

Flavor Text Adventures



Chef Alton Green presents
How to Cook

PIXIE

For the Dinner and Gaming Table

What Is Flavor Text?

An Introduction

A bit of spice. Added texture. That little spritz of zest that makes the whole thing just... come to life..

Flavor Text is the spice of life. The collected works of the inestimable, but completely imitable, chef-connoisseur-bard Alton Green features everything a hungry adventurer could want. Tales of travel and terrific adventure from the chef's own journals, his kitchen-tested recipes (with picturesque instructions and notes for the amateur and the experienced cook alike), and gaming content that can be used, in part or whole, for your table-top role-playing game of choice. Dungeon masters and storytellers should find abundant inspiration and saucy flavors to add to their game du jour.

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Pixie Meat and Grit

The Tale

"I've seen some bad-ass bush before, man, but nothing like this." said Krieg in hushed tones, as his huge forearm mopped about a pint of sweat off his forehead.

"I hear ya." I whispered back from my perch on the half-ogre's shoulder. "This shit's somethin'. You lose it here, you're in a world of hurt."

Up ahead and out of sight, Gomez was "quietly" scouting, hacking away at the nigh impenetrable jungle, the "chop-chop-chop" of his huge axe, seemingly setting a rhythm for the cacophony of birds and other wildlife all around us.

Somewhere off the narrow animal trail we were following, Iris was slinking her way silently along, guarding our flank, the barest hint of movement in the corner of my eye the only indication she was keeping pace.

Behind us trudged Kenneth, our employer. Stumbling and tripping along, he was overdressed and underprepared for this trek, but refused to wear simpler clothes that were "beneath his station."

He promised a great payoff when we returned to civilization. I was starting to seriously doubt if it was worth it, or if he could deliver at all.

"What are we doing here again?" asked Krieg.

"Yes, *what **are** we doing here?!*" echoed Heinrich in my head, "*This humidity is rusting me, I can feel it!*"

"We're escorting this lump," I pointed my thumb backwards at Kenneth. "he's looking for someone, someones, or something. I don't really know, don't really care at this point. I just want to find whatever, or whoever, it is and get outta here. I feel like any second something's going to reach out of the foliage and eat my face off."

As if to emphasize my words, a quick succession of a loud yelp, a thud, and a groan, came from behind us. I swiveled around on Krieg's shoulder to see Kenneth,

planted face first in the mud. He had apparently tripped, again, on a vine.

Instantly, silently, Iris was at his side. She bent down, pulled his head up by the back of his fancy collar, and whispered into his ear "You're ghostin' us, motherfucker. I don't care who you are back in the world, you give away our position one more time, I'll bleed ya, real quiet. Leave ya here. Got that?"

Krieg and I both chuckled quietly to ourselves as we continued on, following the path of chopped vegetation Gomez and his axe left behind.

Suddenly, a loud, blood curdling scream the likes of which only a gnome can deliver, came from up ahead, followed by total silence. No birds, no monkeys, no chopping. Gomez was in trouble!

"GET TO THE CHOPPER!" I yelled as I pointed down the trail.

Krieg lumbered into a run and in seconds we burst into a small clearing. Gomez was on the ground, either dead or unconscious, I did not know yet. He was covered in blood.

I looked around frantically for the danger. What sort of deadly beast lurked in the shadows, ready to pounce?

Krieg walked in to stand protectively over Gomez's body, and I dropped down to the ground next to him just as Iris came into the clearing. I checked Gomez. He was breathing, thank the gods. I tried to assess his injuries, looking for the claw or bite marks large enough to cover him with so much blood. There were none. However, he was covered with... tiny cuts? I also found several miniature darts, smaller than my pinky, stuck in his arms, chest, and neck.

"What... happened... here?" asked Kenneth, panting from his short run to join us.

When no answer was forthcoming and the silence of the jungle came hammering back into my mind, I looked

up at Iris, who was standing beside me. The usually stone-faced elf looked anything but calm.

"Iris, you saw something. What is it?" I asked.

"I'm scared, Alton." Iris replied, her voice shaking.

"Orcshit. You ain't afraid of no man!" Krieg's voice came from above.

"There's something out there waiting for us..." she whispered, "and it ain't no man." She gazed out at the jungle around us and said, "We're all gonna die."

"THERE! IN THE TREES!" shouted Krieg as if on cue.

