



Decode Corner with *Venusian* beatmaker *Celery Hills Chop*

Beat of the Month borrows a cup of *Sugar* from *Rubynauts*

INTERGALACTIC BEETS PROJECT'S
HEART BEETS

THE TASTIEST BEATS

ZINE

OCTOBER 2021



Chocolate Brownies that are also *Cookies!* | **Story Time** with *Kukeri and Friends*

DO NOT, UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES, SHARE THIS ZINE!

Calling all Audionauts! Since the intergalactic ban on music, perpetrated by everyone's favorite bureaucrat, Lord Prosect, the infinite void has been eerily silent. In the before times, known as Before Music (or BM), music was distributed freely and fairly and pressed onto wax for everyone to spin. These tasty beats were thought lost forever after the attacks on July 6th, 5000 by Lord Prosect and his minions. Every radio station from the Andromeda to the Zymolytic Galaxy was assaulted, and cassettes, records, and CDs were disintegrated. If not for the brave Audionauts out there who smuggled what they could, the thumping rhythms and trilling arpeggios of the universe's greatest musicians might have been lost forever.

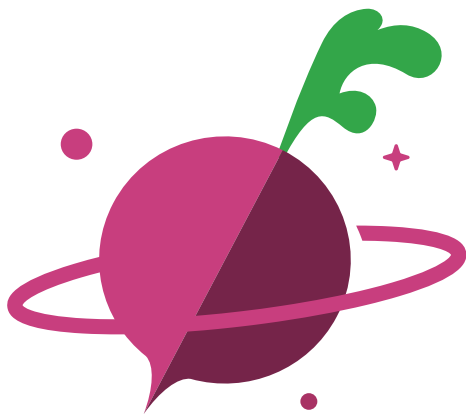
Before that attack, The Intergalactic Beets Project (then known as *The Intergalactic Beats Project* before the ban on the word "beat") was a major distributor of the music lost that day. After our headquarters was decimated, only two agents remained in operation.

We are those agents.

It has been millennia since the sounds of our artists have been heard, but every day we discover and decode the lost music that fueled generations to shake their hips and bang their heads. This Zine will track our progress as we travel through space and time to restore our entire catalog.

We need your help.

Our methods are unconventional, which means we lack the resources of the former IBP. We rely solely on your tips and scouting reports to track down everything lost in the fires and everything that has been secretly made since. If you are out there and your tasty beats need a home, send us a secure signal so that we may help distribute



your music freely and fairly. We run the risk every single day that we will be discovered and imprisoned, or worse...

Visit our telecommunications hub at INTERGALACTICBEETSPROJECT.COM and sign up to receive our monthly Zine, listen to our entire decoded discography, and join the fight against Lord Prosect. Together, we can bring an end to his tyrannical rule and restore music to the ears of all creatures in the universe.

In the words of our Neptunian supporters:



F3rix & Gyllene

I N D E X

Decode Corner

While biding his time, and socking away a small fortune from tips and hourly wages, Celery Hills Chop unleashed the low-calorie grooves of *Music From The Intergalactic Beet Farm*, inspired by the sweltering heat of Venus and the cool grooves of Uranus.....5

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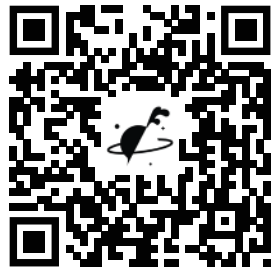
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[WHAT IS THE IBP?]

THE INTERGALACTIC BEETS PROJECT seeks out and decodes the tastiest beats in the universe, presses them to vinyl, and distributes them for all creatures to listen to. From 2021 until the year 5000, the IBP made a name for itself by making music free, easy to collect, and worth waiting for. After Lord Prosect banned all music on July 6th, 5000, it became our mission to save every last beat in the universe, rebuild our catalog, and make sure that the past is never forgotten.

