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Macbeth is probably the most dramatic of Shakespeare's tragedies, and this version will give you a brand new and totally fulfilling view of the sheer genius of his storytelling. Witchcraft, superstition, murder - it's all here! Featuring stunning artwork, and full of action, atmosphere and intrigue from start to finish; this unique treatment of The Bard's wonderful tragedy will have you on the edge of your seat.

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Macbeth is also available in two alternative text versions:

- Plain Text: The entire play translated into plain English!
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SHAKESPEARE PLAY • GRAPHIC NOVEL
William Shakespeare

THE ENTIRE SHAKESPEARE PLAY AS A GRAPHIC NOVEL!

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Liz Jones, Children's author and CYBILS nominee panel member
After the banquet, Banquo and his son Fleance cannot rest...

**THE MOON IS DOWN; I HAVE NOT HEARD THE CLOCK.**

**HOW GOES THE NIGHT, BOY?**

**AND SHE GOES DOWN AT TWELVE.**

**HOLD, TAKE MY SWORD.**

**THERE’S HUSBANDRY IN HEAVEN; THEIR CANDLES ARE ALL OUT.**

**TAKE THEE THAT TOO.**

A HEAVY SUMMONS LIES LIKE LEAD UPON ME, AND YET I WOULD NOT SLEEP. MERCIFUL POWERS! RESTRAIN IN ME THE CURSED THOUGHTS THAT NATURE GIVES WAY TO IN REPOSE!

**TAKE ME MY SWORD.**

**WHO’S THERE?**

**A FRIEND.**

**WHAT, SIR, NOT YET AT REST? THE KING’S A-BED; HE HATH BEEN IN UNUSUAL PLEASURE, AND SENT FORTH GREAT LARGESS TO YOUR OFFICES.**

**THIS DIAMOND HE GREET’S YOUR WIFE WITHAL, BY THE NAME OF MOST KIND HOSTESS, AND SHUT UP IN MEASURELESS CONTENT.**

**BEING UNPREPARED, OUR WILL BECAME THE SERVANT TO DEFECT, WHICH ELSE SHOULD FREE HAVE WROUGHT.**
ALL'S WELL. I DREAMT LAST NIGHT OF THE THREE WEIRD SISTERS: TO YOU THEY HAVE SHOW'D SOME TRUTH.

I THINK NOT OF THEM: YET, WHEN WE CAN ENTREAT AN HOUR TO SERVE, WE WOULD SPEND IT IN SOME WORDS UPON THAT BUSINESS, IF YOU WOULD GRANT THE TIME.

IF YOU SHALL CLEAVE TO MY CONSENT, WHEN 'TIS, IT SHALL MAKE HONOUR FOR YOU.

AT YOUR KIND'ST LEISURE.

SO I LOSE NONE IN SEEKING TO AUGMENT IT, BUT STILL KEEP MY BOSOM FRANCHIS'D AND ALLEGIANCE CLEAR, I SHALL BE COUINSELL'D.

GOOD REPOSE, THE WHILE!

THANKS, SIR: THE LIKE TO YOU!
GO BID THY MISTRESS, WHEN MY DRINK IS READY, SHE STRIKE UPON THE BELL.
GET THEE TO BED.

IS THIS A DAGGER, WHICH I SEE BEFORE ME, THE HANDLE TOWARD MY HAND? COME, LET ME CLUTCH THEE:

I HAVE THEE NOT; AND YET I SEE THEE STILL, ART THOU NOT, FATAL VISION, SENSIBLE TO FEELING AS TO SIGHT? OR ART THOU BUT A DAGGER OF THE MIND, A FALSE CREATION, PROCEEDING FROM THE HEAT-OPPRESSED BRAIN?

I SEE THEE YET IN FORM AS PALPABLE AS THIS WHICH NOW I DRAW, THOU MARSHALLST ME THE WAY THAT I WAS GOING; AND SUCH AN INSTRUMENT I WAS TO USE.

