

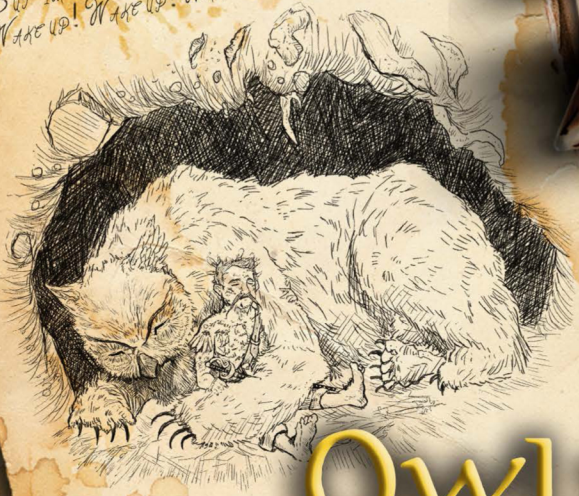
FLAVOR TEXT

How to COOK MONSTERS

FOR THE DINNER & GAMING TABLE

BEARS OF A FEATHER

"A BORN SIR, WAKE UP. THE VOICE SAID.
"MUMMUMMUM... I DROOLED.
"WAKE UP!" IT SHOUTED IN MY HEAD.
"BUT I'M SOOOOO COZZY..." I WHINED.
"WAKE UP! WAKE UP! WAKE UP!"



"JUST A FEW MORE MINUTES MORE." I MUMBLED.
"I'M NOT YOUR MOTHER. WAKE UP, YOU SNIFFED FOOD."



"I OPENED MY EYES.
IT WAS DARK. AND WAS
"FURRY!"
"HUH? WHY?"
"IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU
"WHY? IT'S THE MID
"OH DEAR... YOU DO
"REMEMBER? R
"BLINNY. I"

OWLBEAR

BY
CHEF ALTON GREEN



BEARS OF A FEATHER

THE TALE

“Alton, sir, wake up.” the voice said.
“Mhmmhmee...” I drooled.
“WAKE UP!” it shouted in my head.
“But I’m sooooo cozzzyyy...” I whined.
“WAKE UP! WAKE UP! WAKE UP!”
“Just a few more minutes, mom!” I mumbled.
“I’m not your mother! Wake up you stunted fool!”

I opened my eyes. It was dark. And warm. And sooo comfy.

“Finally!”
“Huh? What?”
“It’s about time you woke.”
“Why? It’s the middle of the night!”
“Oh dear... you don’t remember, do you?”
“Remember? Remember what?”
“Blimey. If I had a face I’d palm it.”

I wracked my brain trying to figure out what the hell Heinrich* was talking about.

My brain. OUCH! My brain hurt, bad!

I reached my hand up to rub my eyes, and felt like a feather duster hit me in the face. Huh? What the..?

My hand was covered in small feathers, and something sticky. Apparently, so was my face.

I sniffed. Tar.

“Wait a minute.... am I... have I been... tarred and feathered?!”
“There we go, we’re getting somewhere!” said Heinrich.
“But why am I in bed?”
“Nope. Lost again.” Heinrich sighed.
“Hold on, this isn’t my bed, is it?”
“Nope.”
“It isn’t a bed at all, huh?”
“Right again, sir.”

“Where am I?”

Silence.

“Heinrich?”
“Sir?”
“Where am I? How did I get here?”
“I’m sorry sir, but I can’t tell you that.”
“Wha... huh?”
“I promised, sir.”
“Promised what? To whom?”
“To you, sir.”
“What?!”
“You made me promise, sir, that I wouldn’t tell a soul.”
“When?!”
“A few hours ago, sir. You were quite adamant.”

I sighed heavily.

I was probably drunk when I made Heinrich promise, and it takes its duties quite seriously. Especially when there’s entertainment value in it for it, and ESPECIALLY when it strokes its ego.

