

## **Beomoose** by Naomi Cher

*(Just for kicks, I'm going to make this rhyme, even though the English translation of the original does not.)*

I've heard it said in lands afar  
There ruled a king called Myfwyfr<sup>1</sup>  
A king unparalleled in his time  
Whose mighty deeds were so sublime  
That all who knew him paid him honor  
And any that fought him was a goner  
Brave of spirit and pure of heart  
This warrior-king was uber-smart  
So wise in fact that none could match  
him

(He could cheat at cards and none could  
catch him!)

This king, they say, was six-foot-eight  
And ruled a land called Swythwythyte<sup>2</sup>  
His queen was lovely Hildaventig  
(That was her name, I'm not inventing)  
A hundred loyal trusty thanes  
Who liked him for his brawn and brains  
Did follow Myfwyfr around  
In mead-halls where the drinks abound  
Ad nauseum they told his tale  
And, increasingly drunk on spoiled ale,  
Extolled his many manly fights  
Against the demons of the nights<sup>3</sup>

Their favorite epic tale to tell  
Was his defeat of Hmfwrwl<sup>4</sup>  
The dreaded scourge of Gmfwrwl  
This wicked beast, this spawn of Hell  
Attacked the men of Gmfwrwl  
And dragged away 200 men  
And sat and ate them in his den  
This monster terrorized the land  
And would desist at no command  
Upon his vile teeth, I quoth,

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<sup>1</sup> For the sake of the rhyme scheme, 'Myfwyfr' rhymes with 'afar'

<sup>2</sup> For the sake of the rhyme scheme, 'Swythwythyte' rhymes with 'eight'

<sup>3</sup> Bet you didn't see that rhyme coming!

<sup>4</sup> Certain scholars translate 'Hmfwrwl' as 'chipmunk', others as 'sock-monkey'

'Frugally flourished a fungal growth'  
His breath made musk of vermin's  
stench  
His thirst for murder none could quench  
Bold men of courage sought to defeat  
him  
But each was coolly killed and eaten  
Even brave Cyrithanades<sup>5</sup>  
Could not dispatch this monstrous foe

Great Myfwyfr took up his sword  
And a shield of sturdy poster-board  
He declared for all to hear  
That Hmfwrwl caused him no fear  
He said that ere the night was o'er  
Hmfwrwl would be no more

The mead-hall rang with hearty cheers  
His thanes 'hurrah'-ed and drained their  
beers  
But then the king's loud voice was  
frozen<sup>6</sup>  
And then he coughed. And then he  
sneezed!  
'My friends!' said he in nasal tones,  
'My glorious quest I must postpone!  
I seem to have a little sniffle  
And while this seems like such a trifle<sup>7</sup>  
It behooves me as your ruler  
To wait until I'm feeling cooler!'

A murmur filled the mead-hall then  
As terror gripped the loyal men  
And each one wondered what might pass  
If no one kicked this monster's rear<sup>8</sup>

Then suddenly through the mead-hall  
doors  
There came the most unlikely source  
Of their salvation. No! I swear  
A teenaged moose was standing there!

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<sup>5</sup> Pronounced 'ee-YUR-gwo-fo'

<sup>6</sup> I here invoke my poetic license

<sup>7</sup> See previous footnote

<sup>8</sup> Come on, this is literature, not some  
goddamned 'Catcher in the Rye' shit!

Not much to look at was this guy  
Though look they did. In fact each eye  
Was fixed upon his brown fur coat  
Such odd apparel. He cleared his throat  
'Great Myfwyfr, I greet thee: Hi!  
I come from a kingdom quite nearby  
I pay allegiance to two great counts  
Whose names are impossible to  
pronounce  
Suffice to say I heard of your plight  
And came to ask if it's alright  
If I fight Hmfwrwl instead  
While you recuperate in bed  
That Hell-fiend does not frighten me  
I've seen much worse on my TV!  
So if it's not too much to ask  
I'd like to take on this small task.'

Said Myfwyfr to the eager youth,  
'You pythainfwrowly<sup>9</sup> Yamercuth<sup>10</sup>!  
You want to fight that horrid fiend?  
You must be high on Dndyrweed<sup>11</sup>!  
Your puny legs he's snap like sticks  
You'd bother him less than a pair of  
ticks!  
He'd tie your antlers in a knot!  
You want to face him? Surely not!"

The freshman-moose he stood his  
ground  
And didn't flinch or turn around  
He waited while the drunk thanes  
laughed  
Then pulled his dagger from its shaft  
And brandished it with fearsome thrusts  
And reduced a wooden chair to dust.

Impressed, King Myfwyfr assented  
And with battle gear the moose was  
presented:  
A shield made of pretty lace  
A velvet helmet to guard his face

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<sup>9</sup> Presumably a Welsh colloquial term of  
disparagement

<sup>10</sup> See previous footnote

<sup>11</sup> Presumably a hallucinogenic plant

Enough chain mail to sink a ship  
Which covered him from hoof to lip

Then Beomoose's father arose  
Awoken from his drunken doze  
'On your valor I complement you  
And with this rubber shield present you  
It's stronger than that lacy thing  
You're holding now, it's made of string!  
I urge you: take this one instead!  
I pray you do not end up dead  
Lest your great, precocious achievement  
Be the cause of my bereavement!'

