

A Taste of the Past

Clan Jade Falcon Military Outpost
Newton City, Butler
Jade Falcon Invasion Corridor
16 February 3057, 1000 hours

The warm coastlines of Butler were wasted on Sebastian. The sun might have been shining and the air just right for an afternoon swim, but the garrison life here was dull. No raids, no trials, no deployments — just patrols and the hum of idle ‘Mechs in their bays.

He had already cleaned his sidearm twice and re-checked the Summoner’s diagnostics for the third time this week. Boredom drove him to the outpost’s records room — a cramped chamber lined with terminals patched into an ancient archival net.

He’d never cared much about genealogy, but with time to burn, curiosity crept in. His gene-father’s bloodname had weight in Falcon history, and he wondered what scraps of their exploits might still be floating around in Inner Sphere archives.

The usual formal data entries scrolled past — unit rosters, battle citations, sterilized historical summaries. Then one odd link caught his eye:

"Carlos Binetti — Detroit Style Pizza"

Sebastian frowned. "Detroit Style... what?"

He tapped the entry, and a page bloomed onto the screen — not a formal history or tactical record, but a blocky text page from an ancient blog, its language casual, its paragraphs unpolished. The date of the article was from the year 2741.

“Let’s just get to it. Unlike other recipe sites, I am not going to waste time with stories about my childhood on New Valencia and other irrelevant details. What I am going to say is this: I am obsessed with Detroit Style Pizza.”

Sebastian tilted his head. “Pizza... I’ve heard of that. But Detroit Style?”

“I’ve spent years studying the original — from a place called Buddy’s Pizza in Detroit, North America, Terra. I’ve experimented with ingredient ratios, baking times, pan types — all to get close to the flavor as described. I’ll never know if it’s exact unfortunately, but my friends and family tell me it’s delicious none-the-less, and that’s good enough for me.”

Sebastian’s brow creased. “North America... Terra... almost 50 years before the Exodus.”

“This is my minimalist, quick-turnaround method. Three to four hours, start to finish. I’ve tried 48-hour and 72-hour ferments, fancy ingredients, degassing every day... but honestly, it’s not worth it. Great pizza doesn’t have to be complicated.”

Sebastian leaned back in his chair, amused. His pursuit for efficiency is almost Clan-like.

“First — the pan. You need a 10 by 14-inch steel or coated and anodized aluminum pan. The pan will give it that crisp caramelized edge we are looking for.”

Sebastian muttered under his breath, “What in Kerensky’s name is an inch?” He imagined pestering the techs for a pan and having to explain antique Terran measurements.

“Cheese— you want Wisconsin brick cheese, ideally white. You can substitute a mix of mozzarella and mild cheddar, but brick cheese is the holy grail. Pepperoni — real stuff, not the cheap slices. You’ll also need good flour, instant dry yeast, salt, olive oil, some butter, and tomato sauce made of San Marzano tomatoes ideally.”

“Brick cheese? Sounds like a construction material.”

Still, the mention of pepperoni stirred a vague memory of preserved meats in ration packs — but never anything as indulgent as this.

The post went on with precise steps — mixing dough, proofing it in the pan, laying pepperoni next, layering cheese to the very edges, laying more pepperoni on top, because well... more pepperoni! and then ladling baked sauce on to the finished pizza.

By the end, Sebastian was leaning closer to the screen, trying to imagine the smell of melted cheese and sizzling meat.

“Bake at 480°F for about 15 minutes. The crust should be golden and crisp on the edges. If the cheese on the edges looks black, don't worry! it is caramelized, and will be spectacularly delicious. Move it over to a cooling rack as soon as possible, and let it rest.”

When he finished reading, he sat back, oddly... inspired. This Carlos Binetti might have lived centuries ago, but his focus — sourcing the right equipment, securing rare ingredients, perfecting the method — wasn't unlike preparing for a Trial.

The next day, Sebastian put in a request to the techs for a “10 by 14-inch steel pan.” He had to explain what an inch was. That alone was worth the smirks and side-bets among the crew. The pan arrived a few days later, fabricated from standard stock. One tech even joked

they could make him one out of ferro-aluminum for “combat-rated pizza.”

Brick cheese proved harder. A local merchant could get pepperoni, but the cheese? The merchant refused to part ways with.

Sebastian, half-joking, issued a Trial of Possession over it. To the death—no less. The merchant’s eyes went wide, and his associates quickly convinced him to hand it over to MechWarrior Sebastian. Everyone took the words of a clan warrior with seriousness and respect.

The baking was done in the mess hall ovens. Soon, the rich smell of browning cheese and pepperoni rolled down the corridor, drawing curious warriors and techs alike. The crust was golden, edges caramelized to a crisp lace.

Sebastian took the first bite — light, airy dough giving way to chewy middle and crisp base. Tangy sauce meeting salty cheese and spicy meat. It was... glorious.

He shared slices with his comrades. In the quiet days that followed, they would gather again to repeat the ritual — warriors and techs crouched over mismatched mess-hall tables, devouring Detroit Style Pizza in a garrison on the far edge of known space.

A taste of the past, bridging centuries and light-years, carried forward into the Clan’s future — and, Sebastian thought, a legacy from his gene-father’s line worth keeping.