

PIPER  READERS

# Macbeth



MATURE READING INSTRUCTION  
SET 1 BOOK 6

Adaptation by Emily Carter.

'Macbeth' based on the play by William Shakespeare.

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Introduction of:

Grapheme 'ur', sound /er/ (*turnus, cur, absurd...*)

Grapheme 'ar', sound /ar/ (*dark, hard, start...*)

Grapheme 'gh', sound /g/ (*ghost*)

Grapheme 'ere', sound /air/ (*there, where*)

Words that may not be wholly decodable at this stage:

c o m e

d o n e

**Mature Reading Instruction Set 1 Book 6**

# **Macbeth**

**B**  
**Piper**  
**Books**

## INSTRUCTION

The only prompting required is ‘Say the sounds and read the word’. When help is needed, do nothing more than say: ‘The sound here is \_\_\_\_’

Insist on accurate reading at all times: each person differs but each must learn to handle the same Alphabetic Code.

Don’t allow guessing – it is a very difficult habit to eradicate.

Avoid explanations, hints, and other ‘help’.

Ensure that attention is paid to ‘reading through the word’ – in particular with word endings.

Encourage rereading of earlier books. This will increase confidence.

Use the stories to develop vocabulary and communication after the reading.

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# Macbeth



*Lord MACBETH and his pal Lord BANKO meet on the blasted ground, post-combat.*

BANKO: Oh brave Macbeth, who waved his steel and cut a path to the brutish terrorist, and cut him from top to bottom –

MACBETH: Yup, that's me. We did it! A hard clash, but we saved the crown for fine King Duncan. And he's coming to my fortress to thank me himself!

BANKO: Well, return there fast then! Dame Macbeth will want to see that you are safe. You do *not* want to make her mad...

*They spot three HAGS.*

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MACBETH: Heck! Speck! What are *they*?

HAG 1: Greetings to you, oh king to be!

MACBETH: Who... *me*??

HAG 2 [*snorts*]: Yes, you! We have gazed into the seeds of time, and –

BANKO: And what about *me*? Am I going to be a king as well, and if not – *why* not!

HAG 3: You shall begin a line of kings... but you shall not be a king.

*The HAGS fade away.*

BANKO: Fakes. They *must* have been fakes.

*MACBETH says nothing.*

*MACBETH returns to Macbeth Fortress and embraces his wife, DAME MACBETH.*

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MACBETH: My love! See, I am home unhurt!  
Thanks be to God, we thrashed the terrorists! The  
King is bursting with pride in me, saying I'm a  
hero! Oh, and by the way, I met three hags who  
said I'd become King!

DAME MACBETH: *King?*

MACBETH: Yes.

DAME MACBETH: Absurd. *You?*

MACBETH: Yes, me!

DAME MACBETH: OH MY GOD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

MACBETH: But I'm a trusted lord of fine King  
Duncan... who is alive and well, and is coming  
here, by the way, to thank me for being a hero –

DAME MACBETH: Here? Fine! We can murder him!

MACBETH: We... can... *what?!*

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DAME MACBETH: Murder him.

MACBETH: *Murder* him?!

DAME MACBETH: Yes! Get a grip! What are you, a man or a wimp?

MACBETH: But... but... but...

DAME MACBETH: But me no buts! Do you want to be king or don't you?

MACBETH: If fate will have me as king, why then, fate may crown me.

DAME MACBETH: Absurd!

MACBETH: Wife...

DAME MACBETH: Yes, wimp?

MACBETH: I, um... do not think...

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DAME MACBETH: Shut up and do as you are told.

\* \* \* \* \*

*KING DUNCAN turns up at Macbeth Fortress with his men and his lad, PRINCE MAL.*

MACBETH: Welcome, my King!

DAME MACBETH: Yes, welcome! We are SO glad to see you here!

*DAME MACBETH winks at her husband.*

KING DUNCAN: My thanks to my most loved and trusted Macbeths.

*They feed, they drink, they sing, they dance... and at last they go to bed.*

DAME MACBETH: That old so-called King will be sleeping by now, go stick a dagger in him!

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MACBETH: This murder may be the be-all and end-all –

DAME MACBETH: Yes! Get on with it!

MACBETH: Is this a dagger I see before me –

DAME MACBETH: NOW!

*MACBETH slays the King as he sleeps.*

*The next day...*

PRINCE MAL: My dad's WHAT?

