**Macbeth Narrative**

Fog swirled through the trees behind us. A crow cawed relentlessly in the distance. And time seemed to sit motionless as we waited for the order. Glancing along the line of soldiers, I could see the fixed expressions of determination. Fading light made shadows swirl and shift – a grey light enveloped the battle weary faces. The odd glint of silver, the bevelled edge of sword catching the last rays of light as it shifted in a grasping hand. At the foot of each soldier a battered shield: dented, scratched, gouged, rested on the sodden earth.

Looking to my left I watched Macbeth flex his right hand, unfurling tense fingers, only to tighten again on the hilt of his sword with renewed strength. Next to him Banquo shifted his weight form left to right, he nodded imperceptibly to Macbeth and raised his index finger to his lips – a deathly hush fell over us. Holding my breath, I gripped my sword and shifted my shield to positon. Suddenly the sky split open with a streak of yellow lightning and a crash of thunder roared above us.

‘FORWARD! FORWARD!’ Macbeth’s fierce battle cry bellowed. A moving tide of muscle cannoned from the safety of the tree line. I was running towards the Norwegian army. Sword raised, shield poised, a growling snarl emanated from my throat as I swung my blade at the enemy.

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