

Beowulf's Funeral

My name is Alfred, I am the lord Beowulf's friend and servant.

It is my job to make sure everything is fine for Beowulf's funeral.

I have to remind all the people how he died (he died fighting a dragon), how brave he was and what a great fighter he was.

To show this I placed at his head his sword, a fabulous and deadly weapon. Behind the sword I placed Beowulf's one and only, mighty, golden shield. And on his chest I rested his beautiful, golden, sparkling helmet.

Beowulf's funeral.

My name is *Alfwine*, I am Beowulf's wife. I am very, very, worried and so sad. My husband killed the dragon with the sword called, *Strong* Killer.

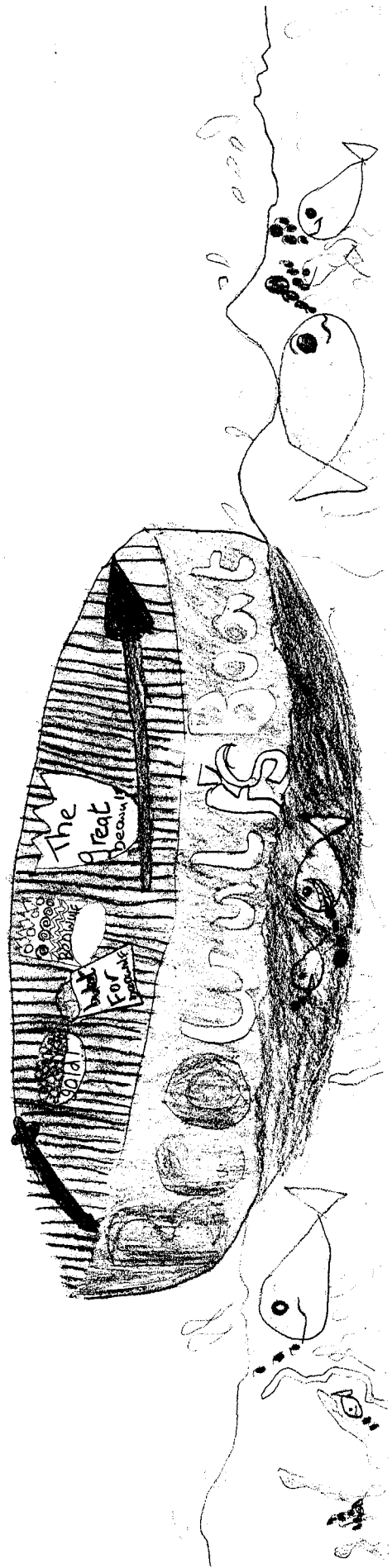
Everyone watched him at his funeral. Alfred is Beowulf's best friend I will thank him.

People were singing for him. People brought him gifts to show how special and brave he was. I can hear voices, voices talking how brave he was. I am very lucky to have him.

I feel the wind whispering on me it sounds like Beowulf's voice saying *thankyou*.

The smell of the ocean smells like ^{grassy} Salt & Coed cooked with Spring onion.

When he died I felt it really hurt and sad. I really think he was brave!



Beowulf's Funeral

My name is Alfred. I am the lord Beowulf's friend and servant x
servant. I've got his shield it is shiny it is gold and it the
best shield I've saw and its expensive. He has got a sword
that I've never seen before its beautiful and its full of jewels,
I put his ship and he floated away. Then he sunk and
pushed the helmet on his chest and we all
drowned.