KING'S MAN: Murdered.

PRINCE MAL: Oh. Who did it?

KING'S MAN: If you ask me, I don't think all that howling from Macbeth and his wife is as sad as it seems.

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PRINCE MAL: But if the Macbeths murdered my dad... and I'm the next in line to the crown... staying here in Macbeth Fortress –

KING'S MAN: Get OUT of here. Now!

*PRINCE MAL flees and flees until he's all the way out of Scotland.*

DAME MACBETH: And to think I called my husband a wimp.

\* \* \* \* \*

*MACBETH is crowned King of Scotland.*

DAME MACBETH: Oh glad, glad day! Hurray for me! Oh, and for the three hags, bless them...

MACBETH: Yes, it's, um, nice being the King... The thing is, the hags said *Banko* will begin a line of kings... have I murdered fine Duncan for *his* brats...?

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KILLER: Can I help...?

MACBETH: Banko and Banko's lad must, um, embrace the fate of this dark time. Get it?

KILLER: Yup.

DAME MACBETH: What's going on?

MACBETH: Before the bat has flapped its wings, there shall be done a deed of dire note.

DAME MACBETH: Fantastic! What deed?

MACBETH: Don't fret, my pet, until you celebrate the deed.

DAME MACBETH [*snorts*]: My pet, indeed!

*BANKO is murdered, but his lad flees.*

\* \* \* \* \*

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*MACBETH and DAME MACBETH are holding a dinner to celebrate his crowning.*

MACBETH: Ah, what a shame my sweet pal Banko didn't make it –

*BANKO'S GHOST turns up and sits in MACBETH'S place.*

MACBETH: WHO DID THIS?

ALL [*not seeing the GHOST*]: Who did *what*, King Macbeth?

MACBETH: I didn't kill you, Banko! Stop shaking gore-splattered locks at me!

ALL: What's the fuss about...?

DAME MACBETH: Nothing to disturb you, my lords – the King has small outbursts now and then...

MACBETH: He's *here!* Banko's *here!* From beyond the grave!

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DAME MACBETH: Shame on you, husband, get a grip! Are you a man or a wimp?

MACBETH: I'm a man – and a bold man, to gaze upon this thing.

DAME MACBETH: Thanks for nothing – that's mucked up the big dinner. Get out, all!

MACBETH: I must go to the hags, ask them about Banko – and about my old pal Macduff, the Lord of Fife. Why didn't *he* turn up to my crowning...? Can it be that he has fled to be with King Duncan's lad, that brat Mal...?

\* \* \* \* \*

*The next day: MACBETH seeks out the three HAGS.*

MACBETH: How now, you dark and hush-hush hags! Tell me –

HAG 1: Macduff, Lord of Fife, will betray you!

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MACBETH: That scumbag! I *liked* him! And now he betrays me? Just cos I killed the King –

HAG 2: But no man born shall thrash Macbeth!

MACBETH: Ha ha ha! What man was not born! So I'll be fine! But hey, I think I'll kill Macduff, just to be on the safe side...

HAG 3: Macbeth shall not be crushed till the trees start strolling around!

MACBETH: Tee hee! I rock! Oh, and by the way... remember telling Banko that he'd begin a line of kings...?

ALL THREE HAGS: Beg as you will, we shall tell you no more.

*The HAGS fade away.*

MACBETH: Where are you going? Come back here and say that, you base-born, vile hags –

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KING'S MAN [*entering*]: My King! Macduff, the Lord of Fife, has fled!

MACBETH: Well, if I cannot murder Macduff, I think I'll murder his wife and kids. That seems wise.

\* \* \* \* \*

*At Macduff Fortress:*

DAME MACDUFF: Did my husband run away? That cur! Fleeing from his fortress, his wife, his kids? He loves us not! Ah, my small lad, what will you do without a dad?

KILLER: SO not a problem.

*The KILLER stabs the lad and his mother.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Away from Scotland, MACDUFF is ranting to PRINCE MAL about the sins of MACBETH:*

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MACDUFF: Bleed, bleed, Scotland! Ground under the heel of that slave-driver – oh Scotland, Scotland! Mal, you must become King, get a host of men and drive out that back-stabbing cur Macbeth –

*Ross, a pal, turns up from Scotland.*

MACDUFF: Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross: Scotland is a graveyard.

MACDUFF: How is my wife?

Ross: Um, well, murdered.

