

THE
BRISKET
BOOK

A Love Story
with Recipes

STEPHANIE PIERSON

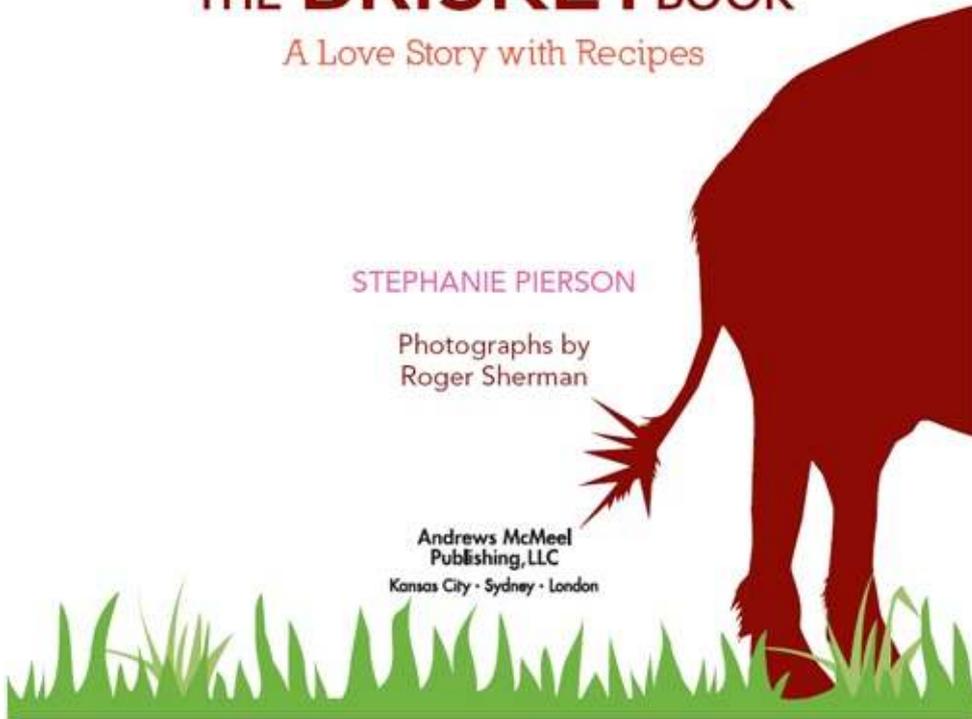
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STEPHANIE PIERSON

Photographs by
Roger Sherman

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The Brisket Book

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To Eric: More tender than ...

To Phoebe and Hazel. To Megan and Lucy.

I've got the best recipe ever.

To Dorothy Kalins, Editor and Forever Friend:

Thanks for your insight, vision, and brilliance.

Anyone can make a brisket—you can make it sing.

To Roger Sherman: Thank you for bringing this book to gorgeous juicy life with your spirited
spontaneous, stylish photographs.



CONTENTS

Introduction

Chapter One: Every Brisket Tells a Story

Chapter Two: The Amazing Adventures of Brisket

Chapter Three: Meet the Cow. Meet the Meat. Meet the Butcher

Chapter Four: Basic Training

Chapter Five: Do I Have a Brisket Recipe for You!

Chapter Six: Me. Joan Nathan. A Brisket. Me. Nach Waxman. A Brisket

Chapter Seven: Pro Brisket

Chapter Eight: In Which Chris Kimball Interrogates a Brisket. (Chris Wins.)

Chapter Nine: Brisket Has Many Sides. What Goes with It

Chapter Ten: Cheers! What to Drink with Brisket

Chapter Eleven: The Amorous Brisket

Chapter Twelve: Brisket Doesn't Stand Still

Acknowledgments

Image Credits

Metric Conversions and Equivalents

Index

About the Author



Cézanne? No, Joan Nathan. This glorious Still Life With Brisket Prep was created in her own kitchen.

Introduction

“In a world of Rachel Zoe makeovers, brisket is completely comfortable with what it isn’t.”

Some foods will improve your meal, your mood, your day, your buttered noodles. Brisket will improve your life. A well-cooked brisket is meltingly tender, soothing, savory, warming, and welcoming.