I looked in the direction he was pointing.

"Where? I don't see anything..." I said just as two pairs of glowing eyes appeared out of thin air at the edge of the clearing.

"What the..." I started, and a chill went down my spine as the eyes blinked and vanished.

My hand went to Heinrich's grip. Iris, as quick as lightning, already had an arrow nocked and drawn.

Then, another glowing eye appeared. Then two more. And more. All around us tiny glowing orbs were popping into view. We were surrounded.

I now realized, to my horror, that they weren't eyes after all, and it all made terrifying sense.

"Pixies!" I hissed.

"I hate pixies!" said Krieg.

"We found it!" Kenneth exclaimed excitedly.

"Found it? Found what?" I demanded from the pudgy man.

"Pixie Meet!"

"Pixie WHAT?!"

"Every few years the whole of fairy-kin gather together in a place of power and divvy-up all the magic they've collected since the last time."

"I have no idea what you just said. Is THIS why we're here?"

"Yes! Well, no. Not exactly."

"Talk! No more games! Why are we here?"

"Every few years fairy-meet happens, and the grels* gather to hunt them. They consider pixies a delicacy. We're here looking for the grels!"

I had so many questions, such as why do the fairies gather? How do they divvy up magic?

And what sauce one would use on a pixie? But

I never got the chance to ask. At that moment, hundreds of the tiny fey vermin zipped at us, flickering and darting all over the place.

"OUCH!" roared Krieg, as a pixie demonstrated a "fly-by cutting" maneuver and sliced him with a tiny knife.

Iris loosed an arrow, which went sailing harmlessly into the jungle. Realizing the futility of the bow, she dropped it and drew out her daggers.



“Let me in, coach!” said Heinrich as I pulled it out of its scabbard.

“You’ll get your chance, don’t worry.” I told the rapier
“For Gomez!”

“Payback time!” growled Krieg.

I looked up at him with a smile and a twinkle in my eye and said “Time to let Ol’ Painless out of the bag.”

“YESSSS!” he roared, and as pixies, fairies, and who knows what else were buzzing all around us, Krieg reached into the Bag of Holding he carried and pulled out a gigantic wooden club.

The melee that ensued was truly a spectacle to behold! That is, if you enjoy watching a small group of people die a death-by-a-thousand-cuts. Fairies, pixies, you name it, were flying, running, buzzing, crawling all around us, harassing, haranguing, cutting, and poking. Many seemed to be armed with tiny blowguns or bows, firing what I assumed to be poisoned darts at us.

Krieg was swinging wildly, on the verge of panic. He was taking out what seemed like dozens of the runty assassins with every swing of his club, but he was barely making a dent!

I’m not exactly sure what happened, and I can’t really promise it was an accident, but in the chaos it seems that Kenneth’s face had a close-up meeting with Ol’ Painless. The gore that resulted only added to the gaudiness of his clothes as his head exploded all over everything and everyone.

“You’re bleeding, man!” I yelled at the half ogre.

“I ain’t got time to bleed!” He answered.

The diminutive butchers were focusing their fire on the brute, and despite his size, he was the first to succumb to their poison. Within a few short moments Krieg fell to his knees, and with a last tired swing, face-planted into the dirt.

Iris slashed and dashed, twirled and stabbed. She took many of the flying murderers down before, she too, collapsed to the ground, bloodied and unconscious.

Perhaps it was my hardy halfling stock, or perhaps pure stubbornness that kept me up as long as it did, but Heinrich and I managed to skewer quite a few of the horrible pests!

“This poison has some strange side-effects!” I told

Heinrich, as I thought I was hearing whoops and yells coming closer all around me. I tried my valiant best to stay conscious, but as the poison finally overwhelmed me and I dropped to my knees, I imagined I was seeing a horde of frenzied grels charge into the clearing and begin the wholesale slaughter of fairy-kind. The last thing I remember, as my head hit the jungle floor, was a pixie, about to stab me in the eye, disappear in a cloud of red mist under a grel mace. And then.... Darkness.

Someday, I’ll have to tell you what happened, and how we got out of there alive and in one piece.

Deliciously yours,

Alton Green

*Grels: Slang for Grunge Elves. See Kenzer and Co.’s *Knights Of The Dinner Table* #31 (1999) “Pleased to Meat You” for more on Pixie Meet, and *Hackmaster Hacklopedia of Beasts: Volume I* for more on grels.

