After a long and bitter struggle, the Church of Asnac has finally succeeded in gaining the power to elect its own Archbishop, thereby ending years of interference from the secular power of the Holy Trinity Empire. This historic settlement was agreed at a remarkable meeting in Canossa between Pope Gregory VII and Emperor Simon IV of the Keynesian Dynasty, who had crossed the River Cam in appalling winter conditions in order to meet with the pontiff. *Gesta* understands that the Emperor has agreed not to oppose the election of the episcopal nominee, Ella von Watts (currently Bishop of Katzburg), as successor to Archbishop Katherine von Olley, whose unexpected resignation earlier this year had reignited the long-running dispute.
Hail, Asnacs! Greetings to you all and welcome to this latest issue of *Gesta*, rising from the photocopier like the shoots of spring after the long winter of exams, jam-packed full of hilarious articles, even more hilarious cartoons, and a *scytel*-load of quotes about which the less said the better. A big thank you to Charlotte and to everyone who contributed material (whether intentionally or otherwise), and we hope that you all enjoy our first *Gesta* as much as we have enjoyed editing it!

Alice & Mike

*Page’s cartoon here*
This issue’s delectable beauty, completing a hat-trick of Page 3 appearances, is the gorgeous Rob. Like a bearded Brynhildr he has seduced many a naïve young warrior with his stunning looks…
In case anyone is confused...

Old English Lecturer
70s Dance
Skippy
James
Cartoon Bully
Welsh Lawmaker
Brutal Dictators
ASNC Society Presidents
The Cambridge Union Society Presents...

This House Would Pay *Gafol* to the Vikings

Speakers for the Proposition
- King Aethelred
- Olaf Tryggvason
- Archbishop Sigeferth
- Svein Forkbeard

Speakers for the Opposition
- Ealdorman Byrhtnoth*

*Byrhtnoth has requested, for his ofermode, that he be the only speaker for the opposition.

Caroline: I don’t know if you’re talking about Doctor Who or Welsh anymore.

Disco: Next week I’m gonna get biblical on your asses.

Holly: English Lit was just two years of spot-the-penis.

Rebecca: I like bowling, it involves hands and balls.

Sven: These are growing on me, like herpes. I mean Hershey’s!

Sam: James was touching me in areas that should not be touched!

James: My life is one long shame.

Maura: Imagine the Thorgasm…

Rob: Deprival of mead is mortal panic.

Sara-Luise [plaintively]: That is so true!

‘In Mediaeval Welsh, encounter Verb-Object-Subject sentence structure you do.’
From the *Vita Jeremii Kyli*:
‘... And then after that the most holy Jeremy came unto the land which the Anglo-Saxons call Essex; and he found the people there to be greatly afflicted. The sinful of all nations flocked unto him, requesting his blessing on their heads before the whole of their contemporaries, and there were tattoos upon their faces and they had children with women who were not their wives. And the noble Jeremy said unto them, “Fear not, sinners of Essex, for I am Jeremius Kylus and I hereby set up my lie-detector before your altar, that ye may be judged rightly before God and through the miracle of ITV.” And he made public their sins to the masses, and there was great rejoicing among all God’s people that day.’

Disco: I'm trying to gauge how heavy the rain is. Heavy enough for yellow trousers, I think.

Rob: I can sit in puddles and no one will question it.

Tom K: …especially when you called the little Chinese tourists smurfs.
Sven: But they were small and blue!

Rob: Ah, the sexy hot-dog angel.
Ed: Sexy hot-dog anal?

Emilia: He's already been hurting himself with it but he's still happy.

Maura: You can't stop him, he doesn't have enough butter!

Maddie: I don't want to go to my supervision, I want to look at Christmas dinosaurs!

Katie H: All this modern history, it’s just journalism really.

Linda: …but if it turns out the baptism was done wrong, the child dies then they can’t be buried in church which is like OH MY GOD! Really bad.

Rebecca: Before 1230 abbots could have wives. After 1230 they were buggered.

Sven: Where do you get a warm horse from?

Maura: Men will have to know Latin to please me!

Rachel F: There’s too much rape in it for an archbishop.
Norwegian coalition government in crisis

- Conservative Prime Minister Haraldr ‘Hard-Ruler’ Sigurðarson insists harsh budget cuts are necessary ‘to deal with the mess left by Sveinn Knútsson’; derides opposition leader Sveinn Úlfsson as ‘unfit for power’.

- Deputy Prime Minister Magnús Óláfsson laments loss of ‘good-guy’ image and drops much-ridiculed campaign slogan ‘I agree with Magnús’.

- NKIP leader Einarr ‘Nigel’ Eindriðason makes big gains in Trondheim local elections; says Tory jokes about his paunch ‘aren’t funny’.

Also in the News:
- United States announces imminent military interSvention
- Controversial hanging of mouse sparks debate on capital punishment in Dyfed
- NATO forces to withdraw from Wulfghanistán by 2014
- New survey suggests no one likes the Normans
- Asnac students in clean and tidy Common Room shock
- Egill Skalla-Grímsson and Cú Chulainn to sue healthcare company after both suffering botched laser eye surgery operations
New Celticist Support Group
In a department where 90% of the population are Germanicists it can be difficult coming out as a Celticist, so if you’re an open or closeted Celticist, or even just questioning your Germanic identity, then why not come along to the ASNC Department’s new LGBT (Lepontic, Gaelic, Brittonic and Tuatha Dé Danaan) discussion and support group.

Holly: Did you kick him in the face? You should’ve kicked him in the face. Introduce me to him, I’ll kick him in the face.

