

# Beowulf

## the unauthorized apocrypha

creative musings by Jacob Garcia

### Beowulf's Lost Geardagums

So. Beowulf found Wyghydabird Betroth'd were they But life is never With	a lady friend her Christian name. until the end, quite the same in-laws.	He chas'd poor Beow' Through leagues and leagues Oh leagues of dark So swarthy, black were And he	across the land of leaguish leagues, dark dark dark land. leagues, leagues, leagues. did cry.
Egderneow And mommers Ne'er a storm And not a barn What	they called the pop Erdewyrdabrod. did his temper top was like her broad. a pair.	At last Beowulf, (Or Geat of Greats Did turn to fight, With choicest weapon Eg-	the great of Geats, in tongue-tied words) what Fate awaits, drawn towards der, foe.
He went to ask For Wyghygd's hand So steam billow'd "I'll drag yer bones Hold	Egderneow in wedded bliss. from his ears now— to fi'ry abyss! on tight!"	This weapon, Iweonago, Was mace and sword, And look'd real great In Charcoal Grey If that's	Iweonago, both spear and tool, to fearful foe (Or Cerul'an Blue your Chi.)
And scram did Beow' But Erd came shriek- "Avaunt" she cried, "Or sit on you You sor-	to steal Wyg fast ing with a pot th' amorphous mass, I will a lot, ry shrimp!"	And he did whack, Twas not the fall But he was o'ercrushed Roll'd she did Like ti-	and Egder fell. that Egder kill'd, by's wyf's swell, around the world. dal wave.
"At last," she roiled, Meanwhile she downed Beow' strapped for war And overturned Th' earth	"It's sumo time!" a sushi bar. in spandex prime the whale-lass tar. did roar.	So Beowulf Good Wyghygd, Now that she'd seen "She's Just Not That Wyrd to	sought to wed but she had news books instead: Into You!" your mom.
Now Egder was Ert, Fert, and Wert In fact, his fingers As Beowulf's Fate Chop,	a swordsman true; he named the blades. numbered few so quickly fades. chop chop!		

Set in Berling Antiqua 12/14.4  
and variants of Charrington  
using Scribus 1.3.1

# The [really short] Legend of Beofly

So. Beowulf not one child begat—  
Too busy was he on the battlefield's front—  
But one day towards a mosquito he spat.  
A mayfly who was the grandchild of Hrunt—  
Eonthleow, father of Beofly.

Eonthleow went “splat” though 'fore he keeled o'er  
Willed Beofly his A, Rh-positive blood.  
The young mayfly thought “What's that good for?”  
To comitatus the horde he'd withhold.  
Big mistake, little fly.

From the king of the Dane- flies bad tidings did come—  
“The Grendelbug's eat- ing our warrior flies!”  
The Geats in their pride with no battle fresh done  
Said, “This bug in his bog will be blown to the skies!—  
With our man Beofly, the G(r)eat!”

Flew they to Dane- land to slay the bug-beast  
To Hrothgnat's mead hall Huh-rot did they fly  
Ate they much fruit and on carcasses feast.  
“Beofly,” said Hroth- gnat, “you're pretty fly—  
For a white guy.”

So. Flew they to bog to slay Grendelbug.  
Little knew they that his mumsy was near.  
Beofly a wing of Grendelbug took.  
Bleeding, the bug coalesced in the mere.  
Watch out for his mother dearest.

In did she fly with the greatest of rage  
To dispatch the fly that murdered her son.  
But many months past her post-pupal stage  
No insect survives, even an angry one.  
And she did die.

So Hrothgnat gave thanks to Beofly true,  
And gave him his horde of golden-prime dung.  
But suddenly both dropped dead like the flu—  
For Hrothgnat was old, not Beofly too—

God killed him because he forgot to share his horde with his comitatus in the second stanza, and there must be a gnomonic moral to this story, so I, an unskilled poet editing this stupid little poem, will inject said moral whether it fits in the poetic verse or not. Don't drink and drive, kids.