Many thanks to Kenzer & Co., Dave Kenzer, and Jolly Blackburn for their permission in referencing the Pixie Meet storyline from KODT.

Pixie-Packed Bread Pudding

The Recipe

From The Chef

Obviously, I lived. We all did. The grels showed up in the nick of time, and pulverized the pixie marauders before they had a chance to do with us whatever it is pixies do with unconscious victims. Not that the grels were much nicer, mind you. I just may tell you the rest of the story some day, but suffice to say that grels organize massive hunts during Pixie Meets, and consume the tiny fey, not only for their delicious flavor, but their magical properties. It was from one particular “jolly” grel that I learned how to prepare pixies for the first time, and have since experimented quite a bit with them. An ingredient like ground-up pixie is hard-earned for a small volume, friends, but it pays off with big flavor. Like every halfling knows, the greatest experiences often come from the smallest creatures, and that is just as true here. Pixie wings are incredibly sweet, and make a great sugar substitute, or vice versa. And while you can't use their flesh to bake bread from, it does have a doughy consistency so if you're fresh out of pixie meat for your bread pudding, a regular ol' loaf will do. Make sure to grind up your pixies into a fine powder! Your mama's hand-me-down mortar and pestle won't do here, ya gotta grind it with everything you've got. Get your hips into it. But once you've done it, wow! Those flavors will carry your dish right out of this world.



Preparation Notes

There are a couple of parts to this recipe, so be sure to read the whole thing. You'll need to buy or prepare your candied pecans in advance. It can be really frustrating to run into a wall mid-recipe (or ever, walls are pretty hard) so make sure you've got everything you'll need. Otherwise, this is a pretty simple recipe. Feel free to get creative with some of the breads you choose; something with a nice, sweet flavor, like a honey loaf, or with mix-ins like raisins, might make an exceptional dish. Savory flavored breads are unlikely to pair well.

Deliciously yours,

Alton Green

RECIPE

Yields: 8 servings

Time: 1 hour 15 minutes

Active Time: 20 minutes

Allergens: Sugar, Alcohol, Nuts, Dairy

Equipment: Skillet, Baking Dish, Sauce Pan, Oven

Difficulty:



4. Whisk together eggs, milk, half-and-half, and vanilla.

5. Add sugar and whisk together.

6. Add melted butter and whisk into the mixture. Be careful that melted butter is not too hot, as it can cook the egg pre-emptively.

7. Place bread in the baking dish and pour the egg mixture over it, covering liberally.

8. Sprinkle pecans over the top and bake in the oven for an hour until liquid has cooked off and bread is golden brown.

INGREDIENTS

1 Crusty Artisanal Loaf

3 Eggs

2 cups Milk

1 cup Half & Half

1 tbsp Vanilla

2 cups Sugar

¼ cup Melted Butter, plus extra

½ cup Candied Pecans, chopped

1. Preheat the oven to 325°.

2. Generously grease a baking dish.

3. Cut the bread into 1-inch cubes. This may be easier if you've let the bread stale a bit beforehand, but isn't necessary. This is likely to yield 8 to 10 cups of cubes.



The Sauce

INGREDIENTS

- ½ cup Butter
- ½ cup Sugar
- ¾ cup Heavy Cream
- ¼ cup Bourbon or Amaretto

1. While bread pudding is baking, combine butter, sugar, heavy cream and liquor in medium saucepan over medium heat.
2. Bring to a boil; turn to low and let simmer for 15 minutes. Remove from heat and set aside.
3. Drizzle some, but not all, sauce over dessert immediately after removing from the oven. Serve the rest as garnish on individual slices when serving.



Candied Pecans

Note: This recipe makes more candied pecans than are required for the bread pudding recipe. Candied nuts are a wonderful snack or an ad-hoc ingredient in any kitchen. It's often efficient to make it in larger batches, and keep it stored in an air-tight container for future use.