Fiona Edmonds: I don’t like this magic pen.
Fiona [next week, to the same pen]: No! You are my enemy! Go away!

Maura: I wasn’t sure whether or not to put you in the recycling bin, as on the one hand you’re my friend but on the other you’re a coffee cup.

James: I’m not going to get any more work done before Asnac Lunch, so I’m just going to look at Simon Keynes for half an hour.

Ed: The more I drink, the more I want to hit inanimate objects.

Caroline: I’m not fit for responsibility. Don’t tell Caitlin. She will be so disappointed.

‘It looks like Anglo-Saxon Square Miniscule, Captain.’
‘Set phases to stun, Mr Dumville.’
Emilia: This isn't working, I need an abbot.
Sam: If he's not God then I can't spread my wings of dark majesty.
Ed: There we go, ‘Whipped Cream Charger’.
Rob: That’d be Ed’s superhero name.
Liz: I’m coming! [makes spray-can noise]
Ed: This isn’t sticking.
Sven: I'm ibid-ing...like a Latin frog!
Caroline: I can wiggle my eyeballs!
Becky: Everyone can, it’s called looking.
Maura: I'm not being sexual, I'm just being enthusiastic. Like Alcuin.
Disco: Think of the camels as an Anglo-Saxon Rorschach Test.
Chris: I’ve never had a Gesta quote and let me tell you – I’m funny! I wanna be quoted in Gesta…[Mission accomplished!]
Beth: …and then he yodelled by accident.
Angharad: The difference between drunk Roisin and sober Roisin is like the difference between Saruman the White and Saruman the Fabulous.
Sam: You can be Holly and I'll be Zargothrax.
Anna: Hey Loki, how do you feel about leopard-print?
Sarah M: I know many wide exiles.
Rob: I found out he was ticklish when I put my finger in his hole.
Ella: What year were you born?
Sven: I don't know! I'm a chicken!
Holly: I'm going to reform. Next year I'm going to be Benedictine, it'll be amazing.
Lizzie: We would say you were the bigger man Sam, but...
Don’t make me destroy you, Hadubrand. Join me, and I will complete your training.

I’ll never join you, Darth Hildebrand!

If you only knew the power of the Dark Side! Theodoric never told you what happened to your father…

He told me enough! He told me you killed him.

No. I am your father. Search your feelings, you know it to be true! Join me, Hadubrand, and together we can destroy Odoacer and rule Italy as father and son. It is your destiny.

Noooo!!!
The Wisdom of the Asnacs

Maura: Palaeography is the tequila of Asnac.

Rebecca: Irish is invisible.

Disco: God is the bread in a sandwich of praise.

Rob: Sam is hair, Ed is crotch.

Mike: Everything's better with hattefagols!

Naomi: There's nothing wrong with licking people.

Lizzie: Molesting is necessary in Asnac.

Rachel F: Arthur Dent is Space Bilbo.

Ella: Welsh isn’t always about rape!

Emilia: Sometimes it's about babies and fire.

Roisin: You can't keep a walrus in the wall!

Sven: Windpipe-chewing is a thing in Iceland.

Rebecca: Just wiggle it around and it’ll work.

Chris: Sometime in March we will drink.

Eoghan: Well ****ing predicted, Nostradamus.

Sven: Frostbite is a Viking suntan.

James: Kill everyone and become a nun, that’s what I’d do.

Roz Love: You have to cuddle faith, hope and charity before you get to see their mum.

Beth: We as modern readers know so little about animal penises.

Sven: A room full of animals is a room full of happy meals.

Rebecca: The Germanic languages are like a horrible mess of cabbage and wool all boiled up in a pot. And Welsh is the same, but with more Arthur.

James: If I were an evil wizard I’d invade places with unicorns.

Ella: It’s better to be someone’s bitch than a wench.

Sven: The only reason to run in the night is if you're late for the pub!

Mike: Peredur’s uncle is a half-walrus half-mermaid bum-shuffler.
Roz Love: Aldhelm is interested in boobs, not wombs.

Liz: The floor is a happy place.

Rebecca: This table is polygamous.

Maura: Never scrape a seal off an Icelandic woman!

Angharad: If you have enough stains one of them's bound to be a little phallic.

Emilia: Hair isn't lickable…
Sven: But girls' hair!

Sam: Rob, you can’t use someone’s severed head as an instrument.

Coming soon to a cinema near you...

Eccentric billionaire Simon Keynes (Richard Attenborough) manages to resurrect various ASNC heroes using blood extracted from fossilised beasts-of-battle, and sets up a theme park on a tropical island in the North Sea to exhibit his creations. However, when security fails on the opening night, unleashing hordes of angry berserkers and Fenians, Simon and his guests will be plunged into a battle for survival which will test every ounce of their courage and resourcefulness…
**Austendinga saga:** The family of the Branningar have controlled the East End of Iceland since the *landnám*, but now their supremacy is being challenged by the rising power of the Mikjálingar, Slátaringar and Máningar clans. Will formidable matriarch Dottr inn fróði and her son Max inn goði Branningsson be able to maintain their dominance, or will tough-bitten dueller Phill Mikjálsson and screechy-voiced witch Bianca Slátarudóttir usurp control of the *goðorð*?

