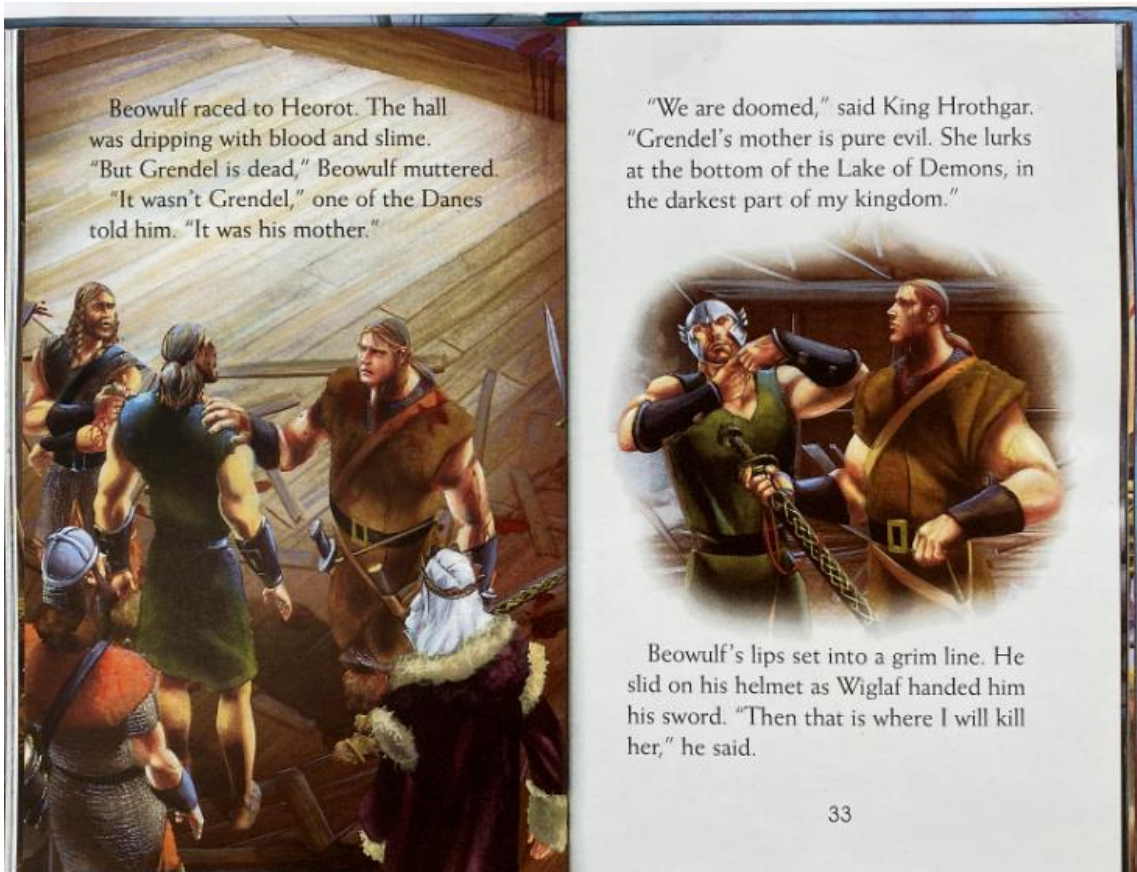
