

Wednesday 23rd October

L.O. To write the legend of Beowulf.

Come with me over the beautiful stormy sea to the land where King Herotgar built his enormous mead hall where every night people feasted and celebrated but little did they know that that was their last night celebrating in the mead hall.

With a almighty roar a terrifying enormous monster burst through the beautiful wooden door. Screams of terror from the people filled the air. The people hid but the enormous hideous monster still found them. The hideous enormous monster was called Grendel. His green, ghoulish skin covered his colossal body that bulged with muscles and dripped with slimy dark green weed. Sunken in his head were black, murderous eyes. As quick as a flash he grabbed the shocked thanes and lifted them high in the stinky air. He had hair as sharp as a metal knife. He was the strongest one there he was so strong that in one squis he cracked the bones in your body. He took some people that he brock in half to his enormous lair his mouth was filled with red blood from the innocent people. Blood dripping from his mouth to his green enormous chest. The warriors tried to kill him but instead he killed them first. The warriors couldn't defeat the enormous hideous green monster. The only person that was not killed was Herot because he went back to his palace. The monster was unstoppable and he was impossible to kill. From

then no one left their houses and Herod stopped feasting.

Hrothgar was broken. Days turned in to nights, weeks turned to months and nothing could be done to stop the hideous slaughter until one day there was a resounding knock on the enormous wooden door. As the enormous wooden door opened, a mighty strong, handsome, enormous warrior walked through the hall. His voice thundered around the hall, "I am Beowulf, and I have come here to slay your beast." He stood a head taller than anyone else, Hrothgar said, "Could this be the hero that they had been all waiting for?"

Hrothgar said, "You are most welcome to try and slay my hideous beast." Hrothgar stared at Beowulf, welcoming him with open arms, "Are you sure you can slay the beast." Hrothgar asked Beowulf, "I am not afraid of anything." He said loudly to King Hrothgar.

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

Leofric's eyes grew wide with fear that Beowulf was going to die, 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 waiting, watching silently like a hunter waiting for his prey.

After Grendel burst through the tall wooden door and crashing through every thing near him he smelt fresh blood from human - the people were asleep. Suddenly Beowulf jumped out of the dark side and viciously grabbed

kill Grendel's arm pulling it out, Grendel's tried to get Beowulf off but he was too good. One last pull and the hideous monster's arm came off. After Grendel was so excited he did not want to fight so he roared and slowly ran away. After the people woke up and they all cheered for Beowulf and they all started feasting again and people cheered for Beowulf and the trees were full of flowers and King Hrothgar was saved.