Beowulf Phrase sheet from version by Michael Morpurgo

Outside the walls of Heorot in the dim and dark, there stalked an enemy from hell itself, the monster Grendel, sworn enemy of God and men alike…

Grendle comes to attack

Thirty lords he murdered in his bloodlust, as savage and swift in his death-dealing as a maddened fox in a chicken hut.

Again and again he came to his killing ground, always unseen in the black of night.

Brave and noble Beowulf comes from Geatland (Sweden)to help

..they rowed their sturdy warship , and set sail for Denmark, riding the wind-whipped waves over the sea.

(Hrothgar:) We have been for twelve long years a people in pain, with nothing but fear and hate in our hearts.

Up from his lair and through the shadows came Grendel, this stalker of the night…………

… he would tear each and every one of them to pieces, stain Heorot’s floor once more with the lifeblood.... He snatched up the first….and simply tore him apart, bolting his flesh in great gobbets, gnawing and gnashing on his bones, stripping the meat , sucking the veins….

Locked together in this deadly embrace, they reeled and writhed ….Grendel now fear-soaked, his strength failing him, and brave Beowulf, fist still clenched around the monster’s arm …..Outside they heard the monster’s demon scream, his hideous, howling screech.

By tearing himself away and leaving his arm, he must have hoped to save himself from death, wretched creature.

Grendel’s mother comes for revenge

For Grendel had a mother, a murderous hag, as hideous a monster as her fiend of a son….. She tore down Grendel’s arm, that hideous trophy…..she snatched up the sleeping Ashhere, Hrothgar’s most favourite lord… and made her escape. …. She found her way back to her distant fen to gorge herself on his flesh.

Beowulf goes to kill Grendel’s mother

Roused and enraged by the challenge of the battle-horn a giant sea-serpent slithered to the surface…..lake teeming with countless strangely writhing water-snakes…

Beowulf kills the sea-serpents then has a terrible battle with the mother

Again and again she stabbed and slashed, but Beowulf’s blessed battle-shirt did not fail him.

Summoning the last of his strength, Beowulf threw her off and leapt to his feet, and there above him on the wall he saw hanging an ancient war-trophy, a giant sword, so huge, so heavy that only a giant could wield it in battle-play….. He sprung to the wall, caught up the sword by its hilt, and whirling it once above his head, the blade singing out its death-song, he brought it down on her neck, in one blow cutting clear through bone and flesh.