**WAGOLL – part 2**

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...)

Across the moor, a foul monster crawled from a swamp. Greedy and ghastly, it had claws like knives, burning eyes and an unholy stench. Suddenly, the God-cursed brute was creating havoc: 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.

News of this dreadful tragedy spread far and wide to all the princes of different lands. But only one of them, the greatest and bravest- Beowulf he was called- decided this night-beast must be stopped. Aboard a seaworthy ship he sailed the seal-bath to Denmark with fourteen handpicked warriors. When Beowulf arrived, sudden hope warmed the old king’s heart. Together they feasted until night fell.