

USBORNE YOUNG READING



Beowulf

Retold by Rob Lloyd Jones

Illustrated by Victor Tavares



Grendel



Characters in the story

Beowulf (say
Bay-o-wolf)



Grendel



King
Hrothgar



Leofric
(Lee-of-fritch)



Wiglaf



The Danes



Grendel's mother

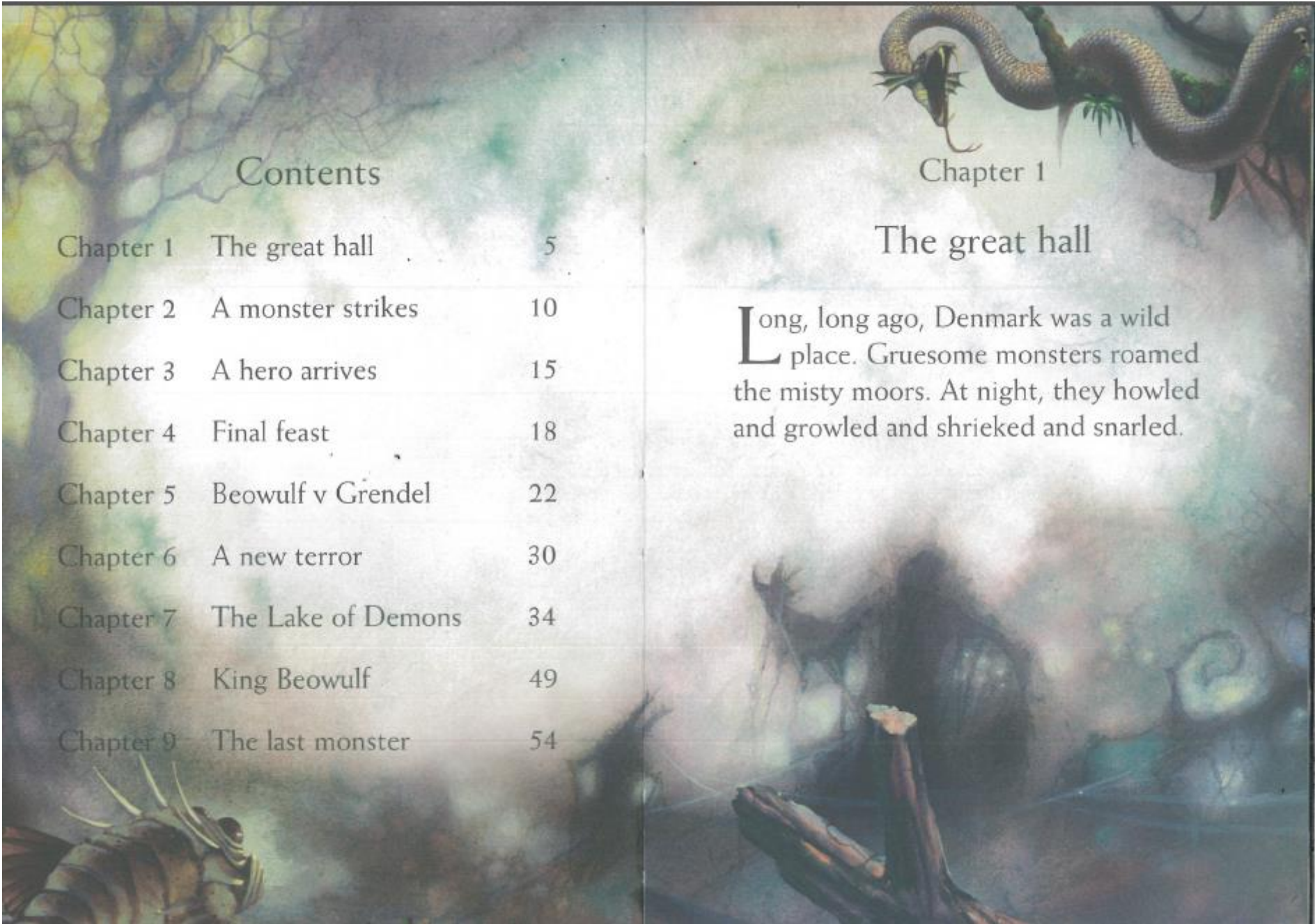


The Geats (Jee-ats)



