To my beloved,

I write this letter in desperation. For last night, upon the heath where we found victory, I was foretold of a wicked prophecy. Three creatures, not belonging to our mortal world, spoke words – twisted tales- of how I was to become Thane of Cawdor (an honour bestowed upon me earlier this very day) and of how I shall one day become King! Could it be, Duncan has chosen me as his successor?

It is with my last breath, that I order this letter to be sent to you immediately, as I mount my horse and ride unwavering until the dawn to reach Glamis and you, my love. I hope that it reaches you in time.

The King’s men have declared that upon King Duncan’s death, his son, Malcolm, shall become the next King of Scotland. Then how, without removing them both, shall I become King, as the devilish sisters promised me?

And so, I turn to you, dear wife, to help me full fill my desires. What shall I do? Great turmoil is raging inside me; my heart is being torn in two; guilt makes me unsteady on my feet as I try to run to you; the thoughts that I am allowing to consume me fill me with shame. How could I do this to the King whom I have served so fiercely?

Await my arrival at the castle, my Lady, and soon after the King himself shall visit our home for a great feast and celebration in my honour. I eagerly await your reply. Send it fast and to the borders of our great country, where I shall be at dawn.

All my love

Your faithful husband, Macbeth.

P.s. In case this letter should be found opened upon its delivery to you, send word in your letter.