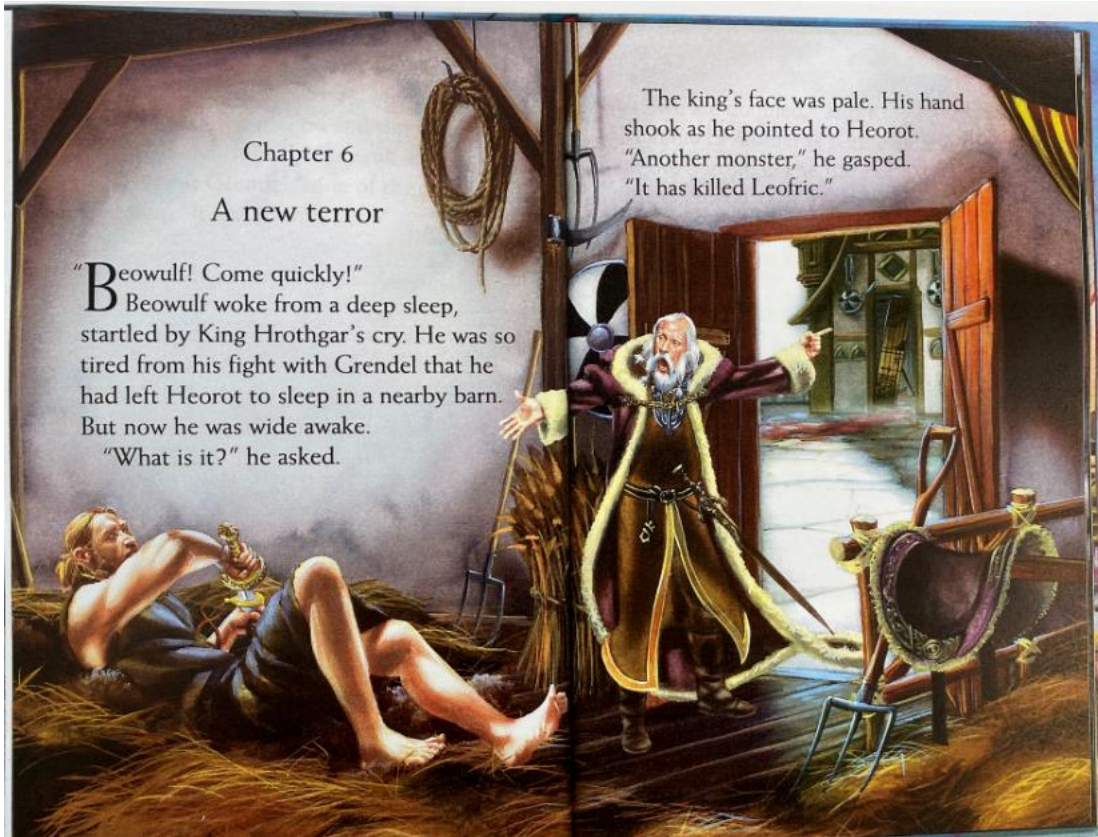