The dragon





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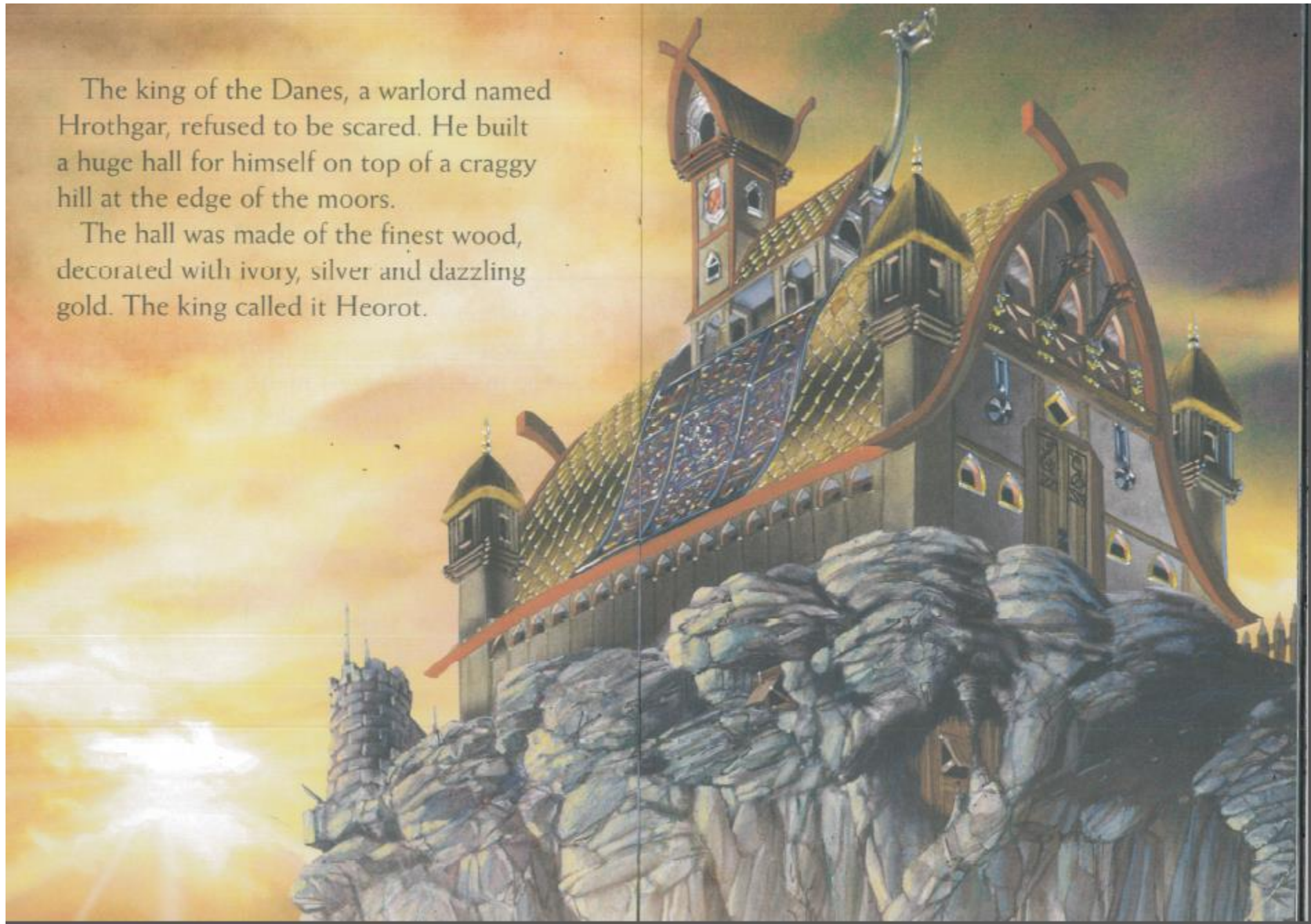
Chapter 1