**Emmdæla saga:** The inhabitants of Emmadalr are haunted by a fearsome *draugr*, but will the Pollarðssons and Blakastokkssons be able to put aside their differences to tackle the demon? Meanwhile, the wayward young poet Jón Spensason courts trouble with his attempts to seduce the beautiful Bella Lísudóttir, provoking the powerful Dingill family into laying an ambush on his route to the þing…

**Korri:** How will the inhabitants of Korrafjǫrðr react to the coming of Christianity? Roi Kroppason seems determined to cling on to the pagan ways, while the Barló clan will stop at nothing to get one of their own consecrated bishop instead of Gari Vebsterr. Meanwhile the fallout from last week’s burning continues as the Connasons flee abroad and the Kamara brothers begin recruiting allies for a prosecution…

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Linda: The Icelandic church must have been a bit like an Asnac lecture. Caitlin: Yeah, you can’t say you were there when you weren’t.

Sven: I don’t grow babies, I don’t have experience in this!

Eoghan: I’m not drinking the heroes’ wine on my own!

Maddie: Is it a bird, is it a plane, or is it Grendel having a cookout?

Maura: I maintain that ergative absolutist languages are sexy.

Emilia: I just like having people in my lap; I don’t know why.

Disco: Young men gleaming with mead sounds like a really good night
Thine be the Glory:
Thīn se þrym bēo, sunu sigorfæst!
We singaþ tō þē þe wæs on folde læst.

Lā! Iesus cumaþ, fēreþ fram græfe,
Pæt he tō ūs fullwēr, glæدلīce ræfne.
Nū sēo cirice, sigora singaþ,
Päre frēa lifaþ, déaþ ne stingaþ.

Thīn se þrym bēo...

Wē twēo nabbāþ, līfes þēoden,
Hredde eall ūrē, bēgen wīf and menn.
Bringe ūs, Wealdend, þurh þīnre lufan,
Tō þā heofonas, tō rīce bufan!

Thīn se þrym bēo, sunu sigorfæst!
We singaþ tō þē þe is ealra mæst.

Disco: There’s some serious hornage on that helmet.
Lizzie: All my dead boyfriends are gay.
Emilia: My head thingy to think with isn't working.
Maura: I really resent the Vatican because they hoard all the penises.
James: She has a horn. I'm confused.
Holly: I had to tell a variety of people that I was pregnant with their babies.
Brittany Schörn: Does anyone have any thoughts on reality?
The Page of Page

In tribute to everyone’s favourite Middle-Earth-leggings-wearing Australian Celticist, *Gesta* has collected Page’s most inspiring words of wisdom here for your entertainment and edification:

- What’s ‘wingman’ in Old English?
- Come Hattefagol, we have people to vanquish!
- Ooh I'm in the wrapper!
- *[on potential boyfriends]* He can’t be a mathmo…or a philosopher or I’ll punch him…Rob!
- Well, I'm going to have my own Merlin-cave and it'll be historically accurate!
- They're doing a lot of coming in this story!
- He needs a more Celtic name...Igligligl Hattefagol Gall-Goidel!
- Someone once accused me of being demure and I was offended.
- Sometimes I wish I could just live in a tree...I've already picked the tree, his name is Albert.
- Well I have Middle Earth on my legs, so there.
- We could toss Ed, he's long and straight.
- I sometimes wish I could turn around and look at my own arse.
- I’m expensive.
- Go go kamikaze hattefagol!
- *[to Rob]* Oh my God, I should tie a mini-doughnut to your beard and get someone to eat it!
- I have the monkey-habits in my room
- I'm journeying over myself.
- I'm like a super-duck!
- If you called him a monkey he pulled your soul out of your ear and gnawed on your soul.
- Owain mate, don’t dis the lion, he is your bro. Don’t dis your furry bro.
- *[of the Hattefagol]* I wish I could have a boyfriend who looked like this.
- Catsuits make me happy.
- I need to find someone to marry, I'm wasting time on foreigners
- I'm tired, so tired, so tired...OOH JELLYFISH!
- You two are juvenile and I want to be Doctor Who.
- I don't want to actually bite you, I want to do my Irish!
- Come Hattefagol, I will convert you to Gaelicky-icky things...*[tickles its chin]*
- Ooh there's blinding and castrating happening now!
- I understand the sanctity of hair.
- At this point everything Becky touches becomes a secondary relic. In ten years there will be hundreds of holy half-eaten chocolate fondants scattered across Europe. Dibs on the holy duffle coat!
- I'm sorry Rob's Mum, Rob committed suicide because I was having a romance with a hedgehog!
- James: We should put Page in a giant wok.
  Page: If you find a wok that will fit me, I will gladly run around in it.
- Caroline: This is going to be like the Council of Elrond only without the sense of impending doom.
  Page: I will take the ring to Mordor! I EVEN HAVE THE MAP *[points to her legs]*
A previously unknown Anglo-Saxon manuscript has been discovered in Winchester Cathedral Library, the contents of which include a unique version of Ælfric’s famous *Colloquy on the Occupations* with material not found in any other manuscript. *Gesta* has been granted exclusive access to this remarkable manuscript and here, in a world exclusive, we print a facsimile of the leaf bearing one of these hitherto-unknown sections of the *Colloquy*:

Hwā ert þū?
Ic eom Asnac.
Hwæt dēst þū?
Ic leornie þā wyrde and gēpōda þāra lēoda þe lifdon on þām Īegum Bryttiscum and þām land Norðmanna fram gēar CD tō gēar MC.
Ic næbbe gīet andgyt þisses cræftes.
Asnac is gelīce *Se Frēa Ḍāra Bēaga*, ac hit is sōd.
Þynceð mē þæt Asnac sīe ne for mē.
Saga ne þās word! Asnac is for eall. Hit is ne leng for Robertus ānum!
And hū wurðe þū fūs Asnaces?
Ic wǣs wrētlīc cild. Ic hæfde sweord and slōh dracan, and ic sprēc ān þurh fers.
Hwæt wilt þū dōn æfter Asnac?
MÞil?
The Wit & Wisdom of Samuel L. Wulfstan

I. Secular Works (Pulp Fiction)

[Archbishops Wulfstan and Ælfheah, dressed in identical black suits, enter a motel room in which a group of Vikings are eating breakfast]

Wulfstan: You’re Bárðr, right? I thought so. Do you know who we are? We’re associates of your business partner Æthelred the Unready. You do remember your business partner don’t you?

