

## *Rewriting Macbeth*

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Through the mysterious eerie fog and through the fearful darkness, a lightning bolt screamed as it split through the demonic, dark night sky. Suddenly, the rain began to fall like an avalanche. It hit the heath like a hammer hits a nail. Like a terrifying growl from a lion, thunder bellowed through the sky. Then, like something supernatural, three ghostly figures hovered through the fog and up onto the heath. The three figures were actually hideous demonic witches.

One of the witches suddenly started to speak. "Where shall we three meet again, in thunder lightning or in rain?" She murmured.

With a sneering grin the second witch moaned, "When the hurly burly's done, when the battles lost and won."

Then a third witch cried, "That will be ere the set of sun."

"Upon the heath" the second witch quickly replied.