

FLAVOR TEXT

How to COOK MONSTERS

FOR THE DINNER & GAMING TABLE

A FUNERAL FOR
A FUN GUY



MYCONID

BY

CHEF ALTON GREEN



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*.

Find us on Patreon at patreon.com/FlavorTextAdventures . Don't forget to follow us on Facebook at facebook.com/FlavorTextAdventures . Happy cooking, and yes, you should use more garlic!

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A FUNERAL FOR A FUN GUY

The Tale

As a chef and bard of great renown and high demand, I've been to a lot of funerals. I've seen it all – interments of great import, with pomp and circumstance and parades. Services that lasted for days – solemn affairs filled with grief, sackcloth and ashes and much gnashing of teeth. Staid religious ceremonies, drunken wakes, small private gatherings and massive public shows. I've even been to a few hushed and hurried affairs performed in secret, under the stars.

One time I even watched them drop a dead guy into a volcano.

I'm at a happy place in my career where I can refuse most of those sorts of jobs – my funereal invitations these days are resolved with a short note conveying my condolences for their loss and apologies for my inability to attend. Unless I know that I'm mentioned in the will, in which case they'll find me an attentive and punctual guest.

The messenger who handed me the letter seemed relieved to be rid of it, and I don't blame her. The invitation was inscribed, nay, scratched, onto a piece of myconid skin. I knew immediately that it could only mean one thing, my good friend Absolem had passed. There was no way I was going to skip this one – especially because the note said that Absolem had bequeathed me the greatest of his treasures.

In all the years that I've been attending funerals, experiencing the near-infinite variety of ways that sapient beings celebrate a life well lived or rage against one ended too soon, I've never been to one that felt like a nocturnal outdoor farmer's market.

Myconids are a different sort of folk.

They mostly live underground, they're semi-nocturnal, sunlight burns them... with a résumé like

that you might expect that they're undead-types, but, the ones I've met were pretty peaceful unless you hassle them. Every once in awhile one of them gets bored with living a lifetime in a cave and ventures out to see that world. That was my buddy, Absolem Amanito.

He was always quite fashionable – he wore big beautiful hats with heavy drapery hanging down all around, keeping his delicate skin safe from that devil, sunlight. They were beautifully embroidered works, with rich colors and exquisitely coiffed layers. Ah, always things of beauty.

Note to self: I need to find out what happened to his hats. Also, on an unrelated note, I think I'm going to start wearing more hats.

And oh boy could he cook.

Now that he's gone and no longer competition, I can admit that he was better with mushrooms than I am. Fried, smoked, stuffed, sautéed, in sauces or as sides, he could perform sensual miracles with any fungus that went through his kitchen.

This was particularly impressive because I'm fairly confident that fungus-based creatures don't have the same sort of palate that us meat-based beings do.

We bonded over our love of the culinary arts. He helped me discover new ways to distill truffle oil, and I taught him about things like how to properly plate a meal, and to ask permission before you lay spores on someone's dog.

Now he's gone. Myconids aren't very long-lived – most mushrooms aren't – but I had hoped we'd have more good times before he finally passed his expiration date. He was a fun guy.



“He was a fun guy. Heh.”

I looked around at the silent mushroom people walking around the cavern, carrying baskets of moss and dirt and other less-easily-describable items to and fro.

“... fun guy...?” Nobody reacted. I sighed. My wit was wasted on such beings.

Their bustling increased and I saw that they were lining up by a mound of dirt covered with lichen, decorated with little bouquets of red mushrooms with white spots. A line of myconids was filing past it carrying flat rocks – ‘plates’ – really, rudimentary trenchers, carrying away their portion of the funereal feast. Buffet-style. I liked it. Orderly, simple, egalitarian.

There’s no way I was going to wait in that line – perhaps I could find someone to fetch me a plate.

My dissolute youth included a short stint busking for my dinner. I think of it as the dues one pays as an up and coming musician - but I did learn a useful skill. Namely, how to put on my ‘expectant’ face. It’s a hungry sort of look that says “Hey, give me money or food”, but without the nuisance of any of that distasteful asking out loud. I’m very good at it. It helps that I’m so handsome and talented.

So I put on my ‘expectant’ face and batted my eyes at a few of the passing fungus folk. As I expected, it worked! Almost immediately, a tall myconid approached, bending its tall body down to hand me a trencher overloaded with foodstuffs - little bread rolls, sweetmeats, and, of course, lots of mushrooms.

