

Recipe #9

This recipe was inspired by my father, a great hero and Dragonslayer.

My story begins in a small village nestled high in the Zargos mountain range, located along the Persian Gulf. For decades, our village had been terrorized by a dragon living at the top of Mount Dena.

Over the years, tensions grew strong amongst the villagers who were divided between those who demanded that our elders do something about the dragon, and those who knew the elders were helpless against its attacks. The darkest springs, summers, autumns and winters had all fallen upon those days. In those long, hellish years, we all feared that our fates were of fire and death.

My father, who was no great warrior but loved the village and our people, made it his mission to slay the fearsome dragon in order to restore peace to our village. My mother and I pleaded with him not to go, but he had witnessed too much pain and hardship and would not bear to see his beloved village endure this any longer.

Armed with his spear and bow, my father set forth on what we feared would be his final journey from our village. For weeks, the people waited with bated breath for his return. My mother and I spent sleepless nights praying that Ahura Mazd would protect him on his quest to slay the dragon.

Then on that one fateful morning, my father returned with the dragon's head in tow. Beaten and bloodied, his body nearly broken, the sight of his face gleaming with victory gave us all a feeling of pure admiration and love. He had slain the mighty dragon!

The village was filled with the sounds of rejoice by our people. My father lead the men to the place where the dragon's headless body laid. The women in full admiration began to prepare the village for feast and celebration. Families who had fought for years were now sharing in the glory of my father's triumph. My mother and I were so proud of my father for bringing the villagers together at long last. He truly was a hero.

In preparation for the feast, the villagers combined their most valued spices and provisions to dress the dragon for all to enjoy. That recipe is written here for all:

Slow Roasted Persian-Spiced Dragon

(1) Dragon carcass

(8) Cups Tumeric

(8) Cups Salt

(8) Cups Pepper

(2) Cups Cardamom

(2) Cups Cinnamon

(2) Cups Coriander

(2) Cups Nutmeg

(6) Cups Chicken Stock and Olive Oil (to moisten)

(12) Large Onions

(24) Large Tomatoes

-Start by digging a hole into the earth 4 meters deep and 2 meters wider than the length of the dragon from head to tail and its entire wing span.

-Fill the hole 1 meter high with red hot coals.

-Ensure the dragon has been thoroughly scaled and dehorned. These adornments should be saved for future use (making jewelry, weapon hilts/scabbards, etc.).

-Once the meat has been spiced, lay the carcass and the remaining ingredient on top of the coals and cover with another 1-meter-thick layer of coals, then cover entirely with earth.

-The carcass will take 24 hours to cook by the heat of the coals and the surrounding earth. Celebrate well into the night with music, dancing and laughter, while the carcass cooks.

At dawn, unearth the carcass and pull the meat from its bones, serving our hero and the village elders the best parts of meat. Serve with Tahdig (crunchy fried rice), Baghali Polo (buttered saffron rice with dill and fava beans), and Naan.

