

Beowulf Slow Writing

Beowulf's stomach turned as the waves threw the ship from left to right.

Water sprayed and slapped over the side of the ship, drenching all on board.

Ferociously, forks of lightning illuminated the swirling sky.

Whilst swallowing his concern, Beowulf, who stood stoically at the helm of the vessel, forced out any whispers of fear amongst his men.

Suddenly, as thunder roared overhead, vibrations ripped the sail to shreds.

Panic reigned.

"Watch out!" cried a sailor just before a vicious wave crashed onto the deck.

And then, silence.