MINE EYES ARE MADE THE POOLS O' THE OTHER SENSES, OR ELSE WORTH ALL THE REST: I SEE THEE STILL:

AND ON THY BLADE, AND DUDGEON, GOUTS OF BLOOD, WHICH WAS NOT SO BEFORE.
DONG! DONG!

Thou sure and firm-set earth, hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear thy very stones prate of my where-abouts and take the present horror from the time, which now suits with it.

Whilest I threat, he lives: words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me, hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell that summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

There's no such thing. It is the bloody business which informs thus to mine eyes.

Now o'er the one half-world nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse the curtain'd sleep. Witchcraft celebrates pale Hecate's offerings; and wight'd murder, alarum'd by his sentinel, the Wolf; whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace, with Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design moves like a ghost.
Act Two
Scene Two

A while later...

THAT WHICH HATH MADE THEM DRUNK HATH MADE ME BOLD: WHAT HATH QUENCH'D THEM HATH GIVEN ME FIRE.  

HARK! PEACE!


WHO'S THERE? -- WHAT, HO!

ALACK, I AM AFRAID THEY HAVE AWAK'ED, AND 'TIS NOT DONE: -- THE ATTEMPT AND NOT THE DEED CONFOUND US.

HARK! -- I LAID THEIR DAGGERS READY; HE COULD NOT MISS THEM. -- HAD HE NOT RESEMBLED MY FATHER AS HE SLEPT, I HAD DONE IT.

MY HUSBAND!

I HAVE DONE THE DEED. -- DIDST THOU NOT HEAR A NOISE?

I HEARD THE OWL SCREAM, AND THE CRICKETS CRY, DID NOT YOU SPEAK?
WHEN?
NOW.
AS I DESCENDED?
AY.

HARK?
WHO LIES IN THE SECOND CHAMBER?
DONALBAIN.

THIS IS A SORRY SIGHT.

A FOOLISH THOUGHT, TO SAY A SORRY SIGHT.

SMAASSYY!!!

THERE'S ONE DID LAUGH IN'S SLEEP, AND ONE CRIED, 'MURDER!' THAT THEY DID WAKE EACH OTHER; I STOOD AND HEARD THEM; BUT THEY DID SAY THEIR PRAYERS, AND ADDRESSED THEM AGAIN TO SLEEP.

THERE ARE TWO LODGED TOGETHER.
ONE CRIED, ‘GOD BLESS US!’ AND ‘AMEN,’ THE OTHER, AS THEY HAD SEEN ME WITH THESE HANGMAN’S HANDS, LIST’NING THEIR FEAR, I COULD NOT SAY, ‘AMEN,’ WHEN THEY DID SAY ‘GOD BLESS US.’

CONSIDER IT NOT SO DEEPLY.

BUT WHEREFORE COULD NOT I PRONOUNCE ‘AMEN’? I HAD MOST NEED OF BLESSING, AND ‘AMEN’ STUCK IN MY THROAT.

THESE DEEDS MUST NOT BE THOUGHT AFTER THESE WAYS: SO, IT WILL MAKE US MAD.

I THOUGHT, I HEARD A VOICE CRY, ‘SLEEP NO MORE!’ MACBETH DOES MURDER SLEEP.

THE INNOCENT SLEEP; SLEEP, THAT KNITS UP THE RAVELL'D SLEEVE OF CARE, THE DEATH OF EACH DAY’S LIFE, SORCERER’S BATH, BALM OF HURT MINDS, GREAT NATURE’S SECOND COURSE, CHIEF NOURISHER IN LIFE’S FEAST?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

STILL IT CRIED, SLEEP NO MORE! TO ALL THE HOUSE; GLADS HATH MURDER'D SLEEP, AND THEREFORE CAUDDR SHALL SLEEP NO MORE; MACBETH SHALL SLEEP NO MORE!
WHO WAS IT THAT THUS CRIED? WHY, WORTHY THANE, YOU DO UNBEND YOUR NOBLE STRENGTH, TO THINK SO BRAINSICKLY OF THINGS. GO GET SOME WATER, AND WASH THIS FILTHY WITNESS FROM YOUR HAND.

