

Wednesday 23rd October

LO- to write the legend of Beowulf

Hear and listen well my friends and I will tell you a story of courage and cruelty. Feared by his enemies, loved by his friends, legendary King Hrothgar reigned his kingdom that prospered. The mead hall made by the Magnificent Hrothgar, built with the finest carvings on it. Only the best timbers, only the best craftsmen were used. The best hall in the history of Jutland. It was called Heorot

Around the warming hearth, you could hear the meat spitting and the fire crackling. Inside the mead hall you could hear the jolly men and the lyre playing in the background. Whilst they eat the best poet in England would come to the feast and tell amazing stories. You could smell the juice of the glorious Hog roast and meat.

But little did they know there was something lurking out the window.

In shock and horror, a blood thirsty beast crashed through the engraved royal door. Screams of terror filled the room. His turquoise skin was covered with grey, dark green slime. As soon as everyone looked they knew it was Grendel. His black killer eyes gilled everyone with terror and distress.

You could tell he was full of rage he grabbed two weak foolish men in his two block-like fists. The ground ^{shook} every time he made ~~was~~ a step. Viciously, his razor-sharp teeth bit a warrior in half. His muscles bursted out. Blood stained the entire hall. Hrothgar's happiness turned into sadness. In a fit of rage, Grendel was ripping people apart. The beast showed no mercy.

Hrothgar was broken. Night after Night, The blue skies turned grey and nothing could be done to stop the beast. But one day, The wrecked wooden door swung open. All of a sudden, the Thanes gasped in awe and wonder. There in front of them was a strong trustworthy warrior. His muscles were massive and he was the size of a fully grown Giant. The Giant exclaimed "I am Beowulf Tell your king I have come to slay your Giant beast!" Hrothgar declared "you are most welcome". He stood with his head held high. Is this the hero we've been waiting for?

Night fell. The darkness descended and the Thanes fell silent.

Leofricks eyes grew wide with trepidation his teeth were chattering with fear and worry for Beowulf.

He was clutching his sword in his clammy hands. At this time, all the Thanes and Kings in Heorot were broken after Grendel.

Crouching behind the royal engraved door the unbeatable, menacing Beowulf tensed his bulky muscles and waited like a hunter waiting for it's prey. Suddenly Grendel rose from his Swamp to fight and kill people. As he ~~ch~~ crashed through, Beowulf swung a punch right to his jaw and ripped off his right arm. Screams of horror came from Grendel as he walked back to his little swamp and Grendel was never to be seen again. After that, The Thanes were on their feet and Beowulf was shouting, "Victory is ours"!