“I swear I’m gonna leave you out in the rain for a week!” I growled mentally.
“Idle threats, sir. Considering your current predicament.”

I took a deep breath to clear my head and my nose was hit with a barrage of scents: Tar, mildew, a strong musky smell, and rotten flesh, all mixed in with a sharp odor of ammonia.

I coughed sharply.

My non-bed moved. And growled.

Wait, growled?

Suddenly, I was no longer hung-over and half asleep and reality came hammering in like a flaming shot of



Dragon's Froth...

Apparently, I was in a small cave. Or maybe a large earthen hollow of some sort. Under a fallen tree perhaps? Though it was a rather tight space, I couldn't quite make out the walls and ceiling in the dark, but I thought I could spot the gnarled shapes of roots in the wall.

I could also make out the outline of an opening off to my left, illuminated by what I assumed was faint moonlight.

And my bed? That was next on my exploration list.

It was warm. Too warm. It smelled of strong musk. And now that I was paying attention, I could feel it

moving gently, rhythmically, accompanied by a low sound of something large breathing.

The surface I was on was soft, but firm. I felt around with my fingers and touched rough, damp, fur.

"Bear?"

"Close, but no cigar." said Heinrich smugly. Burnt biscuits, who am I kidding? His accent made everything he said sound smug.

Confused, I felt around some more. The fur suddenly changed into stiff bristly quills... feathers?

I might not have figured that out so quickly under the current circumstances had I not been covered with

them myself. But now I was even more confused.

I reached out farther, despite the fear creeping into my gut, moving my hand slowly towards the sound of breathing.

My fingers felt gingerly through feathers when, suddenly, they touched a smooth, hard surface. The creature stirred and shifted, and a breath with a hint of growl fluttered out from somewhere near my hand. I could feel the growl vibrating in the beast's chest against my back. I waited a few seconds, and when no more stirring came, I let my fingers gently trace around whatever that hard object was.

It was curved and domed, with a sharp edge along its length. It narrowed as I felt along.

A picture was beginning to form in my mind when my finger ran out of curve and touched the pointy end. A beak. A HUGE one. From what I've felt of it so far, it could probably fit my head in it closed, and with room to spare.

"Umm, Heinrich?"

"Yes, sir?"

"I think I know what this is."

"Oh?"

"It's... is it... an Ow..." I swallowed hard. "an Owlbear?"

"Indeed, sir."

"And I'm tarred and feathered?"

"It's a good look for you, sir."

"And we're curled up with it in its nest?!?!"

"It seems so, sir."

"Fuck!"

"Quite, sir..."

He never did tell me how I got there...

**I realize now that you may not know who Heinrich is, though I've mentioned him more than once in my stories. You see, Heinrich is my sword. A rapier, to be exact (he's a stickler for details), and a sentient one at that. He didn't really have a name when I acquired him, so I named him after my mentor, Heinrich. They share a similar pompous accent and a "I'm better than EVERYONE!" attitude.*

How did I acquire him, you ask?

Well, I was out buying knives for the kitchen when I

heard some wares calling to me. Literally. "What's a chef need a rapier for? Kebabs?", asked the merchant. "If you want the gold, you'll mind your own business", Heinrich and I replied, in unison. The start of a beautiful friendship.

CREDITS

Kfir Mendel - Director, Writer. Game Design
Mike Ficarra - Asst. Director, Culinary Director,
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Kessler Garrity - Illustrator (Story, Recipe Art)
Elise Rorick - Photographer
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Chub)

OWLBEAR RIBS

FROM THE CHEF

There are certain things about my foul experience with the owlbear that shall remain secret. However, this delicious recipe is not one of them. In fact, the succulent flavor of these ribs, fit for the heartiest huntsman or the most luxurious lord will bear out my oldest philosophy- from the strangest adventures come the best meals. If, luckily for you, you have never woken up in the loving embrace of a slumbering ursine-avian hybrid, I suppose beef is a perfectly good substitute.