WHY DID YOU BRING THESE DAGGERS FROM THE PLACE? THEY MUST LIE THERE: GO CARRY THEM, AND SMEAR THE SLEEPY GROOMS WITH BLOOD.

SCAAAP!!!

I'LL GO NO MORE: I AM AFRAID TO THINK WHAT I HAVE DONE; LOOK ON'T AGAIN I DARE NOT.


WHENCE IS THAT KNOCKING?

HOW IS'T WITH ME, WHEN EVERY NOISE APPALS ME? WHAT HANDS ARE HERE? HA! THEY PLUCK OUT MINE EYES. WILL ALL GREAT NEPTUNE'S OCEAN WASH THIS BLOOD CLEAN FROM MY HAND?

NO, THIS MY HAND WILL RATHER THE MULTITUINIOUS SEAS INCARNARDINE, MAKING THE GREEN ONE RED.
MY HANDS ARE OF YOUR COLOUR; BUT I SHAME TO WEAR A HEART SO WHITE.

I HEAR A KNOCKING AT THE SOUTH ENTRY: RETIRE WE TO OUR CHAMBER. A LITTLE WATER CLEARS US OF THIS DEED: HOW EASY IS IT, THEN! YOUR CONSTANCY HATH LEFT YOU UNATTENDED.

HARK! MORE KNOCKING. GET ON YOUR NIGHT-GOWN, LEST OCCASION CALL US, AND SHOW US TO BE WATCHERS. — BE NOT LOST SO POORLY IN YOUR THOUGHTS.

TO KNOW MY DEED, 'TWERE BEST NOT KNOW MYSELF.

WAKE DUNCAN WITH THY KNOCKING: I WOULD THOU COULDEST!
Act Three
Scene Five

A Scottish heath...

WHY, HOW
NOW, HECATE!
YOU LOOK
ANGERLY.

HAVE I
NOT REASON,
BELDAMS AS YOU ARE,
SAUCY, AND OVERTOPPED?
HOW DID YOU DARE
TO TRADE AND TRAFFIC
WITH MACBETH,
IN RIDDLES, AND
AFFAIRS OF DEATH;

WHIMPER!

WHINE!
AND I, THE MISTRESS OF YOUR CHARMS, THE CLOSE CONTRIVER OF ALL HARMS, WAS NEVER CALLED TO BEAR MY PART, OR SHOW THE GLORY OF OUR ART?

AND, WHICH IS WORSE, ALL YOU HAVE DONE HATH BEEN BUT FOR A WAYWARD SON, SPITEFUL, AND WRATHFUL; WHO, AS OTHERS DO, LOVES FOR HIS OWN ENDS, NOT FOR YOU.

BUT MAKE AMENDS NOW: GET YOU GONE, AND AT THE PIT OF ACHERON MEET ME I' THE MORNING: THITHER HE WILL COME TO KNOW HIS DESTINY.

YOUR VESSELS, AND YOUR SPELLS, PROVIDE, YOUR CHARMS, AND EVERYTHING BESIDE. I AM FOR THE AIR; THIS NIGHT I'LL SPEND UNTO A DISMAL AND A FATAL END:

GREAT BUSINESS MUST BE WROUGHT ERE NOON, UPON THE CORNER OF THE MOON THERE HANGS A VAPOROUS DROP PROFOUND; I'LL CATCH IT ERE IT COME TO GROUND:

AND THAT, DISTILL'D BY MAGIC SLEIGHS, SHALL RAISE SUCH ARTIFICIAL SPRITES, AS, BY THE STRENGTH OF THEIR ILLUSION, SHALL DRAW HIM ON TO HIS CONFUSION.
HE SHALL SPURN FATE, SCORN DEATH, AND BEAR HE HOPES 'BOVE WISDOM, GRACE, AND FEAR; AND YOU ALL KNOW, SECURITY IS MORTALS' CHIEFEST ENEMY.

COME AWAY, COME AWAY.
HECATE, HECATE, COME AWAY!

