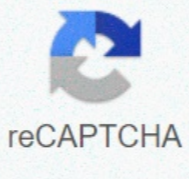




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Why do you think beowulf intends to fight grendel without a sword

Terms -- Map Genealogical Tables Characters -- Comparative Essay The Feast at Heorot As the welcoming celebration for Beowulf goes on, Unferth begins to ridicule Beowulf about his swimming competition with Breca. Unferth is jealous and feels threatened by Beowulf " for he would not allow that any other man of middle-earth should ever achieve more glory under the heavens than himself." (Norton p. 33) Unferth is a very peculiar character. Although he has committed the horrific crime of killing his brother(s), he is privileged enough to sit at the feet of the king, a very respected position. His sin,an enormous violation of the comitatus, suggests that there is something wrong in Hrothgar's kingdom and perhaps helps to foreshadow its destruction. Ultimately, it will be destroyed, as the text says, by a fire after " sword-hate between son-in-law and father-in-law to awaken after murderous rage." (Norton p. 28). Unferth tries to put Beowulf down by saying that Beowulf once risked his life for pride and foolish boast. He also points out that Breca has beaten Beowulf in the swimming and that he therefore expects him to lose the fight with Grendel as well. Unferth is arrogant, obnoxious and the only one who challenges Beowulf. However, later when Beowulf fights with Grendel's mother, Unferth lends him his sword. This can be seen as a noble gesture, and a redemption of Unferth for the way he has behaved. However, it can also provide further proof of Unferth's incompetence as a warrior. Because he is scared to fight himself, he passes on his sword to Beowulf. Beowulf answers Unferth's words of envy with his side of the story. He says that Unferth is drunk and obviously knows nothing about the competition. Continuing, Beowulf explains that he won the contest despite the heavy attack by sea-monsters. From this story, we see further proof of Beowulf's supernatural powers. The competition occurs during the winter in the freezing water, yet Beowulf is able to swim for five nights armed with a heavy sword, in full armor and mail. When the battle is over, Beowulf finds himself on the shore lying next to nine sea monsters that he killed with his sword and modestly attributes his victory to both courage and fate. His comment that, " Fate often saves an undoomed man when his courage is good" (Norton p. 34) shows his belief that 'Fate' will forever govern him and aid him as long as he is courageous. Beowulf goes on to say that he has heard nothing about Unferth's victories in battle with the exception of his killing his own brothers. Furthermore, he adds that if Unferth were as brave as he claims, then Grendel would have never been a threat to Heorot, let alone killed so many men. Beowulf finishes by saying that he will show Grendel the strength and courage of the Geats, so everyone can be free from fear. After hearing this speech, Hrothgar knows that he can count on Beowulf's help. The celebration proceeds as Wealththeow, Hrothgar's queen, greets the warriors in the hall. Wealththeow is a model queen in all respects. She is noble, cheerful and mindful of customs. " The epithet 'gold-adorned', appears three times in this passage emphasizing her great worthiness." (Chickering p.304) She takes a mead cup first to Hrothgar, her king, and then to the other men in the hall. When she comes to Beowulf, she thanks God for his coming. In return, Beowulf repeats his boast, saying, " I shall achieve a deed of manly courage or else have lived to see in the mead-hall my ending day." (Norton p. 35) This offering is an expression of trust and a recognition of his abilities, while his acceptance is a symbol of his loyalty to the king. Wealththeow, pleased with Beowulf's words, returns to her seat and the celebration goes on until Hrothgar decides to go to bed. He leaves Beowulf with words of encouragement, wishes of good luck, and entrusts Heorot to Beowulf's care. The Fight with Grendel After the celebration, Hrothgar and his warriors depart from the hall and go to their sleeping chambers while Beowulf and his thanes are left behind to fight Grendel. Beowulf takes off his armor and makes a boast that he will fight Grendel one on one without armor. " I claim myself no poorer in war-strength, war works, than Grendel claims himself. Therefore I will not put him to sleep with a sword, so take away his life surely I might. He knows no good tools with which he might strike against me, cut my shield in pieces, though he is strong in fight." (Norton p. 35) This gesture shows Beowulf's courage and his sense of fairness. It also proves to be rewarding, since Grendel has put a spell on all weapons. Although no one believes that Beowulf will come out of this fight alive, we learn that God has granted him victory in this battle: " They should quite overcome their foe through the might of one man, through his sole strength: the truth has been known that mighty God has always ruled mankind." (Norton p. 36) While all the other thanes fall asleep, Beowulf awaits Grendel's coming. Soon enough, the monster