The IBP does this as a free service, however, we encourage all Audionauts to support our mission in other ways: by purchasing merch from our Shop, signing up for our email newsletter, or by reading this very Zine! We have begun to repress our collection to vinyl and we hope that you'll stop by our telecommunications hub and pick up a copy.

Due to the constant threat of Lord Prosect, we take great caution in encrypting every communication, every item in our Shop, and every beat of every song. We have thwarted his silver hand and we will continue to do so for millennia to come.



Welcome aboard!

DECODE CORNER

While beats, songs, and even whole albums have been recovered by the IBP, sometimes things slip through the cracks. Incomplete histories or tracklists can haunt a collector for millennia. Our **Decode Corner** feature attempts to fill in the gaps as we decode messages and ancient texts, revealing more about our catalog than any normal creature needs to know.



"Melding the sweltering heat of Venus and the cool grooves of Uranus, Celery Hills Chop offered low-calorie grooves and raked in plenty of green (money that is)."

- The Intergalactic Beets Database

*I'm a little celery
And I give you the vitamins you needs
But you better watch out for me
'Cause my strings'll get stuck
Between your teeth*

These lyrics were sung six days a week (twice on Saturday) by Venus-born, Uranus-raised Celery Hills Chop as part of a jamboree revival band, The Vegetable Medley Bros., that marketed itself towards children's birthday parties and retirement community shindigs. Parading across the small stages became a necessity as celery was outlawed from working more lucrative jobs.

Music, however, was a loophole. While biding his time, and socking away a small

fortune from tips and hourly wages, Celery Hills Chop unleashed the low-calorie grooves of *Music From The Intergalactic Beet Farm*, inspired by the sweltering heat of Venus and the cool grooves of Uranus.

An instant hit, he was suddenly flush with Space Bucks and instantly embroiled in a money-hungry plot to take his cash, his royalties, and possibly his life. He was forced underground where he petitioned the local government to change the laws regarding celery-based organisms.

As luck would have it, Governor Stalkzenegger had just been elected the first CBO in Uranus' history, paving the way not only for a follow-up album, *Head Of State*, but equal rights across the planet.

SIDE A

1. Negative-Calorie
2. And One
3. Sunset Stripped
4. Rude-ités

SIDE B

1. Axel
2. Bite Back
3. Nightshade
4. Chewed Up



Scan me to listen!

BOO! GHOST-TOWNS SONIC REVENGE

It was a graveyard smash.

Eight tracks that tugged at the heart-strings, banged your head into the nearest brick wall, and spun you around in a magnetic tornado of synthetic beats. Ghost Town's debut album *Tales From The Afterlife*, was, for all intents and purposes, the biggest album a ghost, or ghosts, had produced since Prickley Pete's own debut *Ghost With The Most...Marshmallows*. Heavily influenced by the fellow spirit, the quintet of Gaspar, Big Vicious, Sorry Sally, Good Luck Thomas, and Alvin could not effectively claim that any one of them alone could produce their sound, like Prickley Pete, but it was their combined talent that made for a roaring debut.

Hailing from deep within the Monstroso Vector (if you see the Dog Stars of Palatine, you've gone too far), they were all interested in music from an early age, the *pops* and *snorts* of their orphanage ringing a melody that they could never quite recreate but permeated their partially see-through brains. The copper pipes, the oak staircase, dirty glass rims, they all became the time-wasting exercises of spirits with little else to do. Years passed, and so did their evolution.

By the time the decrepit building was demolished, they had armed themselves with an eclectic harmony of beats. The question was, without the finely tuned rust of their former home, would they be able to recreate their unique sound?

Busking on the underground rail line, they made their mark on tourists and residents alike, stealing the sounds of the subway and magically turning it into gold (the preferred payment method of Monstroso Vectorians). Enough of a stash had been built up by sleeping in alleys in the rain and bartering skills (scaring unsuspecting children was their specialty) for food and other necessities.

