WAGOLL – Part 3

As darkness swallowed the light, the swamp bubbled and Grendel rose. Grisly, grim and gruesome- no one word could describe this brute. Beowulf crouched in the shadows, his steely eyes fixed on the murdering monster. Without a weapon, Beowulf pounced, grasping the monster’s arm. 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 tugged the monster’s arm...and tore it from its body. Roaring in pain, the monster smashed through the walls and charged into the night, staggering across the moor. Beowulf stood holding the monster’s arm; he knew the monster would bleed to death. Grendel was defeated.

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, the hero hung high in the gables of Heorot, where all could see, that whole torn-off limb, shoulder, arm and hand, gruesome witness to the monster’s violent end.