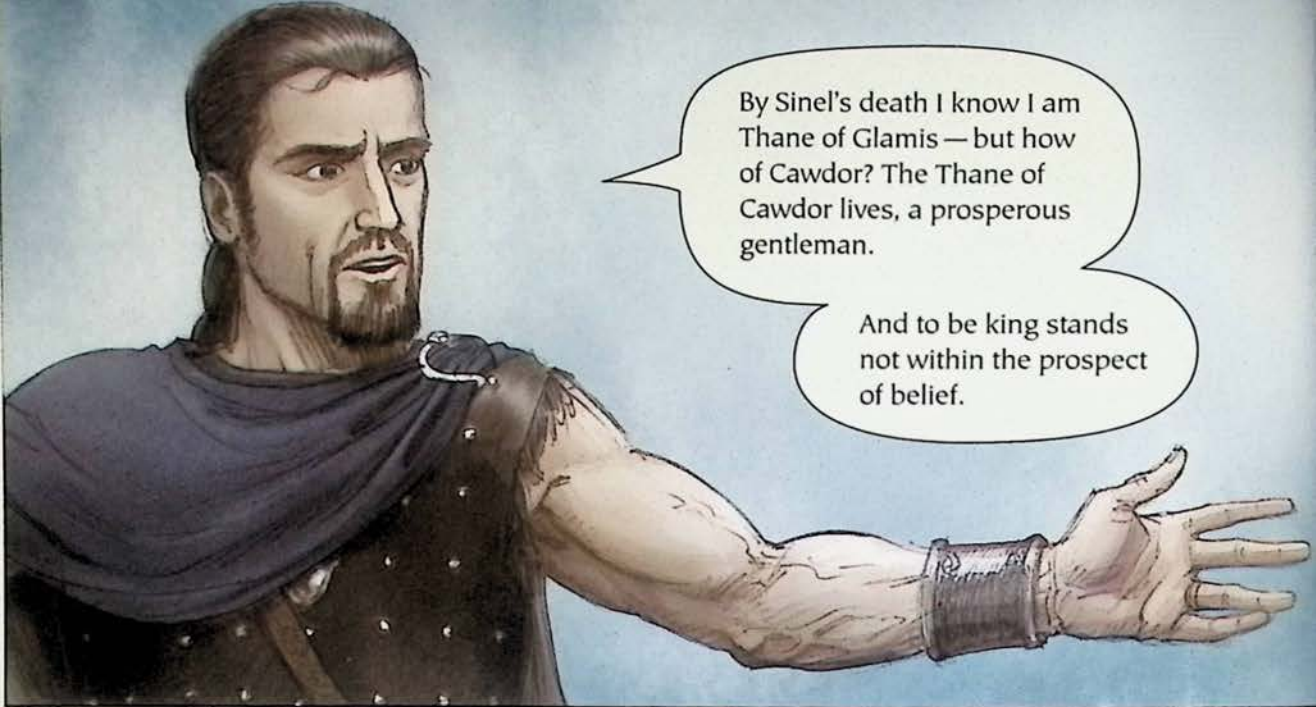
Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!



Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Stay, you imperfect speakers. Tell me more.



By Sinel's death I know I am Thane of Glamis — but how of Cawdor? The Thane of Cawdor lives, a prosperous gentleman.

And to be king stands not within the prospect of belief.



Say from whence you owe this strange intelligence, or why upon this blasted heath you stop our way with such prophetic greeting.

Speak, I charge you!

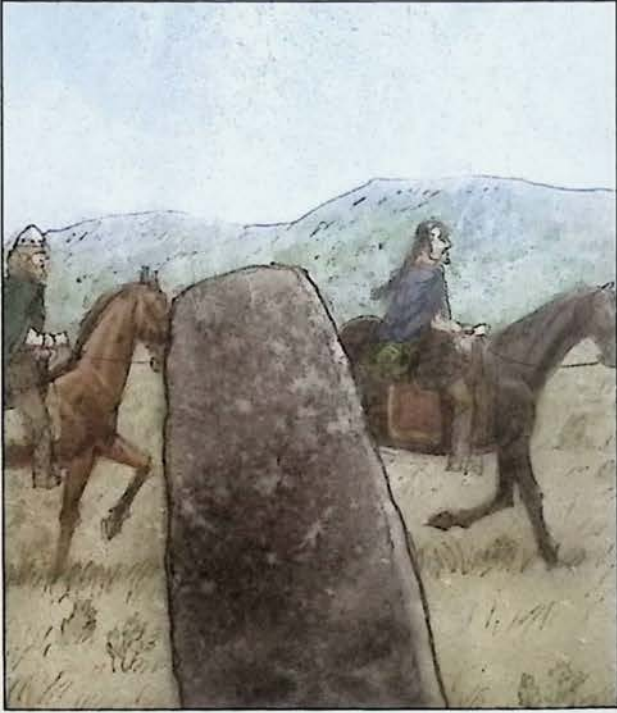


The earth hath bubbles, as the water has, and these are of them. Whither are they vanished?

Into the air; and what seemed corporal melted as breath into the wind. Would they had stayed!



Were such apparitions here at all?



Your children shall be kings.

You shall be king.

And Thane of Cawdor too. Went it not so?



Who's here?

Ross and Angus.

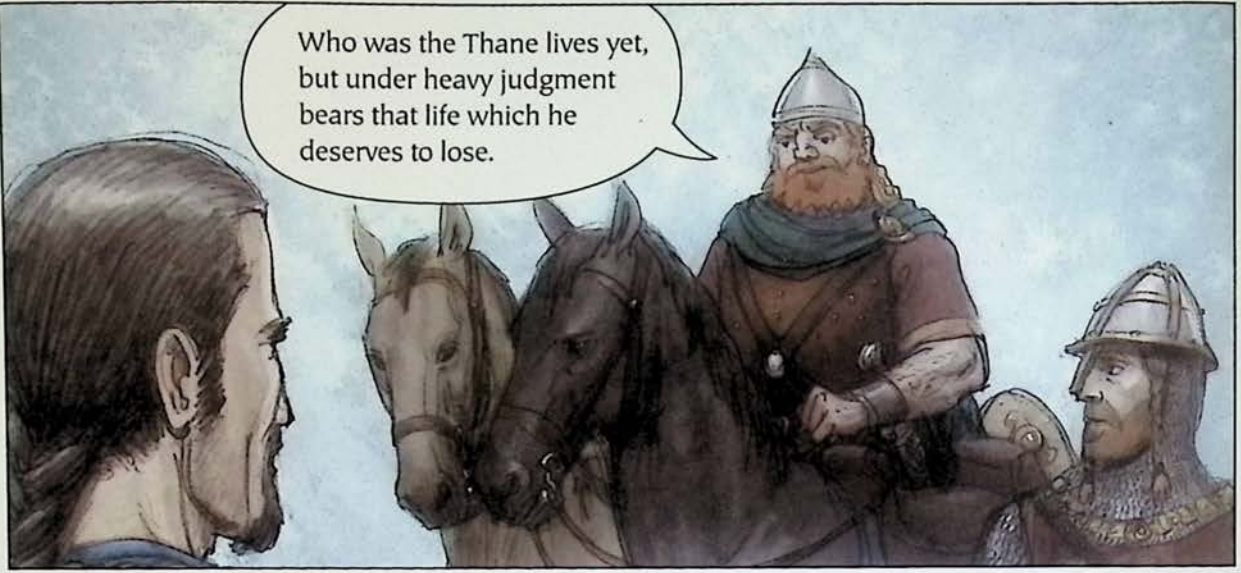
The King hath happily received, Macbeth,
the news of thy success, and when he heard
thy personal venture in the rebels' fight, his
wonders and his praises did contend.