Two years went by, their purses now overflowing, before they would hit the studio. Untested, untrained, and a little arrogant, they began to lay down the old reliable setlist onto tape. Big Vicious on drums had little trouble syncing to a metronome; Sorry Sally and Good Luck Thomas on guitar fared worse, unable to properly harmonize until they realized that their negatively charged auras were causing polar-



Sonic Revenge by Ghost Town

ity problems; Gaspar on bass refused to play more than one song per day; and Alvin, the youngest of the group, did as he was told and performed his stellar synthesizer work in just a few hours.

What followed was the perfect storm: Prickley Pete, who had released his debut six years prior, was still a year away from releasing his megahit *Graveley Guybrush* and its 50 sea shanties. The universe was clamoring for a new ghost group to fill the gap. *Tales From The Afterlife* shot to the top of the charts so quickly that it nearly took several planets off their gravitational axis. A whirlwind tour followed, a manager with his own agenda, fans'



(l) **Prickley Pete** (c) **Ghost Town** in front of their orphanage. (r) **Big Vicious** mid-interview rampage

unruly thirst for any piece of them, and the crushing weight of superstardom.

It did not end well.

An interview with Big Vicious turned nasty when he was asked if the group had simply stolen Prickley Pete's persona and split it among the five of them. A couple of tossed tables (and terrifying hauntings later) the media turned on the group, adding fuel to the rumor fire. Prickley Pete, who had isolated himself while making his next record, would not hear about the crisis for some time. In a sympathetic statement, he condemned the media and all who had started the rumor, calling *Tales From The Afterlife* a "masterpiece," and extending an offer to work with the group to record more music in any capacity.

Ghost Town, for the moment, was buried. They were released from their contract and their master recordings returned. They quickly found that no record label wanted to work with them...except one.

After many years of searching, the Intergalactic Beets Project finally made contact through a very expensive series of seances and smudging's that saw to each member's demands to reenter the studio. The tipping point? Prickley Pete's earnest involvement.

Their reunification was almost bitter-sweet. Would the quintet be able to reproduce their sound once more? Would time ruin their synchronicity? Prickley Pete never had a doubt. Running the board and mentoring the young ghosts through their decades-long silence proved the perfect antidote.

Sonic Revenge, their long-awaited sophomore album, could not have come at a better

time. Ready to reintroduce themselves to the universe and fill the void with their spooky charm, the boys and girls of the Monstroso Vector were back.

We are proud to present this eight-track epic that smashes the expectations of sophomore slumps. Chock full of knee-slapping beats, charming guitar, haunting synthesizers, and thumping basslines, we hope that our supporters will make one more trip back to Ghost Town. *It's to die for*

SIDE A

1. Unfinished Business
2. Bump In The Night
3. Somebody's Watching
4. The Others

SIDE B

1. Sonic Revenge
2. Prickley
3. Under The Stairs
4. Deceive The Eye



Scan me to listen!

INSTRUCTIONS

- 1.** In a large, microwave safe vessel, melt the butter and one (1) cup of the chocolate chips at 50% power, stirring every minute, until melted and smooth (*and a bit unpleasant looking*).
- 2.** Set aside the mixture until it cools to room temperature.
- 3.** Add in the brown sugar, eggs and vanilla to the chocolate/butter mixture and stir until well combined (*don't worry if it looks a little gritty!*).
- 4.** Dump the the flour, Dutch-process cocoa powder, salt, and baking soda into the mixture and fold until it is just combined (*as soon as the dry ingredients disappear for good, you'll know you've won*).
- 5.** Fold in the remaining cup of chocolate chips (*it may seem like a lot of chips, but this ensures every single bit has a gooey center*).
- 6.** Chill the dough for at least one hour in your refridgerator or Astro-Chiller 4000.
- 7.** Preheat your oven to 350°F.
- 8.** Line two large, shallow baking sheets with parchment paper (*the parchment paper is our little secret!*).
- 9.** Roll the cookie dough into walnut-sized balls and place six to a sheet (*they will expand nicely and won't interfere with their brothers and sisters*).
- 10.** Bake for 8 to 10 minutes, or until set on the edges but still gooey and soft in the middle.
- 11.** Remove from oven and sprinkle with stars and planets (*optional*) and leave to cool on a baking sheet for 10 minutes before removing to a wire rack to cool completely.

