

speech, but say nought.'

The mouth of the head opened. 'Macbeth!' it called, in harsh and urgent tones. 'Beware Macduff, the Thane of Fife.'

'Macduff!' cried Macbeth. 'I knew as much. One more question?'

'He will not be commanded!' cried Harpy, and sure enough, the vision faded.

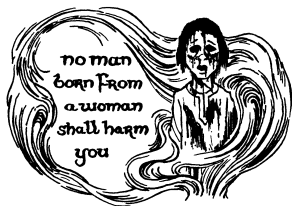
'Here's another, more telling than the first,' croaked Hedge-pig.

There was a clap of thunder, and the gruesome spectre of a bloody child appeared above the cauldron. 'Macbeth! Macbeth!' it cried, in a shrill, unearthly wail.

'For pity's sake, I hear you well enough!' spluttered Macbeth.

'Be bloody and bold!' cried the vision. 'Laugh in the faces of your rivals, for no man born from a woman shall harm you.'

The bloody child vanished, leaving Macbeth with a grim smile. 'Ha!' he muttered to himself. 'No need to fear Macduff, then.'



The thunder rolled again. A third vision rose from the sisters' brew. It was a young man, with a tree in his hand, and a royal crown upon his head.



'Who are you, that dare to wear my crown?' demanded Macbeth.

'Listen, but speak not!' barked Harpy.

The crowned youth spoke. 'Macbeth shall never be defeated,' he stated, 'til Birnam Wood shall come to Dunsinane.'

Macbeth's smile returned. 'Birnam Wood come to Dunsinane?' he laughed. 'What, and walk twelve miles? That would be a sight, trees picking up their roots and walking!' He grew serious. 'Now tell me,' he demanded. 'Shall Banquo's heirs ever reign?'

'No questions!' screamed the sisters.

'Damn you, I demand to know!' cried Macbeth.

Suddenly there was a chorus of trumpets. The cauldron sank into the earth, pale smoke filled the air, and the Weird Sisters stretched out their arms and shrieked. 'Show his eyes, and pain his heart –