

## Conflict



However, as the feast continued, the more the demon roused. Finally - as Hrothgar turned in for the night in his own grand house - the monster awoke. Writting from his dark pit, he lumbered quick, yet his strides were furtive as he stole out of his resting place. The sound which he had endured - the sound of human happiness - had ceased, signalling to the hairy, dirty, huge brute that the calm, forsaken hall was slumbering. A ghostly, low howling was the only sound he emitted, but this was still enough to wake the one fortunate soul, still avoiding the terror - Magnus. His house was a reed-chatched wooden hut, raised from the fen surface on a ramshackle platform, supported by several thick stakes. Magnus woke panting, the passing friend blotting out the light of the moon from several cracks in the walls of Magnus' humble abode.

The monster was a black mass of fur and his long yellowed claws radiated in the winking light of the crescent moon. Green saliva dribbled down his hidden face, shining in the black darkness. Finally, he parted through the trees. He had arrived at Heorot!

By Harry Shanahan





## The evening of a feast

Magnus arrived at the village and dropped on the stone steps. Looking desperately up at the thanes, Magnus said, "Terror is coming!"

Hrothgar turned as Magnus spoke, and lookers stopped in their tracks. "No!"

he called in response. Breathless, Magnus continued, "A creature in darkness

near, who hates the smell of human happiness." He pointed back in

terror pleading, "I have heard its sound."

By cianan olds





## Battle of the Beast

Beowulf talked to Hrothgar about defeating the slimy Grendel and Hrothgar the Mighty agreed. Hrothgar offered a feast to Beowulf and whilst they were feasting Ungerth had a temper. He shouted and said he was more powerful than Beowulf. Beowulf thanked him and told him would you like to join me whilst I fight Grendel? Ungerth slowly backed down and groused.

"Hahahahaha!" The queen laughed and the fight was broken up.

"May the heavens be with you Beowulf." The queen told him. Beowulf had thrown his sword to a local dog.

"This creature knows no weapon, nor will I." Beowulf exclaimed to everyone.

Later that night the prowler arrived at the Heorot doors and they were destroyed. Beowulf had been sitting down on a bench and Grendel was raging. Grendel's arm reached out to Beowulf and Beowulf dodged the attack. Beowulf was then caught in Grendel's arm. Closing his eyes, Beowulf tore Grendel's arm off. Suddenly Grendel fled and was not seen again.



By Jack Tunmore



## The Hall Heorot

Many a magnificent myth has been told about the Kings of Danes, in ancient times, but none as strong and mighty as Hrothgar. Dressed in the finest of fur coats, and gold chains, He stood majestically gazing at his environment. His biggest achievement, Heorot, was a grand hall situated on a hill, by trees built by Hrothgar himself. Heorot was built with the finest of thatch, Denmark had to offer and stone freshly dug from a cave.

Hrothgar was a strong and powerful king everyone looked up to him as he was friendly and generous. Everyone was ready and hungry for the feast, they were all excited about spending quality time with each other and eating luxurious food everything seemed to be fine.

By Matt Perkins





## A Stirring Beast

At the dead of night, a monster was lying in the mysty marshes, and stirred. It rose up hearing the sound of joy and happiness; it past a house, unlike the ones near Heorot, it stood on thin oak pillars, with a thatched roof and with the air of a shack uninhabited. As the creature strode past Magnus awoke and gave a little squeal of terror. It strode on, over bushes, over hills, up to Heorot. He stepped up to the door and swung a dead, rotting hand towards it, smashing it open.

