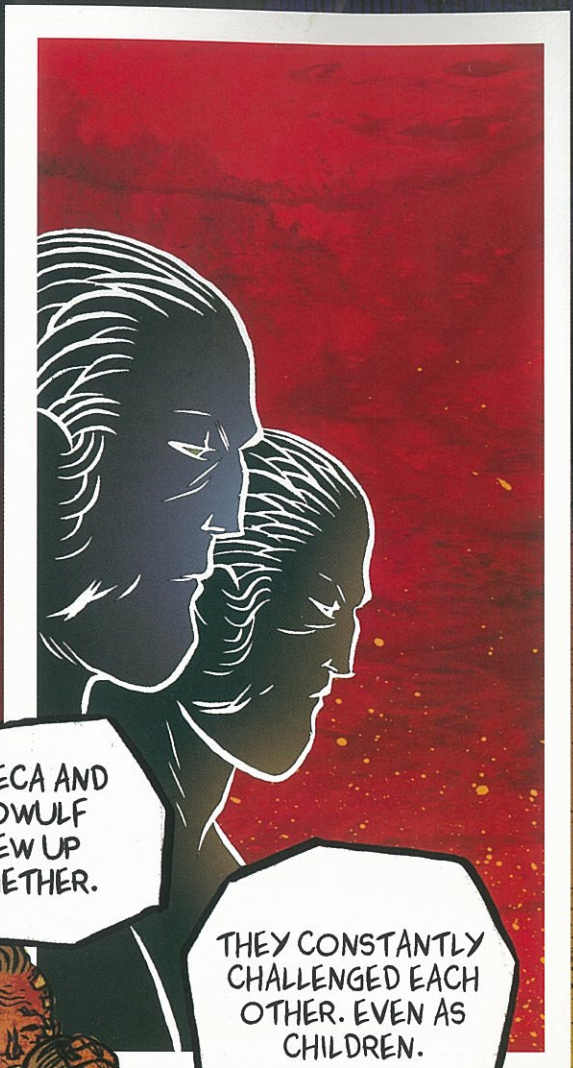


2. MOTHER





...BRECA AND BEOWULF GREW UP TOGETHER.

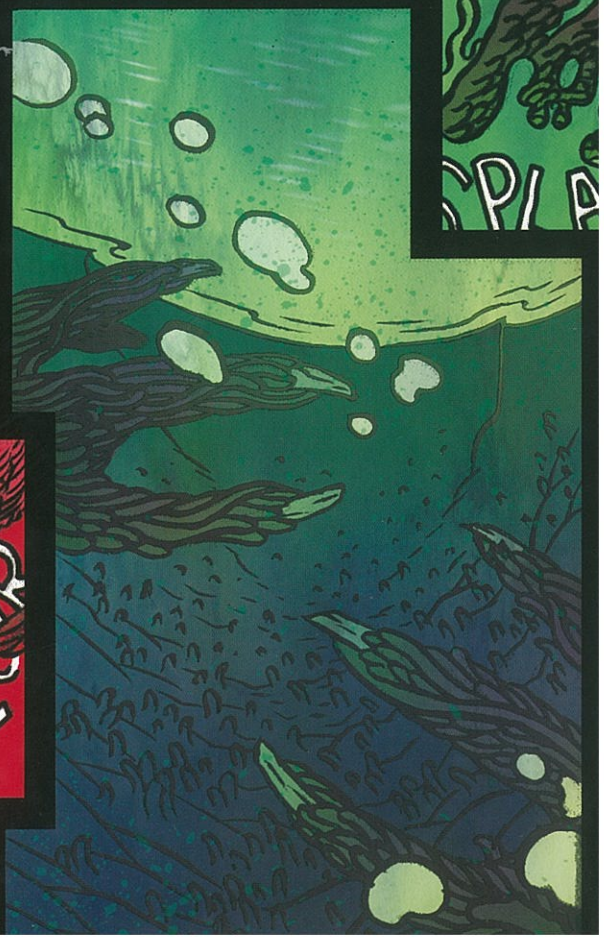
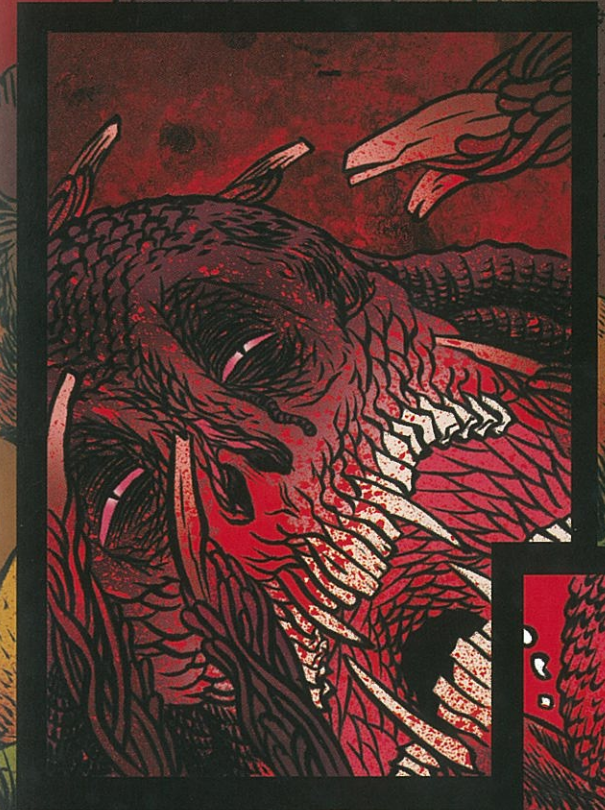
THEY CONSTANTLY CHALLENGED EACH OTHER. EVEN AS CHILDREN.



THEN THE DAY CAME THEY AGREED TO RESOLVE THEIR DIFFERENCES...



...AND SEE WHO WAS THE BETTER SWIMMER.





