

Wednesday 23rd October

To write the legend of Beowulf.

Come with me over the hills and over the seas to an amazing adventure. Let us remember of the legendary, noble and powerful King Hrothgar. Under his reign, his trustworthy kingdom prospered.

Days after days, nights after nights all the Thanes and the undefeated king were feasting. For Hrothgar to celebrate his conquests he built a splendid, huge, magnificent mead hall. Only the finest timbers were used. In the mead hall they had music. They used a harp to play music, over the music you could hear laughing, pots and plates clatter. You could smell the juicy, tasty, delicious meat. You could see all the shields hung up on the wall. Little did they know something is lurking there way...

All of a sudden, a big, mighty, blood-thirsty beast burst open the enormous, engraved door. Terrors of terror filled the room even without a door it still filled the mead hall. It was GRENDEL!!... As quickly as lightning the big hungry beast threw the Thanes in the air, and and caught them and bit off their heads with blood gushing out of their body. His fangs were as sharp as daggers, that was the beast bit there the warriors chest his heart burst open. The beast was bloody, savage, blood-thirsty, smelly, ugly and brutal.

Horrothgar was shocked. Days after Days, night after night and months the beast was still no where to be found... One day Horrothgar heard a big echoing bang on the blood-stained door. When the door swung open Horrothgar's eyes were on the handsome, bulky, eye-catching warrior named Beowulf. "I am Beowulf!" he declared. "I have come to slay your blood-thirsty beast!" he shouted. "Dear God thank you for answering my prayer!" he said. "So you are Beowulf?" he said. "Yes I am Beowulf hero of this land!" he announced.

As Beowulf was crouching behind the door he tensed his muscles waiting for the blood-thirsty beast to come. As Grendel walked through, Beowulf waited for the right time to attack. As Beowulf charged at Grendel propping him down by picking him in the groin. After Beowulf smashed Grendel's head on the ground which made his eye ball pop out. He grabbed Grendel's arm spun him around and threw him which made his arm rip off. Beowulf shouted with joy, "Victory is ours, victory is ours." "lets all celebrate." Horrothgar declared. Splendid juicy meat gave them watery mouths. Joy and happiness filled the land.