

Descriptive Writing:  
My Meadhall Hall

Wednesday 2<sup>nd</sup> October

From the outside, the mead hall towers over you, like a giant, its massive, bolted doors opening up to greet you. The faint sound of a trickling stream nearby, filled my ears with joy, as I slowly took a step towards the greatest mead hall of all time. ~~I gent~~ Gently, I touched the wooden handle. Soft. Cold. I let myself in, leaving the crisp, cool air, and the starry night sky behind me.

As I entered, the warmth of the massive room <sup>shocked me and</sup> ~~crawled from my eyes,~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~over my scalp and down~~ <sup>crawled</sup> ~~my neck and tickled~~ down my spine. Fires lit fires crackled and sizzled around the wooden walls, and banners of all different colours hung from the ceiling. People of all ages gathered in the bustling crowd. Noises of laughter and clinking of glasses <sup>filled the air and</sup> seeped into the timber walls. The magnificent, intricate throne stood proudly at the end of the mead hall, the king sitting in it, observing those who enter. Tables were laid all along the sides of the walls, bursting with good ~~z~~: Pizza, chips, salads, chicken, beer, cakes, jellies. Like the walls, the ~~&~~ benches were made from wooden ~~slab~~ oak and timber.

As the night grew <sup>Nice!</sup> older and darker, people began to ~~to~~ push the tables right to the edges of the hall, and lay animal fur down to sleep on.

(2m)

Beautifully and accurately crafted.  
Next time, use the semicolon and/or the colon.

2/10/24