

TOIL AND TROUBLE™

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INVERNESS, SEAT OF MACBETH



GOOD MORROW, LADY MACBETH. I--



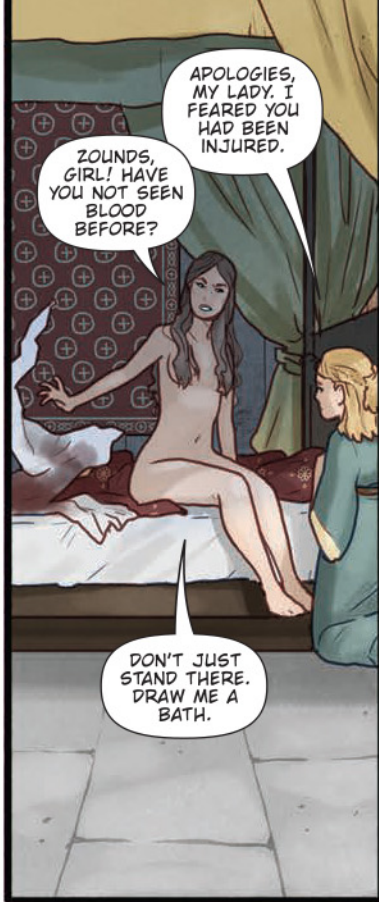
AHHH!

THUMP



MY LADY! ARE YOU--?

WHAT?! WHAT IS IT, EALASAI?



ZOUNDS, GIRL! HAVE YOU NOT SEEN BLOOD BEFORE?

APOLOGIES, MY LADY. I FEARED YOU HAD BEEN INJURED.

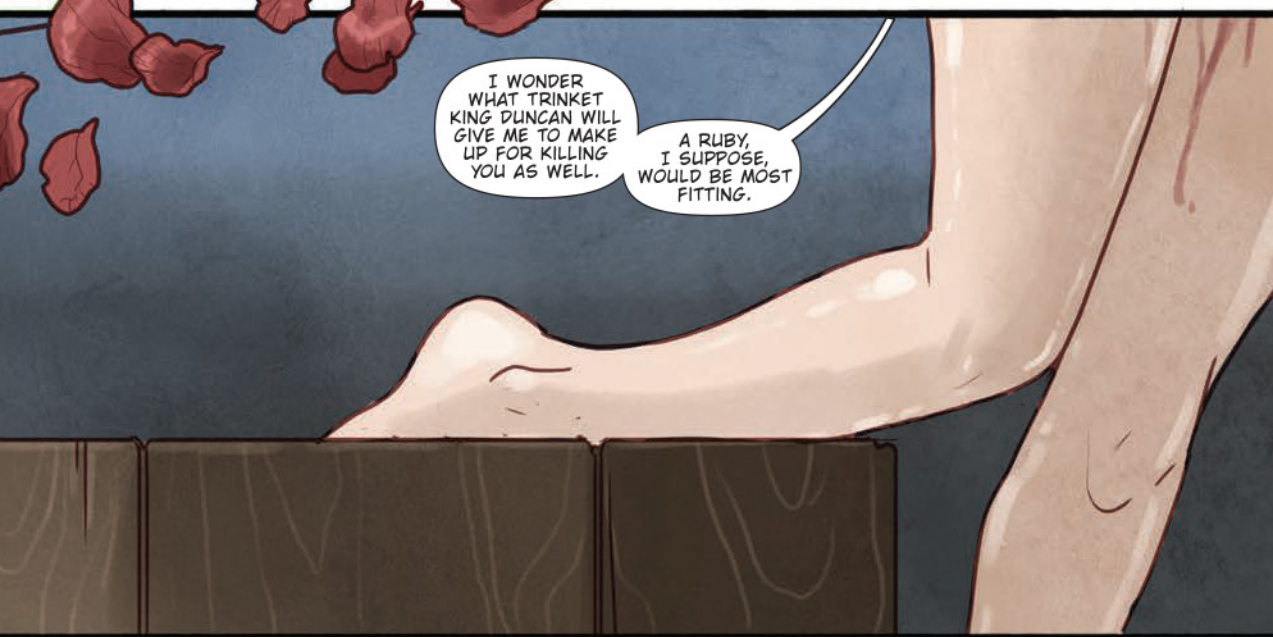
DON'T JUST STAND THERE. DRAW ME A BATH.



HEH...ANOTHER DEAD SON ON MY SHEETS. PERHAPS MACBETH IS DEAD AS WELL AND CAN MEET YOU IN HEAVEN, POOR BOY.



WHAT SAY YOU, HUSBAND? HAVE YOU FINALLY SACRIFICED YOURSELF FOR OUR MAJESTIC KING?