arrives " wearing God's anger " (Norton p.36) with eyes glowing like flames. Grendel is full of rage and evil desire as he rips the door open and steps inside Heorot. When he sees the sleeping thanes his heart fills with joy as he thinks about the feast ahead. Grendel grabs one of the thanes, and eats him while Beowulf watches and learns Grendel's method of attack. Eager for another, Grendel reaches for the next thane, who happens to be Beowulf. Before the monster has a chance to grab him, Beowulf seizes Grendel's arm with all his might. Realizing that he has never met anyone so strong before, Grendel becomes extremely frightened and unsuccessfully tries to pull away. A terrible struggle results filling Heorot with Grendel's screams of pain and rage. Such a horrific noise has never before been heard by the Danes and it leaves them terrified. Beowulf and Grendel continue to fight fiercely, nearly destroying the hall in the process. In fact, it is surprising that Heorot doesn't fall to the ground: " No wise men of the Scyldings ever before thought that any men in any manner might break it down, splendid with bright horns, have skill to destroy it, unless flame should embrace it, swallow it in fire." (Norton p. 37) Here further foreshadowing of the devastation to come can be seen,back Beowulf's thanes now awake, try to help him, but are unable to do so because their weapons are useless since a curse has been put on them: "... That or any of the best of irons on earth, no war-sword, would touch the evil-doer: for with a charm he had made victory-weapons useless, every sword-edge." (Norton p. 37) Finally Beowulf manages to tear off Grendel's arm and the monster, knowing his death is near, flees Heorot. Beowulf takes the bloody arm and hangs it up in the hall for everyone to see, knowing that he has fulfilled his boast and proven his courage he rejoices. Background of the Epic Poem supplied by Angelnynn. Credits ♡1998 Brian Hannabery, Janet Bobr, & Teresa Piscioneer a summary in English prose by D. L. Ashliman © 2010 Contents Return to D. L. Ashliman's folktexs, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology. Prologue Listen! We have heard of the glory of the kings who ruled the Danes in olden times. Scyld Scefing often drove enemy warriors from their mead-hall benches, although he himself had once been a destitute foundling. In spite of this he came to prosper. With time all the neighboring tribes served him and paid him tribute. That was a good king! Scyld died at the fated time. Following his wishes, his body was placed on a well-outfitted ship, laden with treasures and weapons. Then his kinsmen let the sea bear him away. No one on earth knows who received that ship's cargo. 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 descendant 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 the 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 beyond the misty hillsides. Heorot's door, although secured with fire-hardened benches, 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 beautiful 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 brank 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 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. Then the king, Beowulf, 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 Hruting 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, woven correctly with runic letters and brilliantly 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 Hruting 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 courteously. 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 bequeathing 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 heal 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 laid 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 could 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, and 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 wondrous, 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 was composed by an unnamed English poet sometime between about 700 A.D. and 800 A.D. These dates, based on internal contextual and linguistic evidence, are not universally accepted by scholars. The later date is based on the premise that the Viking raids on England beginning with the sacking of the monasteries at Lindisfarne and Jarrow in the 790s made it unlikely that following these and subsequent attacks an English poet would create a work praising the virtues of Danes or other Northmen. As known today, this poem survives in a single manuscript, written by two different scribes in about 1000 A.D. This manuscript is housed in the British Library. I have based this summary on the following translation: Beowulf, translated out of the Old English by Chaucney Brewster-Tinker. Revised edition (New York: Newson and Company, 1912). Link to a text of Beowulf in the original Old English: Beowulf, herausgegeben von Alfred Holder (Freiburg im Breisgau: Verlag von J. C. B. Mohr, 1899). This text was edited by a German scholar. Annotations are in German, but the text is the original Old English. Link to the Wikipedia article on Beowulf. Link to Dragon Slayers: An Index Page. 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