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All Claws Crossed



Odyssey of  
the Beasties Vol 1



## Press Your Humid Nose Against My Ear Lobe

by Milo Martin

Bless this blood bath bless it brilliant  
hold it up to the bubble light  
the collective will always know thy name  
always recognize

Thy name is Umimanya the Overhead Projector  
churning ceremonious in the wicked purplish light  
the stargazer standing at half-mast  
smiling in anticipation of the first nectar of the day

Feel my beat mark it upon your painted breast  
always know thy name is Umimanya

This shall be the decree of your creed  
but you must wait for us behind that shale of rock  
hide silently like an extinguished star  
Azul will find you like a feather in a pillow  
you will take the surly directive as truth

Put your claws through my fur  
press your nose against my ear  
we are products of this new war this new year  
exploded into tenements of an old ward

Become the new thought the high breathing  
inhale the mystical dust of antiques  
Nanshe angel mother maternal holder  
each bead of shiny kelp on every planetary  
beach heaving vibrant

The thrashing beach of tranquility  
the ocean lords they speak with me  
with thine eyes hold your chin up  
up to the precise rainbow light

Find yourself in me ride me your brilliant steed  
back into a glorious venomous place of hiding  
hold the furry paw of my hand  
let us roll through magnetic fields  
music of antennaed moths  
melody of the spheres  
gamelan of oppressed souls  
wilting in the wicked garden of Mandragora

Can me with the shine of your sword  
do not be afraid of our true natural power  
feel the smart pulse of the soft arm of Swynwraig  
within your jumping neck vein  
within the fleshy lobe of your reticulated ear

The shoulder of the supernatural scientist  
deposits coins in the bank of your moral holdings  
and I shall bear interest elevenfold my dear  
a bursting pharmacy full of rubies  
for all the children all to share

And to look through  
the perverted prism of light  
our sordid history  
our embellishment of night

Breathe with me one more time  
in the forest of snakes and leaves  
wrestle me to the ground  
roll me around force my nose  
into the perfumed toes of you

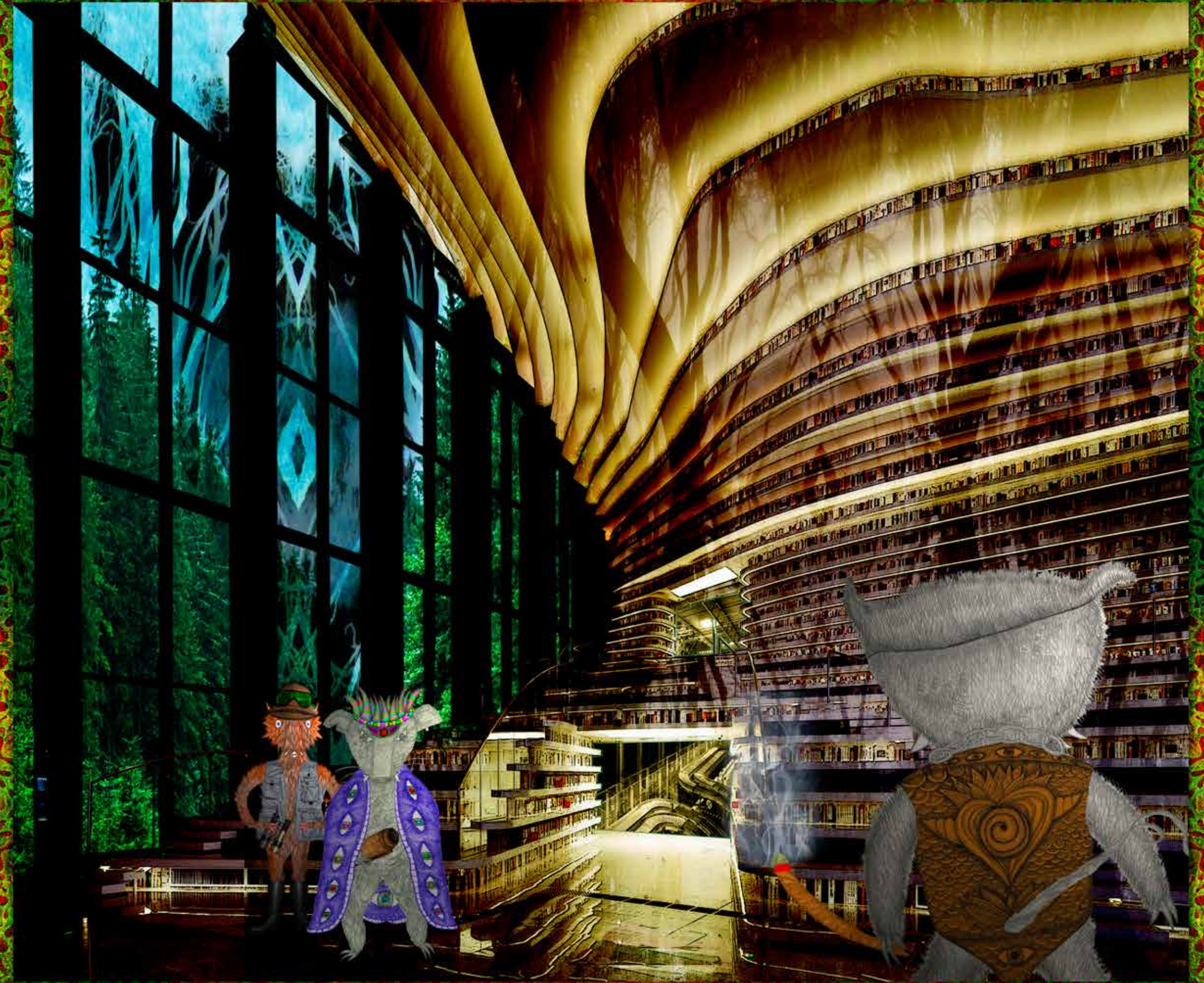
A brother and a sister rolling down a hill of flowers  
enlist me as your loyal friend  
I will always have your tumbling back  
I will never betray you I shall always wish  
to serve you green tea in the morning

