

Ethelred the Untidy

Chapter 1: Ethelred the Untidy

Ethelred coughed and woke up. His axe had fallen over and made a loud noise on his old, empty, hollowed out horns, which were lying around like felled trees. Old newspapers from years ago with headlines like 'Ethelred The Untidy Invades England', and 'World's First Newspaper Will Be Invented in 4 Weeks', were scattered all over the floor. The rug was the colour of despair and let off a pungent smell like old pants in a toilet used by my dad. In his wardrobe were scruffy, bloodstained, bear-bitten clothes. His limbless teddys were laying on his unmade bed. When I say unmade, I don't mean that the sheet wasn't put back on the bed, he didn't have a sheet in the first place, nor a bed. He just slept on his pet bear in the corner on a pile of sticks.

Ethelred had a scruffy, long, black beard and a pair of brown, hazel eyes which were the epitome of desperation. His furry, reindeer skin coat looked as though it had belonged to fifty-eight other Vikings before, actually it probably did because he bought it on eBay even though it wasn't a thing back then. His crooked nose looked as though it could have been in eighty-six fist fights. His eyebrows were like bushes growing just above his eyes.

Anyway, I could be here all day describing his appearance, so let's get to the story.

"Ethelred, go and tidy your bedroom" came Mummy Martha's shrill voice. "Mum," called Ethelred, "The Saxons are attacking. They want our land. We totally didn't take it off them first." He moaned, "Anyway, I'm 'onna fight in this battle, and there's nothing you can do to stop me!" he yelled as he ran off with his axe to the battle, which was literally a meter away. "Teenagers." Muttered Mummy Martha "I'm 23 Mum!" shouted back Ethelred.

Chapter Two: The Battle

Slash. Bash. Crash. The swords, axes and shields clashed. Squelch. Squeeze. Squash. People fell like skittles. Splat. Ethelred found his thumb on the floor. "Aw, my thumb. That was my favourite thumb. It was a brilliant thumb. Oh well." He said and he left the battle. What was the point in chapter two?! "Sorry, I lost my thumb" said Ethelred angrily. A likely story I can't believe I wasted 50 words on you I'm so disappointed. "I don't care!" said Ethelred. Now I've wasted 85!

Chapter 3: (got lost in Ethelred's room :()

Chapter 4: No Sympathy

"Are you going to tidy your room now?" Asked Mummy Martha.

"No, I lost my thumb, my favourite thumb." Said Ethelred gloomily.

"I told you not to fight." She said.

"I know." He said.

"If you needed your thumb to tidy up, you shouldn't have fought!" She said

"Can you help me?" He asked

"No! It's not my fault you lost your thumb." She replied

"Ughhh, Okay." He said, trudging to his room, going to lie on his bear.