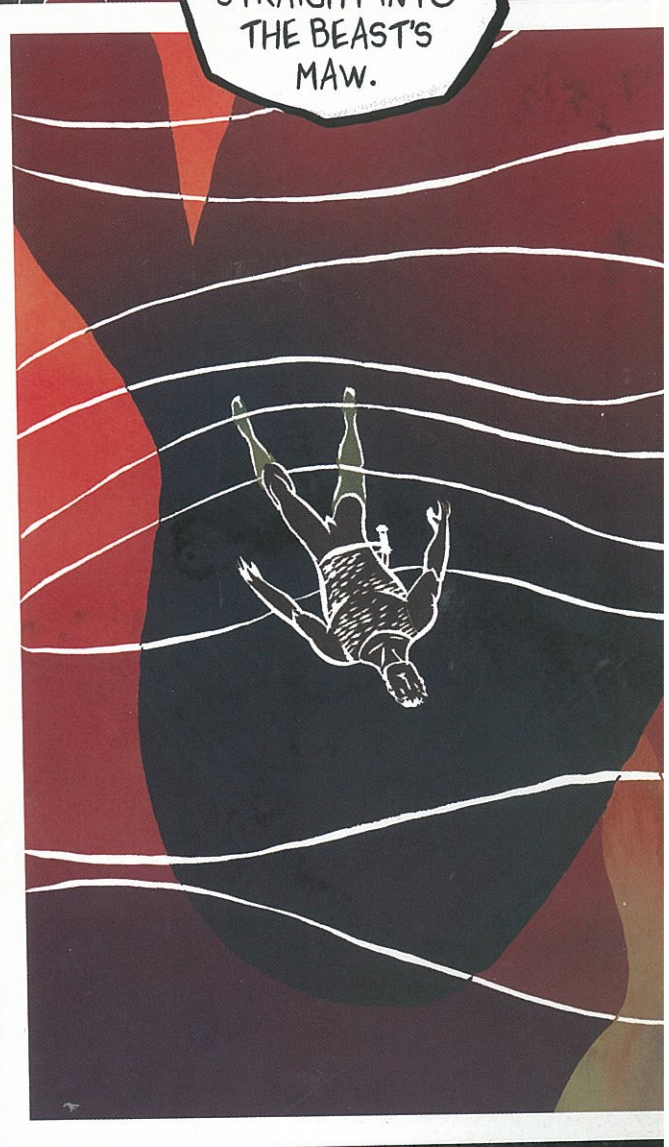
THEY EACH BROUGHT A SWORD TO PROTECT THEM FROM SEA BEASTS.

FOR FIVE NIGHTS, THEY FOUGHT.

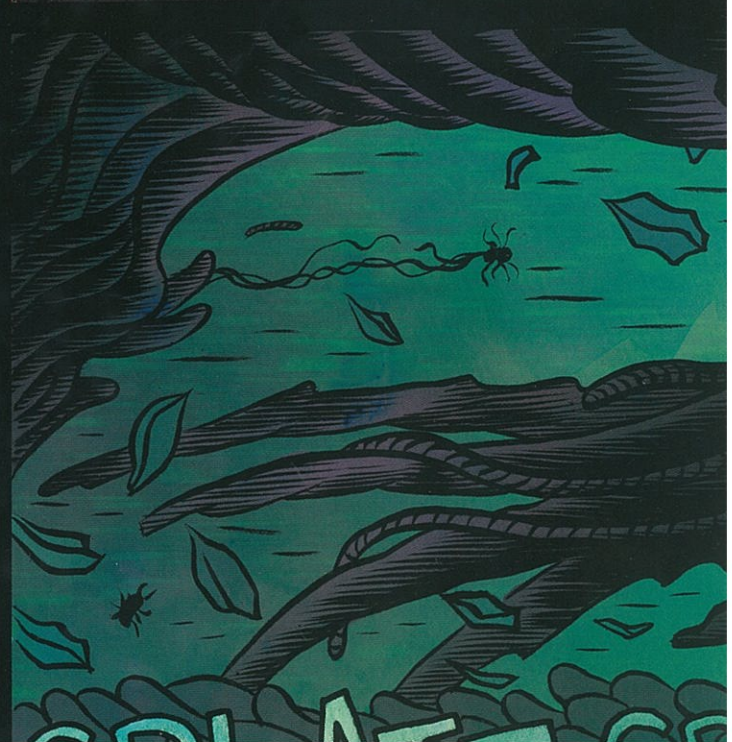
NEITHER BRECA NOR BEOWULF MANAGED TO GET AN ADVANTAGE.



THEN THE TIDES SEPARATED THEM.



AND THE SEA DRAGGED BEOWULF STRAIGHT INTO THE BEAST'S MAW.





MY CHAINMAIL SAVED ME.



TODAY THE SEAS ARE SAFE TO NAVIGATE.



SO, THEN TELL ME IF MY TALE'S A LIE, UNFERTH.




MEASURE IT AGAINST THE PROOF HANGING OVER OUR HEADS.



USING MY BARE HANDS AND MY SWORD, I SLAYED NINE WHALES.

MY FLESH IS NO MONSTER'S FEAST.






TELL ME...
WHAT DO YOU SAY
TO THE ARM OF
GREDEL?



WHAT
HAPPENED
TO BRECA?



I MUST SAY,
BRAVE BEOWULF,
YOU'VE CONQUERED
THE IMPOSSIBLE.

YESTERDAY,
OUR BEAUTIFUL
HALL GLEAMED
WITH BLOOD
AND STANK OF
DEATH.

BUT NOW,
WE ARE
SAVED.



HAAAAASSSS

BECAUSE OF THE COURAGE TO KILL THE DRAGON, THE GLORY OF SIEGFRIED GREW BEYOND ALL LIMITS!



TO CONFRONT THE WORST, HE ALONE DARED TO DESCEND BELOW THE GRAY STONE.



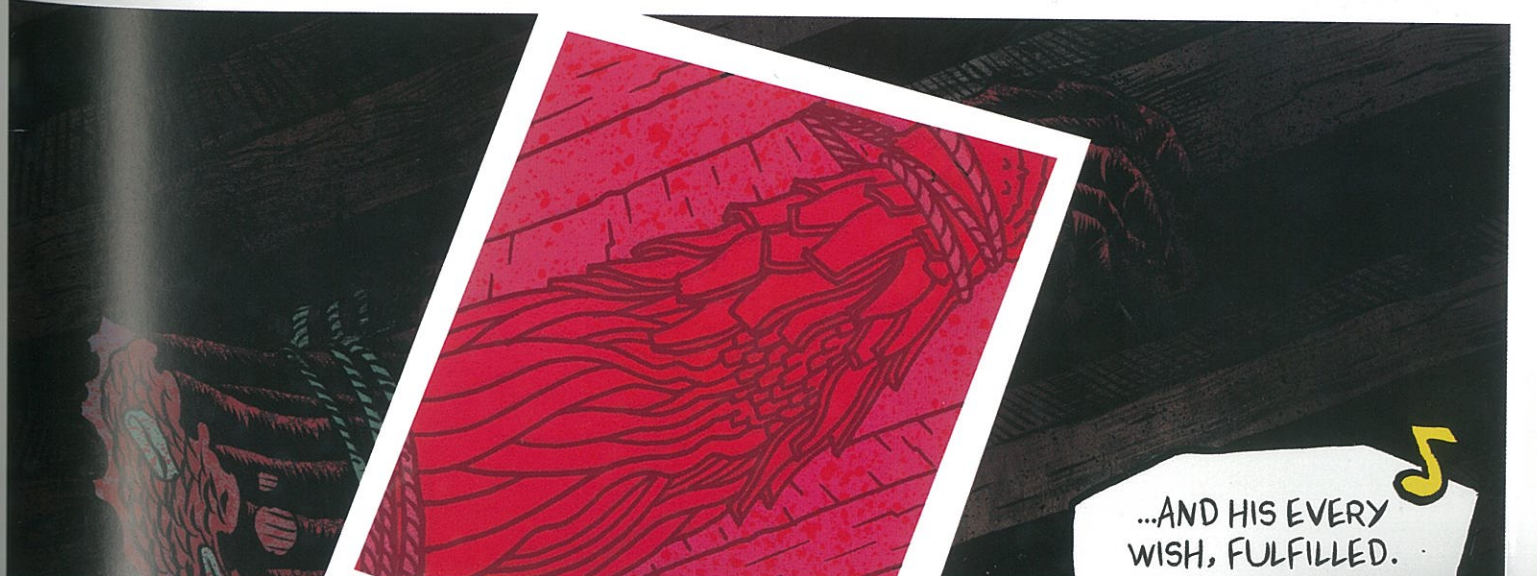
AND HIS SWORD PIERCED ITS SHINING SCALES AND PINNED IT TO THE WALL!



