

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, every moment steeling himself for the ordeal of battle he knew must very soon come.

Grendel came gliding through swirling moorland cloudmists, death-dealing in his hate-filled heart, thirsting to kill again that night as he had so often before.