We are sent
to give thee from
our royal master
thanks.

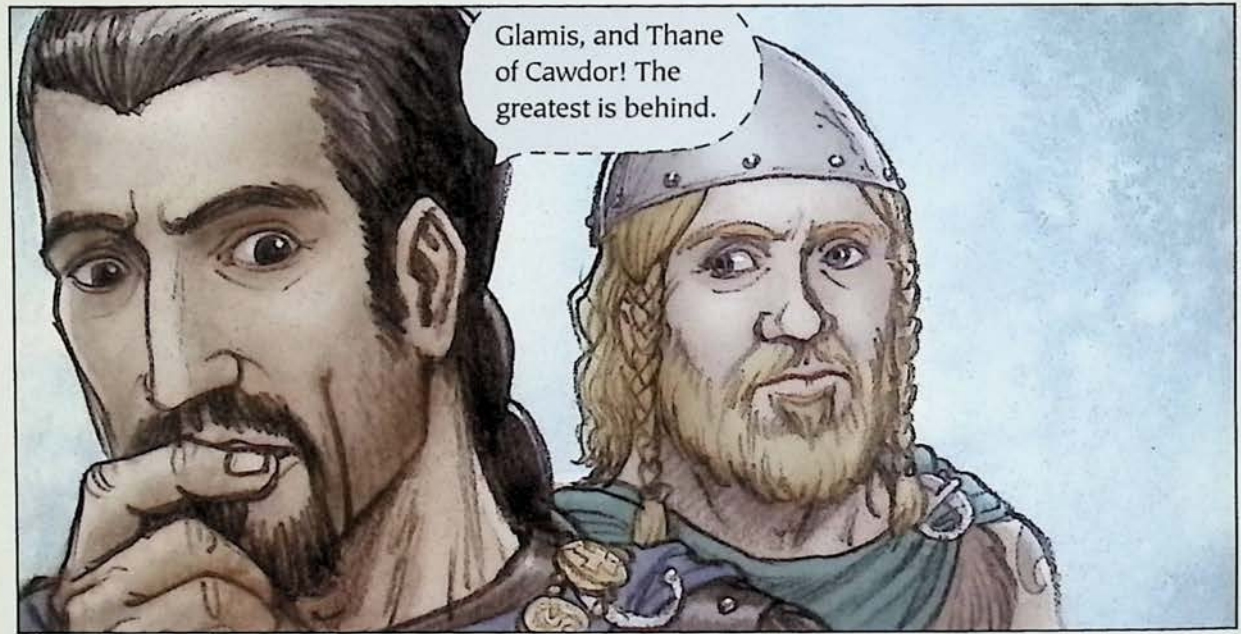
And, for an earnest of a greater honor,
he bade me, from him, call thee Thane of
Cawdor, in which promotion, hail, most
worthy thane, for it is thine.

What, can
the devil
speak true?

The Thane of Cawdor
lives. Why do you dress
me in borrowed robes?



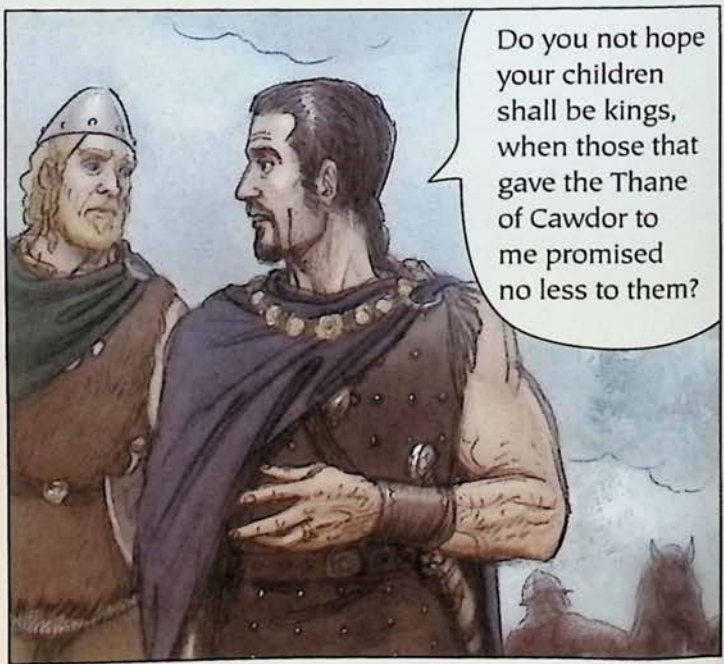
Who was the Thane lives yet,
but under heavy judgment
bears that life which he
deserves to lose.



Glamis, and Thane
of Cawdor! The
greatest is behind.



Thanks for
your pains.



Do you not hope
your children
shall be kings,
when those that
gave the Thane
of Cawdor to
me promised
no less to them?

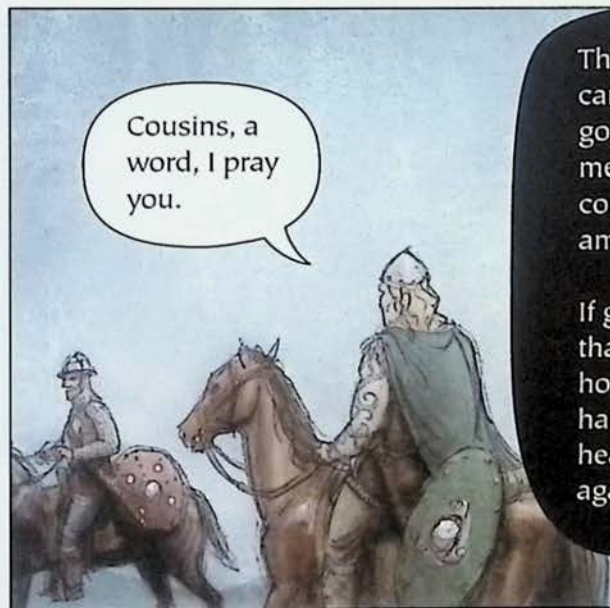
That, trusted home, might yet enkindle you unto the crown.



But oftentimes, to win us to our harm, the instruments of darkness tell us truths, win us with honest trifles, to betray us in deepest consequence.



Cousins, a word, I pray you.



This supernatural soliciting cannot be ill, cannot be good. If ill, why hath it given me earnest of success, commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor!

If good, why do I yield to that suggestion whose horrid image doth unfix my hair and make my seated heart knock at my ribs, against the use of nature?



Look how our partner's rapt.

New honors come upon him like strange garments.