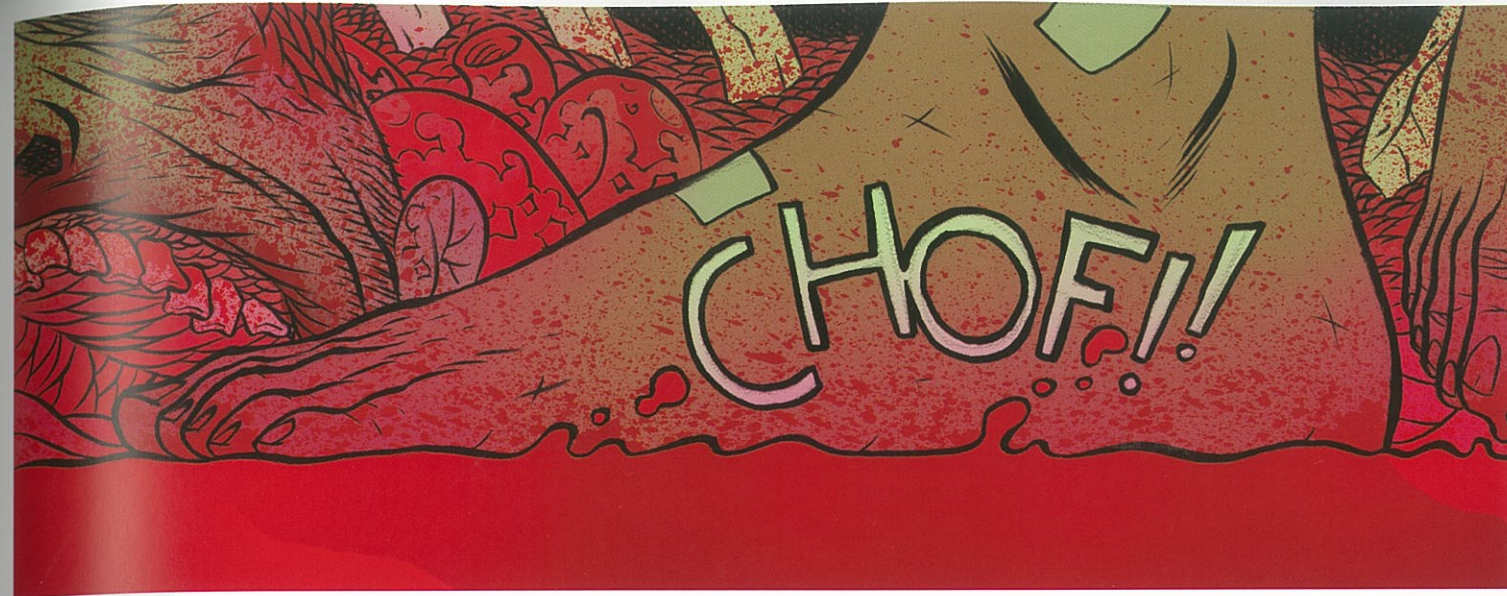
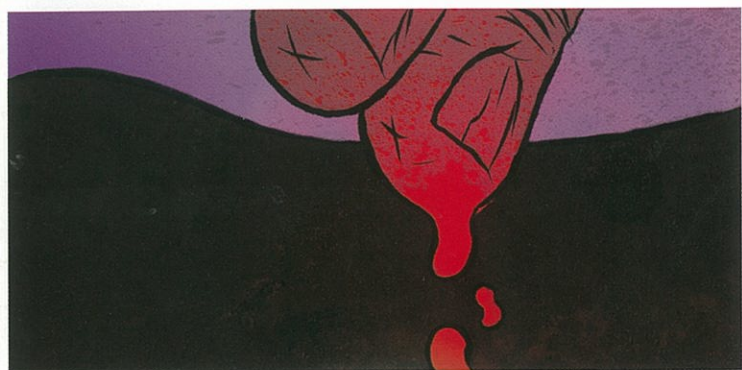
THE DRAGON FELL!



HIS BRAVERY GAVE HIM TREASURE...



...AND HIS EVERY WISH, FULFILLED.



WHO DARE
STEALS THE ARM
OF GREDEL!?

SOMEONE
ENTERED
HEOROT
TONIGHT
WHILE OUR
GUESTS
SLEPT.



THEY ONLY TOOK THE ARM?

NAY.



THEY TOOK THE HEARTS FROM HALF A DOZEN DANES WHOSE LIFE-BLOOD NOW WASHES THE FLOOR...



AND THEY ALSO TOOK MY GOOD AND DEAR ÆSCHERE.



B-BUT IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN GREDEL!

NAY...

...THE VILLAGERS TELL OF A FEMALE CREATURE PROWLING THE MOORS WITH GREDEL.

ITS WOUNDS WERE FATAL!



I THOUGHT IT WAS MERELY A TALL TALE OR PERHAPS AN ANIMAL THE DEMON COMMUNED WITH.

BUT NAY.

'TIS GREDEL'S MOTHER, AVENGING HER SON AND RECOVERING WHAT REMAINS.

THE CURSE CONTINUES.



RISE,
HROTHGAR.



AND DRY
YOUR TEARS.



IT IS BETTER
TO AVENGE A
FRIEND THAN
CRY FOR
THEM.



THE
MONSTER
WILL NOT
ESCAPE MY
WRATH.
I SWEAR IT.

THIS IS HOW
YOU'LL OVERCOME
GRIEF. BY BEING THE
MAN I KNOW YOU
CAN BE.



UNFERTH,
FOLLOW ME
TO GREDEL'S
LAIR.

BRING ME
MY SWORD--
RALLY THE
OTHERS.

I SHALL.

CHOF! CHOF! CHOF! CHOF! CHOF!



BUT I CANNOT
TELL IF YOU'RE
A HERO OR A
MADMAN.



TO IDLY LIVE IS
TO WAIT FOR DEATH.
YOU MUST GRASP FOR
GLORY WHEN IT
COMES.