INGREDIENTS

- 1 lb Pecan Halves
- 4 tbsp Unsalted Butter
- 1 tsp Cinnamon
- ½ tsp Ground Nutmeg
- ½ tsp Salt
- ½ cup Light Brown Sugar, packed
- 2 tbsp Dark Brown Sugar
- ½ tsp Dried Orange Peel

1. Preheat oven to 350°. Place pecans in a bowl.
2. Melt butter in a saucepan on the stove. Add all other ingredients, mix thoroughly.
3. Pour over nuts and mix thoroughly, until all nuts are coated.
4. Spread on a baking sheet and insert into the oven. This is a great opportunity to use wax paper, parchment paper, or a silicone sheet to save yourself clean-up.
5. Cook for 20-25 minutes, until the nuts are starting to smell toasty, and are no longer dripping liquid. Move frequently, turning over and exposing as many sides as possible. Nuts touching one another may fuse together.
6. Remove and let cool completely, before removing from sheet. Store in an air-tight container.

Pixie-Dust Strawberries

The Recipe

From The Chef

So sweet, so succulent, so easy, your guests will never think about the tiny, giggling little fey that gave their lives to festoon your brunch plate. Probably for the best...

Preparation Notes

Sanding Sugar is a kind of sugar with a particular grain and grit that makes it stick to the fruit in a particular and attractive way. It is not stocked in most grocery stores, but can be purchased online from retailers like Amazon.com. You can experiment with different colors, and your favorite white wine can be used in place of moscato. Sweeter varieties will obviously suit better.



RECIPE

Yields: 12 servings

Time: 1 hour 20 minutes

Active Time: 5 minutes

Allergens: Strawberries, Alcohol, Sugar

Equipment: Large Bowl, Colander, Paper Towels, Whisk

Difficulty:



INGREDIENTS

2 lbs Fresh Strawberries

2 ½ cups Moscato

½ cup Vodka

½ cup Sugar

¼ cup Pink Sanding Sugar

1. In a large bowl, pour moscato and vodka, mixed, over strawberries. Let sit, refrigerated, for at least an hour.
2. Drain in a colander and pat dry with paper towels.
3. In a bowl, whisk together sugars. Pour into a shallow dish. Roll strawberries in mixture and serve.



Pixies

Gaming Content

SETTING THE TABLE...

Pixies. They're a delicacy.

Go ahead, gasp in horror. Even allow your indignation and righteous rage to spur you into such heroic action as letting all your friends know how terrible I am, and that you stand with fairy-folk. Go ahead, I'll wait.

Are you done? All calm now? Great.

If you reacted strongly to the concept of eating pixies, well then I know you've never met any. First off, note that when I say pixies or fairy-folk, I'm cooking with a proverbial large pot, and referring to all manner of diminutive races such as fairies, pixies, brownies, and other tiny fey. In my extensive experience, the occurrences where such creatures are friendly and helpful are few and far between, and even then, there's usually some

Cooking & Consuming Pixie

Recipe, Food

Cooking pixies for food isn't difficult. Their wings, ground up finely, have a rich sweet taste. And the body itself tastes...well... like tender chicken. Boil'em, mash'em, stick'em in a stew... it all works. But preparing them while maintaining their magical effects is a rather delicate task. "Trixie Pixiel!", that jolly grel cook kept telling me, referring to the difficulty in cooking them while still preserving their magic. If successful, you're in for a hell of a ride. But every thrill also must end, and pixie meat "hangovers" are some of the worst.

DC 20 Performance (cook) check. Cook's Utensils and proficiency with them grant advantage on the roll.

A failed check means the meat is edible, but overcooked, it's magic dissipated, and any benefits or risks are negated.

Benefits: Anyone consuming the dish gains 1d4 character levels! Yep, that's right! This level increase only affects HP (as temporary hp), proficiency bonus, spell slots, and saving throws. It also may allow a spellcaster to cast spells of higher levels, but only if those spells are readily available

in scrolls or books. The effect does not unlock any other class features, special abilities, or grant any previously unknown spells. DM discretion is advised when dealing with the chaotic effects of such magic. Your results may vary.

Duration: The duration of the magical effects of eating pixies can last up to 24 hours. The DM should secretly roll 4d6, where the result is the number of hours the effect will last.

Risks: At the end of the duration, the effects not only cease, but a serious "magic hangover" occurs. Again, the DM should secretly roll 4d6 for the number of hours, during which a character who consumed the magic dish not only reverts back to its original state, but also further loses the same number of levels it previously gained from the effect. This level loss affects the same stats as before. If a character is dropped below level 1, it is knocked unconscious for the duration. Magical healing or spells that grant temporary hit points may revive the character, but he or she will still nurse the worst hangover they've ever experienced. A character in such a state cannot cast spells, use any class abilities or features, and is considered to have an exhaustion level equal to the number of levels below 1.

underlying motive that borders on the macabre. Most of the time, they are annoying at best, and at worst, a swarm of oversized mosquitoes armed to the teeth with tiny skewers.