Reading Resources for Week Commencing 1st March

Beowulf:



Chapter 7

The Lake of Demons

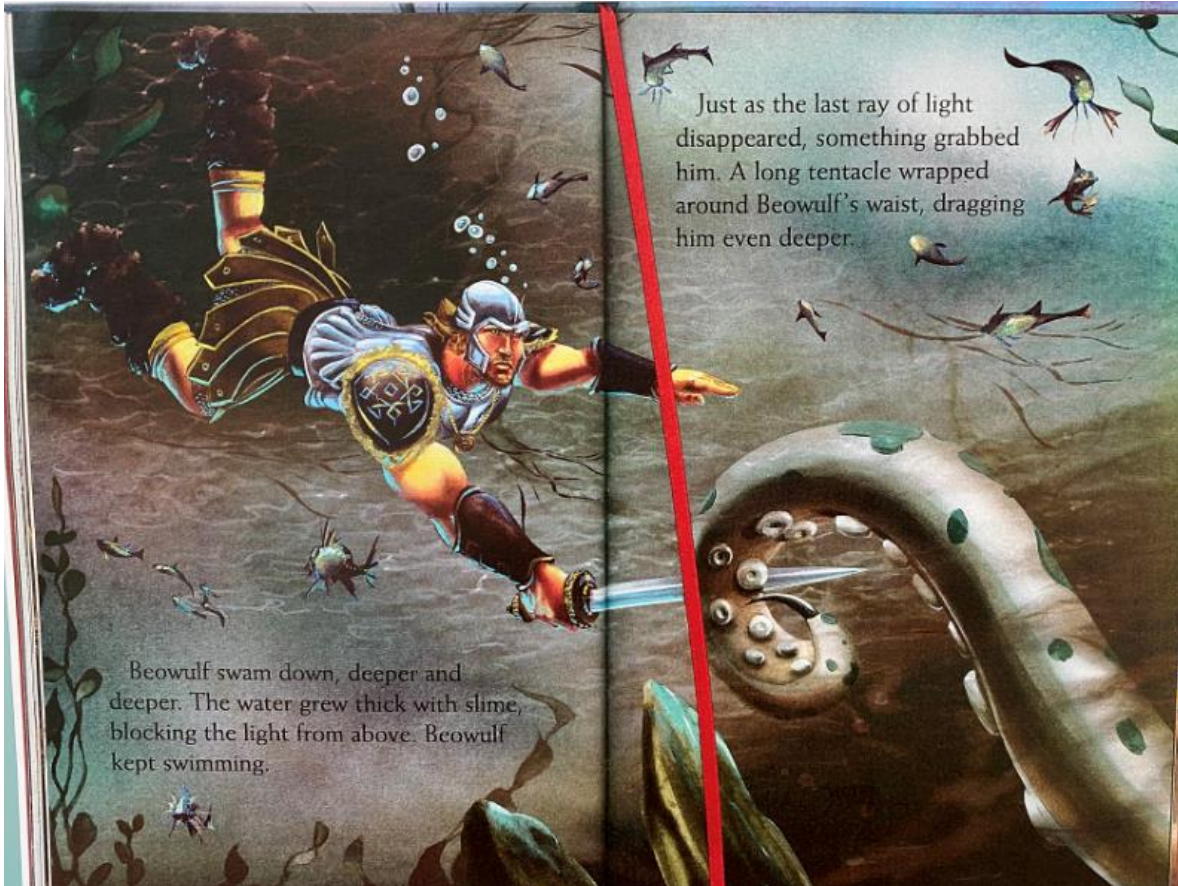
The Geats sharpened their swords.
The Danes gathered their spears.
They marched together behind Beowulf,
following the monster's tracks to the
Lake of Demons.

The Geats had never seen such
a ghastly place. The surface swirled
with ghostly fog. The water was
thick with slime. It was a vile lake.

Beowulf grasped his sword and glared
into the dreadful depths.