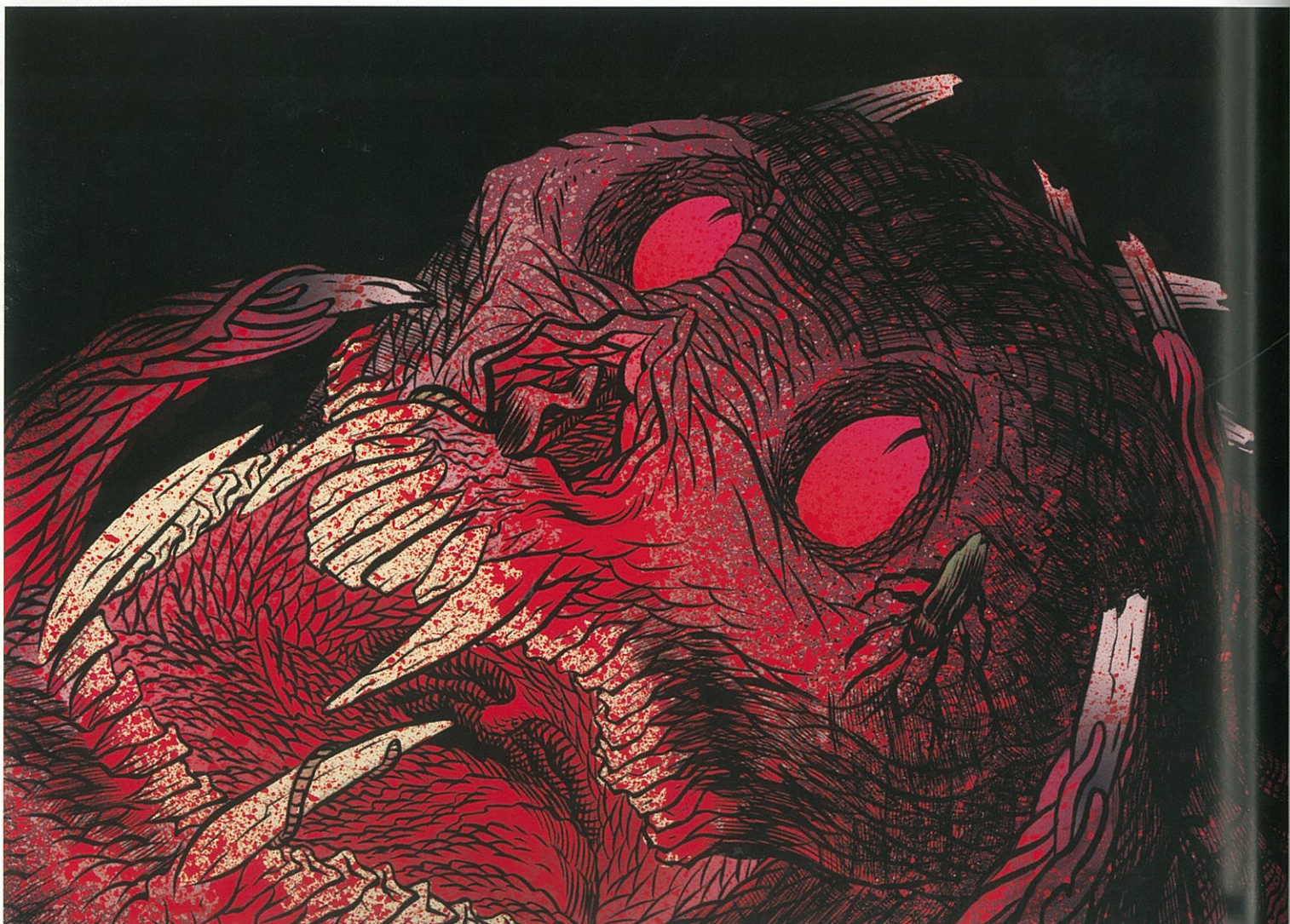




IF I DO NOT RETURN,
REMEMBER YOUR
PROMISES.

TREAT MY
MEN WELL.

IF YOU
RETURN, I
WILL REWARD
YOU AS MY
SON.



YOU HONOR ME, UNFERTH.

I PROMISE YOU I WILL SATE HRUNTING.



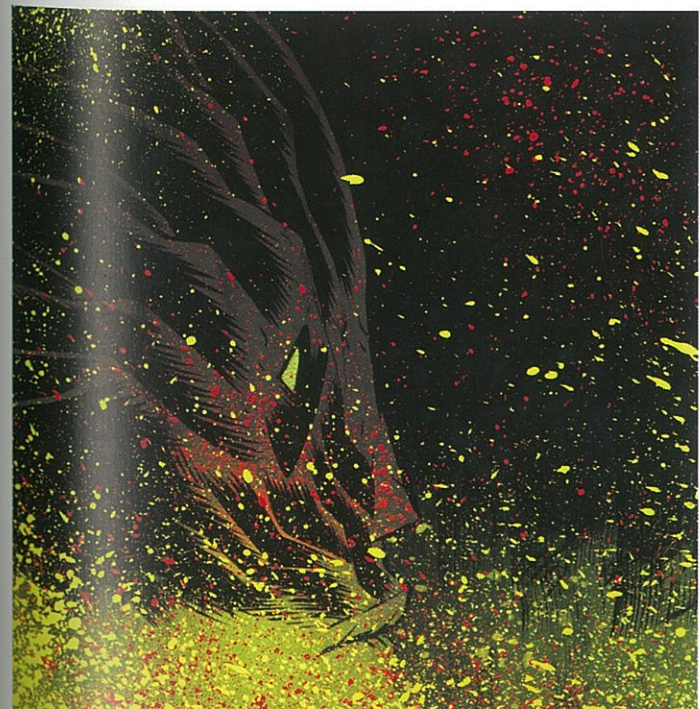
WAIT, BEOWULF!

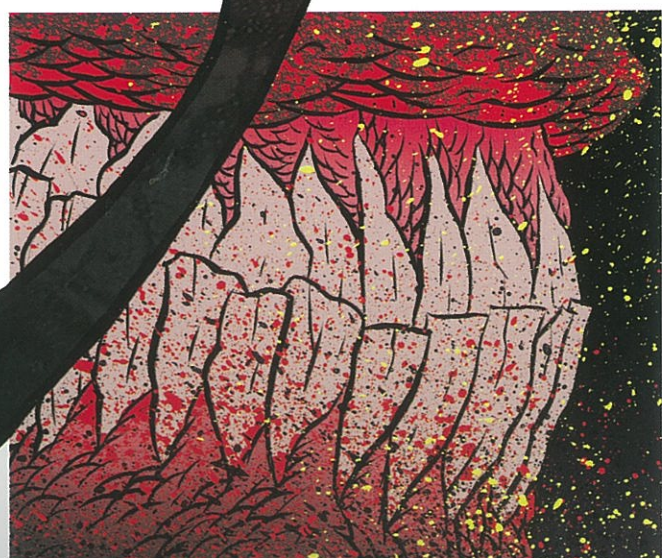
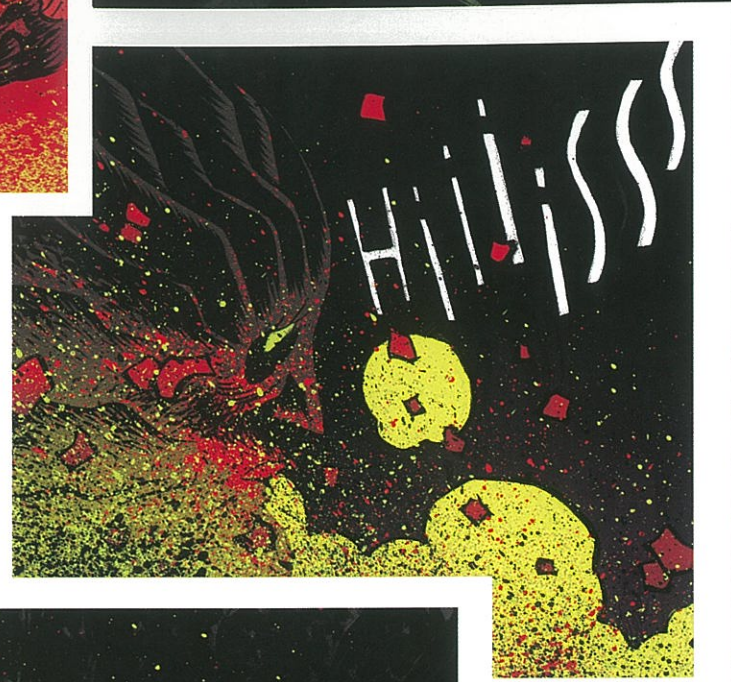
ACCEPT MY SWORD, HRUNTING.