While pixies can be treated like any other meat, it is their magical properties that make them an especially exciting meal, and for that, they must be consumed fresh.

The magical energies stored in their tiny murderous bodies will usually dissipate within a day of their demise, so if that's what you're after, be prepared!

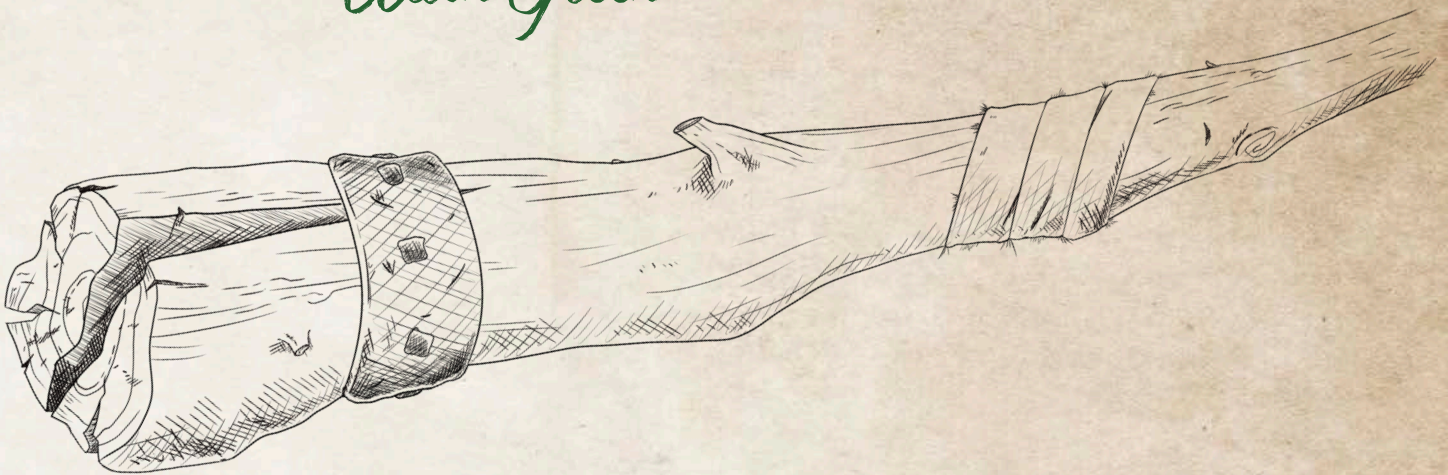
Deliciously yours,

Alton Green

A PINCH OF INSPIRATION

- Why was Kenneth looking for the grels? Was he sent to discuss an alliance with their elders? Or maybe trade? Something else?
- What sort of poison do pixies use to incapacitate their victims? And more terrifying, what do they do with them?
- What did the grels do with us after saving us from the pixies?
- How did we not only survive, but escape the jungle in one piece?

Keep asking good questions, and coming up with your own answers!



Ol' Painless

Ogre's Greatclub. Legendary Magic item (Requires attunement).

Size: Large. Heavy. Two Handed Weapon.

Type: Bludgeoning

Damage: 2d8+2

Improved Critical: Ol' Painless crits on an attack roll of 19-20

Weight: 30lbs (I told you it's heavy!)

Ol' Painless is an enormous heavy wooden club, reinforced with steel bands and some spikes. It is imbued with magic that makes it an effective weapon when facing multiple opponents.

Blaze of Gory. Any time Ol' Painless deals more than 50% of a target creature's current HP, the target creature must succeed in a **Constitution save DC (Damage dealt)** or die in a horrible, squishy, pulverized mess.

Payback Time. When a target creature dies directly from damage dealt by Ol' Painless, its momentum carries it on. You **must** immediately use the same attack roll result on an adjacent (to you) creature within reach, including allies, in either clockwise or counter-clockwise direction around you. Once the direction is chosen, it cannot be changed that round. This does not count as a separate action, and must be repeated until a target survives. This ability can be triggered by **Blaze of Gory**.