I was hungry, so I grabbed a piece and started nibbling. The myconid loomed over me, leaning in, watching me eat, making unblinking eye contact and weird gestures while I chewed. The gestures seemed vaguely religious, ceremonial in nature, so, not wanting to offend, I kept the eye contact up while I grabbed something else off the plate and took a big bite.

The myconid smiled and said, “Your inheritance, Alton Green.”

“Ah, yes, so, um... “ I swallowed my mouthful of food. “When will they be reading the will? Do you have a mushroom solicitor around here somewhere?”

I took another bite. I didn’t know what it was, but it was delicious.

The myconid just repeated itself. “Your inheritance, Alton Green.”

Mentally, I crossed my fingers. I hoped Absolem left me the recipe for whatever I was eating right now.

“What about my inheritance? What did Absolem leave for me?”

More unbroken eye contact, and another bite. By the gods, what a joy for the palate! Fresh and salty and a little sweet and just chewy enough to be interesting.

The myconid pointed at the piece of spiced fungus in my hand. “Your inheritance, Alton Green.”

I looked down at my hand... and into the face of Absolem looking back at me!

He looked... peaceful, even with three great big bites missing from his cheek.

I stopped chewing.

The myconid continued. “Absolem held you in such high esteem that he willed his very flesh to you. This is a great honor, few outside our people are ever accorded such a gift.”

I looked to the left and then to my right. The row of seated attendees were all tucking into their plates with gusto. Most of the food was unrecognizable, but three seats to my left a little mushroom boy was eating a hand, and just in front of me and off to the right a dignified old mushroom lady was sucking on a toe.

“I... I...”

“Just relax, Alton Green. The effects should begin in any moment now.”

I felt a warm lethargy spread out from my belly. My feet couldn't move, and my hands, suddenly heavy, sank gently to my sides.

As my face went numb, all I could manage to say was "Oh!"; but the phrase 'curiouser and curiouser' crossed my mind as giant pink caterpillars faded into view above my head. Someone was smoking a hookah, and all of the myconids seemed to grow feline grins while I started to float.

One by one, the myconids started to topple over, giggling. I fell over backwards, too - the cold stone floor feeling like warm water on my back. I joined in on the laughter, my mind floating up into the air to dance with the caterpillars and the talking mushrooms.

Three days later I walked out of the cavern with a murderous hangover, a backpack full of spices, and a recipe book written on leather of uncertain provenance. Hidden under my big beautiful new hat, I carried a glass jar that held about two thirds of Absolem's face - all that remained of my old friend. His last gift to me.

The jar now sits in a place of honor in my kitchen, locked in a cupboard to which only I have the key. It's a little dusty, because I use it sparingly, but from time to time I pull it out to look at the leathery fungal face of my old friend.

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STUFFED MYCONID CAPS

The Recipe

FROM THE CHEF

There are a great many variety of fungi in the world to enjoy, and they can produce effects both delicious and delirious. Make sure you get your caps from the best purveyors, or learn how to explore and identify them yourself. Wash gently, as you want to remove dirty and off flavors, but don't want to harm their gentle constitutions.

Deliciously Yours,

Alton Green

PREPARATION NOTES

This particular recipe is fairly straight-forward, but make sure to not leave your mushrooms in storage for too long. They'll get mushy, and a bitter off-taste.

STUFFED MYCONID CAPS

Yields: 4 servings

Time: 45 minutes

Difficulty: Easy

Contains: Dairy

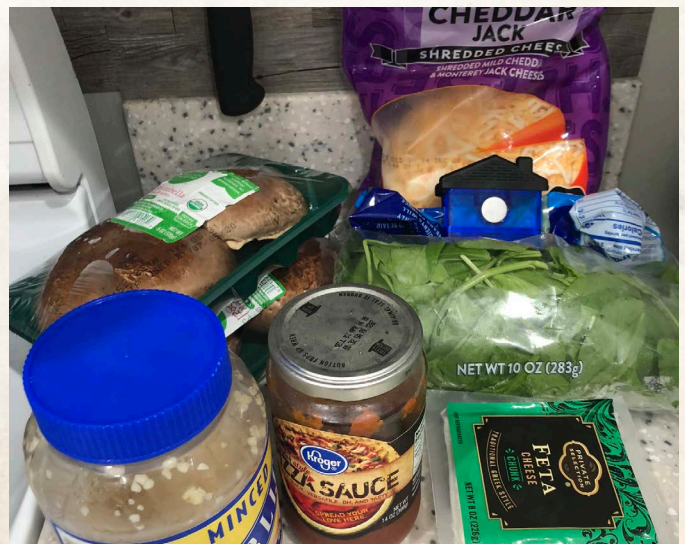
Requires: Saute Pan, Sheet Pan, Oven, Spatula, Basting Brush, Fork