By the righteousness of your left arm  
we will walk with confidence and arrogance  
through these ruins  
these smoldering apartments of the last  
generation

These chandaliers in the Towers of Death  
these undaunting blossoming hearts  
these embers smoldering  
within the center of the collective solar plexus



At the Precipice of Everything we shall shudder brave like dried husks of maize, swatches of fur blowing on fence nails in the black mountains. Having been informed of an important discovery in the secret library on the dragon planet of Tengshe, King Otto of Sylva Pecus, home world of the Beasties, summons his chief paladin Badden and the renowned explorer Doctor Arminius tasking them with the figuring and validity of the find. We shall move forward unto the dauntless odyssey warm-blooded curious and alert.



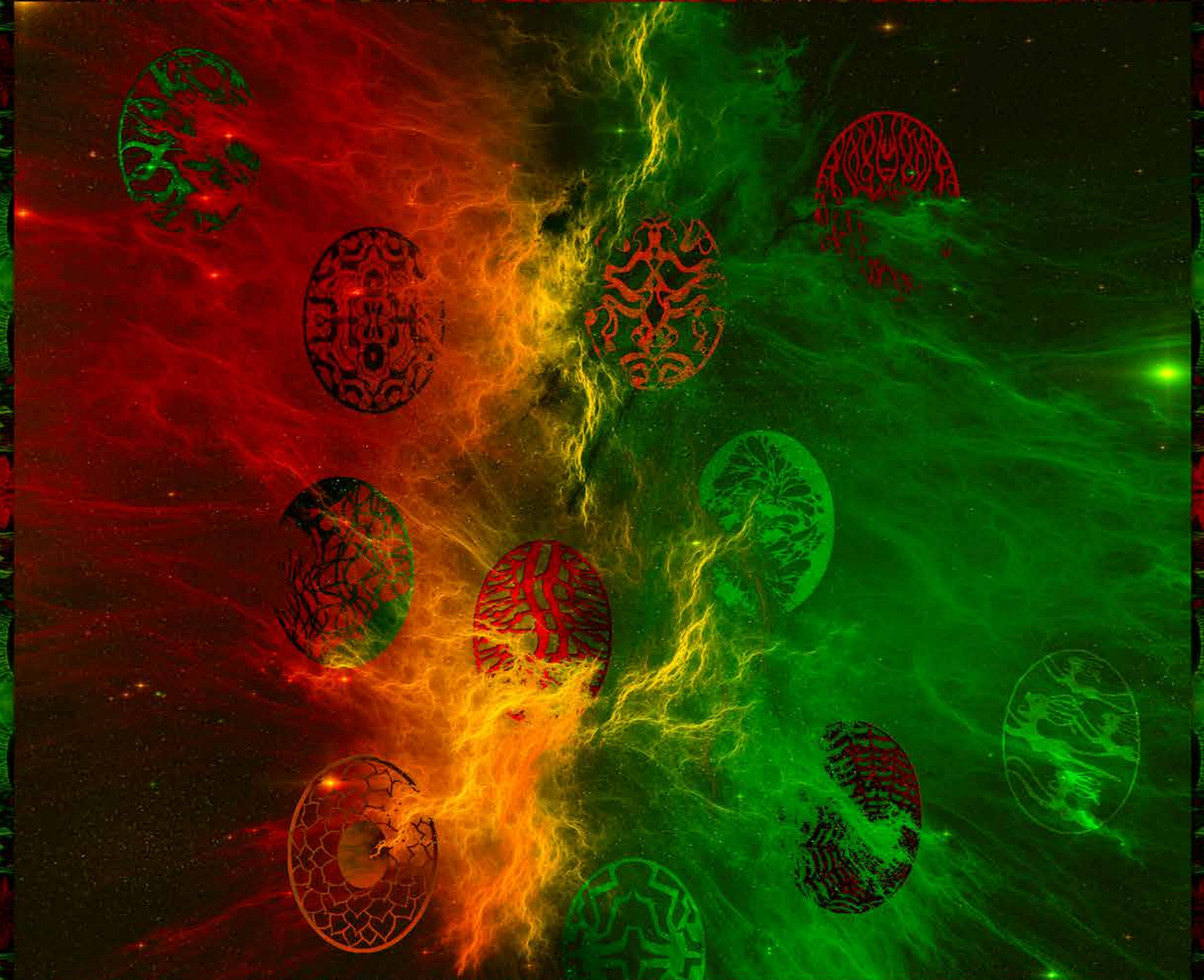


Via the Dark Alignment, the Cave Dragons landed in the mysterious dimension of theoretical strings. Ishnoct summons the clan leaders as an event, much anticipated for years, is occurring on far away Sylva Pecus. The blueprints to Sehr Unni have been found and deciphered, activation of a portal beam underway. But much to their dismay, the direction and strength is not of a sufficiency to reach them. Yet, still strong enough for the Cave Dragons to perhaps make their presence known. They must now find a way to communicate with those who know.






Fulminating fields of zeroes and ones gain sanctity in the green orange meadow of prodigious sky. Tribal medallions, spinning doleful dervishes in a democratic trance. Energy fingerprints pressed onto the windows of outer space, issuing signatures to the Beastie population destined to survive the breath of the asteroids sizzling through flaming hoops of the atmosphere. The binary organization of portals present themselves as source power. Opportunities to those willing to demonstrate selflessness, bravery, bold respect for concentric vehicles of ascendance. Particularly in terms of future protection with the invariable resistance of daunting external forces not sharing the same sensibilities and goals as benevolent Beasties.








