



HILL WEST *Primary*

FOUR OAKS

Home Learning Pack

Year 5

Week Beginning 04.01.21



Home Learning Links

Oak National Academy

Oak National Academy is an online classroom and resource hub. It provides high-quality video lessons and resources to support teachers, parents and pupils.

www.thenational.academy

BBC Bitesize

With BBC Bitesize it is easy to keep learning at home. You can access regular daily lessons in English, maths and other core subjects.

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/bitesize>

World Book Online

World Book online have just made their fabulous collection of over 3,000 e-books and audiobooks available for free for children to access at home. They have books suitable for all ages. Click on the following link to access them.

<https://worldbook.kitaboo.com/reader/worldbook/index.html?usertoken=Mjk5MzQ6MTpJUjA5MjAxNjoyOmNsaWVudDE2OTc6MTY5NzoyMjE2Mjg4OjE6MTU4NDM4MDEzMzA2Mjp1cw%3D%3D>

Read Works.org

Read Works offers access to 3000+ comprehension for all age groups. Just sign up for a free account to access fantastic texts.

<https://www.readworks.org/>

Tutortastic

An online platform with tutorials and videos for home learning.

<https://www.tutortastic.co.uk/blog/homelearning>

Education Quizzes

A series of short quizzes for children to complete related to the National Curriculum subjects. Just select KS1 for Reception, Year 1 & Year 2 and select KS2 for Years 3-6.

<https://www.educationquizzes.com/ks1/>

Top Marks

A range of activities here but especially good interactive activities for maths.

<https://www.topmarks.co.uk/>

Classroom Secrets

Classroom Secrets Kids is offering free access to everyone until the end of April 2020. The platform is aimed at primary aged children and covers subjects such as maths, reading, grammar and spelling. The platform is really child-friendly so that they're able to access it on their own. There are a load of games and interactive activities from phonics to SATs

<https://kids.classroomsecrets.co.uk/>

National Geographic

National Geographic is a great platform for learning and it's totally free. There are online games, resources and competitions, too.

<https://www.natgeokids.com/uk/teacher-category/primary-resources/>

Reading Eggspress

Reading Eggspress has lots of reading activities including comprehension and retrieval questions to have a go at. Your child's Username and Password should be written in his Homework Book.

https://readingeggspress.co.uk/?_ga=2.107706762.961348329.1601363904-660844018.1598947512

Top Marks – Division

We have been learning about division this week, mostly looking in-depth at partitioning and we will transition into using the short method for division. Here are some great maths games to play on Laptops or iPads.

<https://www.topmarks.co.uk/Search.aspx?q=division>

Times Tables Rockstars

This is a great times tables game, practice all of the tables up to 12 x 12. Log- in should be in Homework book/ Reading diary.

<https://trockstars.com/>



Next Week at Hill West

Key Question Week 1: Who were the Anglo Saxons?

Key Text for Linked Learning: Beowulf – Michael Morpurgo

Linked Learning: English, History, PDW

In English, the children will analyse the start of the text. They will focus on the writer's use of language. The children will write detailed character descriptions of Grendel and Beowulf. They will enhance the text by writing a description of Grendel's lair. They will look at the fight scene and will write a first-hand account.

In History, the children will be exploring who the Anglo Saxons were, where they came from and why they invaded Britain. The children will also be looking at the settlement of Anglo Saxons and how they changed the landscape of Britain following the departure of the Romans.

In PDW we will be looking at the range of jobs that were available during the Anglo-Saxon period and the differences in jobs between the rich and poor at the time. We will then apply these skills within a modern day context.

Maths: Children will understand metric and imperial units for measuring perimeters. (including irregular shapes). Children will learn the basic methods of calculating perimeter by adding Length + Width. This will be extended to irregular shapes with missing sides.

Timetables and intervals: 24 hour clock.

Science: Children will complete a mini quiz, drawing upon their existing knowledge of space. Children will learn how mechanisms and pulley-systems allow a smaller force to have a greater effect.

Humanities: See Above.

Computing: Children will explore a range of images and discuss whether or not they think the image has been digitally altered. From this, they will discuss the impact that digital altering can have on individuals and society.

Music: Charanga Music Scheme (RYAN)

Creative Arts: This week children will sketch a still life which is arranged on their table, practising their shading skills. They will choose and use hard and soft pencils for effect.

PDW /R.E: (see above)

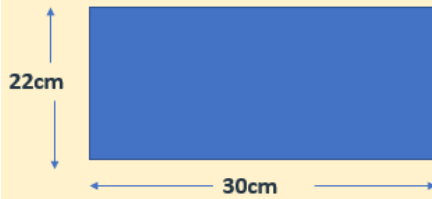
P.E: This week, children will begin their invasion games unit beginning with football. They will explore a variety of skills such as passing, dribbling, heading and shooting. This will enable them to identify key skills which they would like to develop over the next few weeks.