Brisket isn’t some snobby dish you can’t pronounce or afford. It’s not posh—rarely has a truffle ever gone into the making of one. Culinary expert and food historian Nach Waxman (who seems to have the world’s most Googled braised brisket recipe) says, “Brisket is a real family and friends meal. It’s not something you’d serve at a grand déjeuner.”

In a world of Rachel Zoe makeovers, brisket is completely comfortable with what it isn’t. It’s “a workhorse meal,” says *The New Best Recipe, From the Editors of Cook’s Illustrated*, a book that musters up a hell of a lot more enthusiasm for flank steak. Molecular gastronomists have not been able to alter brisket’s perfect DNA or turn it into a foam. It’s as content bathed in Heinz ketchup as it is nestled in a day-after taco. It’s so simple and forgiving that even the worst cook can make a good one. It’s a happy interfaith marriage: in Simon Hopkins’s recipe for Boiled Beef and Carrots with Parsley Dumplings and Chrain, brisket is served with classic English dumplings and sauced with a Jewish beetroot and horseradish purée.

Every country, every community, every culture, every family seems to have a brisket recipe. Just the [etymology](#) of the word *brisket* is mind-boggling. But while there are millions of brisket recipes and thousands of reasons they came to be, there are essentially only three cooking techniques. You can braise a brisket, barbecue it, or brine it so it becomes corned beef. It’s that simple.

“Brisket is a crosscultural wonder—a Jewish dish cooked in a Dutch oven with Sicilian sauce served in North Dakota.”

Brisket can be the star of the show or it can play a supporting role, with equal success. Boiled gently, brisket is the key player in a French pot-au-feu. It’s a defining ingredient in Italian bollito misto. Alsatians build their choucroute garnie on brisket. In Slavic regions, it’s the basis of a great borscht. Eastern Europeans have traditionally cooked it as cholent, a Sabbath stew, and for tzimmes, a fruit or vegetable stew that’s served on Rosh Hashanah. Hong Kong noodle soups are often simmered with tender pieces of beef brisket.

Sure, you can gussy a brisket up (Boeuf en Daube à la Provençale à la Julia Child), but a basic brisket requires little more than a few juicy ingredients to keep it from drying out and the patience to wait for it to cook slowly. With an oven temperature that rarely goes above 325°F and a smoker temperature that hovers around 225°F, brisket is not for the Type A gourmet. Cooking time is anywhere from three hours for a braised brisket to thirteen hours in a smoker (a veritable miniature sweat lodge for a properly barbecued brisket) plus

overnight time for the rub. Want a corned beef? Expect your brisket to brine for up to six or seven days. Got a lot of time on your hands? Chef Todd Gray's sous vide brisket takes around thirty hours from start to finish. Time and the brisket are friends.

While a braised brisket is like nothing else, it is often confused with its boring cousin, pot roast. A brisket is—in the most literal sense—a “pot roast.” That is, a roast that is cooked in a pot. But ... a pot roast is not necessarily a brisket. The cooking method—braising—is the same for both, but a pot roast can be made with lots of different cuts of meat—sometimes brisket, but more often rump, chuck, or round. So a “pot roast” is a braised beef dish. Bonus round: What's the difference between braising and stewing? Stewing requires more liquid. And braising results in a more concentrated sauce.

Let me just say what you can already feel. I love brisket. I say, a brisket in every pot, in every Crock-Pot, on every Weber, in every barbecue joint, on every Passover platter, in every deli, at every butcher, in every food truck, on every TV food show, food site, food blog.

And I love leftovers. (Brisket Rule #1: Make a Lot. Brisket Rule #2: Make More.) Brisket with biscuits and gravy. Brisket hash. Brisket in an enchilada. Reheated brisket on a slice of challah. Just the fragrant aroma of brisket cooking is delicious—I don't even have to taste to know how ambrosial and full-out flavorful it will be when it is finally on my plate.



Anyone can go to the bakery for a birthday cake! The founder of noexcusesbbq.com went to his Weber and whipped up this rocking barbecued brisket birthday cake for his daughter.

