

**ELIT-270 Medieval English Literature**  
**İlyas KAHVECI**  
**Submitted to: Dr. Tuğba KARABULUT**  
**Reflection Paper Assignment: Creative Writing**

**Q2. Choose one of the following characters from *Beowulf* and write a fictitious letter from his/her mouth to your present self which depicts the traits of the character and/or the characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon period:  
*Beowulf / King Hrothgar / Grendel / Grendel's Mother / Unferth***

Dear İlyas,

First, I am grateful for your condolence. It has been a while not hearing from you. I couldn't write or somehow communicate with you or anybody else for the reason you know. It is hard for me to explain my feelings, even for now. But, because I believe your sincerity, I will try to write about how did it happen and what I am going to do.

My son, my dearest Grendel, had been exiled from society by no offense but your barbaric kind who killed him, just because he was nonhuman. Grendel had been alone, and I have sensed that he was also jealous of people who are a part of the community. I think he could not stand his feelings and attacked the place where those people have fun, feast, spend time and even sleep, which is called mead-hall. I heard... I heard he got wounded and tried to escape, but then, a man named Beowulf showed himself and killed my lovely son without pity! Can you imagine how hard to know all those things for a mother? I swear, I will take my revenge on my Grendel's enemies. I am going to attack their mead-hall, and I do not know what to do but unleash my hatred. At least, I can do that for the sake of my baby, who was ripped out of me by cruelty...

They called us monsters because of our species; they exiled my love, my Grendel, from society, and when the time came, Grendel attacked their communities, he became a monster to be hunted. Now, I would like to ask you, did not they create their own monster? And by killing the monster, a baby of a mother, without a pity, did they not become the actual monsters? Yet, I did not and won't wait for mercy and kindness from them who kill their own brothers of their

understanding of heroism. Ah, such heroes, such hypocrites, so-called loyal to each other's but striving their own brothers. I cannot write anymore because tears run down my eyes. All I want is to crush their boar-signed helmets as far as I can.

**Best Regards,**

**Grendel's Mother**