MFL: Review greetings in French and ask basic questions.

Mini Quiz: This week we will be taking our second whole class spaced retrieval quiz which will cover topics learned in the previous term.

Maths - To calculate the perimeter of rectilinear shapes

Tuesday



The perimeter is the distance around the outside the shape. Imagine an ant walking around this rectangle; the perimeter is the distance that the ant would walk.

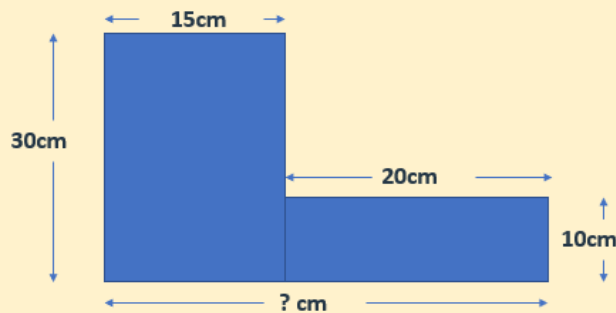
How can we find the perimeter of this rectangle. Do we need to measure all 4 sides?

Opposite sides are the same length so we only need to measure two sides. So, if we know the length of 2 sides, how can we find the perimeter?

We can double the total of 2 sides as this will give us the total of the 2 shorter sides and the 2 longer sides.

Work out the perimeter of this rectangle.

Day 1: Find the perimeters of rectangles and composite shapes.



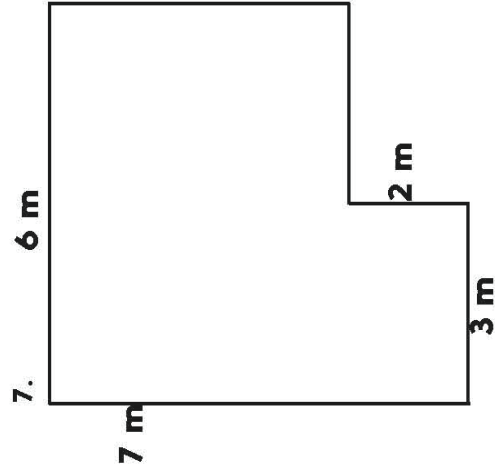
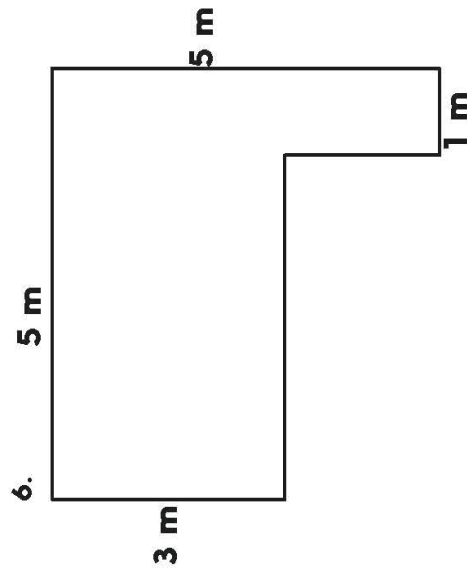
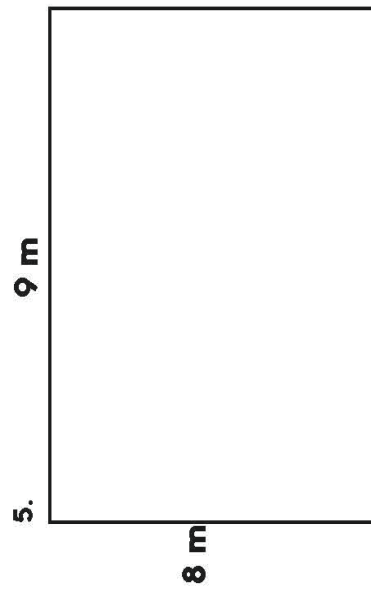
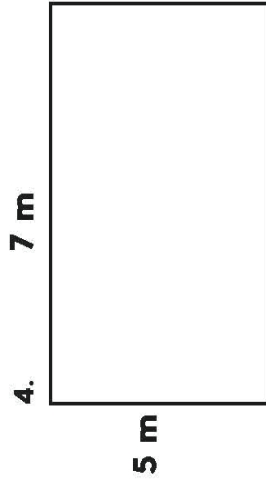
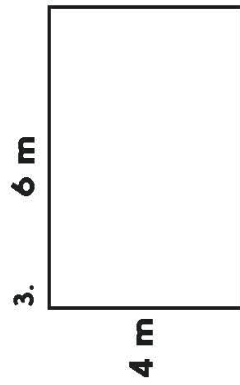
Work out the perimeter of this shape.