By Charlie Saunders





## The Misted Marshes

As the feasting and enjoyment carried on in Heorot, a few miles away in a misty marsh, the ambience was dark and lifeless. Something was watching, waiting, watching the mist rise as the dead, bent trees stood there waiting for company and the crows flew in worry. A desolate tree was stood high proudly on a rock with a few dark, scared crows waiting to make the next move as the growl of something grew louder. Another object was watching the mist now fall, it was Mognrus a poor Dane's brother, he was poor too he was fishing for his tea in the unclean water. He had just caught a fish with his spear, noise like a rumble came straight to his ear was this meant for me he thought. He dropped his spear in shock and despair. In desperation he fled away, away from any water to the nearest grassland and somewhere. As he had news. Bystanders had no idea where this man was going but he wouldn't stop.

Running, in fact sprinting, Mognrus was thinking about where he would arrive, Heorot, he dropped to his knees in despair. His tattered clothes drew people in, his hands were on his head.

"In devastation, Mognrus, trembling, announced, "Terror is coming!"

By Benito





## The Hall of Heorot

Many a wondrous myth has been re-told of the kings of the Danes in ages past, but none of them so brave or vigorous as Hrothgar the mighty. Dressed head to toe in the finest clothes made from only the best silks and furs, he stood and scanned his surroundings. Heorot was his greatest achievement: a huge, grand feasting hall that he and his men built with their own bare hands. They built this bold hall on top of a colossal hill in case of an enemy attack. This huge hall was constructed with the finest rock and timber that Denmark had to offer, which created a warm and friendly welcoming.

King Hrothgar himself was not only a ferocious and powerful man, but also a generous and kind man which made him one of the most respected men across the land. He regularly laid on delicious feasts and banquets, but it was on one of these events that it took a turn for the worse.

By Tom Sandynwell





## Misted Marshes

Not everywhere was as merry as Heorot. Down in the marshes, an eerie gloom cast over the boggy ground. Rattling the bare, dead trees, was a low grumble. The moors were empty and lifeless. On a steep pit, stood an isolated tree with rotting branches. A little further in, Magnus, a fisherman, was catching his supper. With a fright, he dropped his fish because he heard groan. Running through the brambles, the mud and the swampy land - was Magnus. He had news. He was determined to get where he needed to be.

Dropping down on the stone steps of Heorot, Magnus trembled with fear.

"Terror is coming!" quivered Magnus, shaking with terror. Turning around to see who was speaking, Hrothgar was shocked to Magnus so scared.

"Ho!" he responded. Hrothgar and his friend carried on mumbling together until Magnus continued.

"A creature dwells in darkness near, who hates the smell of human happiness," cried Magnus, "I have heard its sound." Everyone was listening to him pleading. Ungerth looked down at him rolling his eyes and adjusting his belt. He thought Magnus was telling tales.

By Millie







## The Hall of Heorot

Many a-~~numerous~~ tales have been told of the glory of the Danish Kings in ages past, though none as brave nor as great as Hrothgar - the mighty. He was dressed head to toe in a magnificent fur cloak, held up by golden, glimmering broaches held together with a thick chain of gold. He stood on the deck of his grand ship, turning his head slowly and contemplating through his heavily bagged eyes at his surroundings, which were being harshly bashed by the raging waves of white, salty foam. His most prized possession was stood, proud on top of the tallest hill Denmark had to offer: Heorot, he named it, built by his own bare hands and his men. It had broad, bold wooden doors to welcome everyone inside. An emblem of a stag's head was placed at the top of the thatched roof that provided a warm gathering place inside. Its walls were made of stone, which was carved to make a structure of a tree. Heorot was used as a feasting hall.

By Maddy



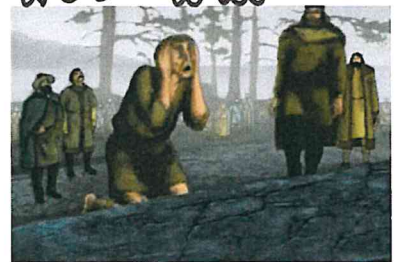


## The Approach of Grendel

Far off in the Bogs of The West, Unaware to the Thanes, an ancient creature had been roused by Heorot. Slowly, it rose out of the pit it had slumbered in for so long and began its long journey to the great hall. Using stealth, it crept up to Heorot, it would not rest until the building had been razed to the ground.