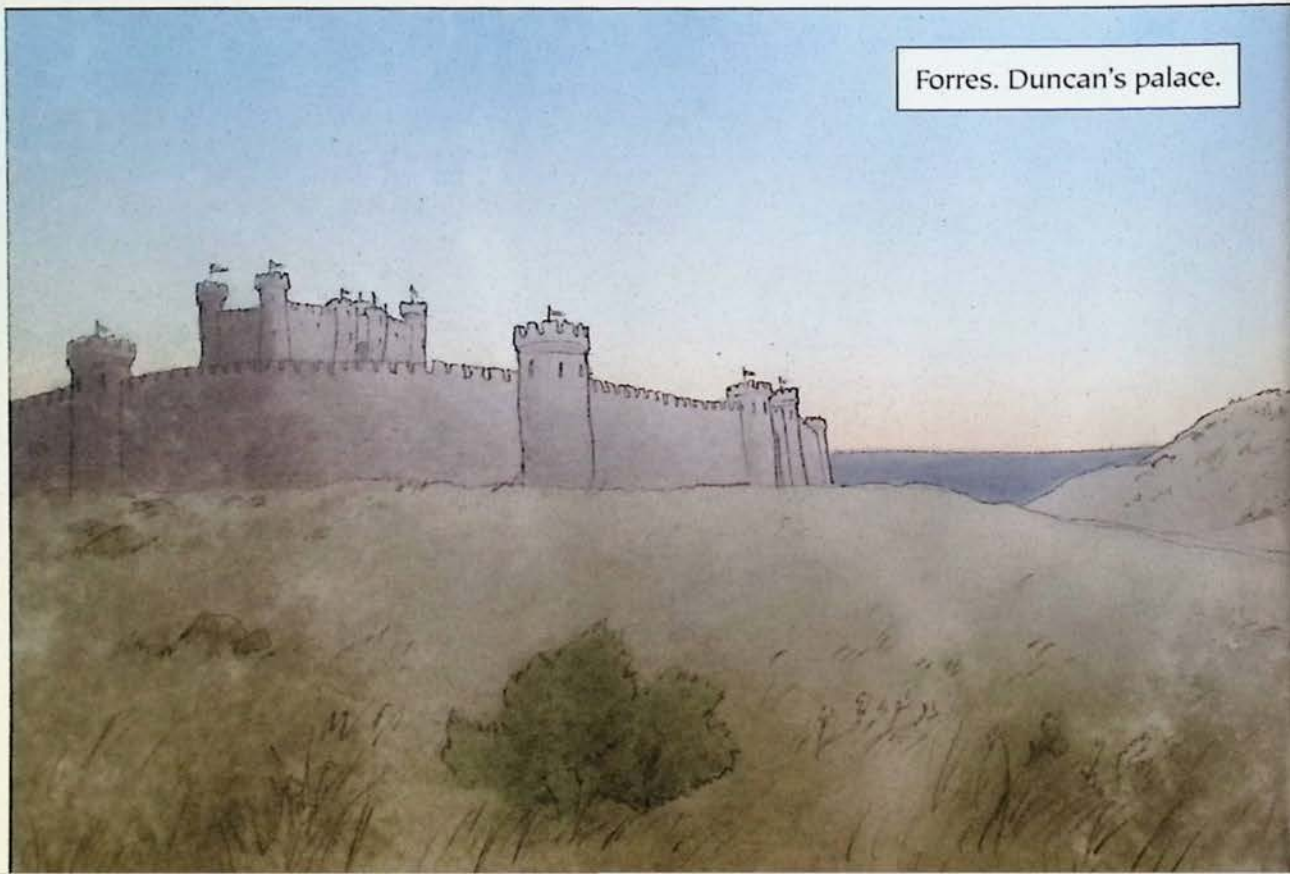


If chance
will have me
king, why,
chance may
crown me
without my
stir.

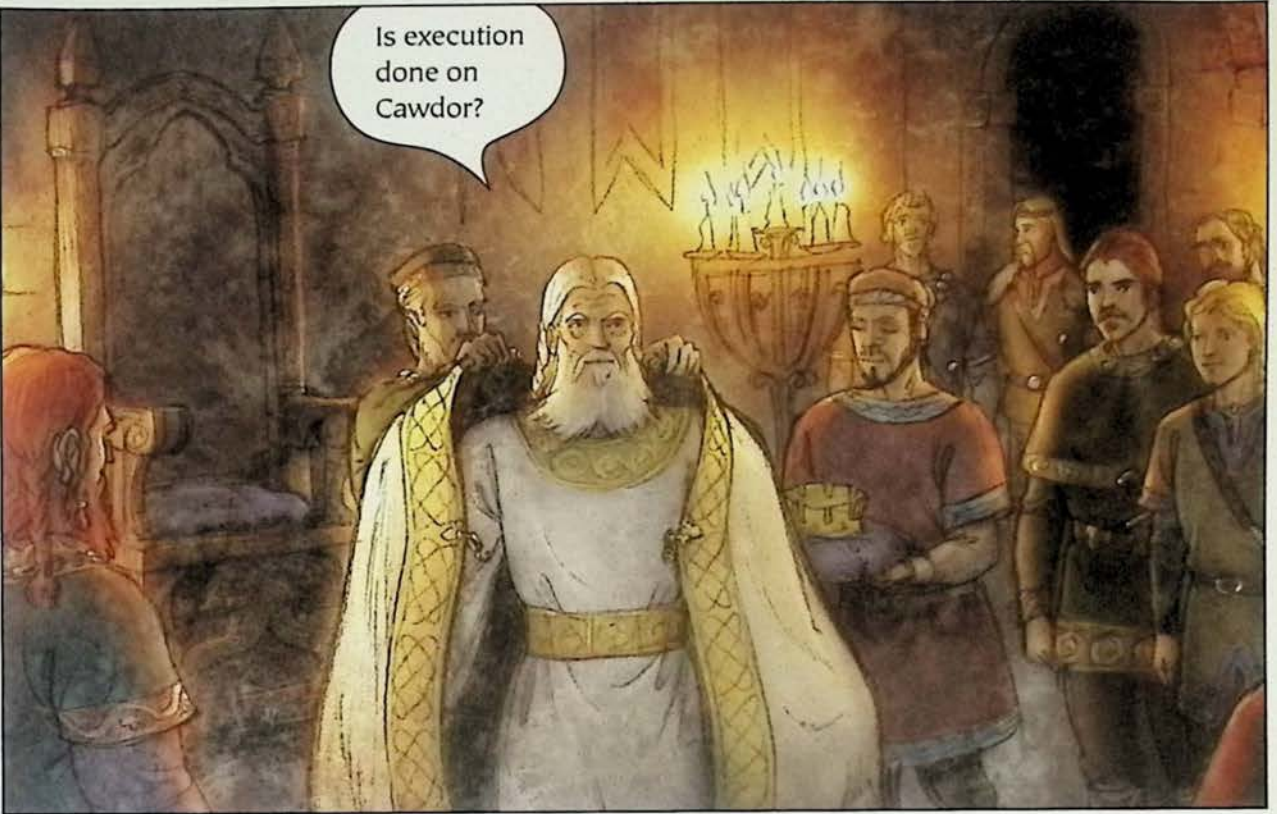
Come,
friends.