How did you work out the length of this side?

Have a go at some of these:

Finding perimeters Sheet 2

Work out the perimeter of each garden.



Maths – To calculate the perimeter composite of shapes

with missing sides

Wednesday

12cm

7cm

7cm

3cm

?cm

?cm

How can we work out the length of this side?

Think of this shape as two rectangles.

What is the length of this side?

It is the sum of 7cm and 3cm.

It is the difference between 7cm and 12cm, i.e. 5cm.

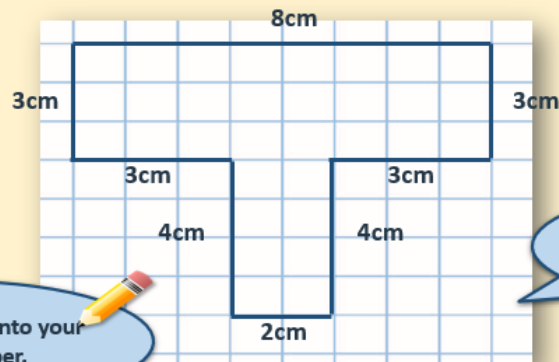
Work out the perimeter of this shape.

Try these:

Find the perimeter
Sheet 2

Maths - To calculate the perimeter of composite shapes with missing sides

Thursday



Copy this shape onto your squared paper.

The **perimeter** is....
30cm.

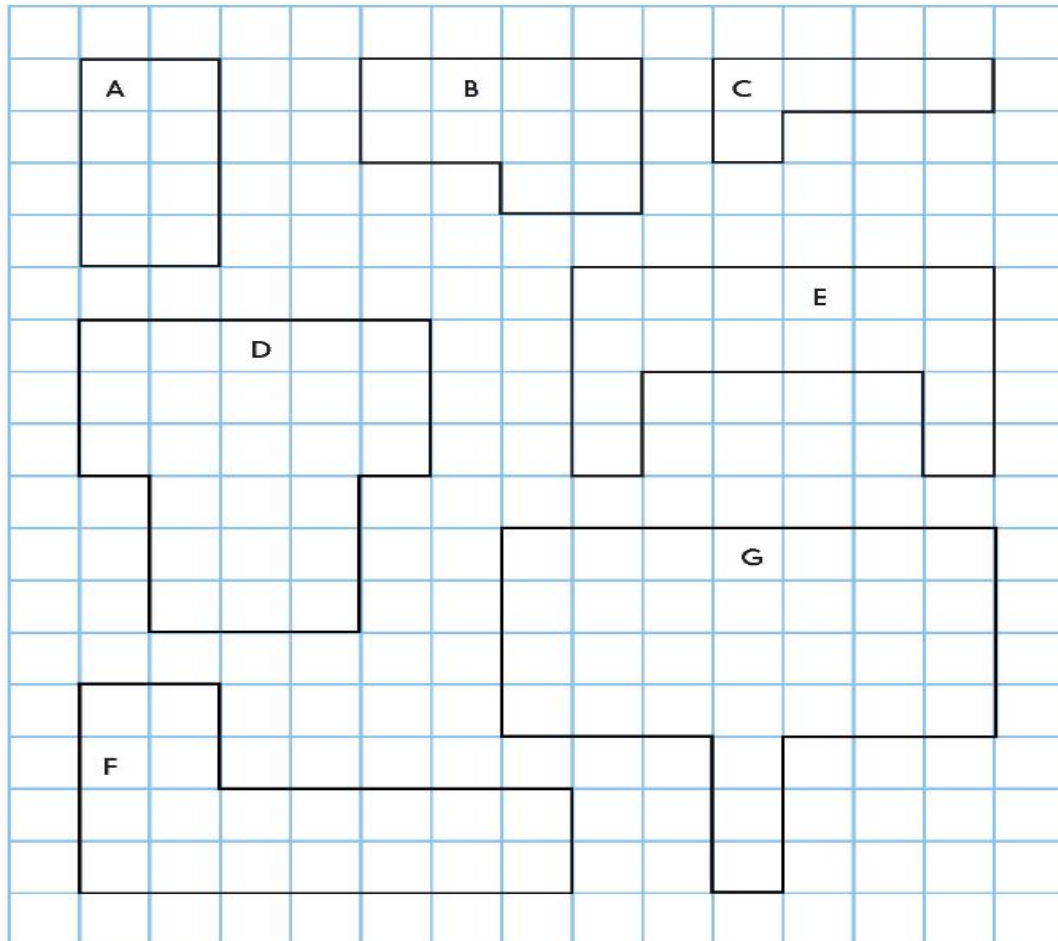
'Walk' like the ant round the edge, adding the side lengths as you go.