SHE IS AN ANCIENT AND CELEBRATED BLADE, FORGED IN BATTLE AND TEMPERED WITH THE BLOOD OF MY FAMILY.



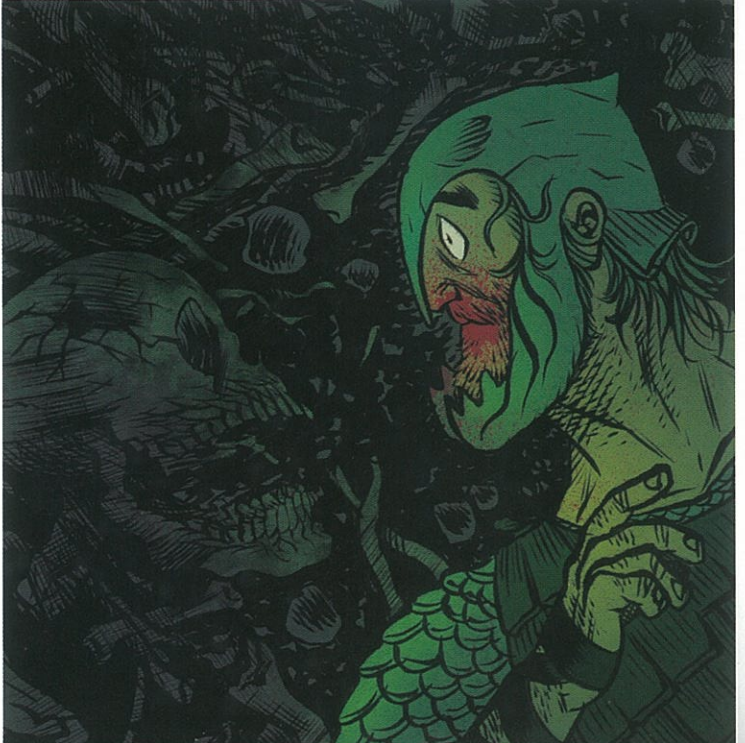
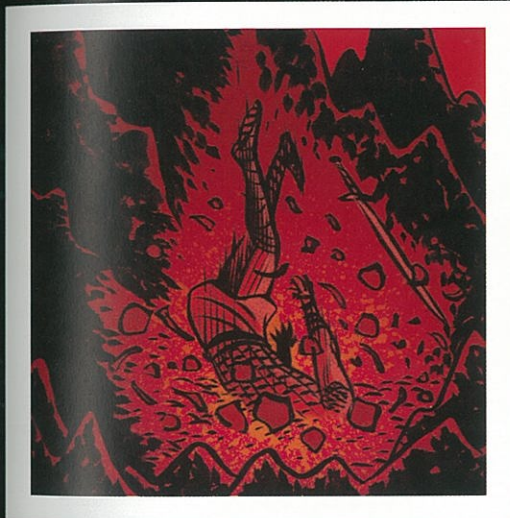
SHE THIRSTS FOR GREDEL'S KIN.







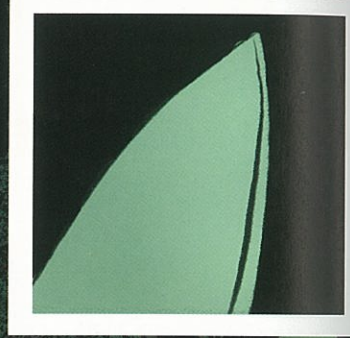




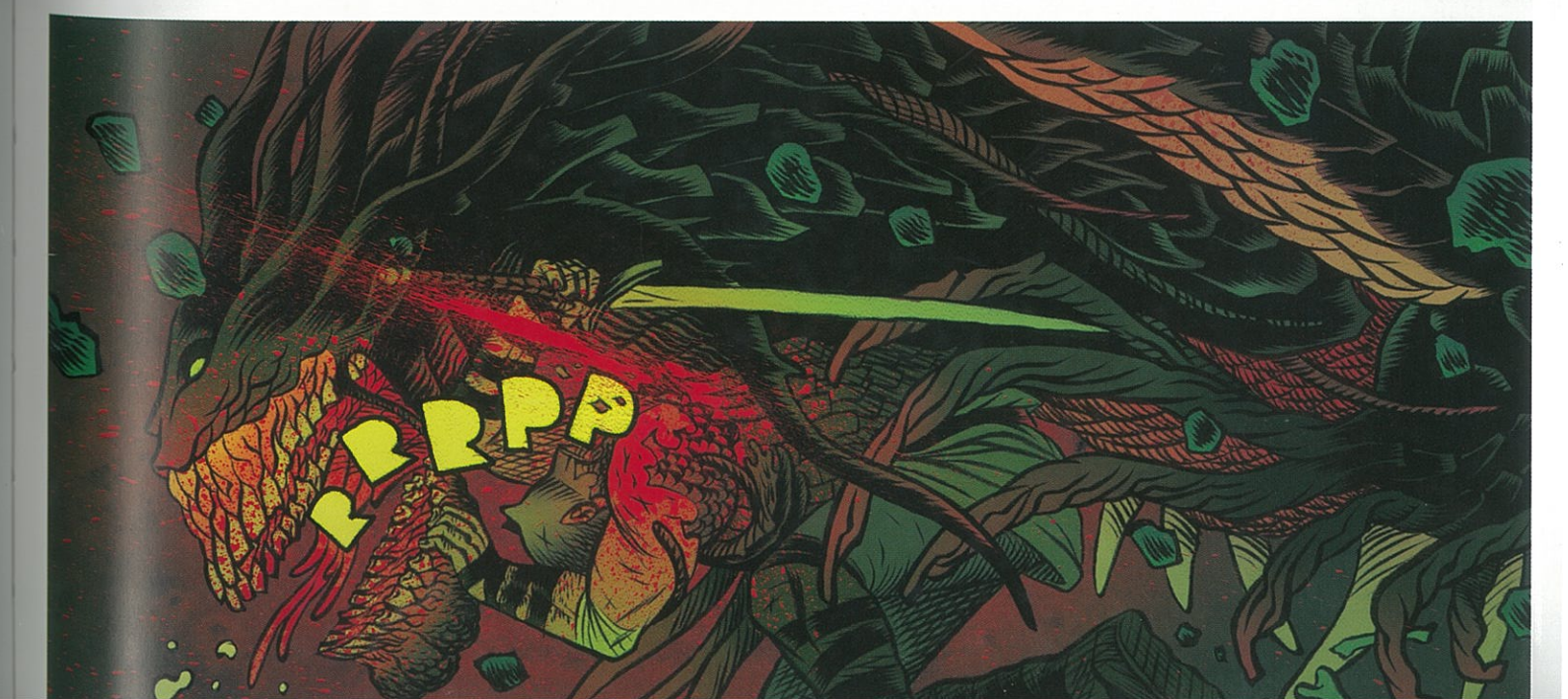
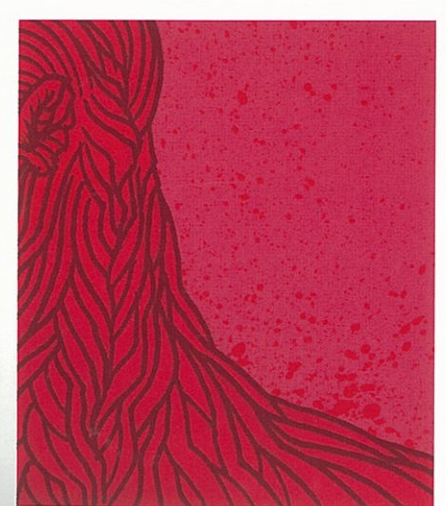