Maddened with rage, it shattered the door making splinters of wood impale tapestries and jugs. A long snaky hand reached out and grabbed the screaming men. Pots flew into the air blown over by wind. Mead and wine lay on the floor like a sign of death. The next night and the next brought horrors anew. Grim and greedy as it took them from their beds 30 warriors and it was gone. Against Hrothgar Grendel could not rise though the monster became ruler!

Warm fires flickered around Heorot, casting a friendly, welcoming feel. Food and mead was passed around, while the intoxicating smell of the Hog roast spread across the hall. Songs and tales were told while food was eaten.



By James B.



## Beowulf Versus Grendel

The night stalker came, in a silent night which was about to be broken. Grendel came ready to ruin and wreck Heorot even more, which was just rededicated by a few of Hrothgar's well trained warriors. Beowulf was waiting in the great old hall waiting, waiting for the expected terror. Suddenly, the wooden doors crashed open and a torrent of wind raged in and knocked over all sorts of things including the brave warrior from the Geats; Beowulf. Then Grendel appeared in the door's frame ready to face Beowulf. Together they fought in a surreal scene. Grendel reached out for Beowulf, but with his amazing agility he moved out of the way in time and then pounced at Grendel. He grappled Beowulf on the neck but he manages to escape from Grendel's strong grip and tears Grendel's arm in two. The monster stumbled out and returned to his watery grave. In the morning, Beowulf revisited Heorot as a hero and hanged up Grendel's fearsome claw as a reminder for the gruesome battle.

By Elliot





## Meriless Awakening

A deathbringing creature woke meriless, on the approach the night prowler slumped with rage and anger, as the echoing happiness faded but did not die; the determined ferocity of the beast ascended to Heorot - a great hall. The slumbering warriors in the hall were completely oblivious to the poltergeist which drew near in a grim and sinister manner during the full-moon night. The murder maddened with rage stretched out its menacing claw of destruction and terrorised Hrothgar's men. The creature splintered open the door and snatched thirty warriors and was gone. The beast left a wave of destruction and death. The shadow of death loomed over the valley.

Even against Hrothgar the night prowler could not triumph. For twelve twisted and dark winters... Grendel still ruled almighty.

## Light of Help

The once glory rich hall of Heorot, was now ramshackle and lifeless, had an old enemy visitor - Beowulf, Hrothgar set aside their onle fought wars between each other (to defeat the night prowler). The hall was warm and blessed in the golden light of hope and help. Beowulf almost redeemed Heorot of a new (life of) favourable reassurance that Grendel would end soon. The darkest nights would stop. Unferth grumbled about the boastful warrior - who claimed he could save the Danks.

By Sam Howarth  
Year 6





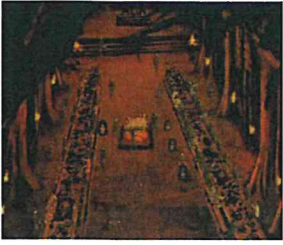
## The Hall of Heorot.

Numerous and wonderful tales have been told of the heroic Kings of the Danes in and out of the centuries, but nobody was as valiant or as bold as Hrothgar - the great. Dressed in luxurious leather and glimmering gold clothes, Hrothgar watched in peace. His building that proudly stood over Heorot had a vantage point, this was to help them if they were being attacked. The structure, that was all made out of wood with a roof of thatch, was very imposing.

Hrothgar, who was the most powerful King in all of the land was the most generous person anyone with ever meet: everybody in the small village of Heorot looked up to him. He gave them everything they wanted. Everything was going as it should, everyone was about to enjoy a great day. Hrothgar's subjects were about to enjoy an amazing feast, until.

By Mikey Dempsey.