Try this:

Perimeters

Sheet 1

Which of these shapes has the greatest perimeter?
Find the perimeter of these shapes.
Write the perimeter in each shape.



Maths - To solve problems involving decimals
Friday

Measures and data

Problem solving and reasoning questions

Two rectangles have a perimeter of 20 cm.
In both, the sides measure a whole number of centimetres.
Give possible measurements for the sides of the two rectangles.

My room is L-shaped. The longest side is 4 metres. The next longest is 3 metres. Find the perimeter.

English - Read Beowulf (Online text available here:
<http://1wp2qx3v9tlj3j77py2y6x0f-wpengine.netdna-ssl.com/wp-content/uploads/2020/04/Beowulf-opening-extract.pdf> or type in
Michael Morpurgo Bewoulf PDF to google)

This is about half of the text, The remainder is at the end of the
booklet.
Tuesday

Characters

King Hrothgar - The king of the Danes (Scyldings) is a wise and great man, but he has lost some of his strength with age. In his prime, Hrothgar built the Scyldings into a powerful military and social entity, symbolized by the erection of his great mead-hall, Heorot. More a palace, Heorot is decorated with gold and fine tapestries.

Beowulf - A mighty warrior and noble individual, the poem's hero, with the strength of 30 in his hand-grip, comes to the aid of Hrothgar's Danes. Later Beowulf is king of the Geats.

Grendel - A descendant of the biblical Cain, the enormous ogre despises mankind's joy. He menaces Hrothgar and the Danes for 12 years before facing Beowulf in battle.

Main activity

Match the word to it's definition.

Word		Definition
Ancestors		a state formally cooperating with another for a military or other purpose.
Norse		flourishing, thriving, good fortune and successful social status.
Allies		capture the fascinated attention of.
Hearth		relating to ancient or medieval Norway or Scandinavia.
Prosperity		uncontrollable desire to kill or maim others.
Enthralled		the floor of a fireplace.
Bloodlust		an evil spirit or demon.
Fiend		a person, typically one more remote than a grandparent, from whom one is descended.

Challenge: Can you use these words in sentences?

English - To use words from the text to describe a character.

Wednesday



Describe Beowulf.

Use the following techniques in your description:

- Expanded noun phrases
- Fronted adverbials
- High-level vocabulary

[illegible]

Woden Allfather

8 Woden (or Odin) was the highest and holiest
18 Anglo-Saxon god. He was said to be everywhere in the
30 universe and made every part of it. He was the god of
39 wisdom and victory, and the leader and protector of
50 princes and heroes. As all the gods were supposed to have
60 come from him, his surname was Allfather. He was said
69 to sit upon a mighty watch-tower, overlooking the whole
77 world and could see everything that was happening
84 among gods, giants, elves, dwarfs and men.

95 Woden was said to be a tall, strong man, around fifty
107 years of age, either with dark, curly hair or with a long
112 grey beard and bald head.
118 He wore a grey suit with
124 a blue hood and carried a
128 spear called Gungnir which
132 could never be broken.



Quick Questions



1. How old was Odin said to be?



2. Why do you think Gungnir could never be broken?



3. What is the one main point of this text?



4. Who do you think this information was written for? Explain your answer.

English - To describe a setting based on hints from the text.

Thursday

Mead-hall

More a palace, Heorot is decorated with gold and fine tapestries.



Main Activity

Draw a picture that describes King Hrothgar's mead-hall.

'To celebrate these years of prosperity and plenty, Hrothgar decided he would raise for his people a huge mead-hall. It must, he declared, be larger than any mead-hall ever built. Only the best timbers were used, only the finest craftsmen. At Hrothgar's bidding they came from all over Denmark to construct it, so that in no time at all the great hall was finished. It was truly even more magnificent than he had ever imagined it could be.'

Be sure to label and annotate your picture with words and phrases from the text.

English - To answer questions about a text.

Friday

Main Activity

Retrieval Questions

Q1. According to the text, how are their helmets described on page 27?

Q4. According to the text, who are King Hrothgar's allies?

Q2. Where did the coastguard take Beowulf and his men? Tick **one**

To their ship

To Beowulf's home

To Heorot

To see Grendel

Twist it:

Challenge: Create your own 'retrieve key information' questions (with answers) for the book you are reading.

Q3. According to the text, how does the Herald describe Beowulf on page 30?

