

Wednesday 23<sup>rd</sup> October

L.O - To write the legend of Beowulf.

Come with me over the stormy seas to a world of cruelty and courage. Let me tell you about the powerful and legendary king Hrothgar. Feared by his enemies, loved by his friends, he reigned over his plentiful and prospered kingdom. To reward themselves for their conquests this mighty ruler built a splendid, huge mead hall. High on a tall hill, it watched over the land. Only the best timbers were used, only the finest craftsmen. Meorot was its name.

Night after night, the king and the Thanes feasted. You could hear the crackling of the fire and the chatter and laughter of the men. When you walked in you could feel the warm glow as it lit up your face. As you sat you could smell the mouth-watering meat roasting on the spit. All you can taste is the salty hog roast and the honey mead. After you ate you could see the poet play the harp. They could listen to the beautiful tunes that were being played. Little did they know, this night would be their last.....

Full of night, an enormous blood-thirsty beast crashed through the beautifully engraved wooden archway. Screams of terror filled the room. His green, ghoulish skin covered his enormous, bulging muscles. Scars in his head were black, murderous eyes. It was Grendel. In a fit of rage, Grendel stared angrily into the eyes of the innocent, cowering Thanes. With his huge

fists, this horrifying monster grabbed the feasters and clenched his fists. These weak and scared warriors tried to escape from the fists of this beast. As quick as a flash, this demon-like monster broke into the skin of a Thane with his razor-sharp shark like teeth. This invisible monster ripped these men in half with just one snap. All left standing were petrified and stunned. Mighty beast squeezed the Thane till there was blood shooting out of them.

Heorot was painted in pure, red blood nothing in there was its normal colour. All you could see was the dead bodies lying on the floor. The last person standing was this blood-curdling monster.

Hrothgar was broken. Days turned to nights, weeks turned to months. Nothing was able to stop the marauding monster from slaughtering everything and everyone. Suddenly, there was a knock that echoed in the hall..... As the blood stained door flung open the Thanes gasped in awe. Standing before them was a muscular and invisible warrior "I am Beowulf\* and I have come to slay your beast," he declared. "Your most welcome," Hrothgar announced. He stood a head taller than everyone else. Could this be the hero they had all been waiting for?

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

Beowulf's eyes grew wide with apprehension and his

heart pounding like a drum. Crouching behind the door, the brave and muscular Beowulf tensed his body so he was ready to brawl with this murder beast. As the invincible warrior crouched, he watched the door silently like a hunter waiting for its prey.

An hour passed, the monster rose, he stomped down Heorot dripping with slime and hungry for blood. Grendel burst through the door roaring. Gasps and screams of terror filled the room. Was this the end? They stared at each other with horror. Suddenly, they roared at each other and ran. Beowulf pounced, gripping the monster's arm. Grendel swiped and slashed but Beowulf would not let go. He tugged at the monster's arm..... and ripped it off. Grendel roared in pain and stormed out of Heorot and back to his swamp.

"I have defeated him," shouted Beowulf. Hrothgar squeezed him with happiness, all the trees danced and the cool breeze swayed. Hrothgar announced, "we have our hero we must feast!" Everyone feasted at the hero who saved them from the murderous monster.