## The Battle of Freedom

Out came the night predator, from the swamps, roaring at the sound of happiness and music. It prowled through the marshes, silencing any living creature in its way. Meanwhile, back at Heorot, the feast was coming to a close, but people were still looking at Beowulf who, in full awareness of what he was doing, unstrapped his sword and threw it away, and said "The creature knows no weapon, nor will I, we'll fight without." The people looked at him aghast, but before anyone could speak, the door was smashed open, and there Grendel stood. A gush of wind washed in and everyone was either knocked or they shot across the room. Beowulf looked up in terror at Grendel, who swung a fist at him and grabbed his neck. Beowulf struggled helplessly but found a grip on Grendel's arm and pulled. Limb was lost, Grendel dejected and, raging, furiously, he sank back to his watery dungeon to rest for all eternity. The dead end arm hung on silver chains, limp and dark, as a memory of freedom.

By Charlie Saunders





## The Approach of Grendal

That night, when everyone was asleep, a monster from its lair, who couldn't rest until he had wrecked all happiness. He got up from a pit in the misted marshes and started his journey to Heorot. Far off in the misted marshes stood a little hut which had Magnus in it sleeping. The roof was out of straw. His bed was just straw. He suddenly then woke up out of breath, after hearing the monster.

The monster was black and green, slimy and ghost looking. All was calm, dusk and silent over Heorot until a shadow casted over the great hall of Heorot. The monster suddenly boomed into the Hall with no warning at all, the Thanes cowered back as the monster grabbed them. This happened right after night for twelve long and dark winters. When he busted in, the power smashed plates. Thirty warriors and he was gone, they tried to barricade the doors however, it didn't work.

He would never attack Hrothgar, Grendal soon became ruler.

By Rufus Roe





# BEOWULF VERSUS GRENDEL

AS all the other citizens slept, Beowulf sat on the bench, fighting to stay awake. Then, suddenly there was a great BANG! AS the doors smashed and a torrent of wind sent Beowulf flailing, he scrambled to his feet as Grendel's shadow loomed over him. Beowulf took a deep breath and then leapt at Grendel, a deadly dance of death had begun. Grendel grabbed him, and slung him across the room, his arm smashed against the wall and he heard something crack. The pain was overwhelming and he just managed to scramble out of the way as a huge slimy fist smashed into the wall behind him, making it crumble. Beowulf lunged, dodging snipes from Grendel's clawed hands and diving out of the way of galling debris. If he didn't defeat this fiend soon, then the hall could be reduced to rubble! He had to do it, he had to stop Grendel... Beowulf tripped over a stone and he felt Grendel grab him. Beowulf was helpless, he struggled in Grendel's grip. The beast was squeezing his throat now and he felt the life draining out of him, all the blood went to his head and his body went limp. No! Beowulf thought, he couldn't die like this, not now, he'd come so far! With one last effort, he wrenched himself free. He stood up to Grendel, Grendel moved forwards and Beowulf dodged and yanked with all his might on Grendel's arm. The arm was wrenched from its socket and life was torn away from Grendel along with it.

From that day on, the arm of Grendel hung on a wall, as a reminder of all the people who had lost their lives fighting the beast, and of Beowulf, the great hero who finally defeated him.

By Tom W







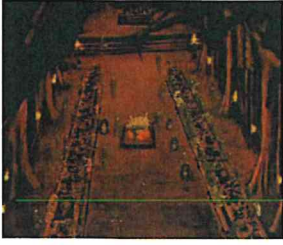
## The Hall of Heort.

Many a splendid myth has been told of the mighty Kings of the Danes, but none of which as triumphant as Hrothgar - the builder of Heort. Dressed all over in the most expensive of furs, Hrothgar stood like a statue as though scanning his surroundings and straightening his gold headdress engraved with silver diamonds. Heort was a great hall, stood bravely on the top of a magnificent hill, made out of grand stone with a tree printed into it, looking over the small fields and huts, it had a thatched roof and looked its nose at anybody poorer than its builder. Hrothgar was a very generous ruler because he was his villagers and he welcomed them, he built Heort as a place for excitement and a place to gather. As Hrothgar welcomed the Thanes, everybody chattered, somehow Hrothgar thought that this chattering didn't sound like the normal rumble of excitement.