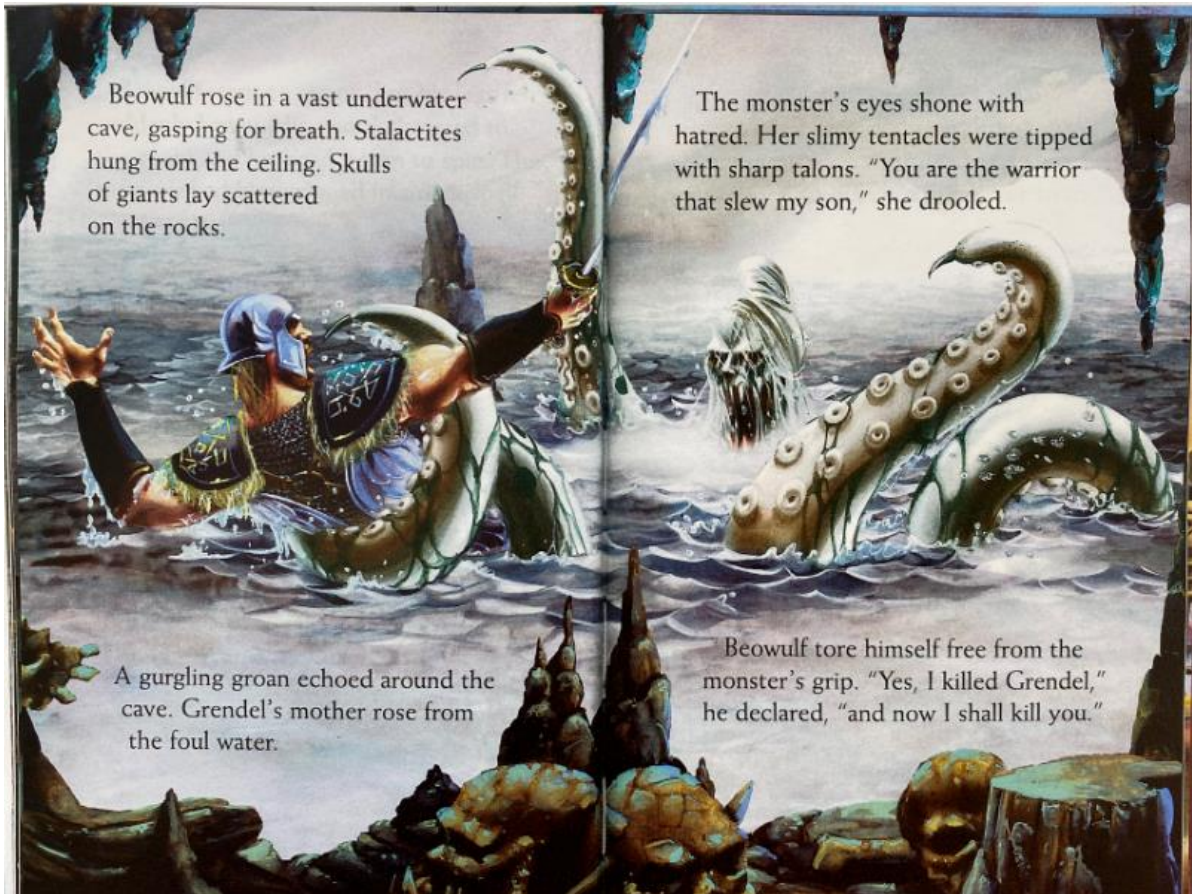
King Hrothgar followed his gaze into
the murky water. "It's so dark down there
Beowulf," he whispered. "You do not
have to go."

Beowulf just smiled. "That darkness you
see is the monster," he said. "I am the
light." And he dived into the lake.



Just as the last ray of light disappeared, something grabbed him. A long tentacle wrapped around Beowulf's waist, dragging him even deeper.

Beowulf swam down, deeper and deeper. The water grew thick with slime, blocking the light from above. Beowulf kept swimming.



Beowulf rose in a vast underwater cave, gasping for breath. Stalactites hung from the ceiling. Skulls of giants lay scattered on the rocks.