INGREDIENTS

Portobello Mushroom Caps	4
Olive Oil	As needed
Garlic	3 Tbsp
Pizza or Pasta Sauce	2 Tbsp
Feta Cheese	6 oz
Shredded Mozzarella	4 oz
Spinach	4 cups
Onion	1 large

INSTRUCTIONS

1. Gently wash your mushroom caps, patting dry with a paper towel, and set aside. Rinse off spinach and remove any stems, and press out excess moisture. Preheat oven to 400°.



2. In Place mushroom caps on a lined baking sheet and brush thoroughly with olive oil. Bake for ten minutes. Blot up any excess moisture that may be on the tray. Pre-cooking your mushrooms helps make sure they have that savory, meat-like flavor in the flesh.



3. While your mushroom caps are in the oven, dice your onion and heat up the olive oil in the pan. On medium heat, add your onion and garlic, and cook until the onion has become translucent.



5. Spoon and spread 1/2 tbsp of pasta or pizza sauce on each mushroom cap, in the interior/bottom area known as “the gills.” You can add extra if you like, depending on how deep your mushrooms are.

4. Once the onion has cooked, add the spinach. It may appear to be too much for the pan; don't worry. It will begin to reduce down quickly, and you will have a wonderful sautéed spinach in just a few minutes. Make sure not to let it burn, as the thin leaves can brown quickly. If you've used too much oil, move the mixture to a colander or strainer and press out the excess. Otherwise, remove from heat.



6. Crumble your feta with a fork if you have not already purchased it crumbled. Carefully spoon your spinach mixture into the hollow of each crap, pressing down gently. It should be a rounded surface that doesn't overflow the mushroom too much. Sprinkle your feta crumbles on top.



7. Top with remaining shredded cheese and feta. Return to the pre-heated oven for 15 minutes. When done, cheese should be fully melted. Allow to cool for 1-2 minutes prior to serving.



SHE'LL BE CHIMERAN DOWN THE MOUNTAIN WHEN SHE COMES

GAMING CONTENT

MYCONID MEALS

Myconid flesh is not highly prized amongst the gourmands of the land simply because most people don't know the secret to harvesting it. If it is taken unwillingly, it has an unpalatable gray flavor somewhere between wet cardboard and old boots.

However, when given freely, myconid flesh can be both tasty and beneficial to the diner. If kept out of direct sunlight, it also retains its beneficial properties and resists putrefaction for a remarkably long time - perhaps as long as a century. If exposed to sunlight, the flesh will lose these properties within a matter of hours (1d4 hours).

When willingly given, the most curious property of myconid flesh is that it retains an echo of the myconid's life.

At the most basic level, consuming the flesh of a myconid will grant the diner advantage on a particular skill (picked by the DM or rolled on the table below) for 24 hours after consumption. This ability usually comes in the form of memories from the myconid's life, visions that range from vague images, to vivid life-like dreams.

Additionally: Creatures with an Intelligence of 2 or higher who consume the flesh of the same myconid can communicate telepathically with one another while they are within 30 feet of each other. The effect lasts for 1 hour.

Random Myconid Skills Table (Roll 1D6):

- 1- Nature (Underground)
- 2- Survival (Underground)
- 3- Medicine
- 4- Stealth (Underground)
- 5- Perception (Underground)
- 6- History (local - to the Myconid)

At the DM's discretion, the flesh from exceptional myconids will provide more powerful or unique bonuses based on that myconid's particular set of skills. A renowned warrior's flesh might give a +2 bonus to hit, a great chieftain might provide a bonus to any rolls involving leadership - and a famous chef's flesh might make any meal seasoned with it taste absolutely sublime.

A PINCH OF INSPIRATION

- Are all Myconid funerals the same? Do they differ by tribe? Or is the ceremony I experienced reserved for special individuals?
- What is Myconid religion like? Do they have clerics?
- My "meal" had some interesting side-effects. Were those from the Myconid flesh, or from other ingredients?
- Did the funeral proceedings last 3 days? Or was it just the effect of the meal?
- What happened to the dog that got spored?