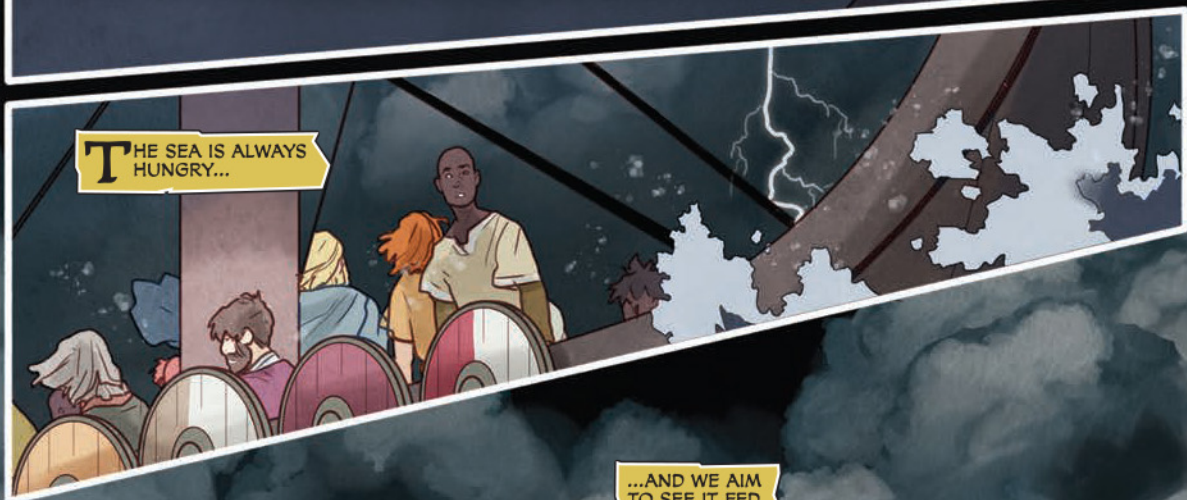


I WONDER WHAT TRINKET KING DUNCAN WILL GIVE ME TO MAKE UP FOR KILLING YOU AS WELL.

A RUBY, I SUPPOSE, WOULD BE MOST FITTING.



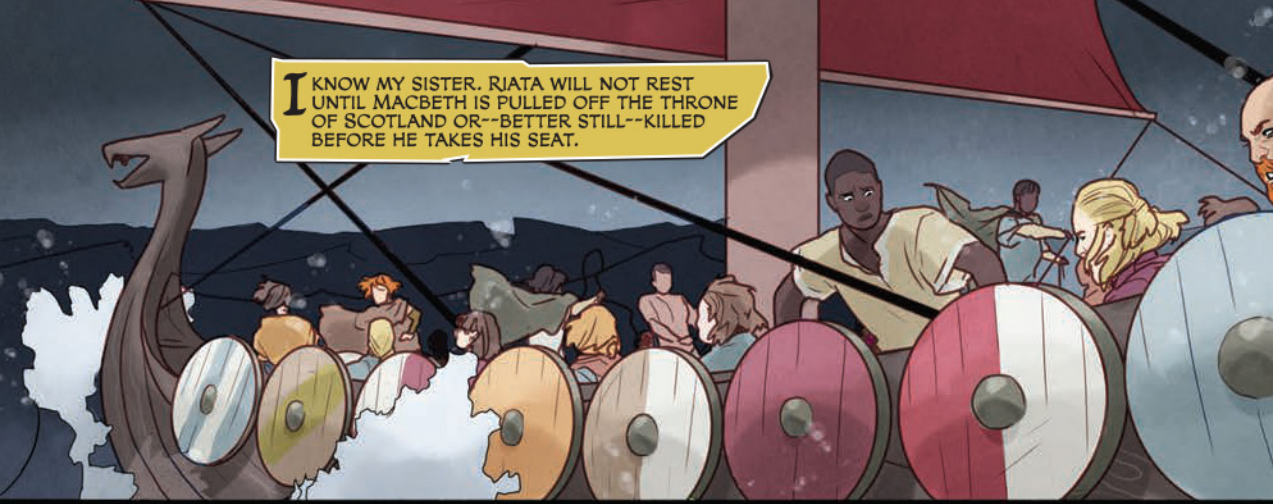
THE SEA IS ALWAYS HUNGRY...




...AND WE AIM TO SEE IT FED.




I KNOW MY SISTER. RIATA WILL NOT REST UNTIL MACBETH IS PULLED OFF THE THRONE OF SCOTLAND OR--BETTER STILL--KILLED BEFORE HE TAKES HIS SEAT.



I WILL NOT LEAVE A FOREIGN FLEET OFF OUR COAST TO HELP HER.



I TELL MYSELF IT'S NOT REALLY MURDER AND, BY OUR LAWS, IT ISN'T.



A STRONG SAILOR COULD SURVIVE IT. A STRONG SWIMMER COULD STILL MAKE IT TO SOME DESOLATE SHORE.



AND MY DUTY IS TO ALBA, NOT SOME FOREIGNER.



I HAVE MY CAUSE. I AM COMMITTED.

WHAT ARE A FEW MORE SALT TEARS TO THE ENDLESS, FRIGID SEA?