By Eric.



# Beowulf Versus Grendel



The hall became a place of joy and warmth once again. Fires were lit, spreading an orange glow over the walls, with music all round. Beowulf sat with Hrothgar and the queen, chatting and laughing, and being given toast after toast after toast by the king. Everybody was gilled with joy. Except for Ungerth. He sat with his head down, drumming a steady rhythm into the solid oak table. He just sat there and drummed that steady rhythm, his anger bubbling and boiling until he couldn't take it any more. He leapt up, one foot on the table, shouting. "Beowulf. The braggot!" he continued to scream as the whole hall went quiet. Then Beowulf stood up, forced a smile onto his face and casually walked over to Ungerth. "Would you like to help me then, friend?" he said. And in that moment his face went pale. It was the first time ever that anyone had seen true gear shown on the warrior's face. Soon the hall was gilled with laughter once again, and all of it was aimed at Ungerth. Then the queen stood up and gave thanks for Beowulf's true bravery, and shot a look at Ungerth. But then the Great Warrior did something truly brave. He threw down his sword and said: "This monster wields no weapon, so nor will I. We'll fight without."

That night, when all the men were asleep, Beowulf sat on one of the long benches, waiting for the monster to arrive. But it was stealthy. It bypassed the barriers silently and with ease. Then he smashed the door in, awakening the slumbering warriors and a gust of wind threw him off his feet, taking all the crockery with it. He looked up just in time to see that green, slimy gist racing towards him. He rolled to the side and got up just in time to see the floor crack with the impact of it. So the monster sent his other gist towards him, and Beowulf rushed towards it. Grendel then grabbed him





by the neck and he was held in the air, kicking and struggling for breath, until he grabbed his arm and pulled it clean off. The monster had finally met his match, and so he ran off to his weed shroud grave.

By Dylan





## The Approach of Grendel

A shadow of a dark and gloomy silhouette was approaching Heorot. Slithering through the shadows, it (the monster) came to the ragged fence - that it had crashed through many times before. Its eyes glowed a greeny-yellow tramped through the Marshes. Its shadow a dark and gloomy patch as it strode stately across to the hall of Heorot (the shadow made the hall look haunted and spooky). Then the creature's huge claw punched through the tall oak doors and gleamy and grabbed 30 men out of their ragged beds - one by one. That wasn't the end of it - for 12 long, dark winters the creature came back every night. No-one was brave enough to stop him no-one not even Hrothgar the mighty.

By Phoebe





## The Misted Marshes

Whilst the Thanes happily carried on feasting, down in the dark depths of the misted marshes. An eerie silence was floating among the dead trees, the moors a dark and dead place, where no known life stood - but that could be about to change. One lonely tree stood, losing life, a few cawing crows perched on top of the old tree who were deciding their next move. A few miles in, Magnus, an old fisherman could be seen fishing in the swampy waters got lucky - fish got his supper. The second he caught his fish a low, rasping groan alerted him, he dropped his supper. Then he ran. He turned round and fled, he fled through the sodder ground, panicking. He carried on running towards dry land, thinking what he would say, to whoever that could be. Desperately, trying not to slow down, he ran with urgency, like his life depended on it.

Magnus reached his destination, heavily dropping down to his knees onto the cold, cobbled stones before the mighty Hrothgar. "Terror is coming!" cried Magnus in fear, grasping his hands on his head.

"Ho!" called Hrothgar, as he turned round to see who was disturbing his banquet. Even though Magnus was breathless he could just about splutter the words "A creature dwells in darkness near who helps the souls of human happiness," he cried, indicating to the East where the misted marshes lay, "I have heard its sound." he finished. A thane, known by the name of Ungerth decided to intervene, "More idle tales!" he shouted in anger as he strode towards the trembling Magnus.