Bárðr: I remember him.

Wulfstan: Good. Looks like Ælfheah and I caught you at breakfast, sorry about that. Which ecclesiastical authority are you reading there, Bárðr?

Bárðr: Ælfric.

Wulfstan: Ælfric! The cornerstone of any nutritious breakfast. Which of Ælfric’s works?

Bárðr: One of the Catholic Homilies.

Wulfstan: The Catholic Homilies! I heard they’re damn good homilies. I ain’t never read one myself, mind if I try one of yours?

Bárðr: Sure, go ahead.

Wulfstan: Umm, this is a tasty homily! Ælfheah, you wanna try a Catholic Homily?
Ælfheah: Nah, I ain't hungry for homiletic learning right now.

Wulfstan: Well, if you like homilies give ’em a try sometime. Me, I can't usually read ’em coz I’m busy writing law-codes, but I sure love the taste of a good homily. Hey Bárðr, you know what they call a homily with cheese in France? Tell him, Ælfheah.

Ælfheah: An hómelie royale with cheese.

Wulfstan: Hómelie royale with cheese, you know why they call it that?

Bárðr: Because they speak French?

Wulfstan: Check out the big brain on Bárðr! You're a smart little Viking, that's right. So do you know what we’re here for, Bárðr? Then why don't you tell my boy Ælfheah where you’ve got the Danegeld hidden?

Bárðr: Look, I didn’t get your name. I got his name – Ælfheah, right? – but what's yours?

Wulfstan: My name’s Wulfstan, and you ain’t talking your ass outta this ūtgang.

Bárðr: I just want you to know how sorry we are for how messed up things got between us and Mr Æthelred. When we started raiding England and extorting Danegeld, we had only the best of intentions –

[Wulfstan shoots one of Bárðr’s men]

Wulfstan: Oh, I'm sorry. Did I break your concentration? I didn't mean to do that. Please, continue. I believe you were saying something about ‘best intentions’. What’s that? Oh, you were finished? Then allow me to retort. What does King Æthelred look like?

Bárðr: Hwæt?

Wulfstan: What country you from!

Bárðr: Hwæt?

Wulfstan: ‘Hwæt’ ain’t no country I ever heard of! Do they speak Old English in Hwæt?
Bárðr: Hwæt?
Wulfstan: Old English, mother****er, do you speak it?
Bárðr: Yes!
Wulfstan: Then you know what I’m saying! Describe what Æthelred looks like!
Bárðr: Hwæt?
Wulfstan: Say ‘Hwæt’ again! I dare ya, I double-dare ya mother****er, say ‘hwæt’ one more goddamn time! Now tell me what King Æthelred looks like!
Bárðr: He’s quite tall, usually wears a crown –
Wulfstan: Does he look like a bitch?!
Bárðr: Hwæt?
Bárðr: No!
Wulfstan: Then why did you try to screw him like a bitch, huh? You go to church, Bárðr? You ever heard a sermon? Well there's a sermon I got memorised which seems kind of appropriate for this situation – beloved men, know what is true: this world is in haste…[et cetera]
II. Devotional Works (Snakes on a Plane)

I have had it with these mother****ing Vikings in this mother****ing Danelaw!

The *Mappa Mundi* of Ed[dius] of Ripon

**Key**

- Black Sheep Brewery
- Yorkshire Lavender Centre
- Ripon (navel of the world)

**England**

**Wales**

(That’s my bloody patio)

- Cambridge
Welsh Lonely Hearts

Dim-witted but trustworthy Dyfed aristocrat WLTM euhemerised horse-goddess, preferably not a baby-eater, with enough intelligence and basic common-sense to compensate for his own rashness. Contact pwyll@dyfed.gov.uk

Venedotian ruler with magical powers WLTM virgin woman with foot-fetish, preferably somewhat ugly so that his devious nephews will not be tempted to rape her. Contact math@gwynedd.gov.uk

Brother of ancient British king seeks French heiress to marry so that future generations of Welshmen need not feel so bad about getting conquered by the Normans. Contact lleuelis@ynysprydein.gov.uk

Historically inaccurate Roman Emperor WLTM woman he saw in a dream. If you think you might be her contact macesn@rome.gov.it

Oddly forgetful Arthurian knight WLTM widowed countess with water-feature in the grounds of her castle. Must be good with (big) cats. Contact owain@caerleon.org

Yorkshire darts champion with commitment issues WLTM attractive woman for casual relationship. Ideal match would be a lady with a complexion like blood on snow and hair as black as a raven. Contact peredur@caerleon.org