Deliciously Yours,

Alton Green



PREPARATION NOTES

This is one of the simpler recipes I've published so far. There are two important technique bits to note. "Trimmed" in the instructions refers to excess areas of obvious fat on the ends of the ribs that may not be there depending on where you purchased your ribs (or how you butchered your Owlbear), and to the membrane commonly found on the bottom, which you can often peel up with your fingers and remove. You don't need to further cut the ribs unless the rack is too large to fit into your skillet or slow cooker, in which case you only need to separate them enough to fit comfortably in your cookware.

When browning your ribs on the stove, the goal is just to create some nice caramelization on the outside and "seal in the juices." You aren't cooking the ribs through, that's the slow cooker's job!

Finally, when using the slow cooker, bear in mind that low is roughly half the heat of high, so if you are switching from low to high, cut the time in half, or vice versa. Furthermore, every time you open the lid, you lose enough heat that you must add another thirty minutes to your cooking time. Make sure that your ingredients are well-mixed when using the slow cooker before you start your timer so that you have to open it as little as possible!

The Recipe

Yields: 6 servings

Time: 7 hours

Difficulty: Easy

Contains: Meat, Sugar

Requires: Skillet, Slow Cooker, Sauce Pan, Oven/
Stove

INGREDIENTS

Large Sweet Onion, Sliced and Halved	1
Water	½ cup
Canola Oil	2 tbsp
Bone-in beef short ribs, trimmed	4 lbs
Chili Sauce	12 oz
Blackberry Preserves	¾ cup
Brown Sugar	2 tbsp
Red wine vinegar	2 tbsp
Worcestershire sauce	2 tbsp
Dijon Mustard	2 tbsp
Ground Cloves	¼ tsp

1. Place the onion and water in the slow cooker. In a large skillet, heat the oil over medium heat. Brown the ribs in batches, setting aside as necessary. Add to the slow cooker.



2. Cook on Low heat for 6 hours.

3. In a small saucepan, combine the remaining ingredients (chili sauce, blackberry preserves, brown sugar, red wine vinegar, Worcestershire, Dijon mustard and cloves) thoroughly and heat on medium-low heat. You want this to simmer and reduce a bit, but not boiling. Keeping it moving can help with heat control.



4. Bathe ribs generously in the sauce (you may want to reserve some for serving with your meal.) Turn the slow cooker to high for 30 minutes, then serve hot.



Alternatively, you may follow the above step but put the ribs in the oven under the broiler for 3 to 5 minutes.



BEARS OF A FEATHER

GAMING CONTENT

A PINCH OF INSPIRATION

As you well know, I am a chef, and a damn good one or you wouldn't be reading this.

What you may not know, however, is that I am also a trained bard. Let go of any silly notions of me strumming a lute or puffing on a tin whistle. Seriously, have you ever tried sneaking down a tunnel into a kobold's lair, only to have the group's bard decide right then is a great time to burst into a sonnet or a power ballad? Ridiculous! Believe you me, those kinds of bards never leave town, and if they did, they wouldn't last long. When push comes to shove, your teammates would rather you swing a sword than extol their virtues in prose.

While most of my performing is done in the kitchen, I am a storyteller at heart, and there's a story woven through every recipe I cook.

You might have noticed this month's story to be shorter than usual, and arched an eyebrow in confusion. Well, it's intentional. I've decided to try and teach you more than just how to cook a monster with this book. I not only want to make a decent cook out of you, but a storyteller as well.

To that end, I introduce you to a new segment of my monthly installments: A Pinch Of Inspiration.

In this segment I will simply ask you questions about the story told in the first part. These questions are meant to inspire you. To spark your imagination. To light the fire of your creative stove. To season your.... well... you get the idea.