COSMIC BROWNIE COOKIES

We know these cookies are out of this world(s), we wouldn't be bringing you this ancient recipe just to fill this page of our Zine, now would we! Not quite brownies, not quite cookies; as if the chocolate moons of Sugarous crashed into the gooey seas of Cacaoroux. We dare you to eat just one (*not legally binding*).

MATERIALS

- 1/2** cups of butter (*one stick*)
- 2** cups of semi-sweet chocolate chips
- 3/4** of a cup of packed brown sugar
- 2** eggs
- 1** teaspoon vanilla
- 1** cup of all-purpose flour
- 1/3** cup of Dutch-process cocoa powder
- 1** Pinch of salt
- 1/2** teaspoon baking soda
- 1** handful of star-shaped sprinkles (*optional*)



BEAT OF THE MONTH

DEDICATED TO THE DAUGHTER OF THE founder of The Intergalactic Beets Project, *Rubynauts* was included in the interstellar peace-keeping mission Operation Friendly Neighbor.

Music was the great unifier in bridging the gap between light-years of space where we once thought only dark matter existed. Armed with what was arguably the most powerful set of speakers in the universe, at the time, Operation Friendly Neighbor poured music over thirteen hundred different galaxies on a nearly 100-year mission.

Though the intentions of the mission came from a place of love and harmony, not all creatures appreciated this loud flyby. A counter operation, dubbed Neighborhood Listen, attempted to pulsate a sound just as loud, and infinitely more annoying. The clash of the two competing sounds was the final straw.

Both operations were quickly terminated, dismantled, and mostly apologized for. While copies were eventually pressed to commemorate the success of the mission, they were to be enjoyed strictly in the comfort, and privacy, of the listener's home.

Original Database Entry: *Dedicated to the daughter of the founder of The Intergalactic Beets Project, Rubynauts was included in the interstellar peace-keeping mission Operation Friendly Neighbor. Music was the great unifier in bridging the gap between light-years of space where we once thought only dark matter existed.*

While copies were eventually pressed to commemorate the success of the mission, this copy sat aboard the vessel Ursa Major on its journey to the furthest reaches of our neighborhood.



RUBYNAUTS

SIDE A

1. Welcome To The Neighborhood!
2. Stargazing
3. Block Party
4. On A Casserole

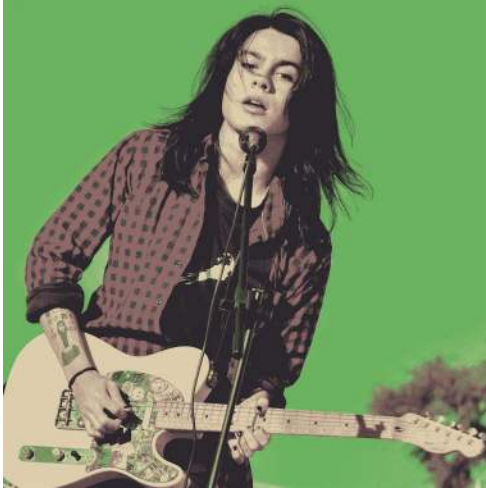
SIDE B

1. Fences
2. Cup O' Sugar
3. Safe & Sound
4. Late For The Bus



Scan me to listen!

FRIENDS OF INTERGALACTIC BEETS



TENCHIO

Hey y'all, I'm Tenchio, aka Gabriel Pulcinelli's bass player and friend (*also a proud friend of the IBP*). Some others may know me for my own artistic endeavors, which I'll share with you on this occasion.

I'm 19 years old (he/they), and I'm a producer/visual artist from Paysandú, Uruguay. Most of my art is born of chaos; many a therapist have expressed how it's a manifestation of my mental state, a form of release if you will, which is getting more and more personal with each piece I compose.

