

Wednesday 23rd Oct

L.O: To write the legend of Beowulf.

Lets roll back these years.... Let me tell you a tale of courage and cruelty. King Hrothgar ruled over his brave kingdom. King Hrothgar was feared by his enemies and loved by his friends. This mighty ruler built a massive mead hall called Heorot.

You could feel the fine crafting. You could see the shields, swords and the gold jewellery. You could hear the crackling fire and the delicious meat roasting.

If only they knew the danger was surrounding them...

With an almighty roar, a demon monster crashed through the massive royal door. Screams of terror filled the humungous Heorot. The demon beast had ghoulish green skin, two sharp points of hair. He had black sunken murderous eyes and this murderous monster was GRENDEL... He grabbed the terrified thanes. He opened his blood ^{full mouth} and bit the thane. He did not let one survive. After that night no one entered that hall.

Hrothgar was broken. Days turned to night, weeks turned to months and months turned to years. Suddenly there was a resounding knock at the stained door. The door open every one was shocked, happy and had hope that he could beat this monster. "I am Beowulf!" he declared. "You are most welcome!" announced Hrothgar with happiness. He was a handsome, fearless warrior, mighty and he was one feet taller than anyone.

The darkness descended and the hall fell silent. Leofric's eyes grew wide with fear and trepidation, his heart was pounding in his chest and his clammy hands clutched his sword. Crouching behind the door the fearless Beowulf tensed his muscles and waited, watching silently, like a hunter waiting for its prey.

With an almighty roar Grendel jumped through the blood stained door. Beowulf was on alert he had his eyes concentrated on the murderous beast. he finally went for attack. Angrily, Beowulf pulled and pulled his arm off. All thanes celebrated with happiness filled the city. Grendel was defeated.

