**Time Travel Radio- Grendell's mum- Transcript**

**Tina the Time Traveller:** Hello listeners and welcome back to Time Travel Radio, I’m your host Tina the Time Traveller and today I am in full investigation mode! I have taken the Time machine to Denmark in the 6th century. Now listeners, you may hear the wind, as I find myself deep in the moors. Marshy grassland as far as the eye can see. And yes, I hear you listeners. Why there Tina? Why would a lady as glamorous as you go to such a muddy and dangerous place? Well, I am here to visit a very special guest. Now I warn you, she has a bit of a bad reputation, but today it is her chance to finally tell her family’s side of the story. Listeners please welcome, oh, umm, this is a bit embarrassing, I only know you as ‘Grendel's mother’.

**Mumsie:** Just call me Mumsie. I don’t really want people to know my true name. I'm a very private being.

**Tina:** Is that why you choose to stay out here in the moors?

**Mumsie:** One of the reasons. It's also quiet, peaceful. Plus I like the mud. Who doesn’t like to roll around in a nice muddy puddle in the morning. It’s very good for the skin.

**Tina:** Right, I can’t say that I’ve tried it.

**Mumsie:** Oh you really should. Put a few rocks in the mud and you can really get rid of that dry skin too.

**Tina:** Ummmm, maybe… Anyway, Mumsie, I am here today because you feel your story has been told badly. That it is misleading, that it has made your family look like villains. Is that correct?

**Mumsie:** Why yes, it’s despicable, it’s absolutely disgusting. It’s outrageous.

**Tina:** Well let’s start at the beginning, let’s clear things up for my lovely listeners shall we. Why don’t you tell us what’s been going on?

**Mumsie:** Well, it all started with this King Hrothgar. Everyone is saying how a wonderful guy he is, top man, fearsome warrior. Apparently he is great with a sword. Thrust here, jab there. Well, I don’t know about any of that. What I can say, is that he is a terrible neighbour. He decided to build this mead hall. Big. Huge! He didn’t even get planning permission. It's just a big hall where they party all night; drinking, shouting, making such a terrible racket.

**Tina:** Don’t you like a good party? You know, let loose. I love to get my groove on, throw a few shapes, boogie, you know. In fact, I’ve got a great joke about dancing. What kind of dance is best done while washing up? Tap Dancing… eh.. Ehhhh.

**Mumsie:** This is no laughing matter. And no. I don’t dance. What nonsense, all that squawking and screeching. And with all those weapons around, it must have been a health and safety nightmare! No thank you. The partying, it was endless, I couldn’t get a wink of sleep. My dear son Grendel saw how distressed it was making me. He went down to try and talk to Hrothgar, to sort it out you know.

*Starts weeping*

**Tina:** Oh dear, I’m sorry this is hard for you but I must tell you that there are rumours that Grendel did not try to talk to Hrothgar at all, but instead he attacked Rhothgar’s people. What do you say to that?

**Mumsie:** They don’t talk to creatures like us. They fling their Francisca throwing axes at us, swoop swords at our heads, send spears flying into us. Good thing they’re useless against us. No weapon can pierce our skin you see. No matter how much they sharpen them, it's no good against us. They attack first and talk later- weak in body and in mind I say! Either way, whatever Grendel did, it worked. Everything quietened down you know. The partying, it stopped, I got some sleep. Grendel, such a good boy, made sure that they kept quiet, for years they did.

**Tina:** And then what happened?

**Mumsie:** Beowulf. Some warrior prince from far away lands, sporting some ridiculous, boar crested helmet shows up. Honestly, I mean who puts a pig on top of their hat? Ridiculous. Apparently, it was the symbol of a god. He was just looking for people to love him, praise him, to call him a hero. Makes me want to vomit. He came with his warriors and made King Hrothgar throw the biggest party yet. And Gendel went to try and calm things down… and... and… oh gosh it's too horrible.

**Tina:** Take a breath.

**Mumsie:** Well like I said, their weapons were useless against him, but Beowulf, the arrogant little twerp, attacked my dear boy with his bare hands. He was vicious, evil! He must have had muscles the size of tree trunks, because he pulled my boy's arm clean off!

**Tina:** Oh my. And you don’t think Grendel meant them any harm at all?

**Mumsie:** Pfftttt. They’re just were intimidated by his size and strength. Big and strong is my boy. Looks after his Mumsie. They assume because we don’t look like them, because we live in the moors and we don’t cook our meat, that we are monsters! Well do you know what, if they want a monster, I will give them a monster. No one messes with my boy! Please excuse me Tina, I’m going to go and give them a piece of my mind.

**Tina:** Oh no no no, wait, no I’m not sure that will go down so well!

**Mumsie:** Tough, they have a reason to be scared now.

**Tina:** Oh dear. Oh my. I feel this interview may have gone a bit askew. Well listeners. The Swedish warrior Beowulf is often called a hero, but clearly the Grendel family have a different opinion. What do you think? For now. I think I should get out of here. I think things are going to get worse before they get better! See you next time, I’ve been Tina, and this is Time Travel Radio.

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