The vile stench of rotting bones hit him in the face. Beowulf cautiously began walking through the entrance to the cave. After a few steps, he heard a squelch underneath his feat. He looked down. The floor of the damp lair was a carpet of thick, blood-red liquid. A few more steps in and he was inside the lair. The dagger like rocks above his head were leaning towards him and covered in filthy, muddy, green algae.

Beowulf was only just adjusting to his pitch black surroundings when suddenly there was a growling roar like rolling thunder. The disgusting breath of the hideous beast nearly knocked him backwards. Beowulf did not frighten that easily. He knew the sea-hag must be close. Out of nowhere, a slimy, scaly tail struck Beowulf in the back. He fell to his knees. There was silence for a few seconds although Beowulf knew that Grendel’s mother would come back for more. Beowulf stood up and lifted his head. Right in front of him was a pair of piercing green eyes. As quick as lightening, Beowulf reached out with his hand and scratched the eyes with his nails. The sea hag let out a scream that filled the air. She was injured. Now was his chance. His chance to defeat this hideous monster.