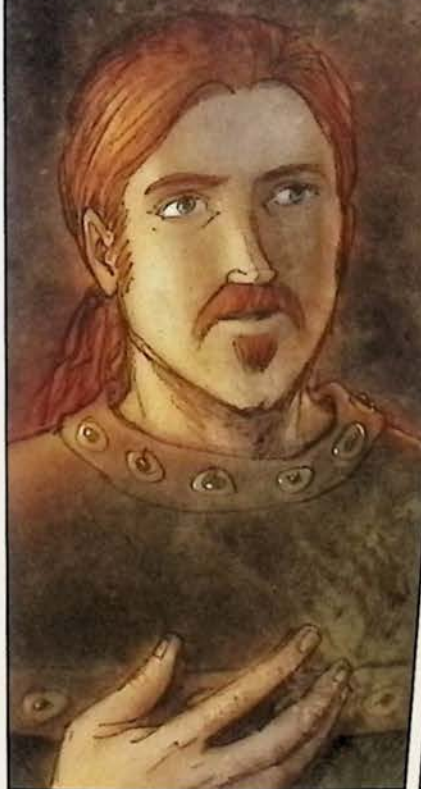
Forres. Duncan's palace.



Is execution
done on
Cawdor?



I spoke with one who saw
him die — he did confess
his treasons and implored
your Highness pardon.

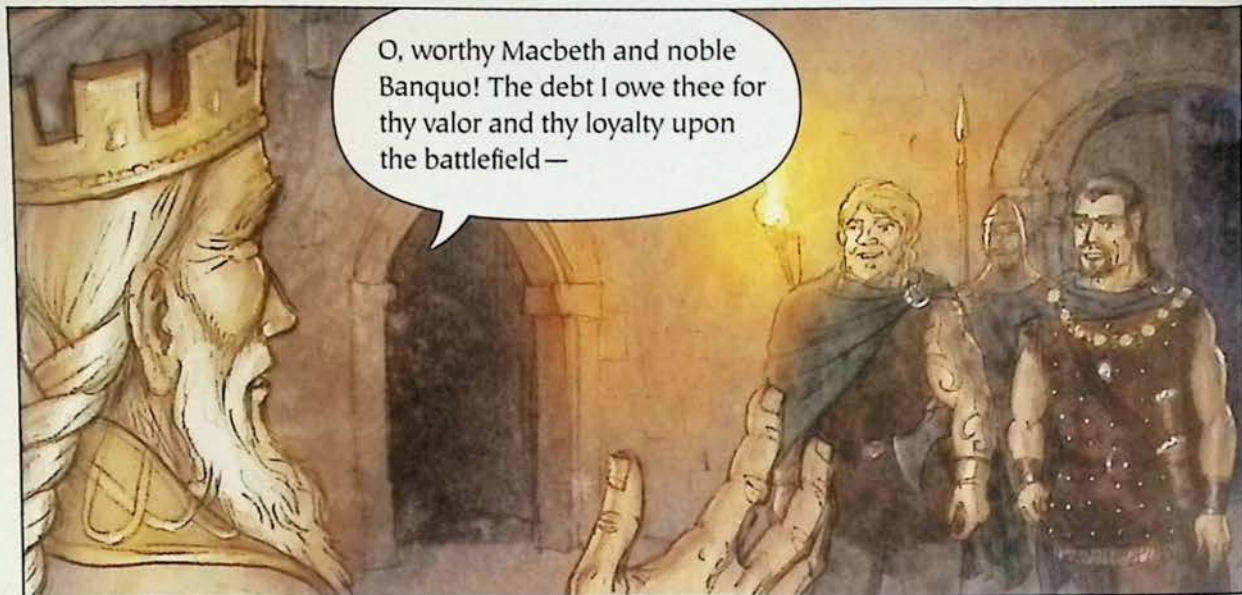


Nothing in his life became him like
the leaving it. He died as one that had
been studied in his death, to throw
away the dearest thing he owned as
'twere a careless trifle.



There's no art to
find the mind's
construction in
the face. He was
a gentleman on
whom I built an
absolute trust.



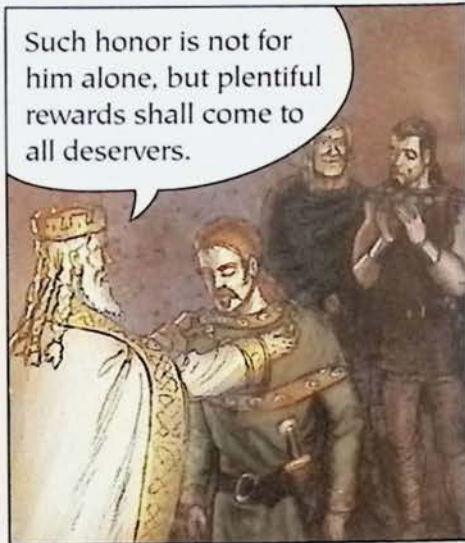


O, worthy Macbeth and noble Banquo! The debt I owe thee for thy valor and thy loyalty upon the battlefield—

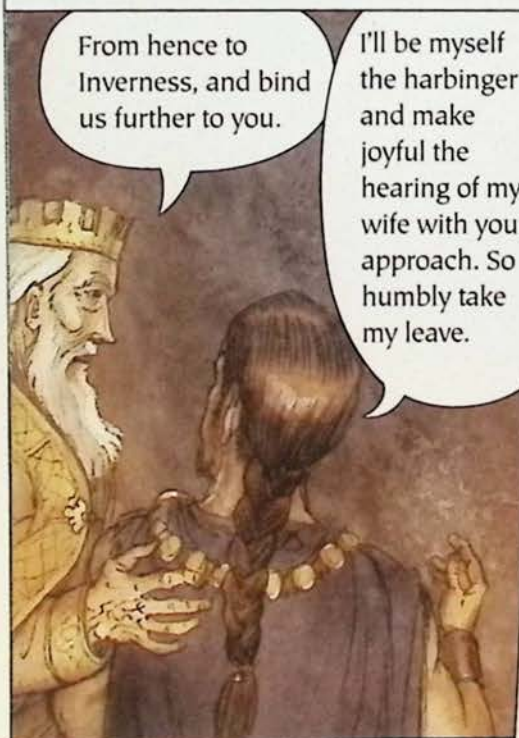


Great King, our loyalty is its own reward.

Sons, kinsmen, thanes, hear this: we will establish our estate upon our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter Prince of Cumberland.

