

Name: _____ Section: _____
Date: _____ Score: _____

Directions: Read the literary text below then analyze it by answering the questions that follows. **(10 points)**

Beowulf

Part One: Beowulf and Grendel

1

Following Scyld's death the kingship of the Danes passed to Scyld's son Beowulf [not the hero of this epic], then in turn to his son Healfdene, then to his son Hrothgar. Each of these successors proved to be a venerable leader.

I have heard tell how Hrothgar had a great mead-hall built. It was larger and grander than any such hall that anyone had ever heard of. He named the great hall Heorot. Here, with great ceremony, he dispensed lavish gifts to young and old, thus giving thanks for his own victories and prosperity.

Not long afterward the hall's merriment was brought to an end by a grim foe named Grendel, who haunted marshes and moors, fens and heath. This wretched being, along with monsters, elves, sea-beasts, and giants, was a descendent of Cain, whom the Lord had banished from mankind for the slaying of Abel.

2

Grendel attacked during the night. Following an evening of mead drinking, the Danish warriors were fast asleep. Grendel seized thirty of them, then carried them back to his lair. At dawn the survivors discovered their great loss. They saw the monster's tracks leading away from Heorot, but it was too late to save his victims.

These loathsome attacks continued for twelve winters. Night after night Grendel haunted the misty moors, pursuing his victims. Nor was anyone safe in Heorot, where he attacked at will.

Many of the grief-stricken Danes, seeing no other source of help, returned to their old heathen faith. Woe unto him who thus rejects the Lord.

3

Tidings of Grendel's attacks reached the country of the Geats. Beowulf, athane of Hygelac, King of the Geats, heard of Grendel's deeds and resolved to come to the Danes' rescue. No one faulted him for this decision. He was a proven hero.

Beowulf had a ship outfitted for the journey, then chose fifteen warriors to accompany him. A skilled mariner pointed out the landmarks to them.

Driven by the wind, the ship sped across the waves. On the second day the sailors caught sight of gleaming cliffs and broad headlands. They went ashore and secured their ship.

A Danish guard saw them from the cliff as they came ashore with their shields and weapons. This thane of Hrothgar approached them on horseback. Waving his spear he challenged them with these words: "What warriors are you, sailing your great ship along the ocean-paths? I am a member of the coastguard, charged with protecting the Danish land. Never have I seen a band of warriors try to land here more openly than you have done. Who is your brave leader, and what is his lineage?"

4

Beowulf answered: "We are of the Geatish kin, Hygelac's hearth-companions. I am the son of a noble prince named Ecgtheow. We have come to serve the mighty lord of the Danes. We have heard that some secret destroyer causes great terror among the Scyldings on dark nights. I intend to help Hrothgar overcome this foe." The coastguardsman pointed the way to Heorot, then returned to his post. Beowulf and his men hurried onward. The boar-images glistened above the cheek-guards on their helmets.

5

The street was paved with stones. The men followed this path to the great hall. Leaning their shields against the wall, they sat down upon the benches [outside the hall].

A warrior asked the heroes about their lineage: "Where have you come from, with your shields, war-shirts, visored helmets, and spears. I am Hrothgar's servant and herald. Never before have I seen such a band of strangers in such a courageous mood."

Beowulf answered: "We are table-companions of Hygelac. Beowulf is my name. I will reveal my errand to the son of Healfdene, your great king, if you will take us to him."

Wulfgar (that was the herald's name) quickly went to Hrothgar, now old and white-haired. Wulfgar spoke: "Geatish warriors have arrived here from across the sea. They call their chieftain Beowulf. They have requested to speak with you."

6

Hrothgar spoke: "I knew Beowulf when he was a child. His father was called Ecgtheow, and he has come as a loyal friend. Moreover, seafarers have reported here that Beowulf is strong in battle. The grip of his hand is said to have the strength of thirty men. Bid him and his band of kinsmen welcome among the Danish people.