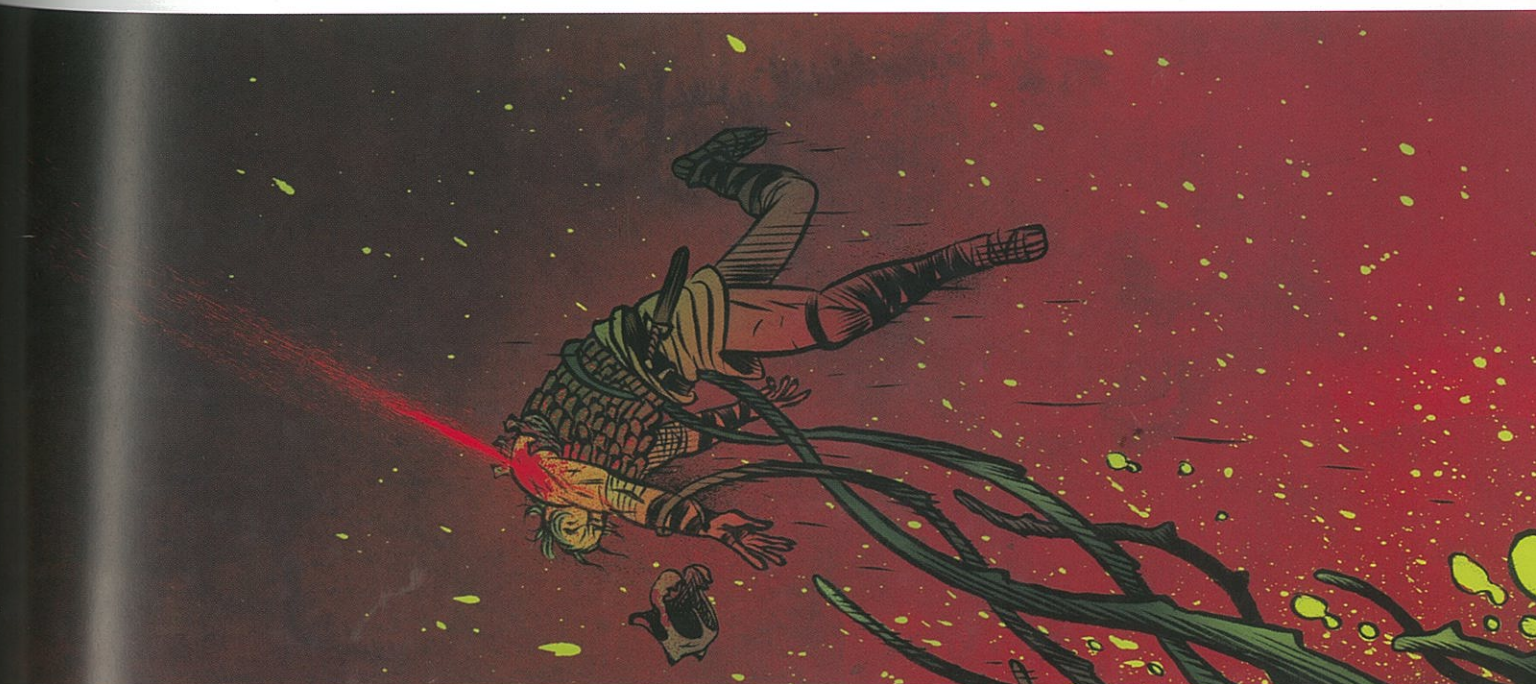


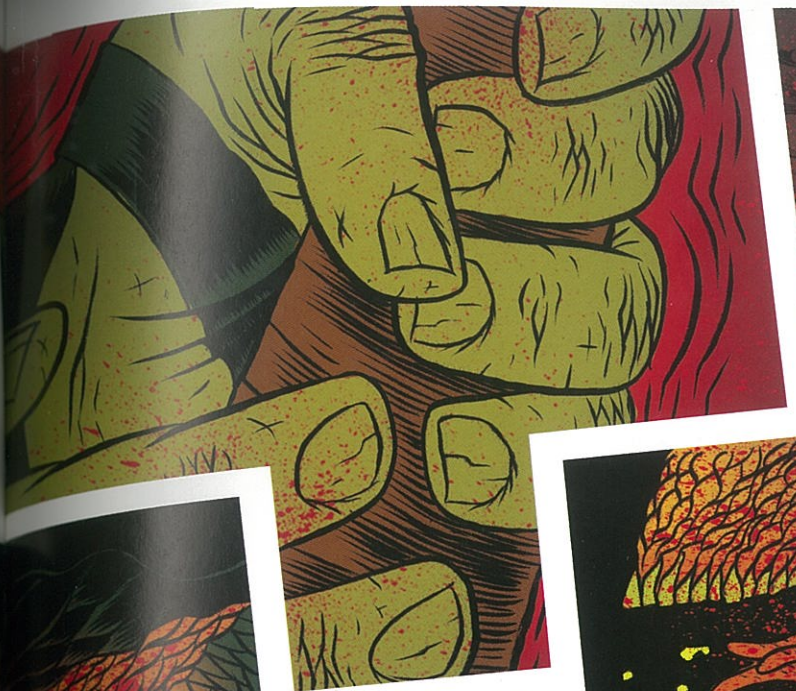
PL C!



