

Wednesday 13<sup>th</sup> October

L.O. To write the legend Beowulf

Come with me back in the day over the Stormy Seas. Let us remember the Kingdom was strong and a well-prospered realm. To celebrate their conquests the mighty ruler only built the mead. The hall was glamorous, charming, stunning and magnificent. All you could smell was appetising, mouth-watering juices from the roasting hog. You could hear people talking everywhere. They were enjoying themselves eating the chicken and ale. The fire was crackling and you could smell the smoke. Little did they know it would be their last night...

With an almighty thunder, a blood-curdling roar erupted through the enormous hatch. Screams of horror struck the air. Hair goes down, heavy, grunting. Skin covered his back. Beowulf stomped through everywhere he killed all of the people when he killed there wasn't a person alive. There was only blood out his mouth it was so disgusting. When he came back everyone was gone!

Hrothgar was damaged. Days turned  
fast weeks became months and nothing  
could be done to stop the Scarys marauding &  
murderous hideous bloodshed. Suddenly there was  
a resounding knock that echoed around the  
phenomenal hall... As the blood-stained door  
swung open, Thanes gasped in awe and wonder.  
There before them was a mighty warrior. His  
voice thundered all around the hall "I am Beowulf  
have come to slay that beast". He stood a head  
taller than anyone else. Beowulf was strong, handsome  
undaftable and huge. This was the hero they have  
all been waiting for so he could defeat the monster.

Night fell. The darkness descended and the  
thanes fell soundless.

Leoric's eyes grew wide with fear and trepidation  
his tenderness was rapid in his chest and his clammy  
hands clutched his blade. Crouching behind the  
door the courageous Beowulf tensed his muscles  
and waited. Before Beowulf knew it, the ogre bashed  
through the meal hall tables shattered, they were  
both ready to fight. Leoric eyes were filled with  
shock. The fight began Grendel nearly swung a paw  
but Beowulf gripped him on his back. Beowulf threw  
a murderous punch. Grendel was done...  
Everyone was in joy Hrothgar blessed him  
like a glower. You could smell the delicious  
roast, you could taste the mouth-watering juice  
celebrated in happiness. "I am Beowulf!!!"