Wulfgar came to the door of the hall and announced from within: "My victorious lord bids me say that he knows your noble lineage. You are welcome here. You may come inside to Hrothgar, wearing your armor and helmets, but leave your spears outside until after you have spoken." Beowulf approached Hrothgar, then spoke: "Hail to thee, Hrothgar! In my native land I learned of Grendel's deeds. Seafarers report that this great hall is useless for all men after nightfall. Knowing my great strength, my people urged me to come to your aid. They have seen me return from battle stained with the blood of my foes. I have destroyed a race of giants and have slain sea-beasts by night. Now I have come to cleanse Heorot of the evil that has come upon it. Furthermore, I have learned that Grendel, the giant monster, has no fear of weapons, so I will fight him with my bare hands, without sword or shield. If I fail, have no concern about my burial; Grendel will devour my corpse. Do, however, send my chainmail back to Hygelac. It is the best of armor, inherited from Hrethel [Beowulf's grandfather], and the work of Weland [a legendary smith].

7

Hrothgar replied: "We thank you for coming to our defense. It is with sorrow that I tell what shame and grief Grendel has caused. Many of my best warriors have fallen victim to his horrid clutch. Often my warriors have boastfully vowed while drinking their ale to take vengeance, but the next morning the mead-hall has been stained with their blood. Join us now in a feast and share with my men how you plan to achieve victory."

In the mead-hall a bench was made ready for the Geats. Mead was served. A bard sang with a clear voice. The assembled warriors rejoiced, Geats and Danes alike.

8

However, one of the Danes, Unferth by name, was jealous of the attention given to Beowulf, and seeking to stir up a quarrel he spoke: "Are you the Beowulf who foolishly challenged Breca to a swimming contest, risking your lives in the deep water? No one could turn you away from the foolhardy venture, and the two of you swam out into the ocean. For seven nights the two of you battled the waters, but he had the greater strength, and he outlasted you. The waves drove him ashore on the coast of Norway, and he was proclaimed the winner. I expect even worse results for you with your contest against Grendel."

Beowulf answered: "Unferth, my friend, in your drunkenness you have said much about my adventure with Breca. Now I will tell the truth of what happened. When we were still boys Breca and I had boasted that one day we would test our strength at sea; and we did as we had spoken in our youth. To defend ourselves against whales we swam carrying naked swords in our hands. Neither of us could gain an advantage over the other one, and thus we swam together for five nights, until finally the cold waves drove us apart. The sea-fish grew angry, but my shirt of chainmail protected me. An evil monster dragged me to the bottom, but I was able to stab the creature with the point of my sword, and then dispatched him with my hand."

9

Beowulf continued: "Other evil creatures attacked me, but I killed them all with my sword. Never again would they hinder seafarers. With the morning light the waves were stilled. Destiny had not doomed me to die. Instead, I had slain nine sea monsters with my sword. I escaped from all these perils, and the current finally carried me to the land of the Finns. Unferth, I have never heard of such exploits on your part. No, neither you nor Breca has ever performed so goodly. If you were as fierce in battle as you claim to be, the heath monster Grendel would not have been so successful in his attacks against the Danish people. He kills and feasts without fear of the Danes, but I will show him the strength and courage of the Geats. After that whoever will may drink mead in this great hall without fear."

The gray-haired king rejoiced in these words; he trusted in Beowulf for help. Laughter and joyous words rang throughout the hall.

10

That night Beowulf and his kinsmen-in-arms kept watch in the great hall. Trusting in his own strength and in the Lord's favor, he took off his chainmail and helmet, and gave his sword to a thane for safekeeping. All the watchmen save one fell asleep. Beowulf waited and watched.

11

Grendel drew near from the moorland beneath the misty hillsides. Heorot's door, although secured with fire-hardened bands, opened at his first touch. In the hall he saw many sleeping warriors, and he laughed in his heart. Thinking to kill each one, he hoped for a bountiful feast. The mighty kinsman of Hygelac was watching to see how the foe would attack. Suddenly the monster seized a sleeping thane, tore him to pieces, then drank his blood and devoured his corpse. He stepped nearer to Beowulf, clutching at him with his claw, but the great warrior took hold of Grendel's arm with great strength. Never before had this master of evil encountered such human strength. He tried to flee into the darkness, but he could not break Beowulf's powerful grip. Grendel's fingers finally burst and bled. The two opponents wrestled madly. The hall echoed with the sound of their battle.

It was a wonder that the building did not fall to the ground. As I have heard men tell, their struggles tore many a mead-bench from its base.

12

Beowulf's warriors drew their swords, hoping to protect the life of their lord, but when they plunged into the fight they soon discovered that their blades were useless against this foul destroyer. By a spell Grendel had protected himself against all weapons. But nonetheless, this day he was doomed to die a wretched death. A gaping wound appeared on his shoulder, and mortally wounded, he fled, full knowing that the appointed number of his days had now come.