Semi-Colons

The most common way to use a semicolon is to help **join closely connected ideas** in a sentence. These sections must be independent and complete sentences, but closely linked in some way.

Main Activity

Connect 2 clauses together using the semi-colon.

It was getting very late;

The snow started to fall;

Larkin did not like getting up early;

Yan loved dark chocolate;

Claude went to a trampoline party;

he was more of a night-owl.

he ate it every day.

Timothy decided to go to bed.

his friend had invited him and two friends.

the sky was as white as a sheet.

Read Beowulf (Online text available here:
[http://1wp2gx3v9tlj3j77py2y6x0f-wpengine.netdna-ssl.com/wp-](http://1wp2gx3v9tlj3j77py2y6x0f-wpengine.netdna-ssl.com/wp-content/uploads/2020/04/Beowulf-opening-extract.pdf)
[content/uploads/2020/04/Beowulf-opening-extract.pdf](http://1wp2gx3v9tlj3j77py2y6x0f-wpengine.netdna-ssl.com/wp-content/uploads/2020/04/Beowulf-opening-extract.pdf) or type in
Michael Morpurgo Bewoulf PDF to google)

This is about half of the text, The remainder is on the following pages



regal beauty, her arm-rings glowing gloriously. 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 treasure-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 place and all your people, or to fail in the attempt and so meet our end."

No words had ever sounded sweeter to

this lady, this splendid queen of the Danes. The poet sang then of the victory to come, of the foul fiend destroyed and evil banished, and Geat and Dane alike raised their rousing 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, great heroes both, 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. I know that in the fight to come you will stretch every sinew,

There were, it was true, some envious looks cast at Beowulf and his Geatish warriors, and some envious words too. Amongst the Danish thanes a few did not care to be outshone in this manner and felt their honour threatened. Some challenged Beowulf openly, questioning his proud claim that he would succeed in this fight where they had not, especially, they said, if he faced up to Grendel unarmed as he had proposed he would. Stung at these insults Beowulf spoke up strongly in his own defence.

"Do not worry yourselves on our account. We'll soon show this monster Grendel strength, courage and a firmness of purpose he has never met before. Just because you have failed, don't imagine for one moment we shall do the same. We are made of sterner stuff than you think. Mark my words, by daylight the reign of

this terror-tyrant will be over. We have come to do this, and with God's help we shall achieve it."

The more Hrothgar heard, that kind and generous king, that great father-protector and shepherd of all the Danes, the more he hoped, and then believed, that Beowulf could better the beast that night. Doubts disappeared and all envy too, as the harp music rose to the rafters and laughter echoed once again about the great mead-hall. Bearing the precious treasure-cup, Hrothgar's queen came now to Heorot to meet these Geatish heroes, to greet and honour them. But to the peerless Hrothgar, her husband and her beloved, she offered the treasure-cup first, and afterwards gave the 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

summon up all the strength and all the courage you possess. In return, should you survive and the beast be destroyed, I promise before everyone here, I will show you more generosity than a king ever showed before to any man."

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.

"The time is soon coming. So let each of us put our trust in God," said Beowulf to his men, "but in our strength and fighting skills also. Do this and we shall not fail."

And with that he took off his coat of mail and his helmet, as he had vowed to do. He unbuckled his war-sword too, and then gave all his armour and weapons to his faithful attendant.

Before going to their beds the Geats gathered together one last time, set forehead to

forehead, drinking deep of one another's courage, fiercer now than ever in their fiery determination.

"We ask the Lord to bless our endeavours tonight," Beowulf whispered. "Remember we fight this fight in his name. It would be easy to come at the beast with weapons. But I shall cut short this monster's life with my own God-given strength. Let God choose which of us shall triumph and we have no fear of losing. Believe that, my friends, and we shall win."

So Beowulf went to his bed, and his men too, but in truth they slept only fitfully, for there was not one of them, not Beowulf himself even, who could be certain how the night would end, whether any of them would ever again see the light of dawn. They knew well enough how many brave Danes this Grendel creature had dragged lifeless and bleeding from

Heorot, how unlikely it was that some, or all of them, would ever again see their hearth and home. In silent prayer, each of them placed his life in the hands of his Almighty Maker who had from the very beginning ruled supreme in all the affairs of men.

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.

And it was coming too. Grendel came gliding through swirling moorland cloud-mists, death-dealing in his hate-filled heart, thirsting to kill again that night as he had so often before. Down from the forest came Grendel now, saw the mead-house, scented the sweet flesh of those



inside, easy victims; as easy as before, he thought.