Anticipation of visceral battle action is always the most grueling aspect of war. The stratagem to the mental wind, bulging precipitation preceding the hurricane of fire raining down. No good rationale but to thwart an unnecessary onslaught, hunker down for Lord Drona coming with blunt force. Gather the Elder Beasties to defend against the maladorous thrust of the Ahriman Imperium. Drona realizes too late for retreat that he and his forces are alone in Ahriman's quest for Sylva Pecus. At the side of King Otto presides Prince Arjuna the heir to the Dragon throne. Along with the forces of King Otto the Elder Beasties bravely and fiercely head into war. The clash is battered fruit when Prince Arjuna lofts the Ancient Incisor to utter Turbo Fulgoris Perforantis! Etitam! Etitam! Shamanistic instruments engaged by Beasties render the foe voiceless, without vaunted agility instantaneously. Overpowered are Lord Drona's mismatched soldiers, surprised by the humble power inherent within the collective solar plexus of the Beasties. The soul of war is in the need not the want. Sylva Pecus desired equals Sylva Pecus denied.








I am a pale simulacrum of myself now. My guts are gone, ripped out by imperialistic circumstance, taken over by powers infecting convergent lines turned non-intersecting. How shall I fend off this solar wind burning my brain, pressing hard down upon my aching shoulders? Foreign pesticides choking my insides, freezing my mind. Unlucky Atherol inhabits the wicked swirling mist now, brilliant scientist transformed into obedient glue by the paraspies of the opportunistic Ahriman to do the bidding of an insidious lord. This is not who I am nor how I want to be. This is me in irons, the converse of rationality. One moment we live in a pillowed heaven, the next in the searing grips of hell.