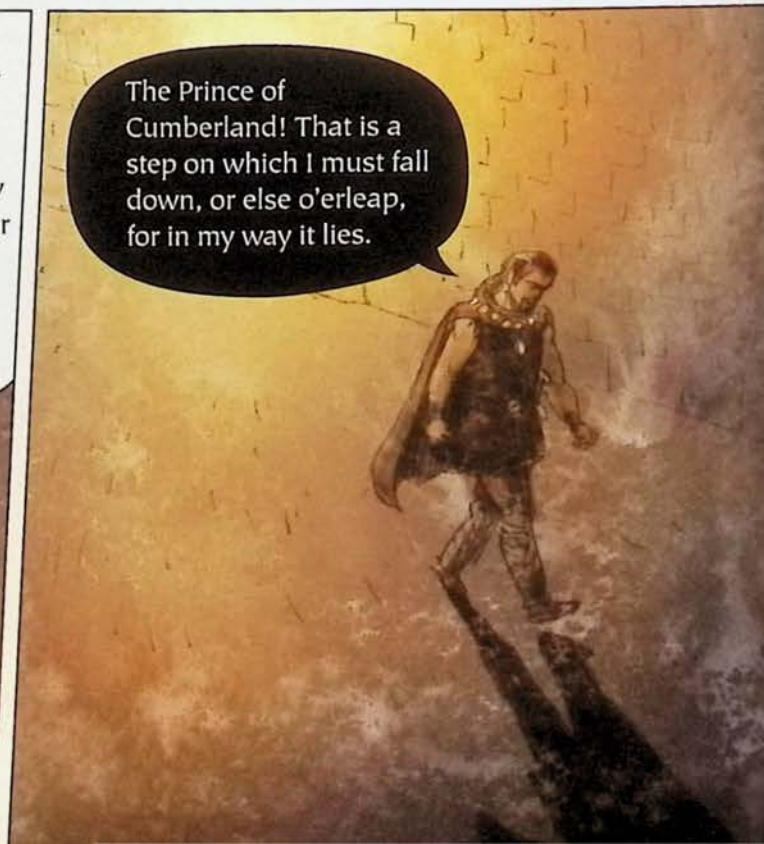


Such honor is not for him alone, but plentiful rewards shall come to all deservers.



From hence to Inverness, and bind us further to you.

I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful the hearing of my wife with your approach. So humbly take my leave.



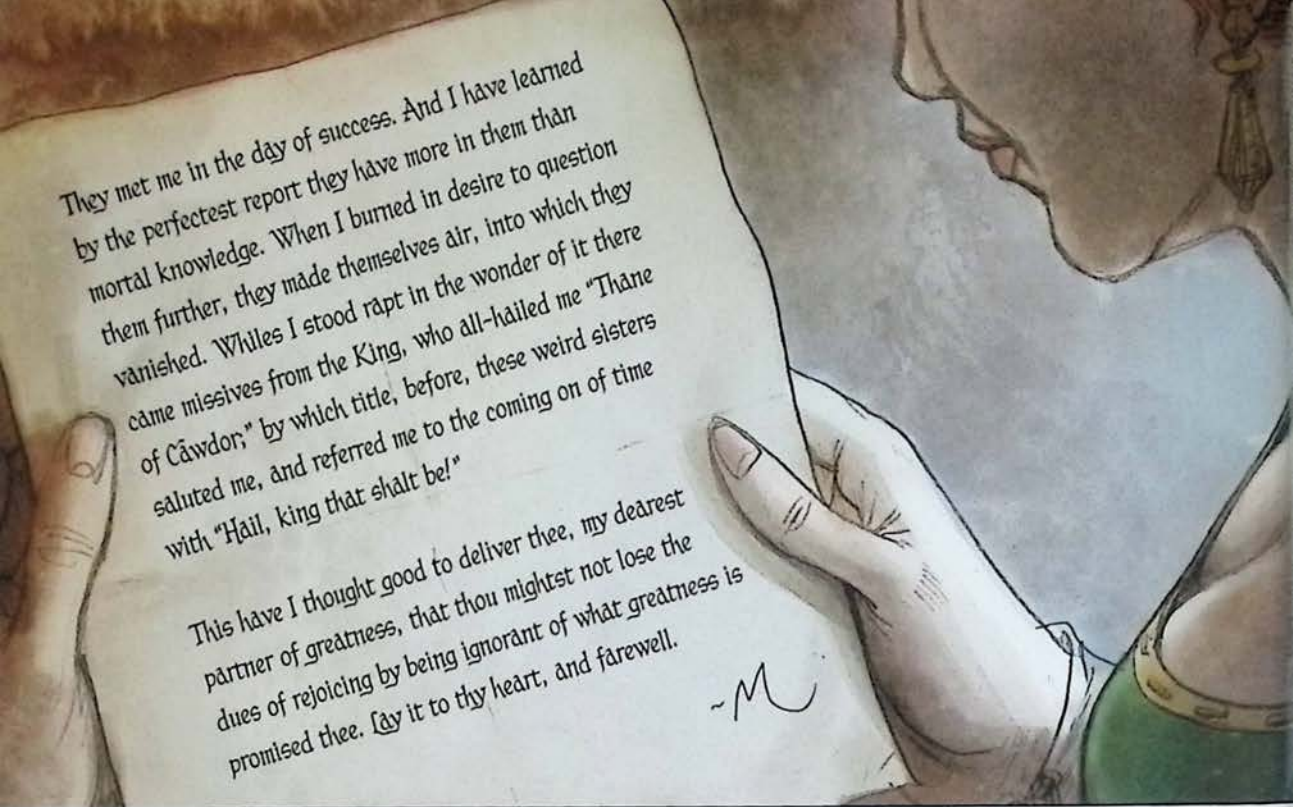
The Prince of Cumberland! That is a step on which I must fall down, or else o'erleap, for in my way it lies.



Stars, hide your
fires; let not light
see my black and
deep desires.

Inverness. Macbeth's castle.






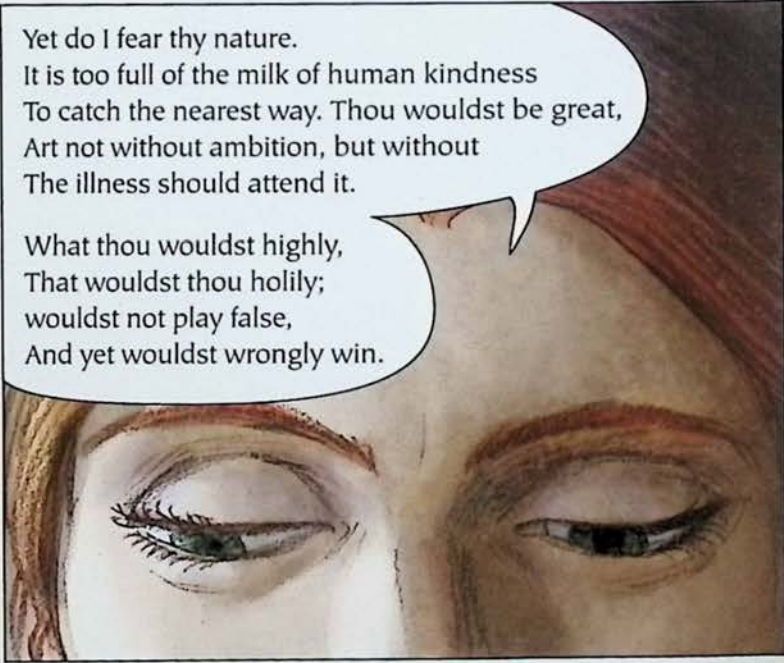
They met me in the day of success. And I have learned
by the perfectest report they have more in them than
mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question
them further, they made themselves air, into which they
vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it there
came missives from the King, who all-hailed me "Thane
of Cawdor;" by which title, before, these weird sisters
saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time
with "Hail, king that shalt be!"