The great hall

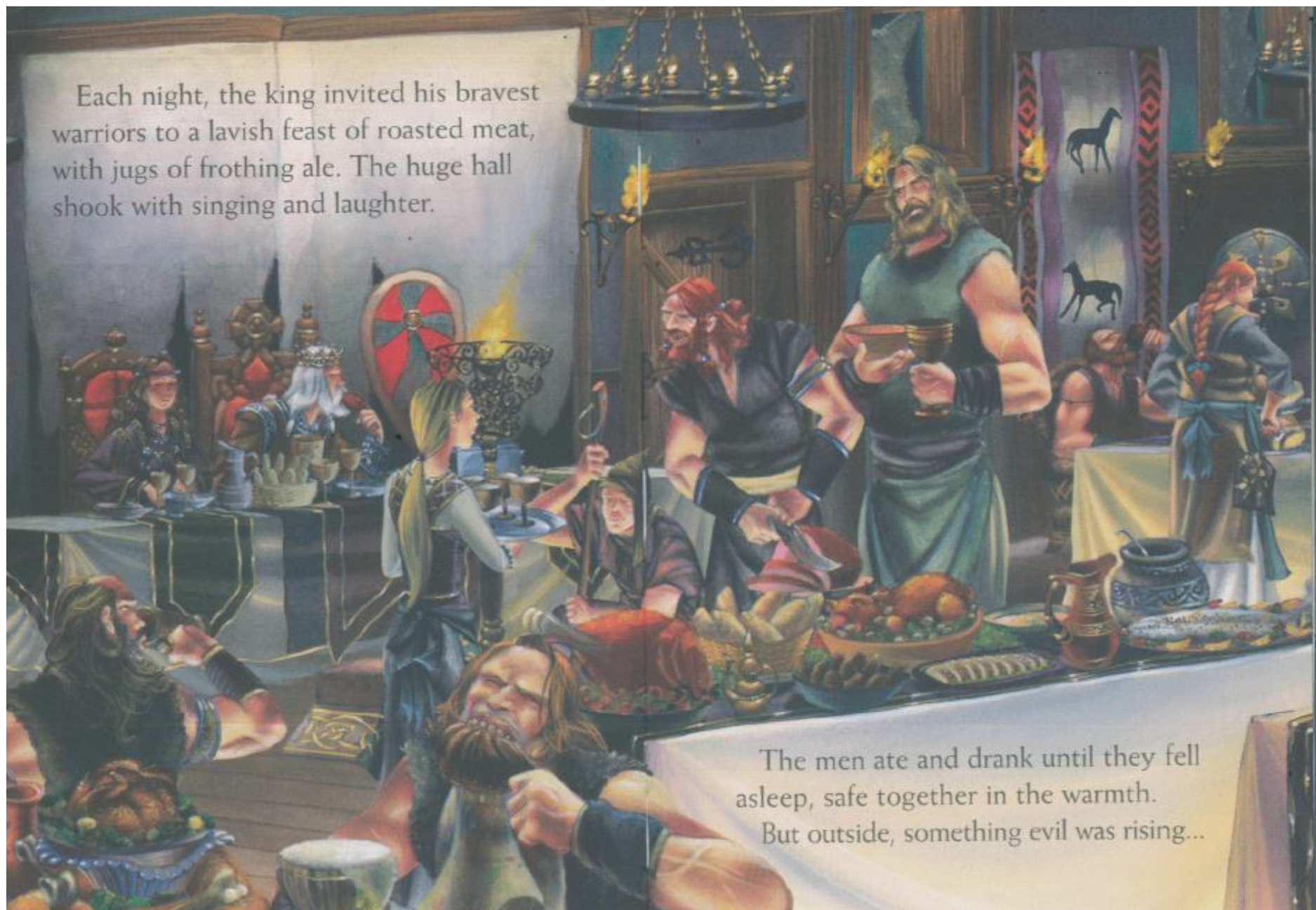
Long, long ago, Denmark was a wild place. Gruesome monsters roamed the misty moors. At night, they howled and growled and shrieked and snarled.

The king of the Danes, a warlord named Hrothgar, refused to be scared. He built a huge hall for himself on top of a craggy hill at the edge of the moors.

The hall was made of the finest wood, decorated with ivory, silver and dazzling gold. The king called it Heorot.



Each night, the king invited his bravest warriors to a lavish feast of roasted meat, with jugs of frothing ale. The huge hall shook with singing and laughter.

