**Beowulf v Rock**

“I will avenge my friend and destroy that creature,” bellowed Bewoulf. He was stooped, with his best friend laying lifeless in his arms, starring up at the cloudless sky.

All around the prodigious Beowulf, were strewn bodies of soldiers who had lost their lives to the malicious Rock. The once plush green grass was now a sea of crimson; spilt guts; disconnected limbs and death. He could smell fresh blood and the strong aroma of demise lingered in his mouth. Now that the event was over the air was silent again and the gentle breeze brushed Beowulf’s lengthy brunet hair and whispered in his ear. Respectfully, Beowulf laid his friend down on the grass (he moved the blood saturated hair out of his eyes) and stood up gradually to take in the devastating view. From the stony hill, he gazed out towards the direction of the bleak, vacant land where the Rock had effortlessly disappeared to. The golden summer sun burnt down strongly onto Beowulf’s brawny back and it matched the heat of the erupting volcano bubbling up inside him. The valiant Beowulf was feeling exasperated at the way Rock had executed his men so viciously; it only made his intrepid senses want to locate him even more.

Suddenly from behind Beowulf, appeared king Hrothgar with a horrific look of despair across his exhausted face – which only days ago was as fresh looking as a new born baby.
“Beowulf I am deeply sorry for your loss and I promise I will help any way that I can,” uttered the king sympathetically.
“I don’t understand why this has happened and I urgently need to get answers and then destroy the despicable creature who has taken my courageous and valiant men away from this earth.”
“Why has he started to venture back into our humble land again after so many years of peace?” questioned Hrothgar.
“That I intend to find out,” Beowulf responded.

That afternoon, Bewoulf; his remaining men and a selection of the king’s finest guardsman set off on foot to unearth the Rock. The journey took them down from the luscious domains into the deserted, dust scattered land: this was the home to Rock. The problem that faced Beowulf now was finding the exact location of where the creature would be. The heroic men would need to split up in order to achieve this. In small-scale groups they moved off with purpose to hunt (except Beowulf who ventured off on his own).

Beowulf strode towards a forest of burnt trees. He followed what looked like a trodden down path deeper into the charcoal smelling wood. From a short distance behind, was a cracking of twigs. Beowulf rotated around at the speed of light and found himself face to face with Rock. His talons of steel where protruding from his colossal digits of death; his toxic incisors as razor-sharp as a poisonous thorn bush had dried plasma on them and his coals of jet where imprisoned in their cavernous sockets. Both beings paused, glued to the spot, staring each other out.

“You h’s entered my home. Go now,” declared Rock.
“You passed into our land this morning and took away the lives of my men. You need to answer my questions. I will not leave until I have what I need,” demanded Beowulf.
“Your people killed my fr’end, Grendel. Your men were slayed as my revenge.”
Without warning, an arrow shot through the air and collided with Rock’s head where it rebounded off, splintered and dropped to the floor.
“Arrrrrrrrggggggggggghhhhhhhh,” resounded Rock.
“Men, he is my fight. Leave him to…,” Beowulf quickly bellowed to his men but before he could finish his sentence, Rock charged at him with talons up prepared for battle.

The sharp blades of bones came crashing down into Beowulf’s shoulder, causing him immense pain and a moment of shock. Immediately, Beowulf snapped out of it and wrenched the colossal hand away, twisting the arm around and downwards rigidly. There was a lurid crunch. Beowulf began throwing blows towards Rock but as immediately as a glance his paws swung up to protect himself. Rock’s robust and studded feet struck out at speed to take away Beowulf’s legs and he crashed down awkwardly on to the cindered ground. Swiftly, Beowulf flung himself out of the way and grabbed Rock’s legs. Seizing sturdily and embracing vigorously he - Beowulf – pulled on the matted clumps of fur and hauled the mighty creature underneath him. Beowulf knelt on his arms and compressed down with great vigour on the beast’s heart forcing it to strain to beat. He kept pushing, pushing, pushing until, eventually, the heart gave up and Rock took his final lungful of breath. Rock lay motionless with his coal eyes open and glazed over. Beowulf collapsed with exhaustion from the fight.

Beowulf was transported back (now unconscious) by the guardsman to the village and into Hrothgar’s private quarters, where he was treated by the local doctor. Finally, when Beowulf awoke, he was amazed to see the awe that lay before him. The room was adorned with garlands and flowers of all different types and colours; there was suspended banners across the walls that had been hand painted and messages of wellness written in cards.
“How long have I been asleep for?” questioned Beowulf.
“For a week,” retorted Hrothgar “you lost a lot of blood from when you were stabbed by Rock in your shoulder. All the men have been talking about the action. What an amazing fight it must have been! You are the people’s hero.”

Beowulf grew stronger day by day and would soon be ready to take the long journey back home. Although, waiting for him at the bottom of the sea (seething with fury and rage) was an extremely treacherous creature…

…………… = Passive voice