The lord of the Geats had made good his earlier boast. The Danes' affliction was now at an end. Rejoicing, the warrior threw down a token of his victory: the whole claw and arm of Grendel.

13

As I have heard, warriors from near and far assembled at Heorot to behold the foe's tracks, which lead to the Mere of Water Demons. Its waters were seething with blood, and its waves were mingled with gore. There in the depths he gave up his heathen soul to Hel [Loki's daughter, and the ruler of the realm of the dead].

With rejoicing the warrior returned to Heorot and to a great celebration. One of the king's thanes who knew old tales without number, cleverly composed a new story, a truthful tale, narrating Beowulf's adventure.

He also told everything that he had heard of the mighty Sigemund, the son of Wælsing [Volsung], including exploits of which the son of men knew nothing, save Fitala [Sinfliot], his nephew and comrade. Sigemund's great fame carried forth beyond his death, for he had slain the dragon who kept guard over the treasure. In his daring exploits he was by far the most famed of adventurers among the nations.

14

Hrothgar went to the hall, beheld Grendel's arm, and spoke: "Praise God for this miracle. Through his power a man has achieved that which we ourselves were unable to do. Praise be to the woman who gave birth to this man. Beowulf, henceforth I shall love you like a son."

Then Beowulf, son of Ecgtheow, spoke, recounting the details of his battle with Grendel. Unferth, too, was present, but he made no more boastful speeches, now having seen the monster's dismembered hand with its steel-like claws.

15

Strait away Heorot was adorned for a great feast. A large crowd gathered there in celebration. There the son of Healfdene gave to Beowulf many lavish gifts, including a golden ensign, a helmet, a coat of chainmail, a mighty sword, and eight horses with golden bridles.

16

Moreover, Hrothgar bestowed precious heirlooms upon each man who had crossed the sea with Beowulf. The celebration continued with singing and music. The harp was struck, and the king's bard presented the oft-sung Lay of King Finn.

17

After the gleeman had finished singing Wealhtheow [Hrothgar's wife] came forth. She presented her king with a golden cup, saying: "Be gracious toward the Geats and mindful of gifts. Be generous while you may."

18

Thereupon many additional precious gifts were brought to Beowulf, including two armlets, rings, armor, and the greatest collar that I have ever heard tell of since Hama carried away the necklace of the Brisings.

"Receive this collar with joy, and prosper well, dear Beowulf," said Wealhtheow.

The celebration then continued with food and wine. When evening fell Hrothgar returned to his lodgings. The guards, as they had often done before, cleared the benches and covered them with bedding and pillows. Doomed to death, one of the revelers laid himself down to rest with his comrades.

Part Two: Grendel's Mother

19

They fell asleep, but one paid dearly for his rest. Although the old foe was dead, there lived an avenger: Grendel's mother. This woman-monster brooded over her woes. A descendant of Cain, she too lived in the wilderness removed from the joys of men. She came to Heorot determined to seek revenge for the death of her son. Hastily she clutched one of the heroes in his sleep, a favorite thane of Hrothgar. Then retrieving Grendel's arm she retreated to her lair.

Beowulf was not there, for he had been given another lodging place. Awakened, the warriors in the hall sounded the alarm.

20

Hrothgar mourned the murder of Æschere, his thane. He sensed who had done the evil deed, for he had heard from people dwelling in the countryside of two night-stalkers of the marshes and moors, one like unto a woman, the other in the image of a miscreated man. They were said to dwell among the wolf-haunted slopes, savage fen-paths, and wind-swept cliffs where mountain streams fall, shrouded in the mists of the headlands. Not far from there is a mere. Trees hang over its waters, and at night-time can be seen a dreadful wonder: fire on the flood. No man knows its depth.

He addressed Beowulf: "Once again help rests with you alone. Seek out this savage and cheerless spot, if you dare. I will reward you with great treasure, as I did before, if you succeed in getting there alive."

21

Beowulf replied: "Sorrow not. It is better for a man to avenge his friend than to mourn exceedingly. Each of us will one day reach the end of worldly life. Therefore let him who may, win glory before he dies. That is a warrior's greatest boon at life's end. Now let us follow the tracks of Grendel's mother. I promise you, she shall not escape." The old man jumped up, thanking God for Beowulf's words. Accompanied by a troop of warriors they followed the foe's tracks over steep and rocky slopes, over sheer cliffs, and past many a sea-monster's haunt. Suddenly they came upon a mere, overhung with a cheerless wood. And there, to their disgust and dismay, they discovered Æschere's head. Below, the mere's waters seethed with blood and gore.