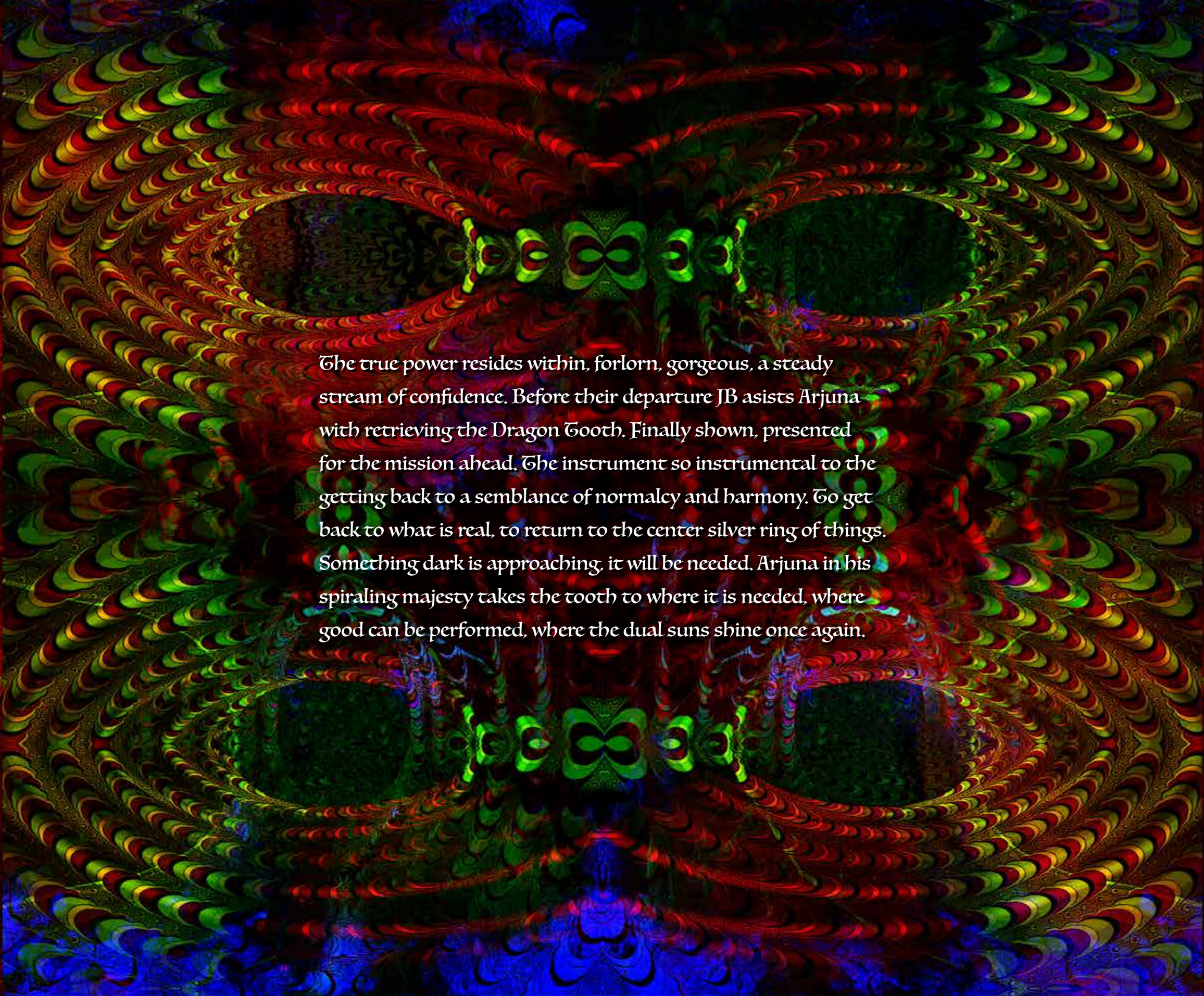




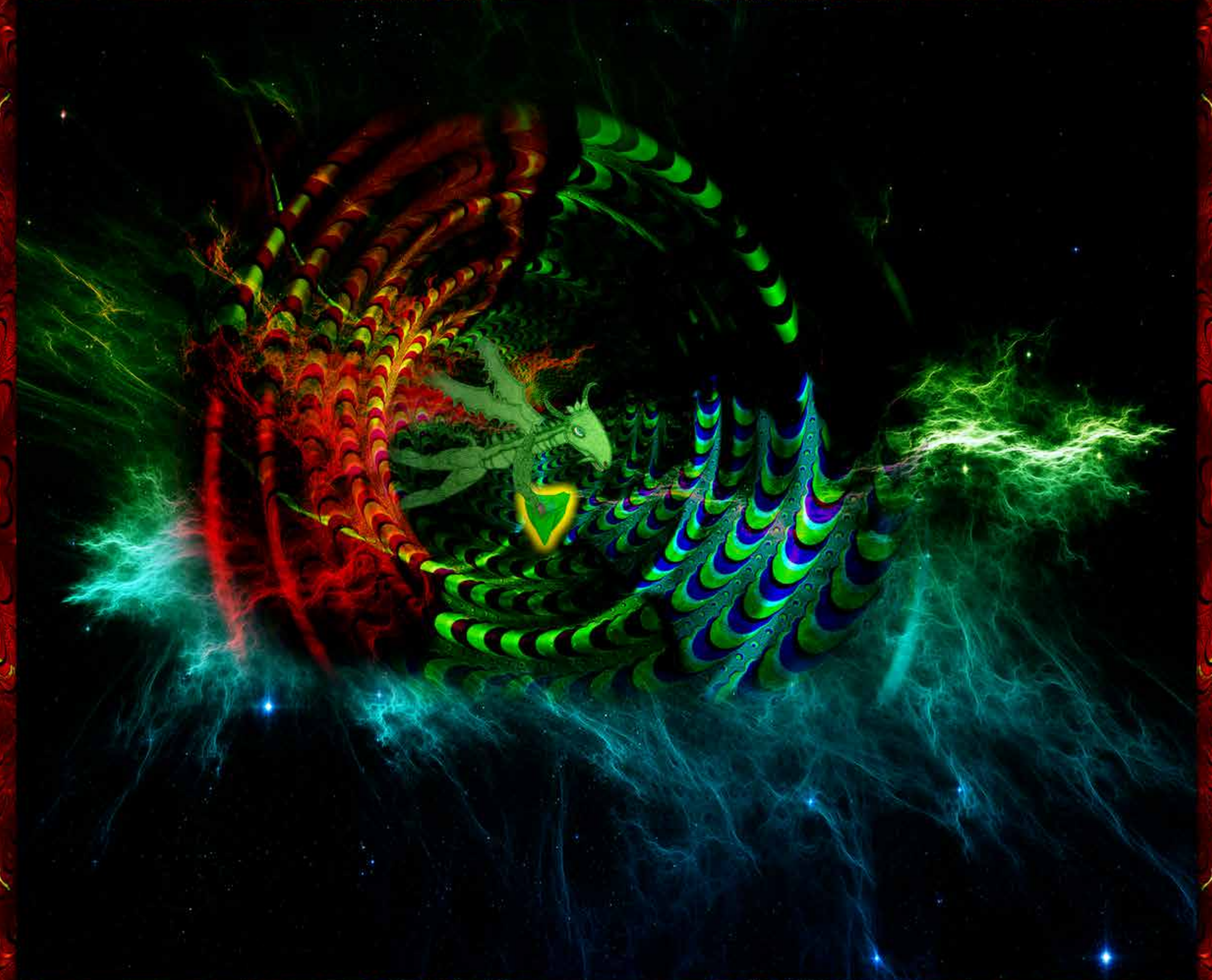
There are many pathways one can take, the road into the middle over the top or the roadway underneath. The trail underground provided by Fiero proves to be the most prudent. A psychedelic purple railroad for artists and fugitives of all stripe. The secret way to the south to meet Volta, who may hold more detailed info on the potential whereabouts of Shykis for the mission of freedom and resistance by the Beastie race.







The true power resides within, forlorn, gorgeous, a steady stream of confidence. Before their departure JB assists Arjuna with retrieving the Dragon Tooth. Finally shown, presented for the mission ahead. The instrument so instrumental to the getting back to a semblance of normalcy and harmony. To get back to what is real, to return to the center silver ring of things. Something dark is approaching, it will be needed. Arjuna in his spiraling majesty takes the tooth to where it is needed, where good can be performed, where the dual suns shine once again.



