

Beowulf Trilogy: III. Ancient Tale Of Valor

Zandelle

In a time of warlords and kings there lived a man of unrivaled power
Might the likes of which none could match, he fought without the need of weapon in hand
Scandinavia, cold harsh land which he called home
Beowulf was his name, he was the hero of the northern realm, his legend grew strong

Further to the south there ruled a king named Hrothgar
Favored by the fortunes of war he was revered
Many followed this noble leader to enter his ranks
And in time his army grew to one mighty force

So his mind would turn to new ideas
He would build the greatest hall in all the world
It would be his throne room where he'd rule
And dispense gifts to all the good people of his land

Unbeknownst to the great king a demon from the banished lands
Began to prowl the hall, soon many would fall
Grendel would bring havoc and destruction to them all
Each night brought a new attack, the king's army tried to fight back
Death was their reward, through deadly wounds blood poured
Grendel was impervious to hammer spear and sword

All seemed hopeless as none could stop this beast
News traveled all across the land
Far away our hero heard the tales of what went on
The time for vital action was at hand to slay the beast

With fourteen men he then set sail south across the open sea
To Denmark, to Heorot, to the joy of the mighty Danish king

His arrival brought joy and happiness
Finally hope had arrived
Beowulf vowed to bring an end to the beast
And avenge those who had died

Grendel showed up later that night, his mind still set on ruin and carnage
But much to the demons surprise
The hero of the north was ready to fight
Savagely they fought
Filling the hall with disaster
But when morning came
Beowulf was cheered as people celebrated his victory