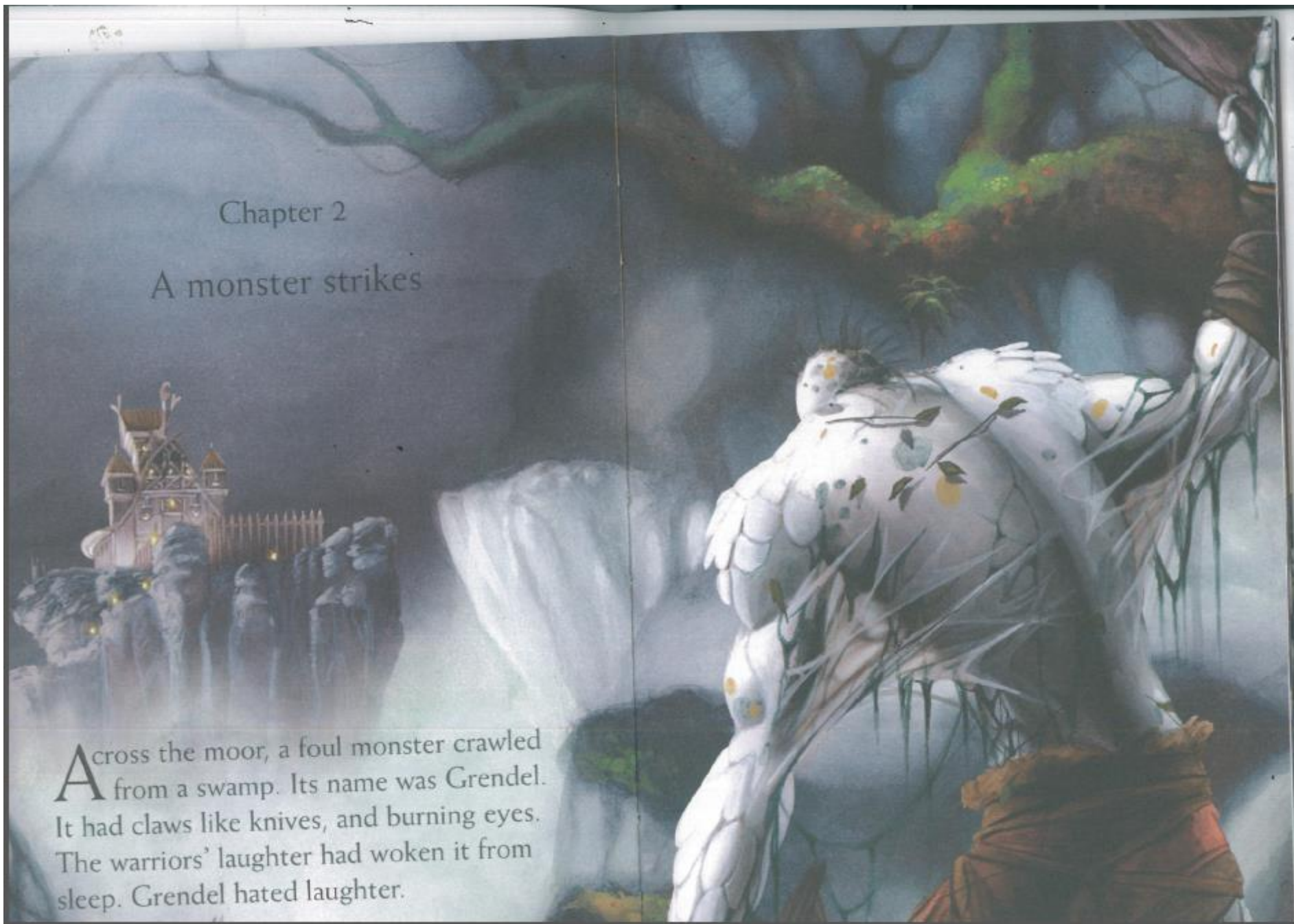


The men ate and drank until they fell asleep, safe together in the warmth.
But outside, something evil was rising...

