

Beowulf creative essay

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When I sent my son out into Herot, the meadhall of Hrothgar, I knew he would shower a reign of terror upon all the land, and that is exactly what he did. Grendel terrorized Herot, just as I had so many years before. I was so proud of my son, and of myself that I could finally sit back and pass the torch to the next dominant sea monster. However, Grendel's end came before his time, and even before mine. To my shock and disbelief, someone had overcome my son. That someone went by the name of Beowulf. My Grendel, my own blood, was dead at the hands of that feeder-of-ravens. This man, this barbarian, had taken away the only thing that was important in this world to me. He took from me my first born son. He took the beast that I molded and crafted into one of the fiercest sea monsters ever to be known on this rock-of-the-universe. I taught Grendel everything that I knew. I knew what I had to do. I had to get revenge. Enraged as I was, I had to do something so horrible and something so unbelievable, that Beowulf will regret ever thinking the name of Grendel. If I was going to have to suffer so were they. They were going to feel my pain. Hrothgar was the one that allowed Beowulf to grow the ego that he had. Beowulf was nothing but a man, blindly following that breaker-of-rings, Hrothgar. After Beowulf ripped my Grendel's arm from his body and left his raven's-harvest on the barren floor, Hrothgar and his comitatus were celebrating their conquering of my son. Such foolish men they were, jovial at the thought of sleep-of-the-sword. So I wanted to give them something to be excited about. That night, I took Hrothgar's closest friend Eschere, and with my raging, wretched wrath, removed his head from his body. I wanted Beowulf and his followers to know of what I had done, so I left the body, and took Eschere's head outside the

cave for them all to see. I found that fair enough. When I had finished this duty-of-death, there was one more thing that I had to do for myself and for my son. On the ground they had left Grendel's body, becoming a billowing batch of rotting flesh, with the arm Beowulf so viciously took being made to look like some sort of trophy. A great monster and warrior of my son's caliber did not deserve to be treated this way after his death. I needed my son's body. It was the only thing that I had left of him, so I took it from the cave where he met his doom. Beheading Eschere was nothing compared to what I have in plan for Beowulf himself. I have heard from several different sources that Beowulf is conspiring to seek me out, the greatest she-beast of them all, and do to me what I did to Eschere. When I heard this, I could do nothing but laugh. Who does this man think that he is? He may have been able to defeat my son, but if he thinks for one instant that he can do the same to me, he is in for a rude awakening. Like I said, I taught Grendel everything he knew, but not everything I did. This old beast still has a lot of fight left in her. I can take on Beowulf and any weapon he chooses to laden himself with. That's the good part though, because I will not need a weapon. The insurmountable intensity and immense girth of my enormous body alone will crush Beowulf like a bug. What does he think a little sword is going to do for him? One swing on my fist, and his head will be flying with the birds. If and when this Beowulf is to seek me out, he will undoubtedly not come alone. I will need to be aware of everything and everyone around me, because this Beowulf is known to sneak up on his victims instead of challenging them like the great hero he says that he is. He is going to have to been back up if he wants to walk out with his waist attached to his legs. wikipedia.com/beowulf