By Maisie Frith





## The Hall Of Heorot.

Numerous legends had been told of the daring voyages and travels of the past Kings of the Danes. Though none were a match for Hrothgar the mighty. He stood at the stern of the boat dressed in the most luxurious winter furs and garments, scanning his surroundings with his winter coat, which was pinned together, with a gold embroidered pin, around his neck it swayed in the wind. His favourite success was his grand hall-Heorot. It perched proudly on the brim of a hill top, looking over the subject's houses and the freshly grown fields of crops. It was constructed with cobbled stones and a wooden thatched roof.

By Sasie Hamilton





## The Approach of Grendel

His muddy, grimy hole shook as he roused himself from slumber. The huge, bulky body glided stealthily with rage - he was a hater of human happiness. The men at Heorot had no idea that this monster was around. All was peaceful and quiet in there and the doors got closed, shutting out the warm glow that reflected outside.





## Beowulf vs Grendel.

"I thank Unferth for his bold opinions," Beowulf said, walking towards Unferth, "I suggest he has more Mead, fill his hoard, and wag his tongue at Grendel."

Beowulf put the Mead jar on the table, Unferth immediately retracted. The hall was tense as a silence descended. Then the Queen laughed and soon everyone was in tears with happiness. The Queen said, looking at Unferth, "I thank the heavens for true bravery."

Beowulf took out his sword and threw it to one side, "This creature knows no weapon, nor will I; we'll play without, let the heavens judge."

Slipping through the shadows came the night prowler. Soon Grendel's shadow came to rest at Heorot's door. Beowulf sat on a wooden bench, but was blown off his feet as the door shattered at the fist of Grendel. A angry torrent blew all cockery away. Beowulf stood his ground, then Grendel stretched out, but grasped only air. Then Beowulf lunged. Grendel and Beowulf grappled in the gloom. Suddenly, Grendel's arm outwards grabs Beowulf tight. Beowulf tries to loosen his grip, and succeeds. Beowulf then tears Grendel's arm out of his socket. The Monster slunk back, his arm blown back by his anger. Beowulf ran to the Stone Steps, searching for Grendel. He was gone. He went back to his home, and watery grave.







The next morning, the arm of Grendel hung from a chain as a memorial for the twelve years of Misery. But now the misery was over.

By Matthew B





## The Battle of Heorot

Ungenth was pulled to his seat by another thane, but maintained his loathsome glare at Beowulf.

"I thank my friend Ungenth for his bold opinions, made with the aid of a little too much mead," remarked Beowulf. "Here," he grabbed a jar of mead, "have some more."

There was a tense silence in the hall—then laughter. The whole hall was laughing at Ungenth. The Queen then thanked the lord above for true bravery, almost as if she was mocking Ungenth. After the feast the king gave one last toast, and with that Beowulf turned and tossed his sword—scabbard and all—away. "This creature knows no weapon, nor will I," with that he turned and headed into the moonlight, "let the heavens judge."

As stealthy as a shadow, stalking the night, Grendel the night prowler crept through the glistening, gey gilled ferns. It advanced up the hill—seen by none. It crumbled the defenses underfoot and unleashed its wrath on Heorot. Grendel burst through the old door, after his quarry. No iron could harm this beast, nor any arrow pierce its slimy green skin. Men and tables went flying alike. The looming shadow spotted Beowulf and reached out a knarled, gruesome hand to grasp him. In the nick of time, Beowulf leapt out the way and the clawed hand smashed into the stone floor of the hall, where Beowulf had been standing moments before. The monster straightened up and lumbered towards Beowulf.