This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest
partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the
dues of rejoicing by being ignorant of what greatness is
promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

-M

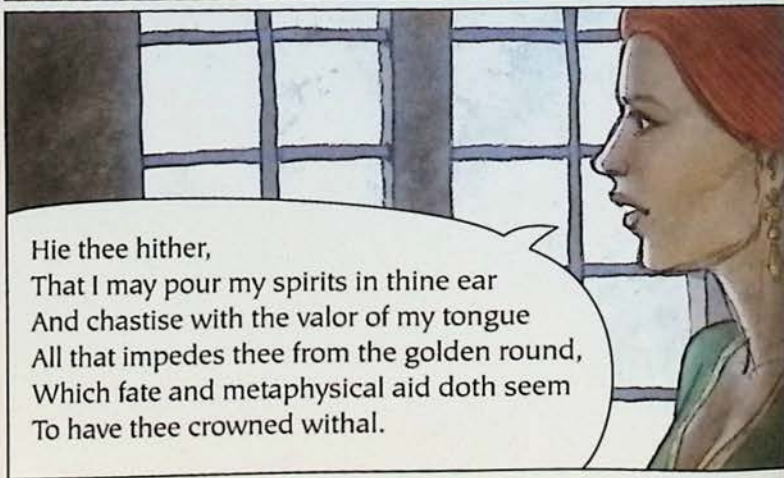


Glamis thou art,
and Cawdor,
and shalt be
what thou art
promised.

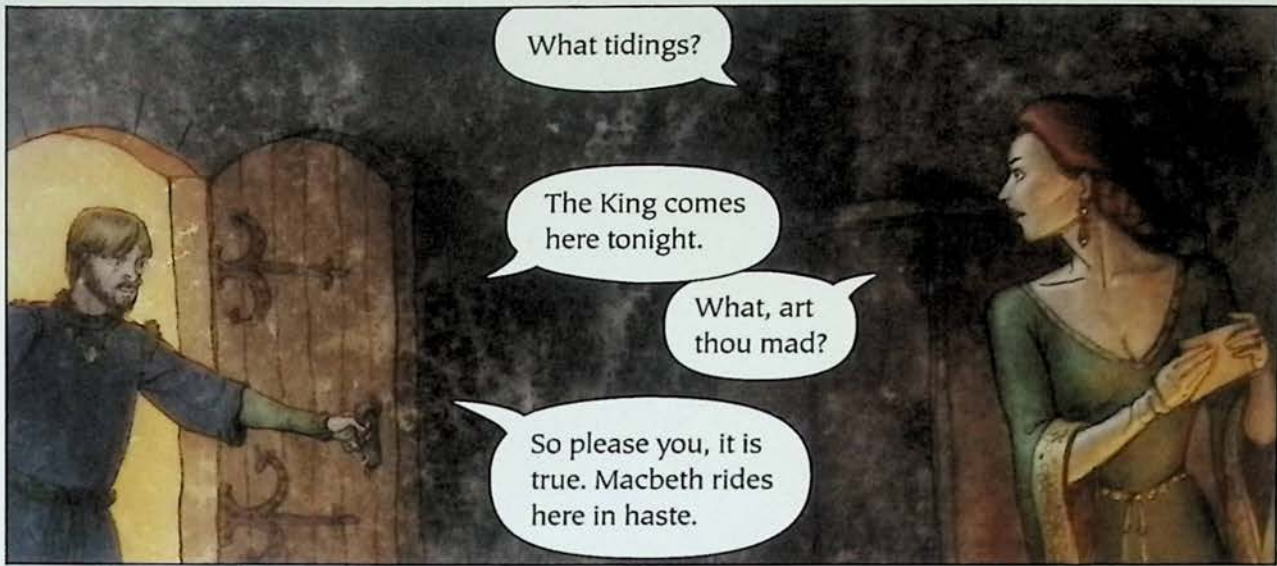


Yet do I fear thy nature.
It is too full of the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it.

What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily;
wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win.



Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear
And chastise with the valor of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal.

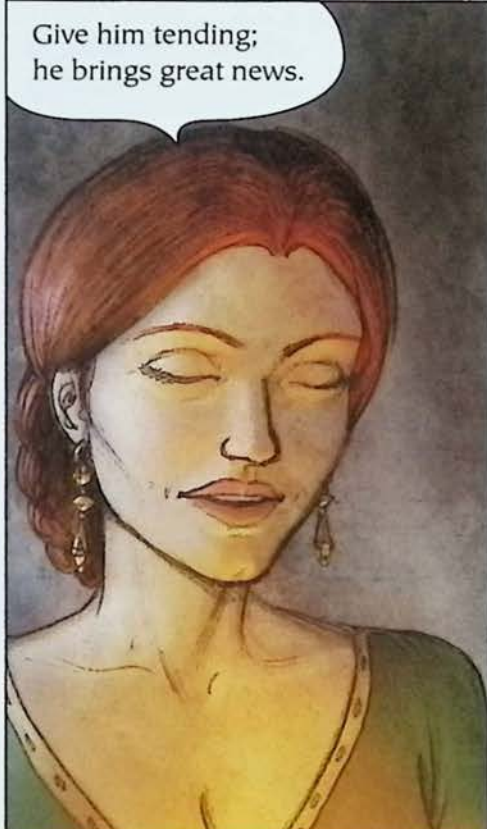


What tidings?

The King comes here tonight.

What, art thou mad?

