

Nar Shaddaa
Casino District
0013 Hours

“You’re from Mirial. You people don’t even have fast food. What do you know?” the first woman snapped.

“Bitch, I was doing hard spice before you had your first Tatooine Titty Twister. I am this vessel’s expert on late night junk food.”

This vessel was a taxi speeder that had been circling the casino landing pad for the last five minutes while Zig and Vez debated their next destinations with ever-decreasing good humor.

“Ok ok, how about this?” Zuza interjected. Her buzz was beginning to fade along with the droid driver’s patience. “We make it a contest. Zig’s place, Vez’s place, and then I’ll take you to the best dive on the planet.”

The women crammed in on either side of her in the speeder’s back seat begrudgingly agreed to this and off they went.

Location 1:
NS Tza Supreme
0029 Hours

Zig’s choice was a small but brightly lit shop coated in small ceramic tiles that had been, and more or less still were, white. Wobbly tables lined the storefront, each with a napkin dispenser and bottles of grated white cheese and spicy red flakes.

Vez muttered under her breath in Mirialan, the first time the other two women had ever heard her speak it. Zig hadn’t been sure that she *could* speak it.

“This is Slice Harvester’s top pick,” Zig started, confidently. “He tried a slice from every tza joint from the casino district down to the South Side Spaceport.” She held her flimsy plate aloft before her, gazing with obvious affection at the thing, greasy, cheese-covered bread slowly staining the plate.

“Family recipe sauce,” she continued, “made fresh in the back every single day. High traffic, brick ovens.” She gestured to the little glass jars on the table. “They have parmagan cheese available. If a tza place doesn’t have cheese out it means they are

cheap and probably don't use the good cheese. This is important. But the sauce has to be fresh made, not mass produced. Crust to crunch ratio, no burning.”

She pulled out a frankly gratuitous amount of napkins from the dispenser and used them to pick up the slice, folding it at the wide end to keep the rest of the slice from flopping flaccidly and dripping grease everywhere. “And you fucking fold it. Fuckin’ degens.”

“Crust to crunch,” Vez muttered. “It don’t have no fucking *crust*. It’s a sheet of rubber with wet cardboard on the bottom.”

“Ugh, here we go,” Zig grumbled. “I triggered the Mirialan.”

“Ah fink is good,” Zuza got out around a mouthful of tza. “Ot fough.”

Vez would concede that it was hot but that was as far as she would go. She scraped the cheese and sauce off of the crust contemptuously with her thumbnail, then held it up and waved it vaguely in Zig’s direction. “Would you eat this by itself?”

“What? No, why would you?”

“You can’t get good tza from shit parts. The bread needs to be bread you’d eat by itself. The sauce needs to be something you’d eat with a spoon. The cheese,” Vez sneered at the sheet of bone-colored cheese wadded up on her plate, “should be pieces of cheese—*pieces*, Ziggy—you’d want to eat raw.”

“Yeah yeah, and grandma has to milk the nerf herself and use sauce that’s been cooked for a week with fruit from ten meters away according to a thousand-year-old recipe, right?”

“Did your grandmother make tza, Vez?” Zuza piped up after swallowing the last of her slice. “You never talk about Mirial.”

“I’m just saying! Food is the one thing we do right as a culture.”

“Shut up and drink your Wampa Claw,” Zig said.

**Location 2:
Dou Marz
0114 Hours**

“I’ll give it points for being a drive-in,” Zig said before polishing off her beer.

“But we’re not paying the cab fare for this,” Zuza added, opening a fresh one and handing it to the Zygerrian.

“Don’t worry about that,” Vez said. She had an open bottle of gin stuck between her legs. “I sliced the droid before we left. At the end of the night, he’ll owe *me* money.”

The staff, such as they could be seen under the fetid glow of the intermittent lights on the landing pad, were invariably female, middle aged, and dressed in cheap scrubs like underpaid medical staff.

“What’s good here?” Zuza asked.

“The owner’s great-uncle invented ice cream or something, but actually it was his cousin on Ord Mantel or something. I can never remember. Anyway, they have Eopi rolls for a credit.”

The other two women looked at her incredulously across the bottle- and can-filled back seat of the speeder.

“One credit?” Zig asked.

“This year?” Zuza added.

“I’m not saying it’s natural or makes sense, but yes. They’re a little small so get two or three and a soda.”

**Location 3:
Gizka Gobblerz
0202 Hours**

“I gotta say, I’m a little surprised by the lack of immediate food poisoning,” Zig admitted.

“I’ve been going to that place since I was fourteen,” Vez replied. “Nothing about it changes, right down to the microbiome and the weird ex-con behind the register. Anyway, we’re here. Do your thing, Zuze.”

“Nothing to do,” Zuza said. She opened the door and the three women scooted out in various degrees of inebriation. “Fried gizka.”

“This is a Dantooine Fried Gizka, isn’t it?” Vez said, giving the place a wary eye.

“It’s an off-brand DFC,” Zig said. “Ominous.”

“Correct,” Zuza said, in much more cheerful tone. “With the red bench seats, shitty tables and over the counter serving that’ll cram 3 pieces of greasy fried gizka into a cardboard container with so many fries you will almost certainly lose 3 when you open it.”

“So in other words...” Zig started.

“We’re spiking some sweet tea,” Vez finished.