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Writing Focus: Character description

The Minotaur. The monstrous Minotaur.  
It's dagger like horns firmly attached  
to it's heavy skull creating the perfect  
weapon to attack his horrified victims,  
or as we know them human beings.

As he lurks round his labryth you  
will hear him grunting, gnarling  
impatiently awaiting the arrival of well  
you know what.

If you were to touch his hairy,  
muscular chest (Not that you ever could  
you would probably die of nausea  
due to his incredible stench) you  
would feel the very heart-beat keeping  
him alive.

As it plods round the labryth it's  
stiff claws scraping the walls blood

Grace McGrail

from left-over meals gathers in the  
As I mentioned before having no samurai  
and being half bull do NOT mix well  
the minotaur is like a living, grunting  
stink-bomb.

Just by looking at him you can tell  
he is merciless.