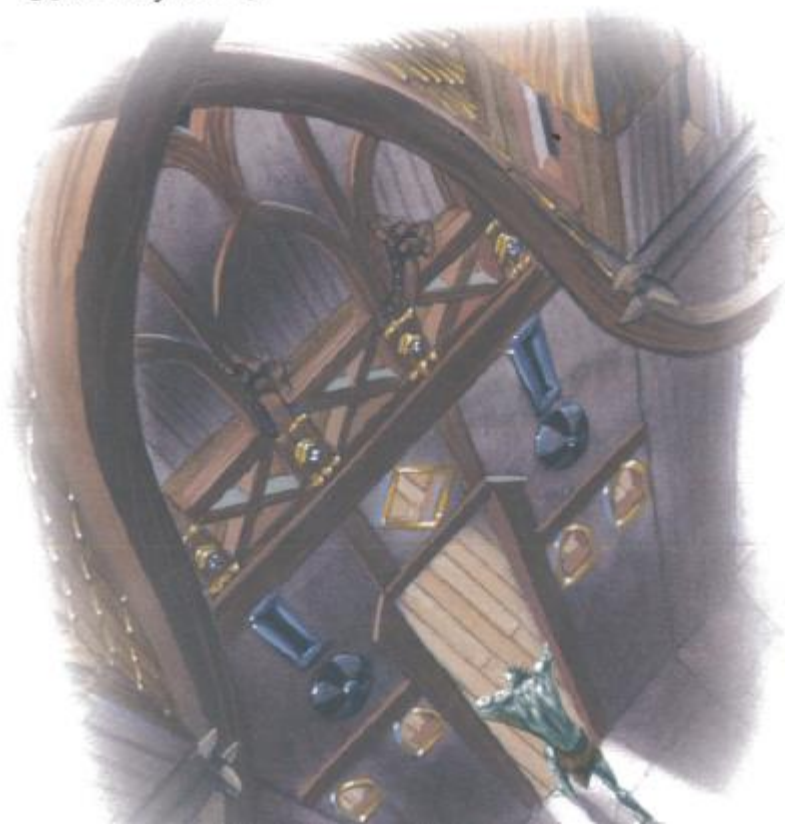
Chapter 2

A monster strikes

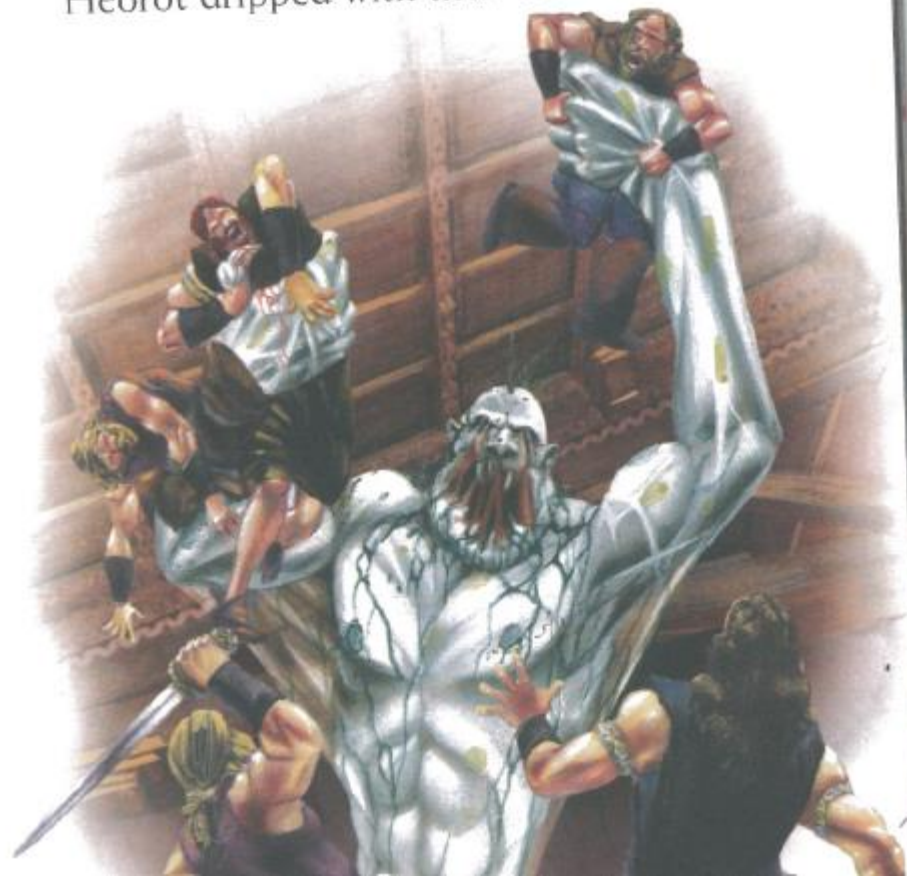
Across the moor, a foul monster crawled from a swamp. Its name was Grendel. It had claws like knives, and burning eyes. The warriors' laughter had woken it from sleep. Grendel hated laughter.



The monster marched across the moors in a fit of rage. It burst upon Heorot and smashed open the doors. The warriors in Heorot were terrified. They had never seen anything so fierce.



The men tried to fight, but Grendel was too strong. The monster snatched up several men and dragged them screaming to its lair at the bottom of the swamp. Heorot dripped with their blood.