Had the monster known what awaited him there, he would most surely have thought twice, slunk back to his lair and never returned, for this would be the last

time the beast was ever to go out on a killing spree. Never more would the terror-tyrant stalk the land. Now it was his turn to suffer the panic of fear, and the pain of death agony. So the giver of death and destruction would become the receiver at last. He did not know it yet though, and came on unawares to Heorot.

Rage-wracked, on wreckage bent, Grendel ripped open the iron-studded doors – they were no hindrance to him. He scanned the dark hall through fire-blazing eyes, saw the slumbering thanes, still drowsy in sleep, the

solitary, startled sentry, the whole war-band. Rejoicing at the prospect of another flesh-feast, this vile and vengeful creature laughed out loud at his good fortune. He would tear each and every one of them to pieces, stain Heorot's floor once more with the lifeblood. A night of gore and gluttonous pleasure lay ahead of him, or so it seemed. And so it began, too, as he snatched up the first Geatish sentry he saw, Handscio he was called, and simply tore him apart, bolting his flesh in great gobbets, gnawing and gnashing on his bones, stripping the meat, sucking the veins, until, in moments, nothing of the poor helpless man was left, not a hair of his head, not a hand, not a foot, not even a nail.

That was just the beginning for him, he thought. Onto his next victim he pounced at once, reaching out to grab him with his killing claws. But now he was met with a grip of steel, a grip harder, tighter, than he



had ever known, that seized him, held him fast by the arm. Locked in the vice of this 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 again and again to unloose this fist, yearning only now to be away from Heorot and home again in the safety of his lair. Vainly he tried to pull away, but Beowulf's fingers fastened harder still in an ever tightening grip around that callous killer's arm.

How Grendel longed to get out, to escape to the forests and fens, but no power on this earth could force Beowulf to release his grip. Now Grendel knew, this merciless, murderous ogre, that he should never have come this night, that his death was coming and that, despite all his efforts to tear himself away, there was nothing he could do to prevent it, no

way he could save himself. Fear of this death drove him mad with anger, and anger only made him stronger; he would fight to the death to save himself. He would never give in.

It was amazing that the great hall of Heorot was not split asunder that night, so ferocious was the wrestling between these two giants. Locked together in this deadly embrace they reeled and writhed about the mead-hall, so that all the Danes outside could hear a dreadful cacophony of crashing and crying resounding through Heorot. Gold-worked trappings and iron braces, all well made and sturdy, simply snapped and buckled as the two of them in deadly earnest wrestled and grappled and struggled with one another.

There was no ground given in this terrible fight, nor mercy either. So they fought on, this Grendel now fear-soaked, his

strength failing him, and brave Beowulf, fist still clenched around the monster's arm and knowing he had only to cling on and not let go to banish to hell for ever the damned one, God's and his own worst enemy. Clearly outside they heard the monster's demon scream, his hideous, howling screech. The sound of it chilled every listener to the bone, yet hope gladdened them too, for these they knew were not human cries, but rather the strident sobbing of the beast in agony and terror.

Seeing Grendel thus pinioned by the Geatish hero, and tortured and weakened by his pain, Beowulf's companions-in-arms drew their swords and sprang now to his side to help him in his fight, to finish if they could this murderer's wretched life. They were not to know, Beowulf's battle-friends, that no man-made sword, no steel could pierce this cruel creature's enchanted hide.

Only naked strength could end his unnatural life. Grendel understood this, and he knew he was weakening, that his end must be near. He could think of no possible way to escape. Great-hearted Beowulf, sensing his sagging strength, had him still by the arm, now twisted it and turned it until the shoulder muscles split apart, the tendons snapped, the bone joints burst, and Grendel's arm was ripped and wrenched, bleeding, from his body.

Then Grendel fled armless and half dead already from Heorot. Over the moors he staggered and stumbled, through the fens back to his den, knowing all the while that this was his last day on earth, that his life's blood was draining from him. He was dying his death.

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. He had destroyed the great destroyer with his bare hands, saved Hrothgar's royal mead-house and the Danish people from further terrors, and given them back the sanctuary of their hearth, and their home.

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, that whole torn-off limb, shoulder, arm and hand, gruesome witness to the monster's violent end.

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 fens and moors and mountains, from near and far to see this hideous limb hanging there in the hall, and then to follow the fiendish foe's last footprints through the shadowy forest

and the moor-mist, tracking the trail of blood to the monster's marsh-pool. To this remote and dismal place the dying monster had come only hours before, the last of his blood ebbing fast with every faltering step. Here he had dived to his miserable death, his hot wound-blood bubbling and boiling in the brackish waves. So he had sunk at last to his cavernous lair below, and had died there alone in his agony, to be welcomed back in hell where he belonged.