Sure, I could have told you the full story of how I came to wake in the snuggly embrace of an elderly Owlbear. At least, what of the story I've managed to piece together over the years. Heinrich to this day still

refuses to spill the beans. Loyal to a fault, the pointy bastard. But you'll have to buy me a drink, or three, first. And in any case, it just wouldn't be as much fun. All I've told you is the middle of the story. You're still missing the beginning and the end. And my intention with the following questions is to get you to create those in your mind, and bring the story to life. By doing so, it is my hope that you will gain skill and confidence in telling your own stories (or mine, I don't mind).

If you do come up with ideas that flesh out my story, I'd love to hear them. You can share them with me and the rest of the community on our Discord server in the "Pinch of Inspiration" channel.

So, without further ado...

- I woke up alone, drunk, tarred, and feathered. Where did I get drunk? Around a campfire? A frontier-town tavern?
- Who tarred and feathered me? Did I agree to it, or was it a gag, or even revenge? If the latter, what did I do to deserve it?
- Why was I alone?
- The pivotal question: How did I end up, unharmed, in the Owlbear's nest?
- And lastly... how did I extricate myself from the situation? Did it involve combat? Cunning? Stealth? Magic? All of the above?

I hope these questions got your inner storyteller juices simmering, and I look forward to hearing your version of events!

Deliciously Yours,

Alton Green

Owlbear Life Cycle

If you travel the wilder regions of the world, you are bound to encounter these foul-tempered beasts. Everyone knows the tracks of an adult Owlbear mean danger, and to give their dens a wide berth during Cublet season in the spring. In fact, steering clear of Owlbears is just wise practice in general. However, if you are the sort to go in search of a savory rack of delicious ribs, these warnings are obviously to be ignored. What you should watch out for, however, are the Chubs.

Chubs

Chubs are adolescent Owlbears. Their young age makes them ideal for the palate, as mature specimens tend to be a little chewy. You'd think their thinner hides and smaller beaks and claws would also make them less dangerous, though they are also a little quicker on their feet. There is, however, one thing that potentially makes an encounter with these youngsters even deadlier than full grown ones.

Chubs are inexperienced and more vulnerable, and they know it. To compensate, nature has given them a temper almost as foul as their fully grown parents, with some cunning to match it. They are angry, moody, angsty teens, with a streak of creepy malevolence. Whereas a young bear might react to danger by running away or climbing a tree, a Chub's response, much like an adult Owlbear, is almost invariably to charge headlong at their foe, intending to chase the hazard away, or end it, as soon as possible. "What's the big deal?" I hear you

thinking.

Well, the "big deal" is they usually travel in small groups of up to four (usually their littermates), and where there's one, you can be sure to expect at least a couple more. And those other Chubs are more than likely quietly flanking you or are already charging up from behind. Gangs of Chubs often focus their efforts on one target at a time, trying to bring it down quickly.

Luckily, as they mature they become even more ill tempered and cantankerous, if that's possible, and lose patience for the company of others of their kin.





OWLBEAR CHUB

Medium monstrosity, unaligned

Armor Class 13 (natural armor)

Hit Points 28 (4d10+8)

Speed 40 ft

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 (+3)	15 (+3)	17 (+2)	3 (-4)	9 (-1)	6 (-2)

Skills Perception +2

Senses Darkvision 60 ft, Passive Perception 11

Languages None

Challenge 1 (200 XP)

Keen Sight and Smell

The owlbear chub has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on sight or smell.

ACTIONS

Multiattack The owlbear chub makes two attacks: one with its beak and one with its claws.

Beak Melee Weapon Attack. +4 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. Hit: 7 (1d8+3) piercing damage.

Claws Melee Weapon Attack. +4 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. Hit 9 (2d6+3) slashing damage.

CUBLETS

In case you are wondering, even younger Owlbears are called Cublets, and are anywhere from “just hatched” to 1 year old. They, too, have bad tempers though they are difficult to take seriously when they hiss and growl at you as they are so stinkin’ adorable. Plus there’s not much on them to eat.

On the other hand, where there are Cublets there’s also a mom somewhere nearby. And you better beat feet before she comes back.

CREDITS

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 Elise Rorick - *Photographer*
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