Handsome Cornish youth with badass cousin WLTM giant’s daughter in order to end a curse placed upon him by his evil stepmother, and is prepared to undertake any and all pre-nuptial anoethau demanded by her father. Contact eulhwch@celliwig.org (please cc. arthur@celliwig.org, cei@celliwig.org, bedwyr@celliwig.org, greidyawl@celliwig.org, gwythyr@celliwig.org, greid@celliwig.org, kynddilig@celliwig.org, tathan@celliwig.org, maelwys@celliwig.org, cynchwr@celliwig.org, cubert@celliwig.org, fercow@celliwig.org, luberbeutach@celliwig.org, corvilberw@celliwig.org, gwyn@celliwig.org, edern@celliwig.org, cadwy@celliwig.org, fflewdwr@celliwig.org, rhuawn@celliwig.org, radiant@celliwig.org, bradwen@celliwig.org, moren@celliwig.org, dalldav@celliwig.org, uchdryd@celliwig.org, kynwas@celliwig.org, gwrhyr@celliwig.org, ysberyr@celliwig.org, gallgoid@celliwig.org, duach@celliwig.org, brathach@celliwig.org, nerthach@celliwig.org, radiant@celliwig.org, bradwen@celliwig.org, moren@celliwig.org, dalldav@celliwig.org, uchdryd@celliwig.org, kynwas@celliwig.org, gwrhyr@celliwig.org, ysberyr@celliwig.org, gallgoid@celliwig.org, duach@celliwig.org, brathach@celliwig.org, nerthach@celliwig.org,
Sam: On a scale of one to saint…
Lizzie: …I think I’m at least an otter.

Maddie: I need something that will flap in the breeze.

Linda: I don’t like monasteries. I like weapons.

Rob: Worship me, I’m a kitten.

Disco: They slipped on some destiny and fell into a puddle of fate.

James: I want to see Rob drop-kicking an English student.

Maura: I was doing an impression of a Merovingian scribe

Liz: Ed! Crotch! I mean, Rob!

Chris: I haven't actually seen him naked with a horse to be perfectly honest.

Mike: We are still up in the trees in Sussex, but we do now have electricity in them.

Tom K: I'm going to get a fig and I'm going to get a horse, and we'll see how that works.

James: You, me, a sack of cucumbers, let's go!

Ella: I’m starting to think there might be a subversive element to your bromance, and that you’re trying to kill Sam.
Sven: That’s the same conclusion Tom came to!

Rob: Are you alright there Ed, you look quite happy with your chicken in the air.

Lizzie: Sometimes Memrise tells me I’m looking good, and I feel like it’s flirting with me.

Sven: I had a quorn sausage at Pembroke once. For fun!
Angharad: How was it?
Sven: Sad. It tasted of sadness.

Simon Keynes: This is the only time a pizza will appear on my notes. You can see the anchovies, the pepperoni, the olives…it looks quite a nice pizza actually.

James: If I was wearing a bikini, I'd show the world.

Maura: Ella darling, would you like to have some bouncy pagan fun?
Dear Sir/Madam, I would like to bring to your attention a number of factual errors in an article in the last Gesta. Contrary to what was claimed in the said article, the Earth is flat, the Moon is made of cheese, the Pope is Zoroastrian and bears relieve themselves in public conveniences. I hope the halfwit responsible for these glaring errors will be sacked immediately and replaced by someone from the Archdiocese of Hamburg-Bremen.

Yours, Adam (Bremen)

Dear Sir/Madam, I have noticed that in the last issue of *Gesta Asnacorum* there was a split infinitive. Please correct this grammatical error immediately. If you misquote my letter I will be very angry with you, and I will write you another letter telling you how angry I am.

Yours, Ælfric (Eynsham)

Dear Sir/Madam, I notice that you are still dating Gesta according to the Columban method, followed now only by your noble Dumnonian selves and a few swivel-eyed Welsh heretics. I am certain that for the good of your souls and for those of your readers you will date all future issues according to the Roman method. If you don’t I’ll set the West Saxons on you.

Yours, Aldhelm (Sherborne)

Beloved Sir/Madam, Know what is true – this Gesta is in haste and it nears the end, and as is always the case with Gesta each page is worse than the last, and it is necessary because of the sins of the Asnacs before the coming of May Week that it shall worsen very much, and certainly the articles and cartoons all too often shall become boring and unfunny widely throughout this Gesta in every region…*

Yours, Wulfstan (Worcester/York)

*The rest of this letter has been cut to save space. Ed. Not that Ed.*
Scandinavian History (To the tune of the Llama Song)

Here's a Harald [Greycloak]
There's a Harald [Grenske]
And a tough Hardrada Harald
Fairhaired Harald
Bluetooth'd Harald
Not a Harald [Svein]
Knut

Earl-y Hákón [Grjóttgarðsson]
Kingly Hákón [Ádalsteinsfóstri/the Good']
Two more Earls of Lade Hákón [Sigurðarson and Eiriksson]
So many more kings called Hákón [I through VI are the reasonably ASNAC-relevant ones]
Crazy Hákón [12th/13th cen nobleman]
Stop!

Can I just give up now?
These names are all too much!
Least they're not Brittonic though -
That would really suck.
What with this confusion
I'm starting to worry.
Can we please say 'sod it all'
And just concur with Snorri?

Bible Stories for Asnacs – Svenesis

In the beginning Sven Almighty created the heavens and the earth. Now the earth was formless and empty, darkness was over the surface of the deep, and the Spirit of Sven was hovering over the waters like a seagull over the ocean.

And Sven said, ‘Let there be light’, but nothing happened because he didn’t know how to work the light-switch.