RUSTL







NNNGGHH!



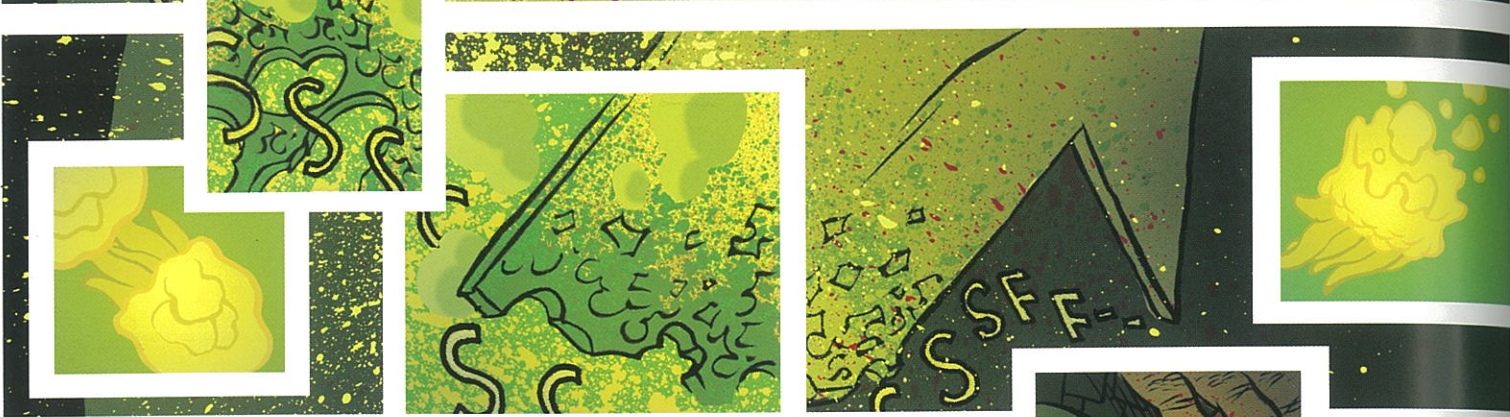


SLAY

HAI!







FUPP!



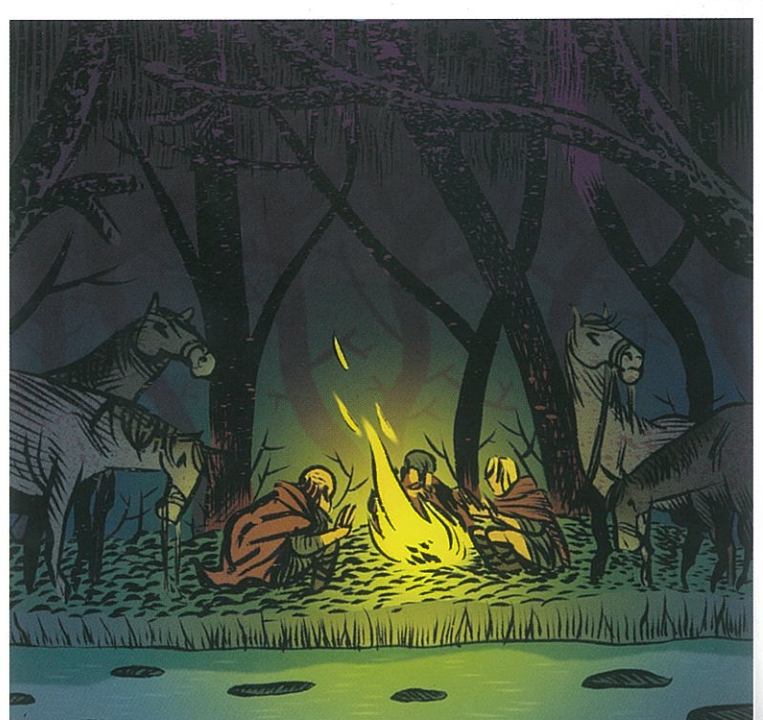
I FEAR THIS BLOOD BELONGS TO BEOWULF.
IF TRUE, TODAY'S A SAD DAY.



LET US MOURN AT HEOROT.



MY LORD, THE GEATS WILL REMAIN EVEN IF HOPE HAS LEFT THEM.





TODAY IS THE MOST FATEFUL DAY WITHIN TWELVE FATEFUL YEARS.

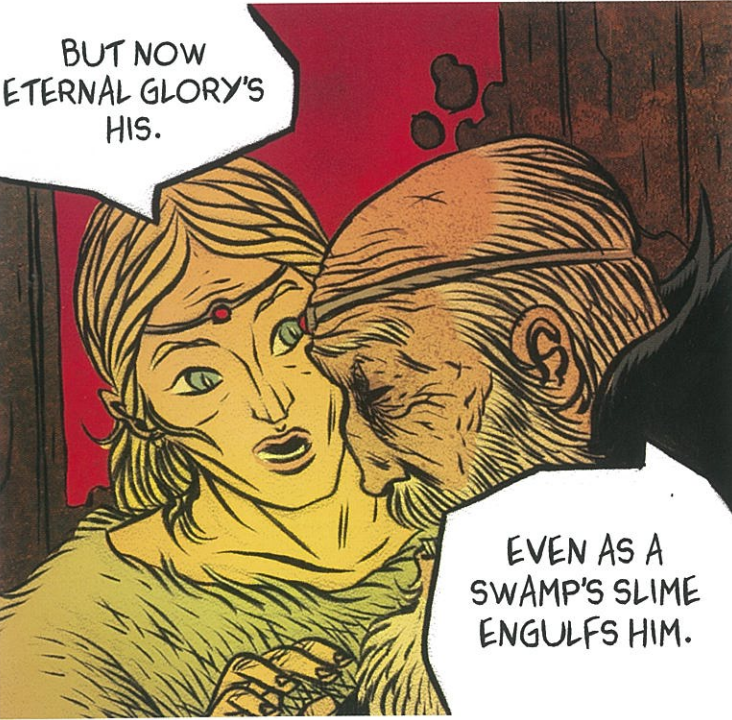
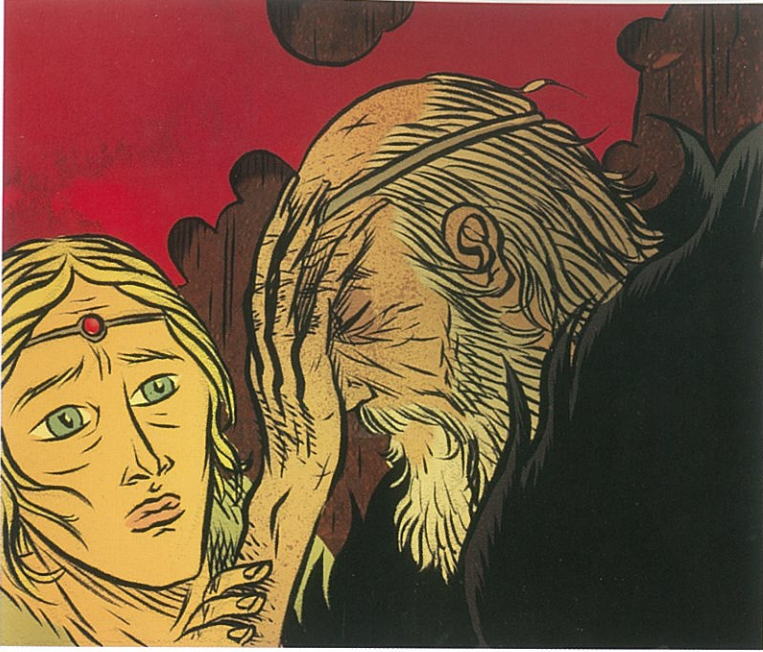


THE MONSTER YET LIVES AS ANOTHER HERO DIES IN VAIN.

