

My love,

*It hath been too long since I last wrote to you, I know. Many events have transpired since I last wrote, and if the divine doth not grant me the blessing to looketh upon your beautiful visage soon, I will make do by explaining it to you now as best I can.*

*Our assumption that the bloody conflict would conclude with the demise of the traitorous Macdonwald and his legion of Irish men was erroneous at best. For not long after valiant Macbeth tore the traitor apart, another vile conspirator, the Thane of Cawdor, assisted by the treacherous King Sweno of Norway, began a fresh assault.*

*But no longer shall Cawdor continue his treachery, as the brave and honourable Macbeth presently apprehended the betrayer and the battle ended, once again, victorious for our King.*

*Although the battle was won, my dear, I am still on edge due to an altercation Macbeth and I endured afterwards.*

*We came across three of the foulest creatures I had ever set eyes upon. They spoke twisted tongues and in their speeches did foresee the future of ours. They promised Macbeth not only the noble title of Thane of Cawdor, but the royal title of King of our land. Macbeth was rapt at their words and in my honesty, love, I believe the job could not go to a fairer man. But herein lies a much more perplexing prophecy they proposed afterwards, that I would not be granted a royal title, but the children you'll bear, my love, will. Just think of it, my beloved, our sons as Kings!*

*The hags, in their wickedness, refused to answer our queries and vanished like mist into the night.*

*The hags premonitions began to come true – no longer had the witches disappeared did Ross and Angus arrive to share bless'd news of Macbeth's promotion to worthy Thane of Cawdor. Macbeth's readiness to accept these gruesome hags words concerns me – they did not appear to be creatures we can place our trust in. Despite my doubts, I trust in Macbeth's wisdom to lead us.*

*Duncan has indeed promoted Macbeth above his present station. He appears to revel in Macbeth's glory, for never was a mightier man than he. Duncan has placed his trust and honour in me also, and like Macbeth it was a blessing only to serve my liege.*

*The days pass by and the nights grow longer without you next to me in them. I long to see you again. As always, you have my love,*

*Banquo*