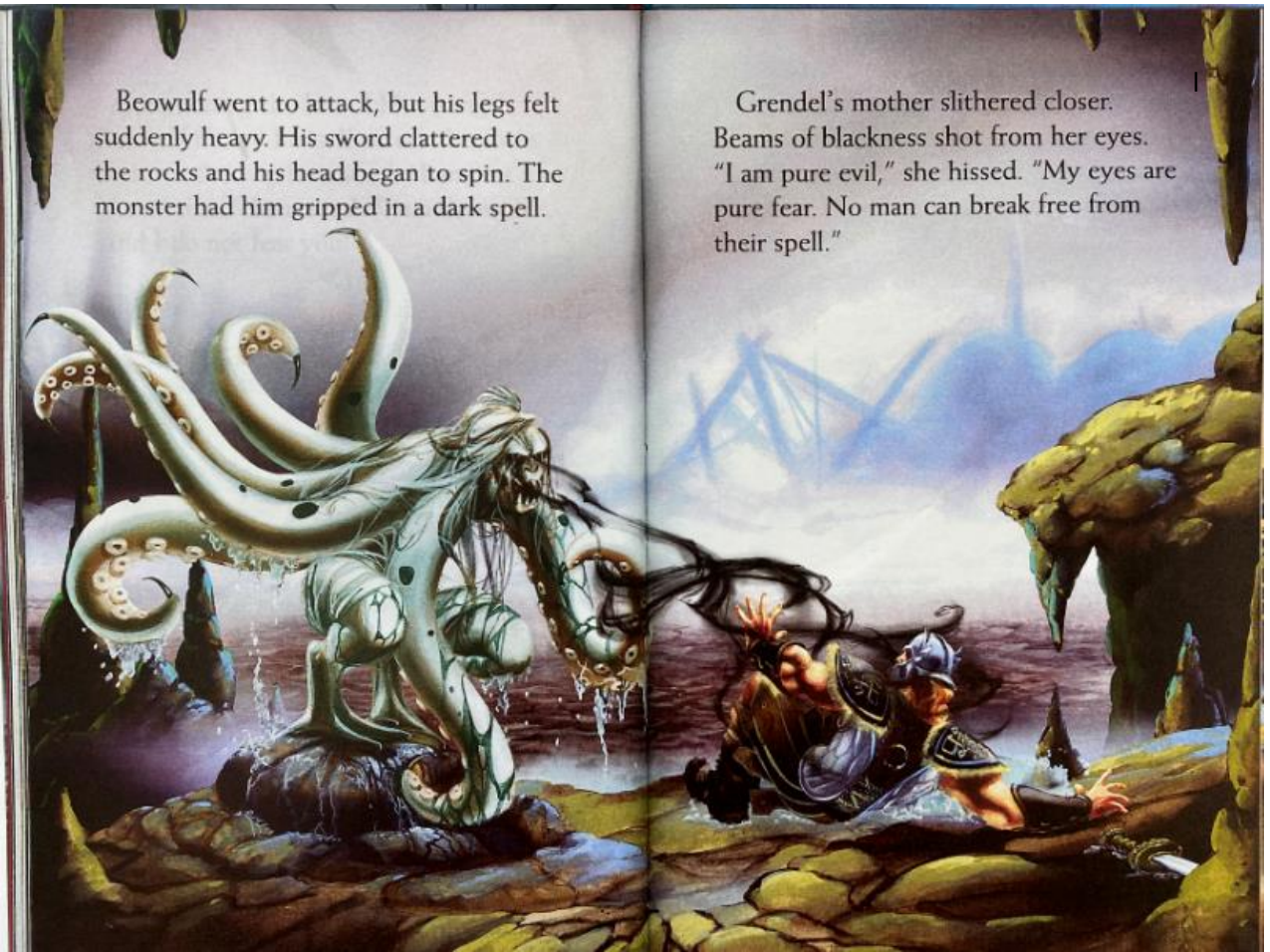
The monster's eyes shone with hatred. Her slimy tentacles were tipped with sharp talons. "You are the warrior that slew my son," she drooled.

A gurgling groan echoed around the cave. Grendel's mother rose from the foul water.

Beowulf tore himself free from the monster's grip. "Yes, I killed Grendel," he declared, "and now I shall kill you."