The troop sat down. They saw serpents and dragons swimming in the water and sea-monsters lying along the headland-slopes. They sounded the battle horn, and the creatures sped away, but not before Beowulf killed one of them with his bow and arrow.

Then Beowulf, taking no thought for his own life, put on his armor of chainmail and his helmet, fitted with boar figures so that no sword could bite it. He picked up the sword, Hrunting by name, that Unferth had lent him. One

of the greatest among ancient treasures, its iron blade was stained with poison and hardened with the blood of battle.

22

Taking leave of Hrothgar, Beowulf set forth into the mere. It took the better part of a day before he sighted the bottom.

The blood-thirsty monster who had lived there for a hundred seasons [fifty years] soon discovered his presence, and she seized the warrior with her horrid claws. His ringed armor protected him, and she did him no harm, but she did drag him into her dwelling. The hero saw that he was in a hall where the water could do him no harm. He attacked the mighty mere-woman, the she-wolf of the deep, with his sword, but he found that he could not wound her with it. Throwing the famous sword to the ground, he again trusted in his strength. He seized Grendel's mother by the shoulder and threw her to the floor. She fought back fiercely, causing him to stumble and fall. She sat on him and stabbed at him with her dagger, but again his coat of chainmail protected him. Finally he regained his feet.

23

Then he saw hanging on the wall an old sword from the age of giants. It was the choicest of weapons, but it was a sword for giants, too heavy for any man to carry into battle. Still, the great hero seized the hilt and savagely struck out at the monster. The blow caught her at the neck and sliced off her doomed head.

Suddenly light filled the place, and the victorious warrior looked about. He saw Grendel's body. As a final act of vengeance, Beowulf cut off his lifeless head.

On shore Hrothgar and his men were watching the mere. Seeing the troubled waves mingled with blood, they feared that the sea-wolf had torn Beowulf to pieces. At the ninth hour of the day the Danes returned to their homes, but the Geats, Beowulf's comrades-in-arms, remained there sick at heart.

Meanwhile the sword in Beowulf's hand began to waste away. Drenched in blood, it melted away like an icicle at winter's end. Beowulf saw great treasures there in the hall, but all that he took away was Grendel's head and the hilt of the sword, its blade having wasted away.

He swam to the surface, and his valiant thanes rejoiced in seeing him safe and sound. They returned to Heorot, bearing Grendel's head upon a spear.

24

Beowulf spoke to King Hrothgar: "Behold this token of victory. I nearly perished, for the great sword Hrunting proved ineffective in my struggle against the fiend, but at last I saw an old and mighty sword hanging on the wall, and with this sword I slew the enemy. Her blood melted the great sword's blade, but the hilt I have carried away as a sign that henceforth your men may sleep peacefully in Heorot."

With these words Beowulf presented to King Hrothgar the hilt, the ancient work of giants, created before the flood destroyed the giant race. Its guard was of shining gold, graven correctly with runic letters and brightly adorned with snakes.

25

King Hrothgar spoke: "Dear Beowulf, best of men, keep yourself from arrogance and envy. You are now at the peak of your power, but with age your strength will wane, and with time death will overcome you."

The next morning Beowulf announced his desire to return to his own homeland. With kind thanks he returned the sword Hrunting to Unferth, generously praising the ancient weapon. He was a man of noble spirit!

26

Beowulf spoke to King Hrothgar: "We seafarers now return to our King Hygelac. You have been good to us. If, beyond the waters, I learn that you are again in need, I will forthwith return with a thousand warriors to help you."

Hrothgar answered: "Because of you there will always be peace between our people, the Geats and the Danes. Feuds and strife from the past are now behind us."

Then the aged king, unable to contain his grief at Beowulf's parting, gave the hero additional treasures. He was a king blameless in every way until old age robbed him of his strength.

27

As the warriors approached the sea they were kindly greeted by the coastguardsman. They loaded their horses, armor, and treasures aboard their ship, and before departing Beowulf gave the guard an heirloom sword bound with gold.

