

Wednesday 7th July 2021

Act 1, Scene 3

Murky clouds were drawing in. Penetrating thunder grumbled in the distance. Fizzles of lightning illuminated the barren wasteland. It was a gloomy night. Amongst the wilting trees, placed on the rocky ground there was a vessel full of evil. It had wicked bubbles erupting from the surface of the liquid, like a volcano gushing lava, rising to the heavens above. Three midnight-black figures could be seen by the light of the silver streaks.

As two shadows clad in armour were travelling across the heath, they heard a cackling sound like a crow cawing to the malicious spirit. The two soldiers, shielded by habergeon, stared in horrified amazement at these creatures with their withered skins, their dusty, ragged robes and their hair-covered chins. As the black smoke billowed in from the sky, all of the trees screamed and all of their mystical eyes became interlocked in a trance. Still the clouds were drawing in, the thunder was grumbling and the lightning was illuminating.

