The mead hall boast:

The boast of an Anglo-Saxon warrior was not considered an instance of conceit but was instead a method of inspiring heroic deeds.

- Your boast should appear similar to Beowulf’s boast and must be a minimum of 20 lines long.
- Boasts should be typed.
- Your boast must
  - Begin with a statement of who you are.
  - Explain what you intend to do or what you have done.
  - Explain why you are qualified.
  - Explain your previous accomplishments.
  - Explain how you intend to accomplish your deed.
  - Include two original kennings of at least three words each.
  - Include at least two lines of heavy alliteration.
  - Include caesura in at least four lines.
- Boasts may be serious, satirical, ironic, and/or humorous.
- You may use “artistic license” to add interest to your boasts.

Beowulf’s Boast

“Greetings to Hrothgar. I am Hygelac’s kinsman, one of his hall-troop. When I was younger, I had great triumphs. Then news of Grendel, hard to ignore, reached me at home: sailors brought stories of the plight you suffer in this legendary hall, how it lies deserted, empty and useless once the evening light hides itself under heaven’s dome. So every elder and experienced councilman among my people supported my resolve to come here to you, King Hrothgar, because all knew of my awesome strength. They had seen me bolstered in the blood of enemies when I battled and bound five beasts, raided a troll-nest and in the night-sea slaughtered sea-brutes. I have suffered extremes and avenged the Geats (their enemies brought it upon themselves, I devastated them). Now I mean to be a match for Grendel,
settle the outcome in single combat.  
And so, my request, O king of Bright-Danes,  
dear prince of the Shieldings, friend of the people  
and their ring of defence, my one request  
is that you won’t refuse me, who have come this far,  
the privilege of purifying Herot,  
with my own men to help me, and nobody else.  
I have heard moreover that the monster scorns  
in his reckless way to use weapons;  
therefore, to heighten Hygleac’s fame  
and gladden his heart, I hereby renounce  
sword and shelter of the broad shield,  
the heavy war-board: hand-to-hand  
is how it will be, a life-and-death  
fight with the fiend. Whichever one death fells  
must deem it a just judgement by God.  
If Grendel wins, it will be a gruesome day;  
he will glut himself on the Geats in the war-hall,  
swoop without fear on that flower of manhood  
as on others before. Then my face won’t be there  
to be covered in death: he will carry my away  
as he goes to ground, gorged and bloodied;  
he will run gloating with my raw corpse  
and feed on it alone, in a cruel frenzy,  
foiling his moor-nest. No need then  
to lament for long or lay out my body:  
if the battle takes me, send back  
this breast-webbing that Weland fashioned  
and Hrethel gave me, to Lord Hygelac.  
Fate goes ever as fate must.”