PLASH!!



WHAT LEGACY DO I LEAVE?



BUT NOW ETERNAL GLORY'S HIS.

EVEN AS A SWAMP'S SLIME ENGULFS HIM.



GLORY IS FOR CHAMPIONS, NOT FODDER FOR AN EVIL RACE.

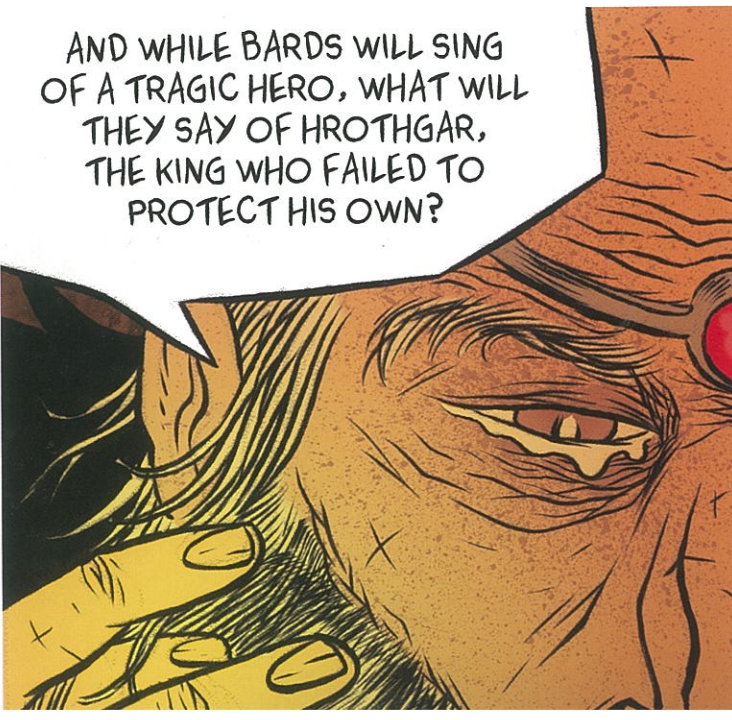


MY LORD!

MY LORD!



COME SEE THIS!



AND WHILE BARDS WILL SING OF A TRAGIC HERO, WHAT WILL THEY SAY OF HROTHGAR, THE KING WHO FAILED TO PROTECT HIS OWN?



THE LORD WHO SEND HIS VASSALS TO THEIR DEATHS AND LEFT THE WARRIOR GEATS AT THE MERCY OF HIS ENEMIES?



THEY'VE RETURNED!







ÆSCHERE
HAS BEEN
AVENGED!



THE DANES
HAVE BEEN
AVENGED!

PHURP!



THERE'S NO
NEED TO CAVE
INTO FEAR!



B-BEOWULF.
I-I DOUBTED
YOU.

AYE,
UNFERTH.



YOU
DOUBTED
MY NAME,
MY VALOR,
MY DEEDS.



YET AS YOU
BEQUEATHED ME THE
HONOR OF HRUNTING,
TEMPERED WITH YOUR
FAMILY'S BLOOD,
I DID NOT DOUBT
ITS EDGE...



I DESIRE
A DRINK.



THEN WE'LL
LEAVE.



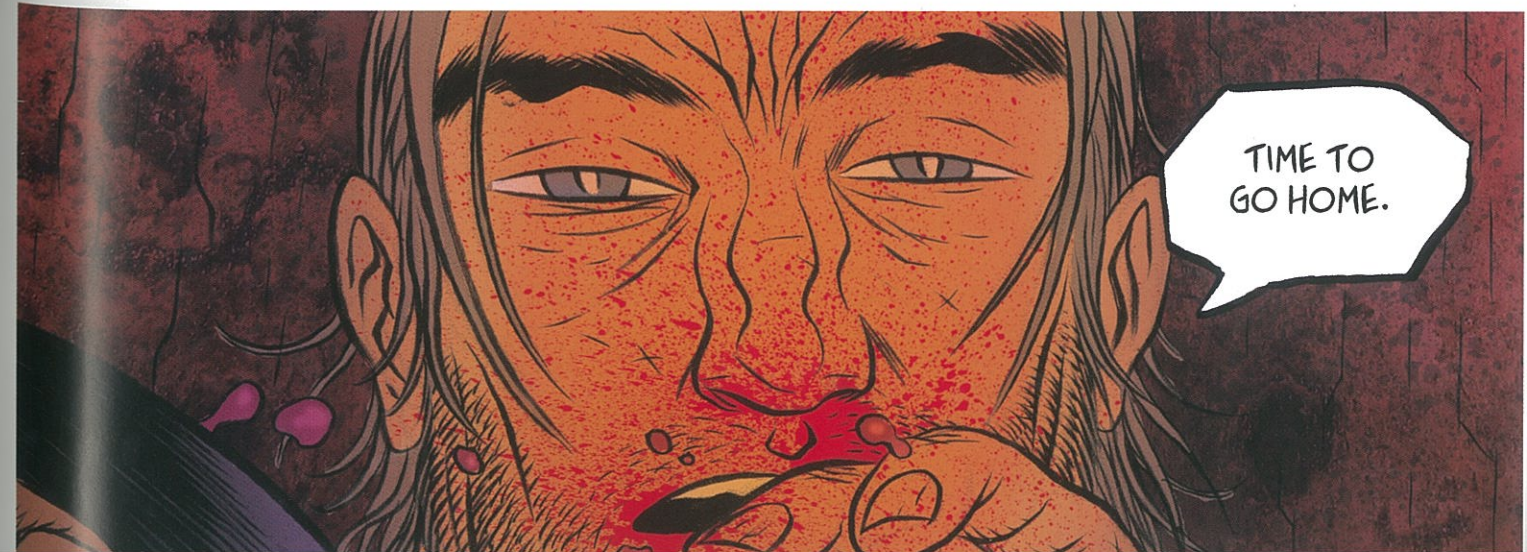
...NOR ITS
STRENGTH!



YET IT SERVED
ME NO GOOD.

IT FAILED.

LIKE YOU.



TIME TO
GO HOME.