MACDUFF: *Murdered?*

Ross: Oh, and the kids as well.

MACDUFF: What, all my small ducks, and my wife?

Ross: That's what I said.

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PRINCE MAL: Take it like a man.

MACDUFF: I shall do so. But I must still feel it as a man. He struck at them cos of me.

PRINCE MAL: Feel anger, not sadness –

MACDUFF: *I'll kill Macbeth!*

PRINCE MAL: Yes, *that's* taking it like a man.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Back at Macbeth Fortress, DAME MACBETH is weeping and murmuring and rubbing her hands in her sleep:*

DAME MACBETH: Yet here's a spot... Out, out, vile spot!... I didn't think the old man had all this gore in him... The Lord of Fife had a wife; where is she now? Oh, oh, oh! Scrub my hands... I tell you, Banko is in his grave... He cannot come out of his grave. To bed, to bed. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

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*A week later:*

KING'S MAN: Heck! Speck! Prince Mal and his men are coming –

MACBETH: I don't give a toss about Mal! Was he born? I think so! Do you see trees strolling round? I think not! So tell the vile back-stabbing lords to go to hell! King Macbeth trusts in the hags – he'll thrash Mal and his men. Oh, by the way, how is my wife?

KING'S MAN: Sick with odd whims that will not let her sleep.

MACBETH: Well, get her some sleeping drugs!

KING'S MAN: 'Tis a sickness of the mind, and she must mend her disturbed mind herself –

MACBETH: DRUGS!

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*As PRINCE MAL and his men get to the trees under  
Macbeth Fortress:*

PRINCE MAL: Pull down the trees! If we wave bits of tree as we rush up that hill, Macbeth can't tell how thin on the ground we are.

*In Macbeth Fortress:*

MACBETH: They come! The power of my fortress will overcome Mal and his men!

DAME MACBETH: Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

MACBETH: What was that cry? No mere cry can disturb me, not after the things I've seen!

KING'S MAN: Dame Macbeth has just killed herself.

MACBETH: All of life has led the way to dust and darkness! Out, out, fleeting lamp! Life's just a bad player, strutting his way for a short time before being heeded no more. It is a tale told by a dimwit,

---

full of din and spite, all for nothing –

KING'S MAN: My King, I can see trees dashing up the hill!

MACBETH: Come off it! Absurd!

KING'S MAN: But it's a fact!

MACBETH: Well, I was getting sick of it all. I will not fly. Heck! Speck! Ring the bells! Grab a club and we'll go down in combat!

*Combat starts.*

MACDUFF: Over here, Macbeth! If I do not slay you, my wife and kids' ghosts will give me hell!

MACBETH: Tee hee! No man born can kill me!

MACDUFF: I wasn't born! I was torn from my late mother –

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MACBETH: Oh well. Lay on, Macduff!

*MACDUFF slays MACBETH.*

ALL: Spit on the late vile King Macbeth! Hurray  
for King Mal of Scotland!

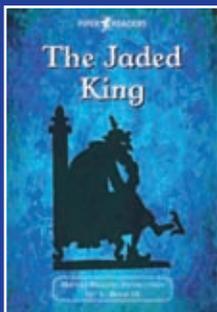
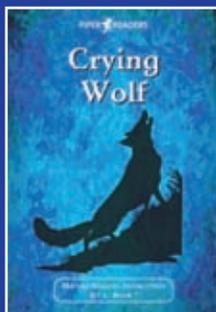
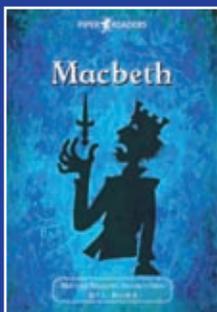
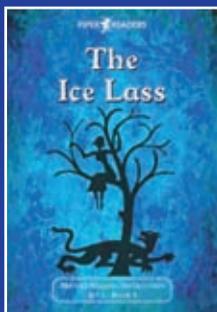
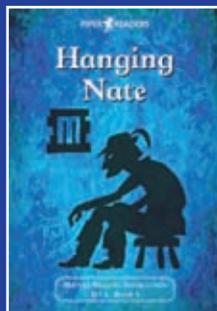
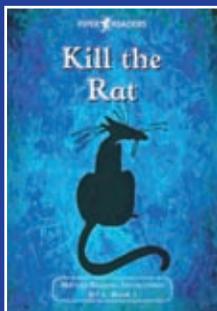
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