HARK! I AM CALL'D: MY LITTLE SPIRIT, SEE, SITS IN A FOGGY CLOUD, AND STAYS FOR ME.

COME, LET'S MAKE HASTE: SHE'LL SOON BE BACK AGAIN!
Act Five
Scene Three

At Dunsinane, Macbeth receives news about the advance of Malcolm's army...

BRING ME NO MORE REPORTS! LET THEM FLY ALL: TILL BIRNAM WOOD REMOVE TO DUNSIANE, I CANNOT TAINT WITH FEAR. WHAT'S THE BOY MALCOLM? WAS HE NOT BORN OF WOMAN?

THE SPIRITS THAT KNOW ALL MORTAL CONSEQUENCES HAVE PRONOUNC'D ME THUS:

'FEAR NOT, MACBETH; NO MAN THAT'S BORN OF WOMAN SHALL E'ER HAVE POWER UPON THEE.'

THEN FLY, FALSE THANES, AND MINGLE WITH THE ENGLISH EPICURES: THE MIND I SWAY BY, AND THE HEART I BEAR, SHALL NEVER SAG WITH DOUBT, NOR SHAKE WITH FEAR.

THE DEVIL, DAMN THEE BLACK, THOU CREAM-FAC'D LION! WHERE'S GOTT'T THOU THAT GOOSE LOOK?

GESEES, VILLAIN?

THERE IS TEN THOUSAND —-

SOLDIERS, SIR.
GO, PRICK THY FACE, AND OVER-RED THY FEAR, THOU LILY-LIVER'D BOY.

WHAT SOLDIERS, PATCH' DEATH OF THY SOUL! THOSE LINEN CHEEKS OF THINE ARE COUNSELLORS TO FEAR.

WHAT SOLDIERS, WHEY-FACE?

THE ENGLISH FORCE, SO PLEASE YOU.

TAKE THY FACE HENCE.

SEYTON!

I AM SICK AT HEART, WHEN I BEHOLD--

SEYTON, I SAY!

THIS PUSH WILL CHEER ME EVER, OR DISSEAT ME NOW. I HAVE LIVED LONG ENOUGH: MY WAY OF LIFE IS FALLING INTO THE SERE, THE YELLOW LEAF:

AND THAT WHICH SHOULD ACCOMPANY OLD AGE, AS HONOUR, LOVE, OBEDIENCE, TROOPS OF FRIENDS, I MUST NOT LOOK TO HAVE; BUT, IN THEIR STEAD, CURSES, NOT LOUD, BUT DEEP, MOUTH-HONOUR, BREATH, WHICH THE POOR HEART WOULD PAIN DENEY AND DARE NOT.
What is your gracious pleasure?

I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.

Give me my armour.

'Tis not needed yet.

All is confirm'd, my Lord, which was reported.

I'll put it on. Send out more horses; skir the country round; hang those that talk of fear.

Give me mine armour.

Not so sick, my Lord, as she is troubled with thick-coming fancies, that keep her from her rest.
Cure her of that. Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased, pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, raze out the written troubles of the brain, and with some sweet oblivious antidote cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff, which weighs upon the heart?

Therein the patient must minister to himself.

Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.

Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.

Sevton, send out.

Doctor, the thanks fly from me.

Come, sir, dispatch.
IF THOU COULDEST, DOCTOR, CAST THE WATER OF MY LAND, FIND HER DISEASE, AND PURGE IT TO A SOUND AND PRISTINE HEALTH, I WOULD APPLAUD THEE TO THE VERY ECHO, THAT SHOULD APPLAUD AGAIN. -- PULL IT OFF, I SAY. -- WHAT RHUBARB, SENNA, OR WHAT PURGATIVE DRUG, WOULD SCOUR THESE ENGLISH HENCE? HEAR'ST THOU OF THEM?

AY, MY GOOD LORD: YOUR ROYAL PREPARATION MAKES US HEAR SOMETHING.

BRING IT AFTER ME. -- I WILL NOT BE AFRAID OF DEATH AND BANE, TILL BIRNAM FOREST COME TO DUNSFINA.