

Recipe -

1x Edgar Drachen, pre-tenderized
6x Kashyyyk Squirrels
24x Forest Mushrooms
Season to Taste

Tenderize Edgar in an arena, preferably with Wookie warriors. Strip of clothing and place in a large pot filled with water. Heat to boiling, stir in Kashyyyk Squirrels and Forest Mushrooms. Season to taste.

Kashyyyk **34 ABY**

Turel turned to Vorsa, "What do you mean Edgar is the main course at the banquet?"

The Neti repeated herself without inflection, "That's what the chief's emissary said, he was captured by the tribe and they will serve him as the main course."

"Did they say what he did to end up on the menu?"

Vorsa conversed with the emissary for a few moments in Shyriiwook before turning to face Turel again. "Apparently he was caught watching the chief's daughter bathing and stole some of her personal items."

The Human stifled a giggle, "I didn't know he was into Wookies." Vorsa glared at him. "What? It's kinda funny, you have to admit it."

"This is hardly the--"

"Yeah I know, we need to go save him."

The pair traversed the stairs to the top of the Wookiee tree village, at the center of the commons a group of wookiees were preparing various ingredients to place into a large black pot of boiling water over a fire. Edgar Drachen was chained up to a pole near the pot, completely naked and bruised up. One of the Wookiee “chefs” was basting Edgar in what appeared to be a home brewed form of seasoning and oil derived from local plant and animal life.

The Hoth Aedile perked up when he saw his old friend and Proconsul. “Heeey Turel! There’s been a massive misunderstanding here. Can you help a friend out?”

Turel took one look at the full tribe of hulking Wookies around him and decided diplomacy was the best option and that meant being very careful what he said as even here many Wookies understood basic. “I dunno man, it seems like you’ve made some friends here.”

A look of desperation flashed across Edgar’s face, “Look man, whatever they say I did, I didn’t do. I just got bored waiting for you and Vorsa, went to relieve myself in the woods, went to the river to rinse my hands and found what I thought was a towel hanging in the branches. How was I to know that that female was bathing nearby?”

Vorsa interjected with a raised eyebrow. “Didn’t you wonder where the fabric came from? Those don’t exactly grow on trees.”

“Well you would know.” Edgar replied before he caught himself.

“What did you say?” Vorse inquired with a slight bit of indignation.

“Nothing nothing, I love trees, I love Wookies. Can you get me out of here?” Edgar pleaded as the Wookiee chef kept seasoning his various parts and crevices.

Turel’s smirk gave him away. “Alright dear, I think we’ve had our fun, time to get him released.”

Edgar nodded with enthusiasm. “Yes yes, time to get me released. I promise I’ll plant and water a bunch of trees. Um, I’ll send the whole tribe hair brushes for Life Day. Anything!”

Vorsa rolled her eyes, she was a reluctant participant in Turel’s ruse anyway. She turned to the chief and exchanged some quick words in Shyriiwook. Before Edgar knew it, the chef cut his bonds and stood him up.

Vorsa spoke, “the Chief says we can keep you. But if you ever go near his daughter again, he will rip out your heart and eat it on the spot.”

Edgar covered his man parts instinctively. “Understood.”