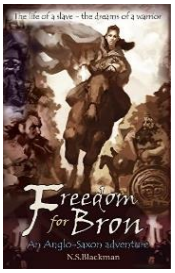
Copy out this extract from ‘Freedom for Bron’ in your best handwriting.



abcdefghijklmnopqurstuvwxyz

“Wait!” he bellowed. “I’m not here to fight!” But the second rider came on, swinging a sword at him. Beogard staggered backwards, blocking the steel. Before the horseman could strike again, Beogard smashed his fist up into the warrior’s helmet and knocked him clean from his horse.

A third man attacked, and Beogard felled him with another punch. Then a fourth rider came on, and another behind.

Now he was surrounded. The three young Saxons ran to help him, hurling their spears. But even as they did so, the fallen Jute leader scrambled onto his horse again. He kicked it forwards, now coming from behind, and thundered his sword down onto Beogard’s shield. The shield splintered and the old warrior fell to the ground beneath the rearing horse.