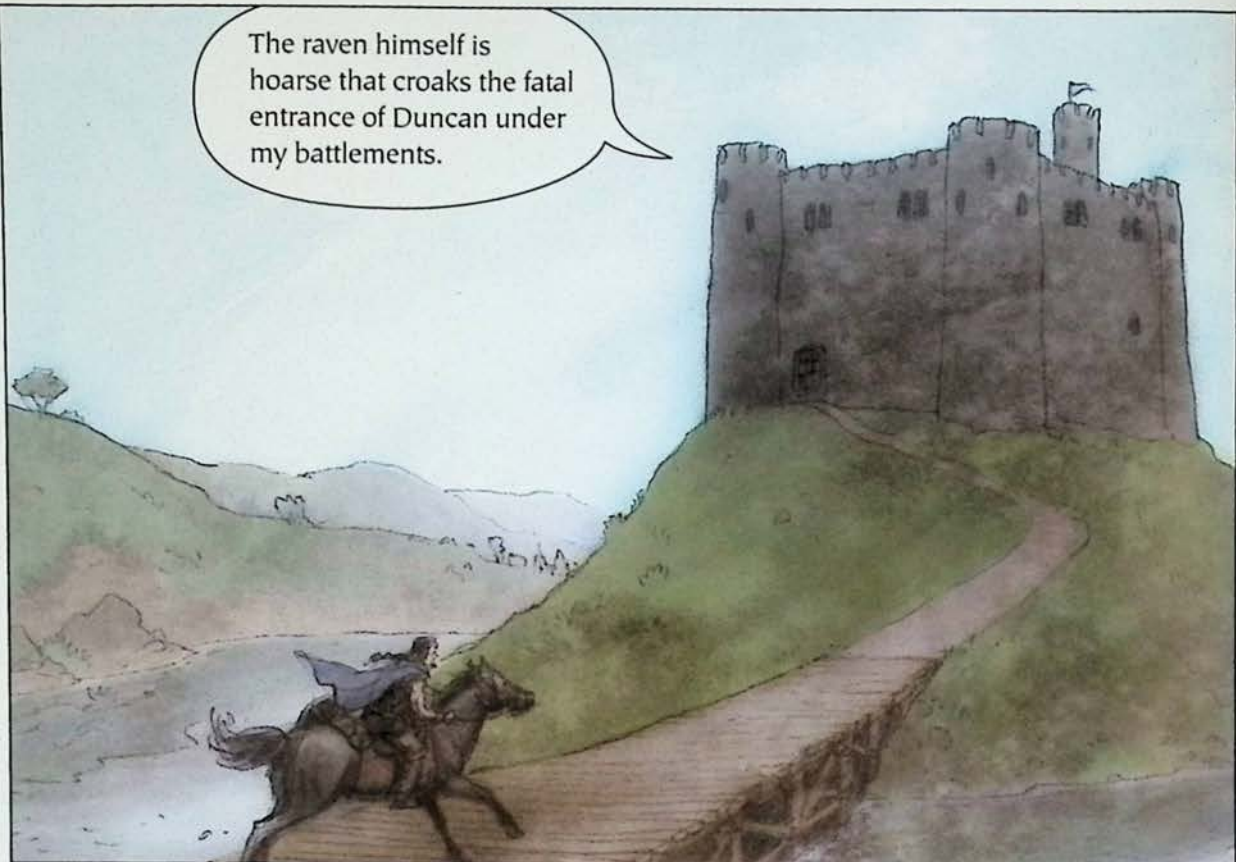
So please you, it is true. Macbeth rides here in haste.



Give him tending; he brings great news.

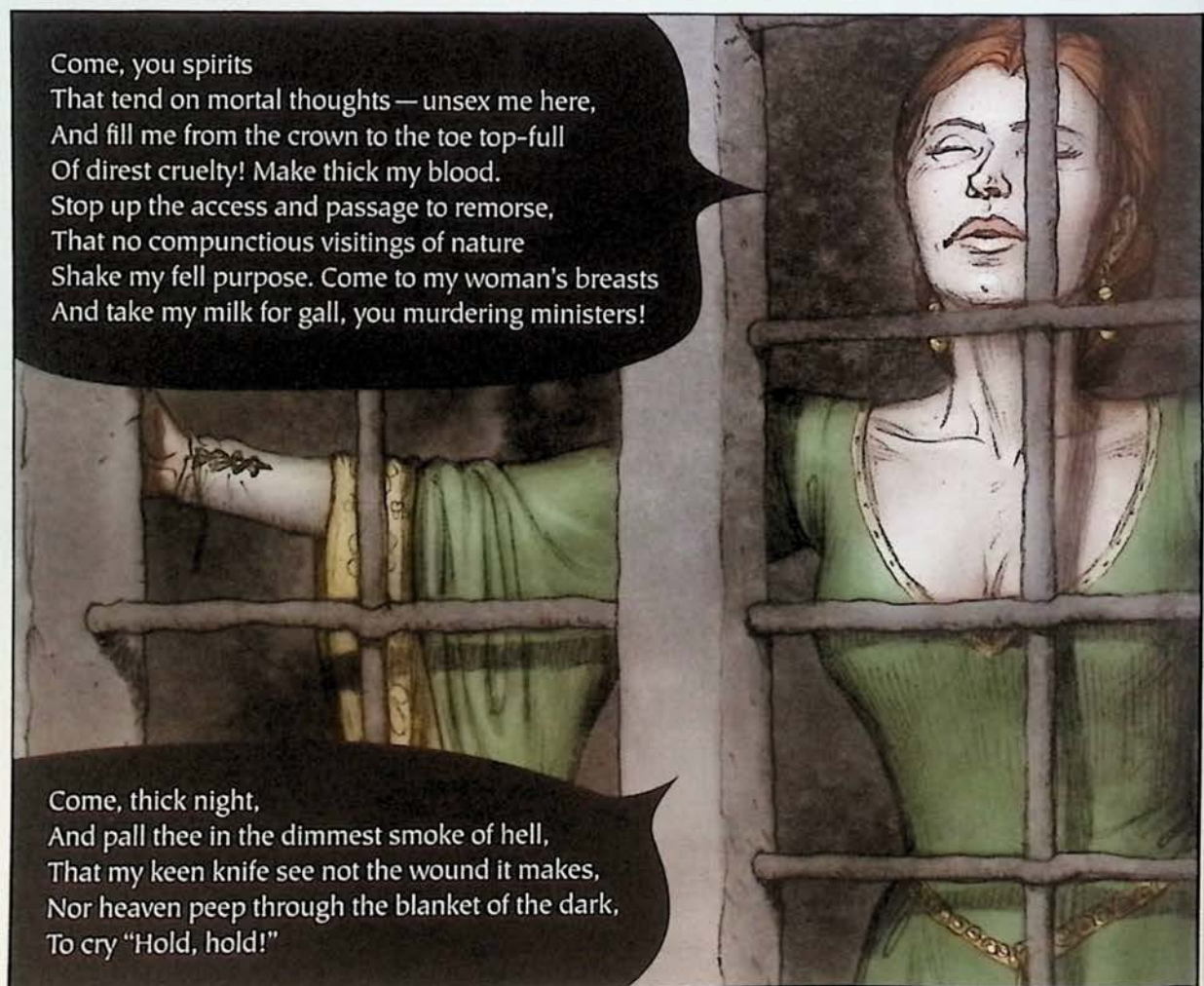


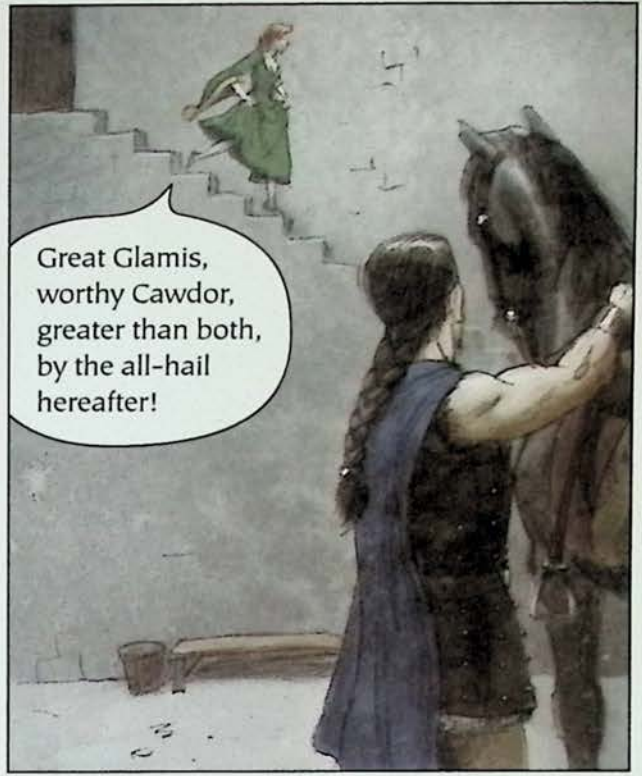
The raven himself is
hoarse that croaks the fatal
entrance of Duncan under
my battlements.