Beowulf's marvellous feat was now the talk of Heorot and all the Danish lands beyond. None was his equal, they said, none braver, nor more worthy, even, to be king here in Denmark in his own right. And this was not said to slight great Hrothgar, for he was a good and much loved king of his people, but only in praise of Beowulf and his great courage and strength. That day the poet wove his word-

song, told the story of the hero in glowing, golden language, rang the word-changes, and all who were there remembered and told it again and again, so that their children and their children's children should never forget his daring deeds, nor the noble name of Beowulf either.

That evening all were summoned to Heorot, to that splendid mead-hall freed now for ever from Grendels' evil reign and cleansed of the night's horrors. Beowulf the Great, as guest of honour, came in with Hrothgar the king, and his glorious queen, with all her maidens following. And gathering there now too, thronging Hrothgar's happy hall, were all the thanes and warriors, anyone who could find a place, each of them gazing in awe at the sight of Grendel's dreadful arm hanging there from the rafters. But it was not chiefly this grisly reminder they had come for, but



to see Beowulf, their great champion, sitting beside good King Hrothgar, and to show their joyous triumph and their relief at this timely and blessed deliverance.

Taking his stand on the steps, his queen and Beowulf on either side, Hrothgar began his speech of thanks and all there listened to every gracious word.

"Let our thanks be first to God above for his mercy. To the Master of Heaven and master of this earth, worker of all miracles,

for it is he who has brought Grendel to his death at last. I will be honest with you. Until yesterday, until Beowulf came, I doubted whether Grendel – and I curse his name for all the grief he brought to us – could ever be overcome, whether this loveliest of mead-halls could ever be truly ours again, whether the damned demon's bloodletting slaughter could ever be brought to an end.

"Then God sent us this man, this hero amongst men, now here at my side, the noble Beowulf, and his companions-in-arms; and together they have achieved in one night what we had tried and failed to do in twelve long years of sorrow. What mother would not have been proud to have borne such a son as this? What father does not yearn for a son like Beowulf? So Beowulf, best of men, from this moment I cherish you as I would my own son. And as I promised before, anything that is in my

gift you shall have – it will be small reward for your great service to us all.

"Know also that your deeds will bring you greater riches still, which are my undying honour and gratitude and love, and that of all my people too. May Almighty God grant you always the success you enjoyed last night wherever you go, whatever the fight, whoever the foe may be."

And the cheering that followed this rang loud in the rafters of Heorot, and was only silenced when Beowulf himself began to speak. It was not at all in a proud or boasting tone – that was never his way.

"We came here willingly, my warriors and I, to challenge the evil one on your behalf, and with God's help we prevailed. Yet I am sorry you see hanging up there only his arm. I should have preferred you to have seen the rest of him here too. I tried my utmost to hold him fast, to

squeeze the life out of him, but I did not have a good enough grip of him to prevent his escape. By tearing himself away and leaving behind his arm, he must have hoped to save himself from death, wretched creature. But God did not wish it, and so the fiend lives no more. He will no more haunt your land or plague your people. Like any other murderous criminal he awaits now God's own justice. We may have his arm, but God has his evil soul and will do with him as he pleases."

All the talk was then of the fine words they had just heard, and of what a furious fight it must have been during that perilous night when Beowulf destroyed the beast. Long they gazed at the grotesque arm up there, at the horrible hand and fearsome fingers, the nails as strong and sharp as steel, each one a spur-talon, each a vicious war-weapon for gouging and

gashing. They shuddered to look at it, to think what damage it could do, and marvelled once again at Beowulf's bravery.

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, adorning it richly from golden gable to shining floor. They hung glowing, gold-wrought tapestries. They mended or covered all the damage and destruction that greatest of all mead-halls



had suffered the night before, and prepared a great feast of thanksgiving, as the king had commanded.

