**Beowulf**

In a hall called Heorot, loud songs were sung,
But monsters grow jealous when joy fills a tongue.
Grendel, the beast, came stomping at night,
Smashing and crashing and giving a fright.

King Hrothgar was worried, his people afraid,
So a hero was needed, and that's when he came!
Beowulf sailed from far across sea,
Strong as an ox and as bold as can be.

“I’ll fight him alone, no sword in my hand.
I’ll stop him tonight — you’ll see where I stand!”
He waited in silence, while all were asleep,
Then Grendel crept in with a growl and a leap.

They wrestled and rolled, a wild, fierce fight!
But Beowulf held him with all of his might.
Grendel howled loud and fled in great pain,
He ran to his home — never seen again.

The hall was safe! The people all cheered!
Beowulf’s name was loved and revered.
So remember this tale, passed down through the land,
Of the hero who fought with just his bare hands!

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