Tom K: Oh God, Sven in a harem of corridor girls.
Sven: Someone has to walk behind me to catch the ladies that swoon.
Roisin [to Sven]: You're really effeminate so you can be a girl anyway.
Sven: It's always me molesting all the girls, isn't it?
Book Reviews

This week’s top ten bestsellers:
1. Anon.  *Fifty Shades of Bósi*
2. J.K. Rowlingsdóttir  *Ari Pottur and the Norwegian Dating Controversy*
3. G. Gjúkadóttir  *Guðrún’s Family Cookbook*
4. S. Larsson  *Millennium Trilogy I: The Geat with the Dragon*
5. J. Austen  *Ælfgifu*
6. S. R. R. Sturluson  *Gylfaginning – A Game of Thrones*
7. C. S. Lewis  *Owain, Peredur & Geraint: The Lion, the Nine Witches and the Dwarfrobe*
8. R. Dahla-Kollsson  *Villi Vonkason and the Skyr Factory*
9. S. Sturluson  *Collected essays on totalitarianism: the solution for the lower socio-economic classes*
10. A Æthelwulfing  *Why I’m So Great*

Emilia: Don’t ever compare my ancestors to Twilight, because I will rape and burn and pillage you whatever way I want.

Anna: But Chaucer has sexy eyebrows…

Maura: I’m getting my dying prostitutes mixed up, that’s how ill I am.

Ed: I look like an English student, I’m disgusted with myself!

Rebecca: That was a bad discoveration…no…that isn’t a word…

Disco: It was all going so well until the horns and the kissing men.

Sarah M: Why does this always happen?

Sven: Therefore St Brendan saw the space-eagle.

James: Basically, we have a sense of humour because Eve bit the apple.

Lizzie: Is what they’re calling it these days.

Maura: Once you get past the castration, it's really beautiful.
Ofermod, Foredóm ond Beowulf

"Æfter þām wordum Weder-Geata lēod efste mid elne nalas andsware bīdan wolde"

“brimhwylm onfēng hilderince”

"Đa wæs hwīl dæges ēr hē þone grundwon ongytan mehte”

Efter...

“Ēodon him þā tōgēanes...drŷðlic þegna hēap þēodnes gefēgon”

“Đā wæs of þām hrōran helm ond byrne lungre ālŷsed”
Maura: It's the linguistic equivalent of calling out your ex's name in bed.

Sven: Don't do that! Too fast, too much, too quick!

Liz: I don't want a voucher, I just want divine servitude.

Mike: This song is sounding funnier and funnier the more I hear about it.

Rob [oblivious]: Banjo solo!

Disco: I put the ass in Asnac!

Lizzie: Don't give the dog mead!

Caroline: Like a meerkat I pop up, I see no possible suitors.

Liz: No my good sir, I am not the Hound of the Baskervilles.

Sam: My feet are too big for me to be a monk.

Page [to Paul Russell]: You're a walking encyclopaedia.

Becky: Yes, it's like Wiki-Russell.

Alex S: I have a question because it would have taken too long to look it up.

Emilia: I was getting bored of everyone rejecting my cheese.

Maddie: Why would you do it under the table where we can't see you?

Ed: I've not had it either on the table or under the table...not at Asnac Pub anyway...

Charlotte [on the Common Room]: I hear strange things from that room.

Lizzie: The bridge from Walking Dead to The Sound of Music was made of Nazis.

Disco: This wooden tree, as opposed to one made out of bits of horse.

Maura: There's a hole in my linguistic heart that can only be filled with conjugated prepositions.
ANGLO-SAXON NORSE AND CELTIC TRIPOS
PART MMXIII

Wednesday 19 June 2013  18:00-20:00

Paper ∞
THE ASNAC-STUDYING STUDENTS FROM MATRICULATION TO GRADUATION

Answer as many questions as you feel like.

Each question is worth 110%.

Candidates are reminded that resolve must be the firmer, hearts the braver and spirit the greater as our strength decreases.

Candidates will be placed at a grave disadvantage by calculating Easter according to the Columban method.

STATIONERY REQUIREMENTS
Caledfwlch
Gáe Bolg
Skǫfnungr
Grendel’s arm

SPECIAL REQUIREMENTS
A mighty war-band
Mead

You may not start to read the questions printed on subsequent pages until instructed that you may do so by a sign from God.
1. $\int_{5}^{87} 9x^3 + 17x^3 \cot x + 52x + \sqrt[4]{167} \ dx$ Weren’t expecting that, were you?

2. ‘A creature came walking where many wise men sat in council; it had one eye and two ears and two feet, twelve hundred heads, a back and a belly and two hands, arms and shoulders, one neck and two sides.’ Who does this remind you of?

3. In your considered opinion, who would win in a four-way fight between Arthur, Beowulf, Cú Chulainn and Sigurðr Sigmundarson?

4. ‘I just went to see the ducks’ (E. GENT). Misconstrue this statement.

5. Explain what the best combination of famous Asnac figures would be to invite to a dinner party, and why.

6. ‘Judging by his name and that of his father, Harald Fairhair wasn’t even Norwegian. In fact, I’m probably Norwegian than he was’. Discuss.

7. Where has the steed gone? Where has the warrior gone? Where has the giver of treasure gone? Where has the feasting hall gone? Where are the pleasures of the hall?

8. ‘Þórr does things to me’ (S. ROSSEL). Has Þórr or any of the other Æsir ever done things to you? If so, you should report the incident to Cambridgeshire Police Force’s Operation Yggdrasill.