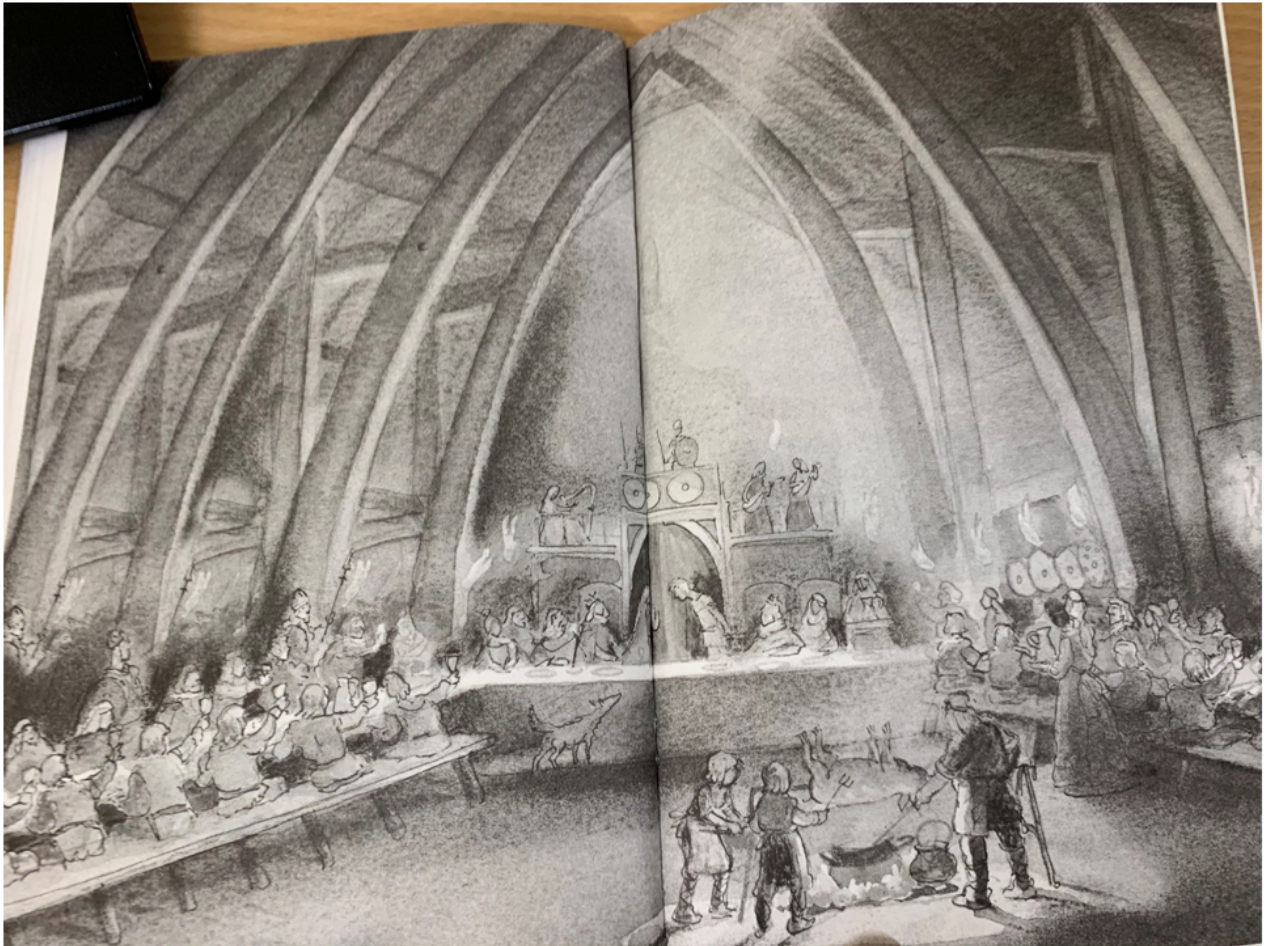
That evening when all was ready, into that happy hall came Hrothgar and Beowulf again. All around them now, on the mead-benches, sat the thanes and warriors and as many of the good people of Denmark as the benches would allow. Hrothgar's queen was there of course, all her ladies, and all the Geatish warriors too. And all rejoiced and feasted as never before, the mead-cup passing from hand to hand, until Heorot was filled once more with the laughter of friends, with sweet song and marvellous music, with unbounded joy.

Then offering him the cup the queen spoke to Hrothgar. "Now my lord and king, to these Geats speak graciously and generously, and let your gift-promise not

be forgotten now, for Heorot is ours again, cleansed of evil and bright again with joy."

To Beowulf next she came with the cup, where he sat between her two sons, Hrethric and Hrothmund. And when he had drunk, then came the time of gifts. Two arm-wreaths were brought, and robes and more gold rings; but best of all – the richest collar, the finest prize; more ornate and finely wrought than any I ever saw, the most treasured jewel Hrothgar possessed, worn on the neck of great war-kings and heroes; a fabled collar for an already fabled warrior.

"It is no more than you deserve, Beowulf," said Hrothgar's fair queen, and all listened when she spoke and agreed wholeheartedly. "May good fortune come with these jewels, and may the rest of your life be always filled with happiness and prosperity. And may treasure come your



way often and in large amounts! Be strong but be gentle too, and a wise guardian too to my two boys. By them, and by me and my lord Hrothgar, your name will be held in honour and love till the end of time."

How they cheered the queen's words then, those thanes and lords and ladies, and what a sumptuous feast it was of wine and food, and all held in a perfect harmony of joy and hope. They did not know then that the joy would be short-lived, the hope destroyed before even the night was over.