Audience member's have called it math-rock, post-rock, or even "insane." I do everything myself from my desk in my bedroom, and it's been that way ever since I started releasing music at the age of 14.

Some of my biggest musical inspirations are people like TK from Ling Tosite Sigure, Kensuke Ushio, Kunimitsu Takahashi and George Daniel.

Latest Single

bit.ly/tenchioprojector

Latest Full-Length Album:

bit.ly/tenchioalbum

Website: tenchio.art

Facebook: facebook.com/TenchioArt

Twitter: [@Tento10chio](https://twitter.com/Tento10chio)

Instagram: [@10_chio](https://instagram.com/@10_chio)

Youtube: youtube.com/c/Tenchio

Spotify: bit.ly/3ypjcMm



STORY TIME

SHOCKS ARE SO MUCH BETTER ABSORBED WITH THE KNEES BENT.

*On October 11th, Kukeri, the tall-headed, fur-clad rockers from the Boolgar Funnel System will be rereleasing their self-titled debut which includes a remastered version of their hit single *Seaside Siren*. The album, based on a short story that drew inspiration from their own people's harvest rituals, was thought lost to time, weather, and greed. We are proud to present this short story, in its entirety, after many years of searching.*

Unflattering shadows seared the bending grass, dipping over manmade and natural mounds, interrupted by depth, only to rise across the next towering hump. A tangerine sunset aided the pilgrimage, shimmering nervously as it delayed the inevitable plunge into the horizon of algae green waters. The sea roared with zealotry, lapping the base of the crag dozens of yards below the precipice, scattering the flotsam of wooden crates and fermented fruit discarded centuries past.

There was order to the ceremony, a clear delineation between the powers at be and the sheepish congregants. Towering several heads above their own, their traditional garb resembled the elongated and misshapen drawings of nightmarish mammals. From the soles of their feet to the faux crown, bulbous costumes had been draped around their skeletons, pumping their muscles to mythic proportions, every inch of flesh consumed by straight, vibrant fur borrowed from the unlucky forest dwellers. Eyeholes were surrounded by bushy brows, their mouths buttressed by even more intrusive mustaches. Together they swayed, from a distance merely harmless; cute, overfed imaginary creatures with exquisitely tall heads.

At the front of the column was their de facto leader of snow-driven pelt, their facial hair drooping in chocolate and chestnut. Behind them stumbled a black and yellow assistant, their back sewn together with an intertwining array of copper conch shells, a third creature striking the porcupine-like cluster with a wooden switch. The solemn tone echoed in a symphony of keys, their merry song alerting those who were far from worthy that everything was under control. A pack of ten followed in pairs, their lumbering, excessively long arms practically scraping the seaside path, worn from millennia of similar performances.

A gap, perhaps due to the changing elevation, meant that the fire-bearer had lost their rhythm. Straw, rather than fur, became their burden, should they dare let the flame engulf their fragile exterior they would immolate themselves, much to the disappointment of the others. Should they survive without so much as a measly rash, they could wield immense power. Smaller creatures skipped behind the flames, hibiscus-lined baskets of flamboyant fruit in hand, giggling at the wonkiness of their faux heads as they bumped into each other, their fur waving in the wind, giving them the appearance of a bird in flight.

And, behind it all, came the lumbering, unsure twitch of the tardy. "Fuck. Fuck all!" A partially buried rock tipped him face first, his mask *cracking* somewhere in the upper third. Underneath the chiming of the copper pipes, his expletives and frantic breathing were drowned perfectly. He shoved his palms into the dirt and boosted himself straight, steadying the bulbous disguise. His stubby hooves were cutting off the circulation to his jackboots, but the alter awaited them, he still had time. He had them right where he wanted.

The white-furred leader approached the simple bones of a stone altar, erected from the cliff itself, the stains of ceremonies past leaving a healthy red hue in the delicate rivulets. The assistant huffed to their side; the final chord was dimmed by the ocean waves. The others took their places in a semi-circle as the younglings placed their fruit delicately on the stone.