9. Would the Viking raids have happened if ninth-century Scandinavians had known how to play cricket?

10. Assess the importance of any two of the following in Old English literature:
    (a) Hedgehogs
    (b) Camels
    (c) Lobsters

END OF PAPER AND OF YOUR HOPES OF A GOOD DEGREE
**Bible Stories for Asnacs – Samson & Hollilah**

And at that time there arose among the Asnacs a mighty ruler from the Johnite tribe whose name was Samson, but a woman named Hollilah was irritated by his incessant punning, and so she seduced him and asked him the secret of his puns, and he told her that his puns would fail him if he lost the pretentious Johnite scarf which he wore at all times. She therefore stole the scarf, but this did not impair the wordplay of his puns even a little, and thus it was clear that he had concealed the truth of his punning from her.

She therefore confronted him and asked him how he could possibly love her if he did not trust her enough to share his secret with her. And so Samson relented and told her that if his hair were cut he would no longer be able to pun, and so Hollilah waited until he was asleep and then attempted to shave off his hair. But as soon as the blade touched the tip of his hair Sam awoke and knocked the razor out of her hand and said, ‘Well that was a close shave’.

Silva: Drink more coffee and learn things. Stop working and come to pub.
Chris: Our new graduate mantra…can we get that on T-shirts?

Maura: I have a slightly creepy relationship with palaeography.

Ella: We also have fruit...
Beth: Ella honey, we're Asnacs and I'm Scottish

James: Is it downstairs?
Rebecca: No it's here-stairs...upstairs!

Sven: I have three fathers and four mothers

James: I'm going to be dignified now
Emma [disappointed]: Awww...

Sam: I don't stare poignantly at sailors.

Emilia: Is duck-rape going on?
Rob: Yep, pretty much.
Rebecca: But Ed’s not here…

Ella: I quite like the strangly bit afterwards.
**Most Popular Anglo-Saxon Baby Names of the Tenth Century**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Boys:</th>
<th>Girls:</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Ælfric</td>
<td>1. Ælfgifu</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>=. Wulfstan</td>
<td>2. -</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. Æthelred</td>
<td>3. -</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. Æthelstan</td>
<td>4. -</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. Æthelwold</td>
<td>5. -</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. Æthelweard</td>
<td>6. -</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. Æthelwine</td>
<td>7. -</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8. Æthelwart</td>
<td>8. -</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9. Æthelweirdo</td>
<td>9. -</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10. Æthelæthel</td>
<td>10. -</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Rob: I would try human.

Matt: I have a dark side, but it is an honest darkness.

Ed: I don’t like people, but I do like Black Sheep.

Emilia: Can they have undead sex in a burial-mound?

James: I’d rather sit on a chicken than have my leg stroked by Mike.

Sven: Oh but I took my peanut out for no reason.

**Gangnām Style**

James: Ah...perverts, perverts everywhere!

Emilia: No Ed, I don’t want a scrotum handbag.

Disco: We’re in the Norman position, boys and girls.

Liz: That’s not northern, that’s homoerotic!

Naomi: I'm going to make love to my essay.

Ed: You could keep me stiff with bamboo.

Ella: But I want their hands in certain positions!

Holly: You can always have a robot threesome if you like.

James: I was at Catholic school for seven years, I know how to spot a nipple-cripple.

Angharad: I imagine you with this big overcoat full of tiny Swedish homosexuals.

Anna: And we figured out what they were doing to make those sounds by trying it ourselves.

Brittany Schörn: He was going to be the feminine one in the homosexual horse relationship.

Holly [*rubbing phone on Sam's head*]: Sometimes your head conducts signal!

Disco: Obviously if Asnacs opened a pub it would be called ‘The Grendel’s Arms’.
Maðr hét Pinga. Hann bjó á Iglustaði í Antarktíku, ok hann var mikill kappi ok rékr goði. Í Sólmánudur, Pinga ferr á þingit.

Pingu systir fór með honum til þings. Þau setja þeirra búðir nær þinginu.

Margir ríkir menn váru á þinginu. Einn mannanna heit Robbi, ok hann sitr opt á tali við Pingu systir. Þetta þykkir Pingu óvirðing.
Pinga fylgði Robba er hann reið í braut ór þinginu.  
‘Hví riðr þú ekki at tilvísun Iglustaðs?’ Robbi spyrr.  
‘Þínar kvámur til systur minnar skal hætta,’ svarar Pinga.  
‘Feit gás skal ekki ræðr þat,’ Robbi mælti.  
‘Yo mama er feit gás,’ sagði Pinga.  
Þótti Robba vera níð, ok hann kastaði geiri til Pingu.

Pinga var ekki sárr, ok hann drap Robba. Hann tók Robba höfuð ok gekk heim til Iglustaðs, ok eptir þat hann var kallaðr Víga-Pinga.

To be continued…

Ed: Every time I make a comment someone ends up undoing my shirt.

Disco: Shinguard of supreme unction.

Sam: See, this is the advantage of going to a college that makes its money from shadowy weapons deals.

Beth: I didn't fall down the stairs, I bumpety-bumped down the stairs.

Emma: Can I be a camp monk?

Angharad: I just don't think I can draw James as a kangaroo on the back of a unicorn in sexy green armour wielding a flaming cucumber.

Rob: I want to get my green back and then kill people.

Maura: It's the cheese of sexual tension! It's like Brie, sexual Brie!

Liz: I need a longer tongue in order to adequately lick people.
James: I’m not going to suckle the hedgehog!

Caroline: I get confused between Game of Thrones and Asnac.

Ed: One testicle is in your hair, and the other in your beard.

Emilia: Hit me with your drápa-stick. Hit me slowly, hit me quick.

Rebecca: I’ve been spending too much time with me lately.

Rob: It makes it sound like Alcuin’s a Labrador.

Emilia: Not with my actual physical boobs, just the mention of them...

