By now the story of the dreadful tragedy of the night suffering Hrothgar and his people were enduring, had spread far and wade. They had heard about it too across the water in the land of King Hygelac of the Geats, for a long time allies of the Danish Kingdom. But only one of them, the greatest and bravest of all princes – Beowulf he was called – decided this evil beast of the night must be punished for all his wrongdoing and Hrothgar and his people saved at last, even if Beowulf had to give his own life to achieve it.

He ordered a strong and seaworthy ship to be fitted out for the quest and hand-picked fourteen of the fiercest warriors he knew. They set sail for Denmark, riding the wind-whipped waves over the sea. In brisk breezes the ship fair flew along, ploughing the storm –tossed ocean until at last the shadow of land along the horizon became the rearing cliffs and capes of Denmark. Soon Beowulf and his warriors were leaping ashore, each one thanking God for the safe arrival.

From the cliff high above them Hrothgar's watchman saw men land and wondered who they were, whether friend or foe. He rode down to the beach straight away and challenged them at the point of a spear. "Who are you strangers? Where do you come from?"

Beowulf spoke up then "We have come here from my lord Hygelac, king of the Geats, your ally and your good friend. All the world knows of the misfortune in this land of that monster Grendel. We have come here to destroy him if we can. So lead us to Hrothgar, that great and glorious guardian of his people. Take us to Heorot, the heart of his kingdom, and take us there as fast as possible. There is no time to lose."

Beowulf and his warriors left their ship anchored fast and marched inland, their helmets gleaming bright in the afternoon sun. On they went until they saw at long last in the distance, Hrothgar's home. Heorot, that glorious palace adorned with glowing gold, a house fit for any king on earth. Here the coastguard left them, pointing the way.

Weary now from their long sea journey Beowulf and his war-band made their way up the stone path towards the great hall of Heorot, where they were greeted at the gate by Wulfgar, Hrothgar's herald.

"Lay aside your shield and spears" he commanded them.

Wulfgar let them at once into Heorot to meet Hrothgar. Sudden hope warmed the old king's heart as he looked upon Beowulf standing there before him.

"You are most heartily welcome to Heorot, for I know of you by hearsay. Everyone here does. I heard tell that you possess the strength of at least thirty men in each hand. I am thinking and I am hoping and I am praying, that you might have been sent here to us by God himself as our salvation to stand against Grendel. Perhaps, Beowulf, it is only you that has the power to deal with the monster.

Beowulf stood tall before Hrothgar and this thanes every one of them praying too that this man would indeed prove too that this man would indeed prove to be their earthly redeemer, their strong avenger. They listened well as he spoke.

"I have come, great king of the Danes as we have heard of your plight, of this Grendel who, after the shadows fall, prowls this hall, making of it his nightly lair. I am no poet, my lord king nor a harp player, I am a fighter. Great Hrothgar I offer to rid you of Grendel and to bring peace and joy again to your kingdom."

Beowulf went on, "I have heard that Grendel never carries a weapon, no war axe, no sword. I will carry no shield nor wear any armour. I shall go up against this beast bareheaded."

Hrothgar rose slowly to his feet. "Your cannot imagine what joy you bring us in coming here to Heorot" he cried "For me and for all of Denmark it is truly a blessed and timely arrival. You shall I promise you, be well rewarded for you kindness. We have been for twelve long years a people in pain. Bring your men. Sit down eat with us and drink with us. Tell us the stories of your great exploits, for just to hear them would fill our hearts with new hope and happiness."

Then a space was cleared at the banqueting table for Beowulf and his Geats, and the horn of sweet mead was passed around from Geat to Dane. That evening the poet stood and sang his words and the harp played softly and laughter echoed once more through the rafters of Heorot.