A raised hand silenced the congregants, though they had not Unflattering shadows seared

the bending grass, dipping over manmade and natural mounds, interrupted by depth, only to rise across the next towering hump. A tangerine sunset aided the pilgrimage, shimmering nervously as it delayed the inevitable plunge into the horizon of algae green waters. The sea roared with zealotry, lapping the base of the crag dozens of yards below the precipice, scattering the flotsam of wooden crates and fermented fruit discarded centuries past.

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A raised hand silenced the congregants, though they had not attempted to speak. "May the mother approach?" Her hide tried mightily to conceal her pregnancy, but her girth, and her wobbling gait, left no doubt as to her purpose. Two others helped her up the slight incline and to their leader's side. "The golden ring, please." Another presented the halo from underneath their reddish fur and bowed before the mother. She tipped her head several feet out in front of her to accept the honorary decoration, twirling her neck to slip the loop halfway down the shaft of cheap plywood, glue, and papier-mâché. "This marriage shall bind you forever to the flesh of the earth. In this marriage, you, Mother Earth, will ensure the continuing blessings that we have endured since the coming of our people to this island."

The underside of the altar chimed as the master of ceremonies revealed a crude blade, its curvature notched with previously unsuccessful *whacks*. "The siren of Kukeri has chimed from the consecrated grounds to the fertile water of the sea."

There! From the bluff, he had not missed it. He huffed over the uneven ground, galloping as fast as his boiling costume would allow. He watched the sword spear the sky, the billowing clouds above lazily evading the strike.

"It is with the blood of this sacrifice that we—"

A spark ricocheted off the steel, *snapping* the blade cleanly at the neck. Among the gathered seethed the barrel of an onyx revolver, the hammer wrenched back to cycle the chamber. "*You are all under arrest!*" the masked shooter declared.

The inquisition began with a strange, heavy, unsure pivot. They shuffled slowly and faced the intruder, tipping their heads with interest.

Off came the animal death mask, tossed towards the raging sea. His cheeks were flush with anger and fear, his orange hair streaked with white from age. "Your hands! Let me see your hands!" They surrendered with tedious difficulty, the ceremonial garb much heavier than expected.

"Who are you to interrupt this sacred ceremony?" the white leader barked.

The revolver singled out the naysayer. "Have you gone foolish, eh? I am Chief Constable Howard Eckland and every single one of you bastards is under arrest."

"I believe you—"

"Shut your putrid yap! You have been playing me for a fool ever since I sailed to this contemptible place. And you would have succeeded in ridding me, I had three-quarters of a mind to pack my things nearly a week ago and return to London, satisfied with my investigation. But you made one fatal mistake...well, *several* in fact!" Eckland muscled his way through the chosen people and stood between them and the ritual sacrifice. He poked the still-simmering barrel into the chest of a salt and pepper creature. "Your general store claimed to carry only the island's freshest produce, but the manifest uncovered from the wreckage of the delivery schooner proved otherwise. A parcel of considerable weight was unaccounted for: *one hundred and fifteen pounds of human flesh!*"

A gasp escaped with the ferocity of a steaming kettle. "Not ground or carved, but a woman. *A woman!*" To the mother, he swirled, his free hand pointing emphatically. "Ill, with child, not of her own, but of another! *I will get back to that in a moment.* The three of you..." He scanned them leisurely and tutted disapprovingly. "I observed all three of you desecrating the fertile soil of Saint Dasius' Cathedral, shovel *and* pickaxe in hand! What might you have unearthed? The Ghost of Harvests Past? *No!* Human remains, perhaps? *Yes!* But more importantly, the remains of *your deceased husband!*" He flung himself forward, stomping the ground in front of a shivering sky-blue creature. "A husband whose autopsy claimed he had committed suicide." He chuckled, hiding his smile, and the answer to the riddle. "Well, I don't know about you, but I would never think of *stabbing myself seventeen times in the back and careening over the edge of a cliff on a motor bicycle* to escape the ravages of the modern age!"