Then Beomoose took up his sword  
And left with many a boastful word  
And sought the beast's outlandish lair  
Hoping he would find it there

And sure enough what should he see  
Reclining at its monstrous ease  
That terrible Leviathan  
Twice as tall as a normal man  
In the cave from which he roamed  
unchecked  
Its subterranean walls bedecked  
With gory trophies of its murderous play  
The bones of men he'd dragged away  
And Hmfwrwl himself asleep  
Engrossed in dreams and dozing deep  
His putrid snores could cause neurosis  
So viral was his halitosis.

Beomoose drew his mighty blade  
On the beast's left haunch a cut he made  
So that it sat up in dismay  
Inquiring petulantly, 'Hey!?'  
And then he noticed Beomoose  
His tensed-up muscles became more  
loose  
He laughed aloud with scorn and spite  
At this hors d'oeuvre in armor bright  
He struck without a hesitation  
His aim was swift defenestration<sup>12</sup>

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<sup>12</sup> The act of throwing someone or something out  
of a window

Just wanting to be rid of this chap  
So he could go back to his nap

Beomoose struck at once as well  
And blood from the creature's war-  
wounds fell  
Like rain upon the rubber shield  
Which under such duress did yield  
And melted like ice in mid-July  
Beomoose tried not to cry  
But grabbed the monster's thrashing tail  
And tried to break it, to no avail  
For Hmfwrwl let out a roar  
And threw the warrior to the floor

The fiend advanced with claws  
unsheathed  
And Beomoose of an ear was relieved  
It skidded across the dirty cave  
Too far for Beomoose to save  
It. Then the vile creature dived  
And Beomoose would not have survived  
Had he not clasped its horny knee  
And tripped to monster easily.

But then our hero was somewhat stuck  
Beneath its legs. He cried, 'Oh darn<sup>13</sup>!  
No bovine strength could e'er withstand  
The weight of that Leviathan!  
But deep within his noble chest  
There beat a heart; one of the best  
And he felt a surge of ruminant pride  
Ignite a fire deep inside  
No stupid Jersey cow was he!  
No stain besmirched his ancestry!  
No clueless barnyard denizen fool  
Nor deer nor elk nor caribou  
Could to his origins lay claim  
No Big Mac burger shared his name!  
He was born of noble stock!  
A moose! No other, believe it or not!  
With a flood of quadripedal pride  
He thrust his dagger deep inside  
The monster's chest, but missed the  
heart

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<sup>13</sup> See footnote #8

And thus he failed to break apart  
The grisly grip that grimly grasped  
His antlers two and held them fast!

But Beomoose held the villain too  
And his cloven hooves squeezed it to  
goo  
Reducing scales of toughest lead  
To sauce in which he dipped his bread  
The monster howled and slackened his  
grip  
On flesh he'd been about to rip  
And fearlessly the warrior moose  
Whirled his blade and spurned the truce  
The wretched Hell-hound writhed in  
pain  
As Beomoose cleft its head in twain.

Battered, aching, and none too clean,  
Beomoose surveyed the fiend  
His mission here he had completed  
Hmfwrwl had been defeated  
The warrior calmly sheathed his blade  
And left the grisly mess he'd made.

He traveled east to Swythwythyte  
And hammered at the iron gate  
Two gate guards welcomed him in style  
And wondered at his odor vile  
He rested then and took a shower  
For he wreaked like the fabled Myxoir  
flower<sup>14</sup>  
Then went to see the ailing king  
To whom good news he wished to bring

'Bold freshman-moose, please tell us all  
Did you reach your goal? Did you see  
him fall?  
May we rest assured forevermore  
That evil Hmfwrwl's days are o'er?  
Please tell the tale! Narrate your news!  
Spill all that transpired, oh brave  
Beomoose!

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<sup>14</sup> A mythical flower whose pungency is said to increase at the approach of anyone intending to pick it.

We want all the details, oh, spare us no bore!  
And when you have finished, we'll want to know more!  
Fill pages and pages with dull, boastful prattle,  
Don't skimp on description, come on now, just tattle!  
We're aching to hear of your daring rampages,  
Which have just been described in the last several pages!

And now my dear reader, for the sake of the trees,  
For the sake of my pen and my poor laptop's keys  
I'll skip his recital, no, I'll not repeat it,  
I'm making you go back instead and RE-READ IT!

When you've done that we'll go back to Myfwyfr's hall  
Where Beomoose's just finished telling them all  
Of his exploits and dealings in lands far away  
From which he's returned on this glorious day  
But now a big problem had made itself known  
To the king as he sat on his high golden throne  
For Beomoose's deed he wanted the credit  
He determined the wondrous tale to edit

He spoke to his thanes and his beautiful queen  
And offered a toast to the death of the fiend  
Then into their drinks he slipped mind-wiping drugs  
So their brains temporarily turned into slugs

And when they returned to their full conscious state  
There was the king with a certificate  
Which proved to them all beyond question or doubt  
That what Beomoose said was a lie out-and-out!

And so from that day forward in hearty renditions  
Of his deeds all his thanes sang the stealthy revision  
And glorified Myfwyfr's strength and finesse,  
And vilified Beomoose, that stupid jackass.