They steered the ship into deep water, then hoisted a cloth sail. The ship groaned, and the wind drove them across the waters, always on course, until at last they saw the familiar headlands and cliffs of their homeland. The harbor guard, who had long looked out to sea for his beloved countrymen, moored their ship with ropes, securing it from the waves.

28-30

King Hygelac greeted the returning hero ceremoniously. Burning with curiosity about the latter's adventures, he asked: "How did you fare on your journey to help the Danes?"

"My battle with Grendel is already known to many," replied Beowulf. Then he recounted in detail his entire adventure: his arrival at Heorot, his hand-to-hand fight with Grendel, his slaying of the monster's mother at the bottom of the mere, and his reward of great treasures at the hand of King Hrothgar.

31

Beowulf concluded his account by praising the generosity of King Hrothgar. "He followed courtly custom," said the hero. "He withheld nothing that was my due; and I wish now to give to you, my king, the great treasures that he gave me as a reward."

Beowulf then had the arms and treasures brought forth, and he told the story behind each heirloom.

King Hygelac responded by presenting to Beowulf Hrethel's sword, a famous heirloom. Furthermore, he gave him seven thousand hides of land and a hall. Then he named him prince and successor to his own throne.

At Hygelac's death Beowulf became king. He ruled wisely for fifty winters, and then a reign of terror visited the land of the Geats.

Part Three: Beowulf and the Dragon

32

A great treasure lay hidden in an upland barrow, but all those who had buried it died before be questing it to their surviving kin. As they are wont to do, a malicious dragon found the hoard and assumed possession of it. For three hundred winters he jealously guarded the treasure.

Then one day a thief broke into the dragon's hoard and stole a golden cup. He was not a willful thief, but rather a runaway slave who had escaped a cruel master. Discovering the treasure by chance, the thief took a golden cup, hoping to pacify his master with it.

Discovering his loss, the flaming dragon emerged from his lair to seek revenge.

33

The monster spewed forth flames and destroyed many dwellings by fire, including Beowulf's home, the best of halls.

34-35

Once again facing a life-and-death conflict with a superhuman foe, Beowulf reminisced about the contests and victories of his earlier life. Ever mindful of a king's duty toward his people, he vowed: "In the days of my youth I ventured on many battles; and even now will I, aged guardian of my people, challenge this destroyer, if he will come forth from his den to meet me."

Beowulf advanced to the dragon's lair alone, trusting in his single strength. That is no coward's way. With a clear voice he challenged the serpent to appear. The evil beast's breath emerged from the rocks. The earth quaked, and the serpent appeared. The lord of the Geats swung his shield against the awful foe, then struck at him with his ancestral sword, but to no avail. The blade failed to penetrate.

This was to be no pleasant journey for Beowulf: he was now doomed to leave this earth forever against his will, the fate of all men.

Before long the two fighters confronted one another again. The serpent plucked up his courage and renewed his attack. Beowulf's companions had all fled into the woods to save their lives. Only one of them came to his lord's aid.

36

The lone brave companion was a beloved warrior named Wiglaf. Seeing his threatened lord, Wiglaf remembered the many benefits that Beowulf had given him in the past. He picked up his sword and shield and advanced through the deadly fumes to help his lord.

"Beloved Beowulf," he said, "in your youth you swore that you would not let your fame decline as long as you lived. You must now defend your life with all your might. I shall help you!"

Hearing these words, the dragon attacked a second time. The serpent's flaming breath burned Wiglaf's shield to ashes, so the young warrior was forced to seek refuge behind his kinsman's shield. Beowulf, intent on glory, drove his sword Naegling into the dragon's head. So fierce was the blow that it shattered the blade. As I have heard, Beowulf's hand was so strong, that no sword could withstand his full strength.

The fiery dragon attacked a third time, seizing Beowulf by the neck with his sharp teeth. The hero's blood flowed forth in streams.

37

I have heard how Wiglaf showed unceasing courage and skill in the king's great need. The young hero instead of attacking the dragon's head aimed his sword blows a little lower, wounding the beast such that the fire began to wane.

Beowulf recovered somewhat, and drawing his short sword he cut the serpent in two. Thus they struck down the foe. Together the two noble kinsmen destroyed him, but this was the king's last hour of victory, his final worldly deed.

