My Dear Lady Macbeth,

What has occurred today is most strange. As I was leaving the battle grounds, Banquo and I encountered three disgusting hags. They greeted me with the disconcerting words,

“All hail Macbeth, Thane of Glamis!”

“All hail Macbeth, Thane of Cawdor!”

“All hail Macbeth, who shall be King!”

Of course, I didn’t originally believe their proclamations, but as soon as they left, a messenger came to tell me that the title of Thane of Cawdor had been bestowed upon me, due to my predecessor’s treason.

What is even more strange and disturbing, is that they foretold that Banquo’s descendants would become kings. Banquo was greatly confused and fearful, and I could tell he wished to have nothing to do with any of this.

I hope the witches (if that’s what they were) speak nothing but the truth, but I fear what I may need to do to obtain the crown.

My darling, I am greatly conflicted, for my loyalty to old King Duncan is true, but I deeply wish to obtain the glittering prize for us both. I will come to you soon and we can talk together.

Your own,

Macbeth x