Grendel and Beowulf fought with fierce ferocity. Beowulf was thrown against a wall then the evil beast moved in for the kill. It wrapped its long arm around Beowulf's neck. It intended to strangle him! In one last move Beowulf ripped the monster's arm off its body. He collapsed on the floor, gasping for breath. Grendel disappeared to his weed ~~strewed~~ watery grave. Never to be seen again. Meriment existed at Heorot once more. The arm of Grendel hung outside the Hall of Heorot. Beowulf was a hero.

By Benjamin





## Beowulf Versus Grendel

Feasting in Heorot, Singing songs, Heorot was warm yet dark with an enchanting orange glow. Hrothgar welcomed Beowulf and made a toast,

"Beowulf of the Geats." Hrothgar said. Ungerth disliked Beowulf because of his tales.

Beowulf the, BRAGGAR!" shouted Ungerth while drinking his mead and catching Beowulf's attention. "He thinks he is the best." He finished "Thank you friend for your bold opinions." Beowulf said "Drink more mead and then speak to the monster," he spoke on. All was silent until the Queen broke into laughter and everyone else started to laugh as well. "I just thank the lord for true bravery." she said, Ungerth got embarrassed. Beowulf gave up his sword.

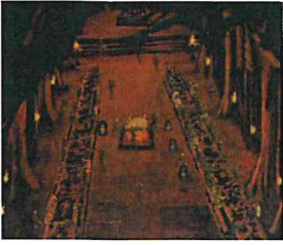
"This creature knows no weapon, nor will I," he announced.

"Let the heavens judge." He finished.

That night, Grendel came to Heorot. He smashed the door down, again, knocking Beowulf. Beowulf got to his feet, no sword could hurt Grendel. The monster reached out at Beowulf, but he dodged it leaving Grendel to punch the floor of Heorot. Together they fought in a surreal, watery scene, Grendel got hold of Beowulf, who used all his energy to break free. Then out of nowhere Beowulf ripped the arm off Grendel then he ran off. Beowulf followed but no sign of Grendel. Beowulf had won!! The arm was hung up on a wall and Beowulf went home.

By Jack Saunders





## Beowulf Versus Grendel

Beowulf continued to walk towards Unferth, Beowulf offered more mead saying,

"Have some more mead and open your word hole at Grendel!" Unferth backed down miserably, he had been beaten. A long eerie silence followed, no-one spoke, nobody moved. Suddenly, the Queen laughed to break the tension, so as she was the Queen everyone else laughed and as soon as it had ended, joy and fun was back, for everyone but Unferth, who was sat on his own sulking. The Queen spoke,

"I thank heaven for true bravery," she then glanced towards Unferth as if to say he was never brave, "and I hope he will show what us Danes are made of. He has my luck." she finished. Everyone's eyes flickered towards Beowulf. He was centre of attention, everyone's dream to be, Beowulf paced from side to side. He suddenly stopped, Beowulf took his sword from his scabbard explaining, "this creature knows no weapon," he said looking outside, "nor will I. We'll play without, let the heavens judge."

Grendel approached Heorot, a green mist hung in the air, the night prowler crept with stealth, the crunch of the grass could be heard. Beowulf waited, Boom! The door was obliterated, nothing was left, everything went flying, Beowulf was glung back. Grendel stood there, saliva collecting at his feet, before Beowulf could get up Grendel attacked, his long arm stretching at Beowulf.





Beowulf dodged and Grendel's arm grasped thin air. Beowulf lunged seizing his chance, the fight continued in a surreal scene. Grendel's arm spraked towards Beowulf grabbing him in a strong hold, Beowulf struggled and clutched his throat. Beowulf twisted and withered, he tugged at the arm with all his strength. Snap! The monster was mangled and Grendel met his doom. Grendel retreated, under his need shroud, watery grave. Beowulf had won. The Danes hung the arm above, as a trophy, a warning for attacking armies.