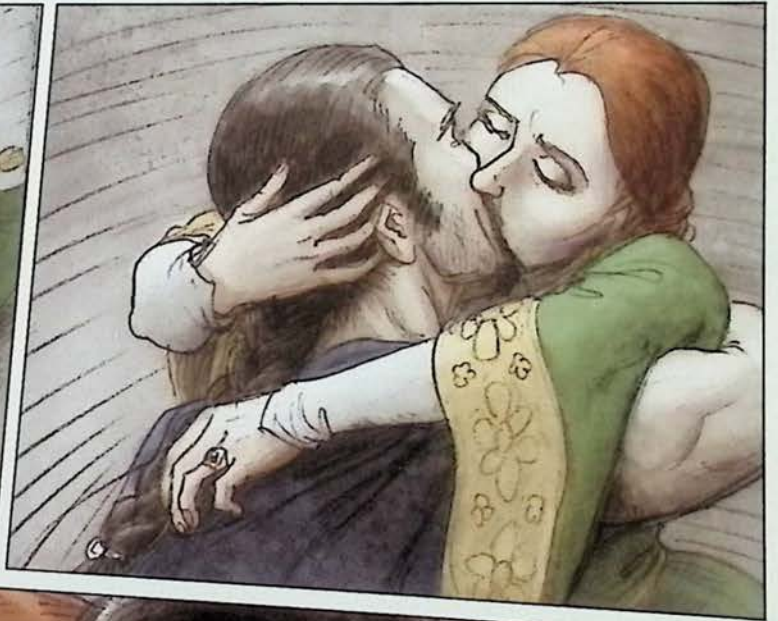
Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts — unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood.
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose. Come to my woman's breasts
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers!

Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dimmest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry "Hold, hold!"





Great Glamis,
worthy Cawdor,
greater than both,
by the all-hail
hereafter!



Thy letters have transported me beyond this ignorant present, and I feel now the future in the instant.

My dearest love, Duncan comes here tonight.

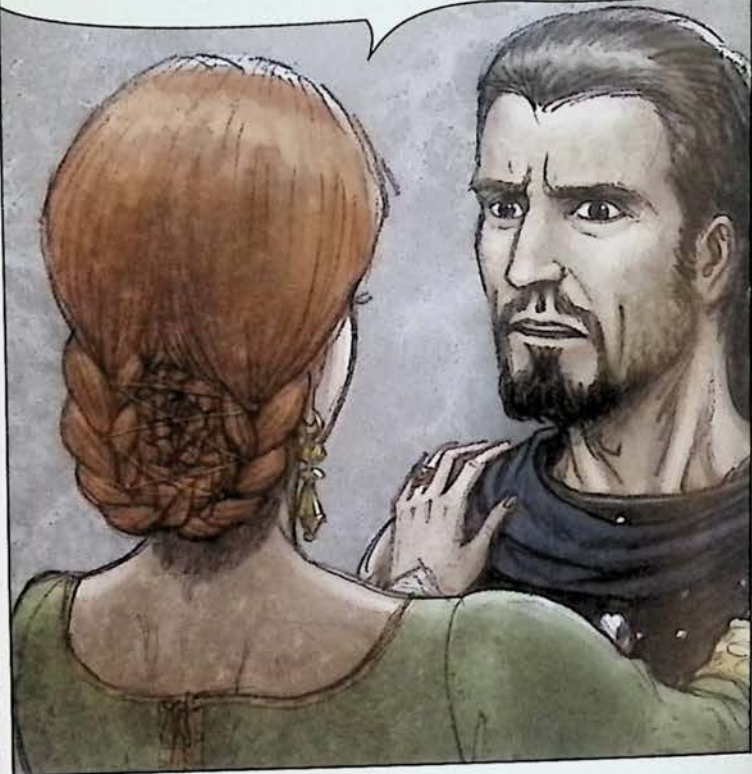
And when goes hence?

Tomorrow, as he purposes.

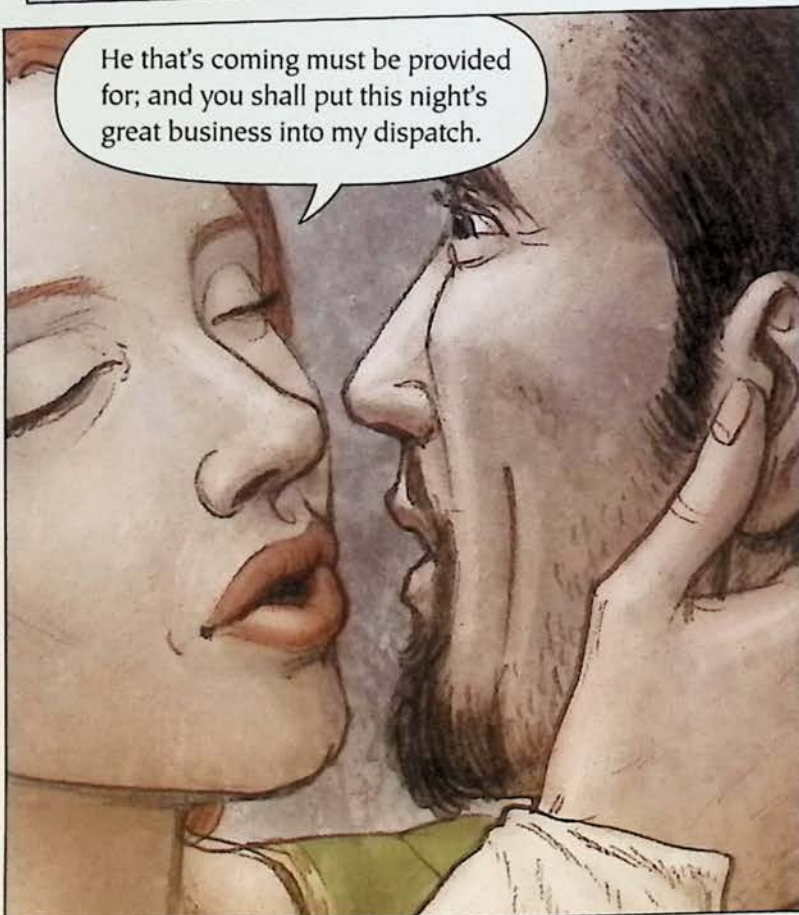
O, never shall sun that morrow see!



Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time. Bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue. Look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it.



He that's coming must be provided for; and you shall put this night's great business into my dispatch.



We will speak further.

Only act your part. Leave all the rest to me.







“Stellar. . . Hinds really does justice to the creepy, dire heart of *Macbeth*.”

— *The New York Times Book Review*

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