

THE
ENTIRE
SHAKESPEARE
PLAY AS A
GRAPHIC
NOVEL!

Classical
COMICS



Macbeth

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

William Shakespeare

Original Text

Plain Text

QuickText

Act Two

Scene Two

A while later...

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

HARK! PEACE!

IT WAS THE **OWL** THAT SHRIEK'D, THE **FATAL BELLMAN**, WHICH GIVES THE STERN'ST GOOD-NIGHT. HE IS **ABOUT** IT. THE **DOORS** ARE **OPEN**: AND THE **SURFETED GROOMS** DO MOCK THEIR CHARGE WITH **SNORES**: I HAVE **DRUGG'D** THEIR **POSSETS**, THAT DEATH AND NATURE DO CONTENT ABOUT THEM, WHETHER THEY **LIVE**, OR **DIE**.

WHO'S THERE? -- **WHAT, HO!**

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

HARK! -- I LAID THEIR **DAGGERS** READY; HE COULD NOT **MISS** THEM. -- HAD HE NOT RESEMBLED MY **FATHER** AS HE SLEPT, I HAD **DON'E**T.

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 I'
THE SECOND
CHAMBER?

DONALBAIN.



THIS IS
A SORRY
SIGHT.

A
FOOLISH
THOUGHT, TO
SAY A SORRY
SIGHT.

SMAASSSHY!!!



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 ADDRESS'D THEM
AGAIN TO SLEEP.

THERE ARE
TWO LODG'D
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.



METHOUGHT, I HEARD
A VOICE CRY, '**SLEEP NO
MORE!**' MACBETH DOES
MURDER SLEEP!

THE
INNOCENT SLEEP;
SLEEP, THAT KNITS UP THE
RAVELLED SLEAVE OF **CARE,**
THE **DEATH** OF EACH DAY'S **LIFE,**
SORE LABOUR'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:
GLAMIS HATH **MURDER'D**
SLEEP, AND THEREFORE
CAWDOR 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*.

SLAAAP!!!



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



INFIRM OF PURPOSE! GIVE ME THE DAGGERS. THE SLEEPING, AND THE DEAD, ARE BUT AS *PICTURES*; 'TIS THE *EYE OF CHILDHOOD* THAT FEARS A *PAINTED DEVIL*. IF HE DO *BLEED*, I'LL *GILD* THE FACES OF THE *GROOMS* WITHAL, FOR IT MUST SEEM *THEIR GUILT*.

BANG! BANG!



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 MULTITUDINOUS SEAS INCARNARDINE, MAKING THE GREEN ONE *RED*.



MY
HANDS ARE OF
YOUR COLOUR; BUT I
SHAME TO WEAR A
HEART SO
WHITE.



**BANG!
BANG!**

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.

**BANG!
BANG!**



HARK! MORE
KNOCKING. GET ON
YOUR NIGHT-GOWN, LEAST
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.



**BANG!
BANG!**

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 OVERBOLD?
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 CALL'D 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 SLEIGHTS,
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.