

cannot escape the noise. They sing of glory, of victories, of gods who never cared for me. Their joy is a dagger twisting in my chest, reminding me of what I will never have--companionship, warmth, belonging. Call it rage, call it envy, but how long can one endure such torment without striking back? They say he is stronger than any before, a hero destined to crush me. I feel the weight of dread pressing in my chest, but also a flicker of excitement. And now--rumors reach me of a new warrior, Beowulf. In their screams I hear justice. So I attack