

# Grendel's Dog: A Fragment from *Beocat*

*By the Old English Epic's Unknown Author's Cat*

(Modern English verse translation by the Editor's Cat)  
From Henry Beard's *Poetry for Cats*

Brave Beocat, brood kit of Ecgthmeow,  
Hearth-pet of Hrothgar, in whose high halls  
He mauled without mercy many fat mice,  
Night did not find napping nor snack-feasting.  
The wary war-cat, whiskered paw-wielder,  
Bearer of the burnished neck-belt, gold-braided collar-band,  
Feller of fleas, fatal, too to ticks,  
The work of wonder-smiths, woven with witches' charms,  
Sat on the throne-seat, his ears like sword-points  
Upraised, sharp-tipped, listening for peril-sounds,  
When he heard from the moor-hill howls of the hell-hound,  
Gruesome hunger-grunts of Grendel's Great Dane,  
Deadly doom-mutt, dread demon-dog.  
Then boasted Beocat, noble battle-kitten,  
Bane of barrow-bunnies, bold seeker of nest-booty,  
"If hand of man unhasped the heavy hall-door  
And freed me to frolic forth to fight the fang-bearing fiend,  
I would lay the whelping low with lethal claw-blows;  
Fur would fly and the foe would taste death-food.  
But resounding snooze-noise, stern slumber-thunder,  
Nose-music of men snoring mead-hammered in the wine-hall,  
Fills me with sorrow-feeling for Fate does not see fit  
To send some fingered folk to lift the firm-fastened latch  
That I might go grapple with the grim ghoulish-pooch."  
Thus spake the mouse-shredder, hunter of hall-pests,  
Short-haired Hrodent-slayer, greatest of the pussy-Geats.