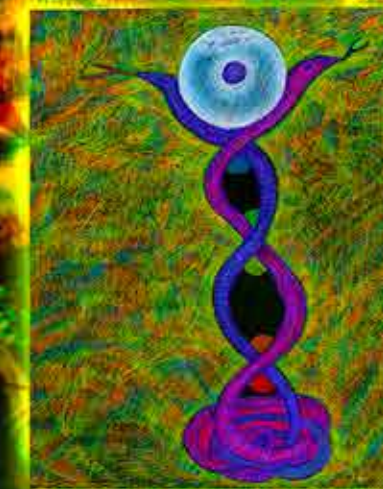


Weapons are useful when weapons represent neutrality, weapons of disruption, weapons of disarmament, the deeming. Before taking his leave, Arjuna retrieves the ancient weapons of Azul from JB. Nonlethal disrupters of adversaries energy layers, placing them in suspended animation, disarmed and neutralized, JB has been the secret custodian of these conduits all these years waiting for the proper time to introduce them to the young Beasties, now is that time. Piercing the dark hearts with open-eyed needles the thyrsus of powerful pine cones draped and flowing in ribbons. Disseminated to the Beasties to fight the war of wars, a conflict not requested yet requiring necessary resolution, an apothecary revolution.





Chakra Rockets in the shadow of the fiery new moons never come too soon. Symbols have a way of making themselves known in terms of universal semantics. Linguistics are linguistics and pheromones are pheromones. You shall see perpetual hieroglyphics within my steaming visage. The swirling within the swirling, the subtext rooting under and through the cuneiformic words in the ragged tongue of the civilized wilderness.






The consciousness of the never again, the consciousness of the ever again. Varvara, the beautiful, the elegant melancholy princess. Long, dripping lashes, understanding the magnitude, wincing slightly, smiling at the fervor of the complicated endeavor. Infiltrating ranks with her own meticulous operatives at great risk, she stands up to Lothar. A flower blooming hard up into in a field of pesticidal petulance.







There are some things which must be done, even if  
it goes against your munificent ethics. Self defense  
is a good reason. Having secured the lower level at  
some cost, BA goes about setting the charges. Be  
respectful and I will be respectful in return.