The wound that the dragon had given Beowulf began to burn and swell. Knowing that his appointed days on earth were now at an end, Beowulf spoke: "Fifty winters have I ruled this people, during which time no neighboring king has dared to attack us. At home I have accepted my fate. I have sought no quarrels and have sworn no false oaths. In all this I can take joy, although I now suffer from fatal wounds."

Beowulf further asked Wiglaf to seek out the dragon's treasure and describe it to him, thus giving him comfort knowing about this part of the legacy he was leaving to his country.

38

I have heard how Wiglaf descended into the barrow where he saw the great hoard: jewels, gold, cups, vessels, and arm-rings. Filling his arms with treasures, Wiglaf rushed back to his king. He found him bleeding and near death.

Seeing the treasure, Beowulf spoke: "I give thanks that I was able to gain these precious things for my people before I died. I have paid for this treasure hoard with my aged life. You must now fulfill the needs of the people with it. I can no longer be here. After my body has been burned have the warriors build a memorial mound for me on a coastal promontory. Seafarers will call it *Beowulf's Mound*."

The generous king then gave the young warrior his golden neck-piece, his helmet, his ring, and his coat of chainmail, then told him to enjoy them well.

"You are now the last of our kin," he said to Wiglaf. Fate has taken away all my kinsmen. I must follow them."

These were the old king's final words. His soul departed to seek the reward of the righteous.

39

It greatly grieved the young warrior to see his beloved one lying lifeless on the ground. His slayer lay there too, defeated and dead. No longer would this serpent rule over treasure hoards. No more would he whirl through the air at midnight.

As I have heard, very few men in the world had ever withstood the venomous blasts from such a foe. Beowulf had won the dragon's hoard, but he had paid for his share of this wealth with his life. Not long afterward the cowards who had fled into the woods returned. Ten in number, they shamefully came to where the old man lay. They looked upon Wiglaf who was trying to revive his lord with water, but to no avail.

Wiglaf addressed the traitors: "You stand there wearing chainmail and carrying the finest arms, all given to you by our king, but in his hour of distress, you all abandoned him. Henceforth you shall all be deprived of the landowners' privileges formerly bestowed upon you."

40-41

Wiglaf ordered that the battle's outcome be announced in the stronghold. A band of mourners proceeded to the place where their beloved king had fallen. They first came upon the loathsome beast, all scorched with flames. He was fifty feet long. The creature who had at nighttime frolicked through the air now lay lifeless on the sand. Never again would he return to his barrow. Nearby stood golden bowls, cups, dishes, and precious swords, rusty and decayed as if they had lain in the earth's bosom for a thousand winters. A spell had been cast upon

that vast hoard, the gold of men of old, that no one could enter the treasure-house unless God himself so willed it.

42

Wiglaf summoned together seven of the king's best thanes, himself the eighth, and together they entered the dragon's lair. They loaded gold of every sort and beyond measure upon a wagon and carried it away with them. They pushed the dragon's body over the cliff into the sea and let the waves carry it away.

The Geatish people prepared a magnificent pyre for their great king. Mourning warriors laid their beloved lord in its midst, then kindled the funeral fire. Wood smoke ascended, black above the flames. The roar of the fire mingled with the sound of weeping, until at last the body was consumed. Heaven swallowed the smoke.

A Geatish woman sang a sad lament for Beowulf, expressing fear of evil days ahead.

The Geatish people made a mound upon the cliff. It was high and broad, and could be seen from afar by seafaring men. They built a wall around the fire's ashes, the famous *Warrior's Beacon*. Within the mound they put the rings, jewels, and adornments that the warriors had taken from the hoard. Thus they returned the treasure to the earth, where it still remains, as useless to men now as it was in times of old.

Twelve warriors, sons of princes, rode about the mound, praising their hero's courage and his mighty deeds. Thus the Geatish people mourned their fallen lord. They said that he was a mighty king, the mildest and kindest of men, most kind to his people, and most desirous of praise.

Beowulf Summary. (n.d.). Retrieved from <http://www.pitt.edu/~dash/beowulf.html> last March 31, 2017.

GUIDE QUESTIONS:

1. Who are the characters in the story?
2. Where and when did the story happen?
3. What happened in the story?
4. What are the literary devices aside from plot that are present in the epic?

Criteria	Description	Points
Plot	Correctly identified the plot: exposition, rising action, climax, falling action, denouement (<i>5 points each part of the plot</i>)	5
Literary Devices	Correctly extracted and identified the literary devices/techniques.	5
Total		10