



Hrothgar: Tell me the worst. How many?

Thane: My Lord...

Hrothgar: How many has the creature killed?

Thane: Thirty, my Lord.

Hrothgar: Thirty.

Thane: Yes, my Lord.

Hrothgar: Now it has attacked once it is sure to return. Make ready for tonight. Build barricades and strengthen the great door. Tell all our thanes to sharpen their swords and dress themselves in armour. When the monster returns we will be ready!

Storyteller: Hrothgar was right. That night Grendel did return. The fighting men of Heorot could hear the monster as he came closer and closer. There was a moment of silence, then suddenly...the great door was once again smashed to pieces.

The Danes fought bravely but their swords and spears could not pierce Grendel's skin.

Grendel: Fools! I am too strong for you! But this is just the start. I will attack again and again!

Storyteller: News of the terrifying creature spread far and wide until it reached Geatland, home of a prince called Beowulf. As soon as Beowulf heard about Grendel he went to his king, Hygelac...



Beowulf: My Lord, every night our friends in Denmark are attacked by this cruel monster. It has to stop! I will sail to Denmark and kill the creature.

Hygelac: Beowulf, you are bravest and the strongest of us all, but even you will be no match for Grendel. If you go Denmark the creature will kill you and we will never see you again. Forget this idea. It's too dangerous.