Axis of Emotion 2b, 2c, 2d

Grendel writhed and thrashed, but Beowulf would not let go. Grendel swiped and slashed, but Beowulf would not let go. The hall shuddered. Benches shattered. But still Beowulf refused to let go.

He grabbed thirty men from their resting place and rushed to his lair. Grendel ruled the night and the great Heorot stood empty for twelve winters.

Each night, the king invited his bravest warriors to a lavish feast of roasted meat, jugs of frothing ale and music for dancing feet. Inside, the men ate and drank until they fell asleep (but outside something evil was rising...)

Long, long ago, Denmark was a wild place. Gruesome monsters roamed the misty moors.

By the next morning the news of the great fight at Heorot had spread throughout the land. So that everyone should know that the tyrant was truly dead and their grief finally at an end.