By George Pierpoint





## Beowulf Vurses Grendel

The feasting hall was warm and calm, as if that when Beowulf arrived at the hall, it just sprung right back to life. Everybody sat calmly drinking mead and feasting freely. Then, suddenly out of the blue, Unferth stood up, took a deep breath and shouted "Beowulf" "Beowulf the braggart" "What more can he do than we have already done?!" Everyone turned and looked at Beowulf, "I thank my friend Unferth for his honest remarks" said Beowulf calmly "May I offer you some mead for bravery, as you are clearly more capable than me and could clearly fight Grendel with your words much better than I could with my strength?!" asked Beowulf. Unferth sat down grumpily and hid his face. There was silence in the hall for a moment, until the Queen laughed nervously trying to break the tension in the room. Then more and more people began laughing to, and there was happiness in ~~Heorot~~ Heorot once again.

"I thank the heavens for this true act of bravery?" said the Queen  
"Thank you my Queen, but I do believe that you must leave as Grendel will be approaching soon" said Beowulf.

"Very well then, we shall go," said the Queen "we wish you the best of luck."

"Thank you your majesty and may you rest well."

As night fell, Grendel slowly approached Heorot ready to finish his daily routine. Grendel's shadow loomed over Heorot preparing to kill. Grendel burst through the patched oak doors smashing all the crockery and sending everyone flying, including Beowulf. The battle had begun! Grendel's arm lashed out at Beowulf, trying to grab him. However, Beowulf was an





advanced warrior and managed to dodge the attack easily. Then Beowulf rushed at Grendel into his slimy body. Beowulf scrambled up Grendel's body up to his arm, and with his almighty strength, ripped Grendel's arm right out of his body. Grendel vanished immediately back to his weed shroud grave where he was left to die. Grendel's arm was then hung above Heorot as a reminder of all the warriors Grendel killed in the horrific event.

By Tom B







## The Misted Marshes

While joy and laughter carried on in Heorot, the Marshes lay forgotten. A gloomy mist echoed over the lifeless trees, boggy water layed unbroken. There was no joy there, none at all. In fact, all that could be heard was a low distant grumble, or the squawk of the jet black crows. Trees were rotting, for there was no clear water to be seen. There stood a lonely tree, which was where something lurked... watching... watching. The crows fled, as if the tree shook them off. A little further up the Marshes, was a poor man, stood knee high in swampy water, his name was Magnus. He had a dirty face and ripped brown rags. After a long time for fishing his dinner, he finally speared a fish. Suddenly, a low rum occurred, horror appeared on his face. Whilst panicking, he ran in a apparant. He ran on wet to dry ground. Whilst, if anyone were to watch him, where he is going, no one would know. It was clear, he had to get there before it does. He, had important news.

By Amelia Nelson





## Beowulf versus Grendel

The arrival of Beowulf brought feasting and hope, life was back to Heorot. Hrothgar welcomed all but raised many boasts to Beowulf whom was respected by all except few who grumbled at the enemy. But some stood up - only one was bold enough to speak - Ungarth. Ungarth despised Beowulf and announced, "Beowulf the brought to" and that he only came for food, praise, gold and mead. However, Beowulf calmly stood up and simply said, "Thank you" and everybody turned their heads to Ungarth, who was completely speechless. "Let my friend Ungarth drink more mead retire your courage and then unleash your fury on Grendel," exclaimed Beowulf. And the still speechless Ungarth, retreated back to his seat to grumble himself. All was tense in the hall from Beowulf's confidence in the argument but suddenly, the Queen laughed, not necessarily in amusement, but just to break the silence. Everybody joined into the laughter, and she made a toast to the heavens and true bravery, and looked over at Ungarth who has now. Beowulf threw his sword into a tray ~~down~~ crowned on the mead benches and said "This creature knows no weapon nor will!" and everyone sees his bravery.

At that very moment, a nightmare creature created by darkness, shifted through the marshes knowing he could never be defeated, and will soon be feasting upon human misery. No sword could slice, no spear could pierce him, his blood will not be spilt. He will end happiness.

By Peter Kemstley