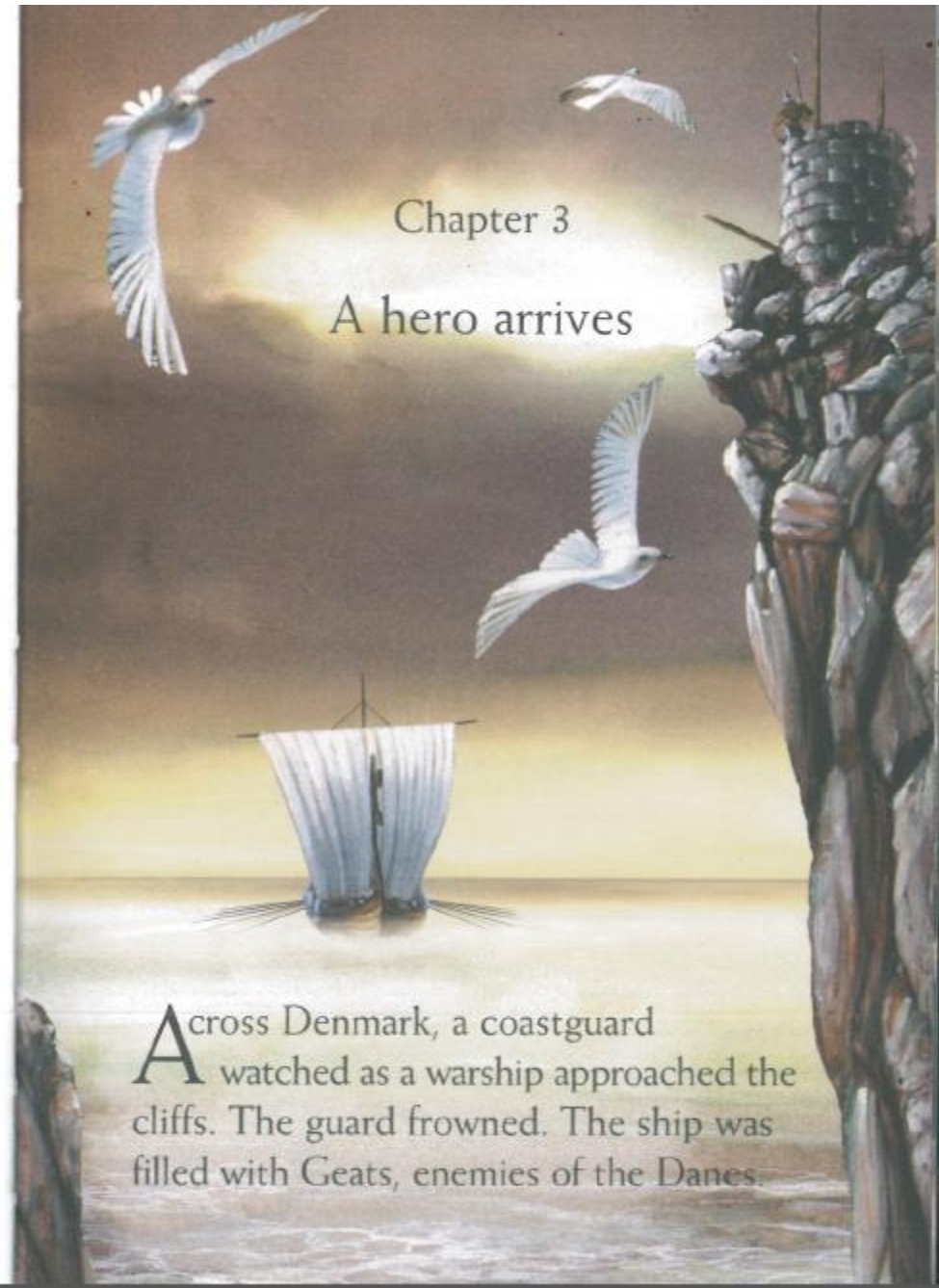
Grendel returned every night for months. Any man brave enough to stay in Heorot at night didn't live until morning.



King Hrothgar was heartbroken. At night, his great hall stood silent and empty on the edge of the moors.

Chapter 3

A hero arrives



Across Denmark, a coastguard watched as a warship approached the cliffs. The guard frowned. The ship was filled with Geats, enemies of the Danes.

The guard rushed to challenge the warriors. "Who are you?" he demanded. "What do you want?"

The Geats' leader stepped forward. His shield gleamed in the dazzling sun. "I am Beowulf," he declared. "I have heard the story of Grendel. Tell your king that I have come to kill his monster."

"Go home," the guard insisted, raising his spear. "Many men have died trying to fight Grendel."

Beowulf just smiled. He brushed the guard's spear aside with his palm. "Then that is how I shall die too," he said.