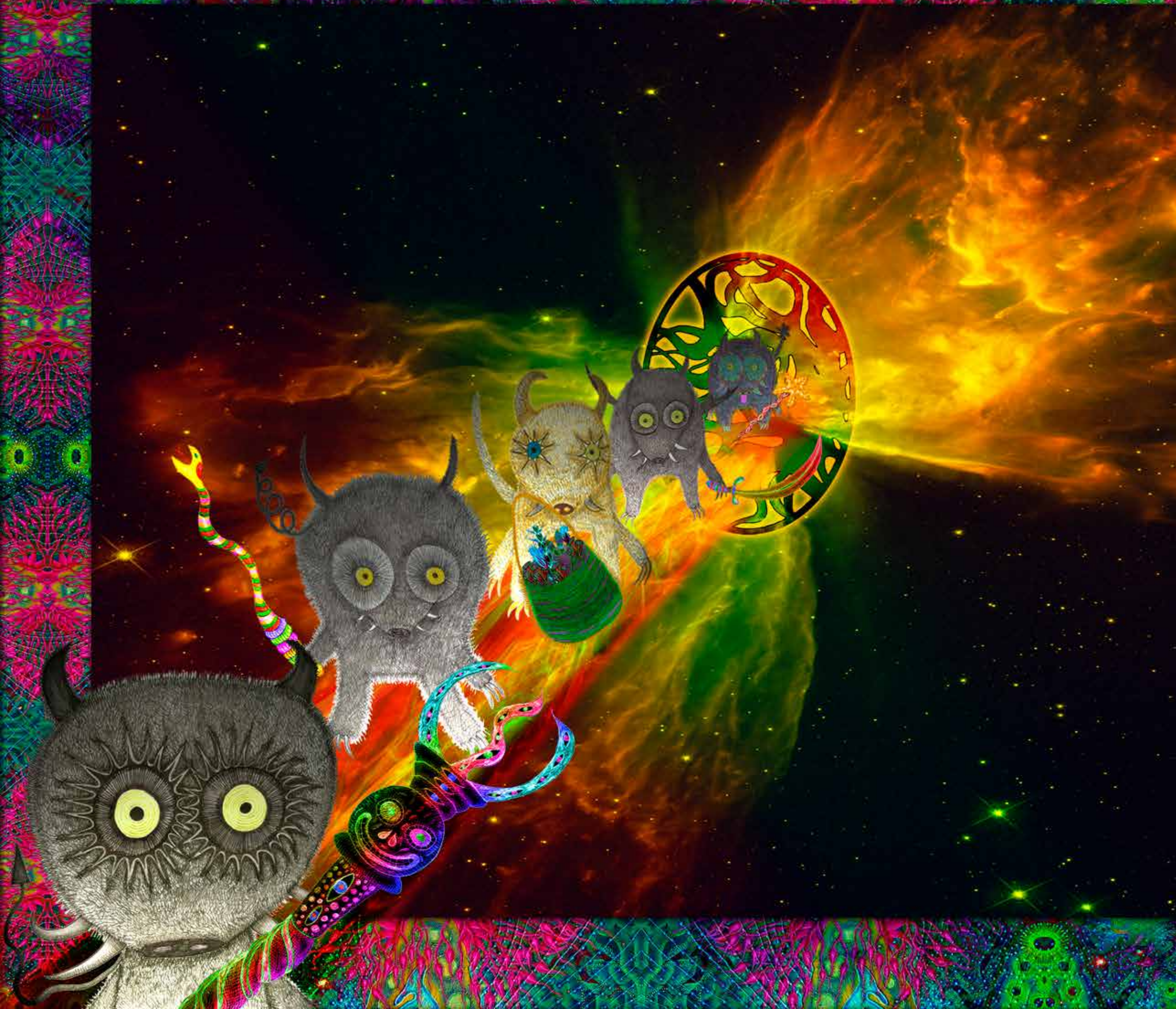


The quiet orchestration of space orchids, intermingling anemone flowers,  
heaving, drooping, thriving in a garden of silent chamber music only hearable  
to the sentient ones. Systems respirating sophisticated design aesthetic.  
Gwanwyn, arriving on the wings of her incantation, delivering the alchemical  
spice mixture to Siduri, standing by to congeal the potion needed for healing.  
Final ingredients must be pillaged from JB's collection of stardust. Many  
things lead to one, yet specificity wields the potential power of many.





Centered in the tunnel of zooming, electromagnetic pulsing, the palace of delirious dreams, haunted by feral stars. The crew takes flight through the portal, ingredients for the anti-serum on board. Protected by their ancient weapon entities they are on their way to Arminius with Arjuna bringing up the rear.





Down down down into the daub, the smirch, the silent  
sully. The scourge of silt crystalline forms spreading fractal  
feathers, the ones needed to continue the legacy of longing.  
Chordaria hones in on the crystal correct for the mission.  
Collects the chosen one into their handwoven satchel,  
surging back to the surface only to benefit the progress of  
the Beasties. The Batia is the oldest tree on Sylva Pecus.  
Dropping its luscious leaves, orange back into green.  
Further fertilizing, giving rise to branches spreading out  
into purple space, swelling out into the Sea of Tranquility.





Leading down, leading down further into the underground  
where beings hold no name except for their very own. Feeling the  
pressure, feeling the sweat on the backs of neck and brow. Seeing  
Acherol's ship the Daedalus, readying for departure. Danu urges  
the crew onwards. They must make haste to the dungeon. The  
dam has been fingered, the approach is beyond reproach now.