The crowd simultaneously took a stride back, the younglings seeking the warmth of their overgrown arms. "Yes, run to your elders, little ones," Eckland chided. "A murderer, a mistress, a trafficker, a religious glutton! You preach serenity and peace here, but beneath the surface, you have angered *God himself.* Your attempts to poison me, betray me, stifle me, and entrap me in the depths of the ocean were all struck down by the faith in my heart! Your isolation has driven you mad! With power! *With blasphemy!* I have read your ancient texts and the law cannot abide by your methods. You will relinquish this poor girl into the custody of the Metropolitan Police Service. She will not bear your child, *the son of Satan!* You will not spill her blood so that your apples may grow another season!"

"But the economy—!"

Eckland bludgeoned the poor interrupter with a strike to the furry temple, knocking the beast into the brush. "Your bounty cannot be controlled by this pathetic sacrifice. It is madness! It is unbecoming of the purpose of our mission. You will no longer import these slave girls for your dastardly deeds! Now, I have enough cartridges here to lay every single one of you into a shallow

grave of your own. If one of you so much as musters an attempt, I will blast a bullet through your brain." A pair of iron shackles jingled from an interior pocket. "Minister Hardy, you will surrender yourself to me *now*."

This request enacted a muffled murmur. Their heads swiveled, the spectrum of colorful hides dragging along the ocean breeze. Their leader carefully removed his mask and blinked through the sudden burst of the setting sun's sharp cheddar hue.

Eckland's smug smile, too, set, replaced with the curled, shivering lip of rage. "Who in the fuck *are you!*?" He marched to the altar and slapped aside the fruit baskets. "Where is Minister Hardy?" He wasted no time, addressing the congregants once more. "Take off these damn falsities. Show yourself to me! *You, Mr. Hebridean!*" But the general store owner did not appear underneath the black and white mask.

"Mrs. Marshfield!" *Nope.*

"Councilman MacGregor!" *Not even close.*

"Doctor Brennaman?" *That one was just a dog standing on its hind legs.*

The constable swallowed hard, his revolver shaking uncontrollably as he refused to steady over a particular target. "I demand that you tell me what in God's name is going on here!?"

"We are protecting the island from evil spirits. *'Tis tradition,*" the leader solemnly announced.

"*Lies!*" Eckland screamed. "You intend to sacrifice this woman for your devilish plans. To raise the Father of Evil to bless your lot. Your bountiful harvest fuels your slave trade, it brings wealth to this island, and it corrupts the world with your greed. The bastard town of Sundershire shall know the wrath of the Metropolitan Police Service, and I, Chief Constable Howard Eckland, shall be the harvester of your righteous end!"

Silence bookended his spitting soliloquy. A few blinked; others snorted loose mucus back into their sinuses.

"*Sundershire?*" one of them honked. "You mean *them bastards?*"

A helping index sought to open Eckland's eyes. He turned, following the stubby digit as several hundred yards down the coast, another ceremony was already in full swing. The neck of a willing sacrifice was presented, a sword swung across her flesh. With the decapitated torso vomiting a maroon foam, the towering wicker effigy that lauded over the worshippers burst into flames. From the ashes exploded the monstrous claws of an ancient deity, its cackling laugh reversing the very tides themselves and cloaking the sun in blood.

Eckland inhaled and cradled the brackish air deep in his lungs. "*Goddammit.*"

For more information about Kukeri and their album *Kukeri*, scan the QR code below or visit: IntergalacticBeetsProject.com/kukeri



Scan me to listen!



OUT OF THIS WORLD MERCH!

ART PRINTS • T-SHIRTS • VINYL RECORDS • MORE!

Each album in our collection is available as an E-Surface archival photo print in either distressed vinyl or original.

All of our t-shirts use Bella + Canvas 3001, premium material for the softest apparel in the universe.

Our 7-inch vinyl records feature previously released A-sides and never-before-heard B-sides from your favorite artists like *Pizza Bear* and *Thirst Receptors*.



RECORDING ARTIST T-SHIRT

The newest addition to our Shop!

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