The fight scene!

By Lucie

 Tension built up like bricks as Hord and Torak circled each other similar to prey and predator, looking for an opportunity to pounce. The fire crackling and broth bubbling was the only sound heard. The atmosphere of hate surrounded the dark, gloomy forest. The water from the pail stood alone, feeling as dull as the smoky black sky which used to be lovely and blue.

“Are you ready to get beaten?” chuckled Hord, trying to intimidate Torak.

Torak didn’t respond. He was starting to feel regret.

“Why did I decide to do this?” thought Torak.

“Remember,” boomed Fin-Keddinn. “No use of fire!”

The breeze was turning into a horrible atmosphere that nobody would have liked to be in.

“Is this really happening?” whispered Torak, trying not to show any signs of fear.

 All living animals went into hiding as they knew the fight was going to be tough. Waiting for him to attack, Hord decided to lunge at Torak with his spear.

“What a stupid little outcast!” snickered Hord, trying to stab Torak.

 “Do you really think you could beat me?”

“Actually, I think I can!” replied Torak, sounding quite unsure of what he was saying.

 Feeling nervous, Torak tried to attack Hord and he was able to knock Hord’s spear out of his hand. Sweat was dripping down Hord’s forehead like a waterfall but he was determined not to get beaten by this puny little boy. As Torak glared at the bubbling, steamy, cooking broth, he remembered that he couldn’t use fire but his idea that he had previously thought of an idea that could possibly work. The crowd was glued on the two fighters and there was no going back now.

“Your clan must be so embarrassed to have you be a part of their clan! Your father must have been a weakling!” laughed Hord

“Don’t talk about my dead father!” screamed Torak, trying not to cry.

 Pretending he needed to have some water, Torak pushed over the boiling broth pot, sending hot steam cascading around Hord’s body, making him fall on the rocky, muddy ground.

 “ARGHH!! MY PRECIOUS EYES!” screeched Hord, rolling around on the floor in pain.

The crowd stood motionless and Torak had a feeling that he knew Fa would be proud. Just to end the fight, Torak stabbed Hord’s wrist and pinned him down to the ground.

“You’re a cheat!” the crowd chanted as Torak let go of Hord.

“Listen, he won!” bellowed Finn-Keddin, putting a hand on Torak’s shoulder.

 “Just you wait!” shouted Hord, trying not to cry. “I will find you and finish this off you dirty little rat!”

 But when Hord turned around to check if he was there, Torak and Wolf had vanished into the dark, mysterious night.