Bearing the precious treasure cup, Hrothgar's queen came now to Heorot to meet these Geatish heroes, to greet and honour them. She offered the treasure-cup to each of them, irrespective of age or rank, for she was always gracious and kind to all. Then to Beowulf she came glittering in her regal beauty. Offering him the cup, she thanked him warmly and the good Lord who had sent him, for coming so nobly to their aid.

Accepting the reassure-cup and her thanks most graciously, Beowulf rose to speak.

"We have come here, my lady rowed and sailed our way across the surging seas for only one reason, to carry out the wishes of great Hrothgar, your husband and king, and our friend and perfect ally to accomplish the death of this Grendel and end for ever the terror that stalks this attempt and so meet our end."

No words had ever sounded sweeter to tis lady. The poet sang then of the victory to come of the foul fiend destroyed and evil banished and Geat and Dane alike raised their voices till all Heorot resounded once more to the ringing rafters.

But now, as he looked out, Hrothgar saw the shadows lengthening and knew the time was coming to quit the hall. He knew, as they all did, that outside in the falling dark which would very soon drown the world, the dreaded monster was leaving his lair again, was already gliding through the brooding shadows towards Heorot.

Hrothgar and Beowulf, saluted one another in love and in parting, Hrothgar spoke his last words. "I now hand over Heorot to you, brave Beowulf, to have and to hold through this night. Guard it well."

So saying, Hrothgar and his queen led the Danes from the hall. Only Beowulf and his Geatish thanes remained, charged now with the safety of the kingdom.

Up from his lair and through the shadows came Grendel, this stalker of the night, while in Heorot the warriors lay turn-tossed in their sleep, only one of them left on ever watchful guard. Down from the forest came Grendel now, saw the mead-hall. Rage-wrecked Grendel ripped open the iron-studded door. He scanned the dark hall through fire-blazing eyes, saw the slumbering thanes. The creature laughed at his good fortune. He snatched up his first geatish with his claws. But he was met with a grip of steel, a grip harder, tighter, than he had ever know, that seized him, held him by the arm. Locked in a grip he could not break free, however much he struggled, and he knew at once he had met his match. Filled with sudden fear the monster struggled and he knew at once to unloose this fist, yearning only now to be away from Heorot and home again in the safety of his lair.

He tried to pull away, but Beowulf's fingers fastened harder. Beowulf sensing his enemy's sagging strength, now twisted his arm and turned it until the shoulder muscle split apart and Grendel's arm was ripped from his body.

Then Grendel fled armless from Heorot. Over the moors he staggered and stumbled back to his den, knowing he was going to die. So Beowulf the Good had triumphed in his bitter fight with Grendel the evil one. Thus were all Danish hopes fulfilled and Beowulf's promise to them too. So that everyone should know that the tyrant was truly dead and their grief finally at an end, the hero hung high in the gables of Heorot, where all could see it and marvel at it too, the arm of the monster.

By the next morning the news of the great fight at Heorot had spread throughout the land. They came in their hundreds from the seashore, from the moors and mountains, from near and far to see this limb hanging there in the hall.

That evening all were summoned to Heorot, to that splendid mead-hall freed now for ever from Grendels' evil reign. Beowulf the Great, as guest of honour, came in with Hrothgar the king, and his glorious queen. They sat together and showed their joyous triumph and their relief at this timely and bless deliverance.

Hrothgar began, "Let our thanks be first to God above for his mercy and for he who has brought Grendel to his death at least."

The cheering that followed this rang loud in the rafters of Heorot and was only silenced when Beowulf himself began to speak.

"We came here willingly, my warriors and I, to challenge the evil one on your behalf and with God's help we prevailed. He will no more haunt your land or plaque your people."

Then Hrothgar the king ordered the banqueting hall to be made ready at once for a feast. How willingly they went to work to prepare the place. They mended or covered all the damage and destruction the building had suffered the night before and prepared a great feast of thanksgiving, as the king had commanded. They gathered for the scrumptious feast of wine and food and all held in a perfect harmony of joy and hope.