

## 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