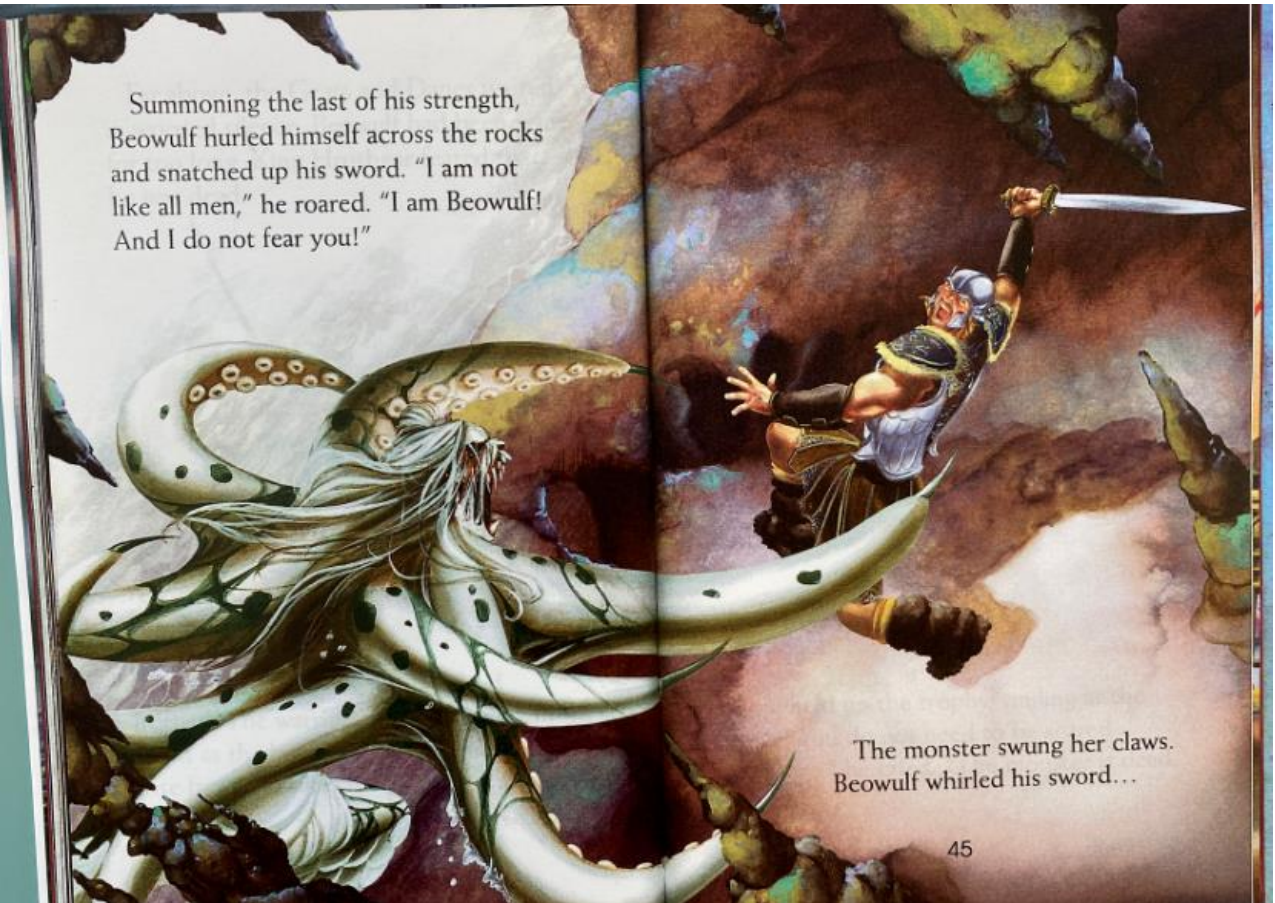
Beowulf went to attack, but his legs felt suddenly heavy. His sword clattered to the rocks and his head began to spin. The monster had him gripped in a dark spell.

Grendel's mother slithered closer. Beams of blackness shot from her eyes. "I am pure evil," she hissed. "My eyes are pure fear. No man can break free from their spell."



Summoning the last of his strength, Beowulf hurled himself across the rocks and snatched up his sword. "I am not like all men," he roared. "I am Beowulf! And I do not fear you!"

The monster swung her claws. Beowulf whirled his sword...



Far above, the Geats and Danes waited in worried silence. Beowulf had been gone for too long. King Hrothgar feared that he was dead.



Just then, the water bubbled and frothed. The warriors staggered back in fright as the head of Grendel's mother rose from the lake...

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A second later, Beowulf appeared, gripping the head in his hand.



He held up the trophy, smiling at the king. "You do not need to be scared anymore," he cried. "The monster is dead."

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Beowulf marched with the warriors back to Heorot. The men cheered and joked as dawn blazed across the sky. The great hall looked more beautiful than ever. Its golden roof sparkled in the sun.