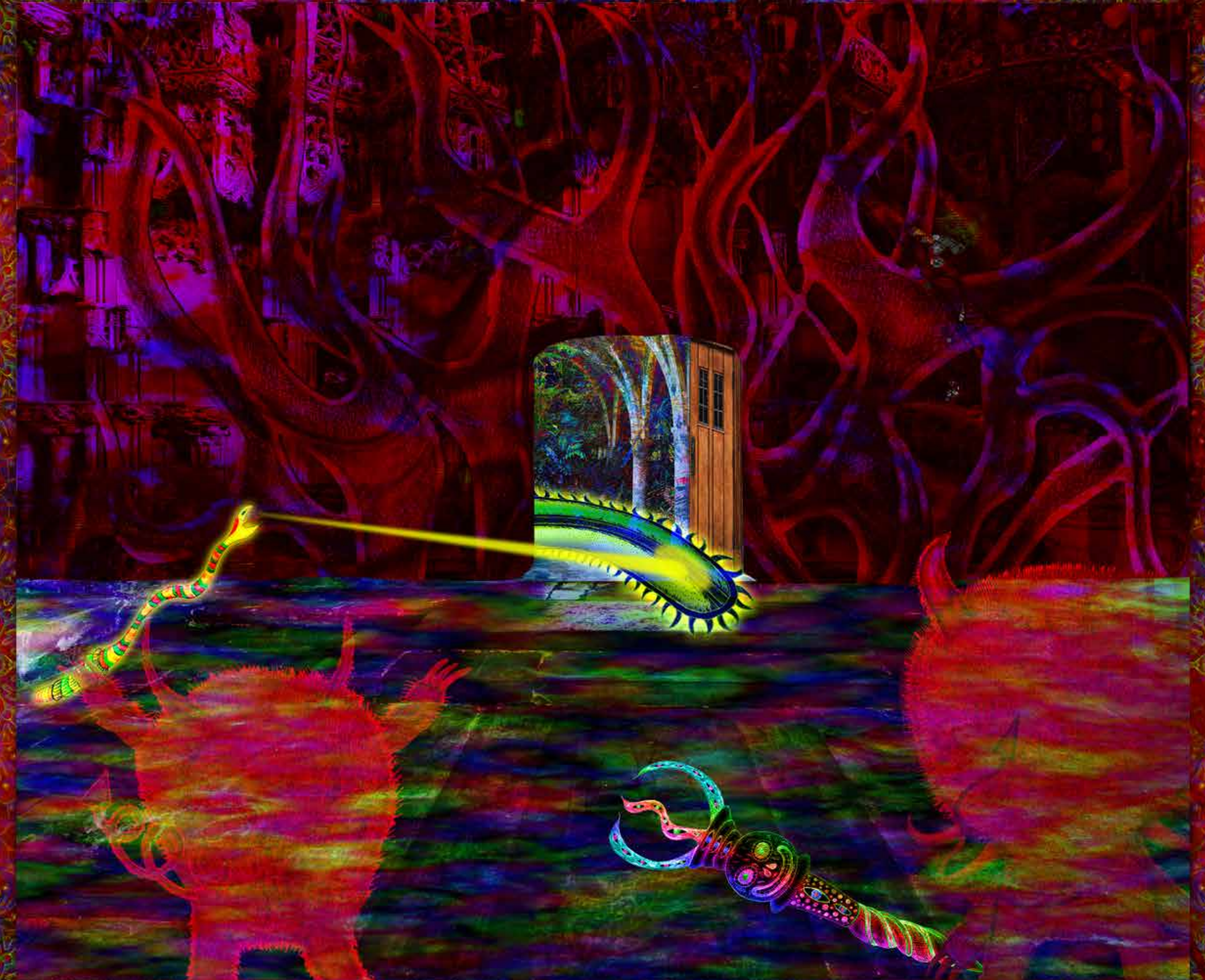


One on one, tête a tête, face to face within the complex forest of technology and philosophical conflict. Here we are now, stand up or stand down. The Doctor finds Abriman anxious, frenetic from the realm beyond for news of progress, which Atherol compliantly provides. Doctor Arminius stealthily releases the antidote filled parspies acrially into the room, complying with the mandate of catch and release.






Approaching the encroachment critical. Even more crucial when the guard worm Ascaris is involved to obstruct justice. A winding serpent of muscularity, impeding the progress of releasing the band of Unnis from the insidious imprisonment of innocents. The song must be proclaimed, sung and played to bring harmony back, turning the tide, manipulating the manifestation. Danu unleashes the power of Dewiniaeth, freezing the interlocking vertabrae, immobilizing the immobilizer. The Central Serpentine Scrutinizer is nullified for passage. Upon entering they find their friends gone. Dissapointment reigns supreme. A journey of a thousand miles continues with the next action of longing.







The lateness of autumn leaves begin to wither within the vaporizing respiratory systems. No longer burgeoning, dried and cold, come tugging silently, urgently from the cathedral of trees. It is coming apart now, as the power of the young Unni Beasies takes hold, melting blackened planetary lead into shining gold. Sehr Unni is once again complete. For the first time, Danu and the Unni orphans feel the power as the chassis approaches full strength. Ahriman is no match for these thinkers, these doers, these psychotropic forest warriors. The pendulum swings now, the combustible collapse.