Rachel F: I’m going to keep my illusions when it comes to the brontosaurus.

Wulf & Eadwacer – the Limerick
A riddle or not, there’s the nub, ’bout a woman, a wolf and a cub. Is there something I’ve missed? Oh I’ve had it with this, let’s give up and go to the pub.

Bible Stories for Asnacs – The Miracle of Mount Sidgwick
It was in the days of King Ahab of Cambridge that the prophets of Baal gained great power in the English Faculty, and the Asnac Department was persecuted until only Jamelijah was left. Then Jamelijah sent word to King Ahab, asking that he assemble all the people of Cambridge and come to meet him upon Mount Sidgwick.

And when this was done, Jamelijah went before the prophets of Baal and said, ‘I have here two cucumbers. You may choose one, cut it into pieces and place it on a sacrificial pyre, and I will do the same with the other one. Then you call on the name of your god, and I will call on the name of Guto Rhys. The one who answers by fire – he is the true academic.’

They did this, and the prophets of Baal called upon their heathen academics from dawn until dusk, but nothing happened. Then Jamelijah knelt and prayed to the Lord Rhys*, and fire came down from heaven and burned up the cucumber and the pyre on which it had been placed. And all the people of Cambridge saw this miracle and believed in Asnac, and they then seized the prophets of Baal and stoned them to death in the valley of Selwyn.

*Not that Lord Rhys.
What’s on in the Cinemas?

FILM OF THE WEEK

The Avengers
Icelandic remake of the 2012 superhero blockbuster with an all-star ensemble cast including:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Actor Name</th>
<th>Character</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tóni Starkaðsson</td>
<td>Iron Man</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leifr Eiríksson</td>
<td>Captain America</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grettir Ásmundarson</td>
<td>The Hulk</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guðrún Ósvífsdóttir</td>
<td>Black Widow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gunnarr Hámundarson</td>
<td>Hawkeye</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>and Þórr</td>
<td>Himself</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Also On General Release:

- **The Magnificent Seven**: Re-release of the classic Western directed by Geordie maestro Bede and starring Ælle, Ceawlin, Æthelberht, Rædwald, Edwin, Oswald and Oswiu as a band of intrepid Anglo-Saxon axe-slingers hired to protect a Mercian village from marauding Vikings.


- **Steorra Tredan 2 – In Þystro**: ‘To baldlīce gongenne hwēr nāne habbað gān ēr.’

- **The Terminator**: Science-fiction thriller. The supercomputer Hrothnet sends the cyborg assassin Beowulf back in time to kill Grendel’s mother.

Scandigrams
2. The vile baroness  8. It’s heroic virtue, OK?  14. Mama be fonder
4. The foul paleface 10. The drab halo lout  16. Skin forever bad
5. Stars nag 11. Soon, girlish rat  17. No snarling oaf

Viking Loot
The Vikings Atli, Bárðr, Kári, Dálkr and Eyjólfr have seized a hundred mancuses on a raid, and each must in turn suggest how this booty should be divided. After each scheme has been proposed it is put to the vote, and if a majority of the group (or precisely half) are in favour then it is accepted, but if a majority are against then the scheme is rejected and the proposer is killed. What should Atli suggest?

Roodword
Unfortunately, the best of puzzles only appears to readers around midnight, while speech-bearers are sleeping, and therefore cannot be printed in Gesta. We apologise for this oversight.

Crossing the River
Three monks and three Vikings need to cross a river, but there is only one boat and it can only hold two people. Furthermore, if at any point there are more Vikings on either bank than there are monks then they will kill the monk(s) in question. How can all six cross the river safely?
Scandigrams Answers

1. Horik Godfredsson
2. Ivar the Boneless
3. Olaf Tryggvason
4. Olaf the Peaceful
5. St Ansgar
6. Olaf Haraldsson
7. Hakon the Bad
8. Erik the Victorious
9. Harald Greenske
10. Harald Bluetooth
11. Ari Thorgilsson
12. Magnus Barelegs
13. Thorkell the Tall
14. Adam of Bremen
15. Leif Eriksson
16. Svein Forkbeard
17. Ingolf Arnason
18. Knut the Great
SPORT

Sir Haraldr to retire at end of season

The world of football was rocked to its very foundations today by the revelation that Sir Haraldr Hálfdanarson, the most successful football manager in Scandinavian history, is to retire after sixty-three years in charge of Norway United, during which time he guided the club to thirteen Norse Premier League titles and two European Cup triumphs. Haraldr was appointed manager in 870, aged just sixteen, but quickly won over any doubters with his famous vow not to cut his hair until Norway had won the league, which earned him the affectionate nickname ‘hárfragri’. Yesterday evening Norway United released a statement in which the new Norway United manager was named as former Ætheresteran boss David ‘the Good’ Moyes, surprising many fans who thought that Sir Haraldr would be succeeded at Gamla Trafórða by his protégé Gary ‘Bloodaxe’ Neville. Since news of Sir Haraldr’s retirement broke, tributes to him have been pouring in from all over the footballing world, with his old managerial rivals José ‘Bluetooth’ Mourinho, Arsène ‘d’Outremer’ Wenger, Bredmund Rodgers and Roberto ‘Hlaðajarl’ Mancini among those who have paid tribute to him.

Other Sports News:

- [Anglo-Saxon Norse &] Celtic win Scottish league and cup double
- Sleipnir 2-1 favourite for Grand National
- Wessex v Mercia FA Cup Final postponed due to crowd trouble from Danish fans
- Six Nations ‘Hextarchy’ does not reflect sporting realities, say Anglo-Saxonists