If I am crazy about brisket, I have found out, to my delight, so are millions of others. If you enter “brisket” on the Chowhound boards, you'll find a feeding frenzy of posts: “Too Much Leftover Smoked Brisket!” “Should I Have Rinsed the Corned Beef Brisket?” “Stringy Brisket—Why?” “Has Anyone Tried Ina Garten's Brisket?” You would never find such responses for “rump roast” or “chuck” or even “leg of lamb.” Then there's the brisket lover in Oregon who “surprised” his daughter with a barbecued brisket “birthday” cake—a large rectangular piece of smoked meat with brightly colored candles stuck in the top. The Obamas served a brisket at their first Passover seder in the White House. There are brisket jokes, brisket cartoon

brisket lyrics, Louis Armstrong YouTube brisket videos. And you don't even have to eat it to love it: "I've heard angels singing when I cut it," confesses a believer.

But for me, the odd rave here and there will just not do it. I believe brisket deserves more. After all, brisket has no powerful lobby like the National Chicken Council. Nothing to rival National Pork Month. Steak has steak houses. Veal has a PR agency. And don't tell brisket but Chilean sea bass is on Facebook. Worse yet, while almost every cookbook has a brisket recipe, brisket doesn't even have a cookbook. Until now.



Thinly cut and richly sauced, the irresistibly delicious brisket from Nach Waxman. [Recipe here.](#)

~~This book—for the first time—explains why brisket, humble in name and origin and certain no looker, is the ultimate comfort food. This is why it deserves praise, attention, and yet fame.~~

Three of the most important things I've learned in my quest to celebrate brisket:

#1: With the exception of competition level pit masters, master chefs, and Ari Weinzweig at Zingerman's in Ann Arbor, just about everyone else believes he or she has the best brisket recipe ever. That's actually the entire dialogue.

Me: "Do you have a brisket recipe?"

Person: "Are you kidding?! I have the best recipe ever!"

#2: Extensive, unbiased recipe testing proved that any recipe with "Best" or "Perfect" in the title was neither.

#3: With all due respect, recipes that non-cooks have borrowed from sort-of cooks—like "My Pediatrician's Brisket"—will never win any awards.

During an entire year of brisketeering (I'll confess to obsession), I cooked with and interviewed some of the country's top chefs, cookbook writers, pit masters, home cooks, food historians, butchers, and ranchers. I researched the subject hungrily, in hundreds of cookbooks, history books, culinary memoirs, and tomato sauce—stained archival recipe books. I devoured brisket food blogs, recipe and restaurant reviews; visited chat rooms filled with passionate foodies passionate about their briskets. I traveled from Maine to Kansas City to Baltimore to Brooklyn to eat brisket, and because I love my boyfriend almost as much as I love brisket, I once brought two pounds of still-warm leftovers home from Boston on Jet Blue in the overhead.

The result? Now brisket has its own book. Not just any book: the definitive brisket book. Well, it is the only one after all. (Don't worry, I won't reveal the ending.) But I can share with you the fact that I carefully evaluated the merits of every brisket recipe as well as the intentions of every brisket maker. My method? High hopes. Higher standards. Tender meat and tough love.



I couldn't have done it—and didn't do it—without Kathy Brennan, culinary and editorial collaborator extraordinaire whose impeccable credentials include being a Bert Greene and James Beard Journalism Award winner, stints at *Saveur* and *Gourmet*, and positions in the kitchens of restaurants like Matthew's in New York City and Nicholini's in Hong Kong. Did I mention that Kathy graduated first in her class from The French Culinary Institute?

Let me just say that if you had passed by Kathy's lovely suburban home, just slightly south of Philadelphia anytime in the last ten or so months, you would have died and gone to heaven with the smell of briskets braising in the oven and briskets smoking on the grill out back. Tahini briskets, vegan briskets, braggin' rights briskets. Mmmm ... And let's hear it for Kathy's devoted family, who started out loving brisket but got just a little tired of it (we're maybe more than a little) after about the fiftieth recipe. In fact, one day, when we were almost done, Kathy's nine-year-old son came home from school, popped into the kitchen, and asked what was for dinner. "Brisket," Kathy told him. And tears welled up in his eyes.

Now, it's back to chicken and flounder for the grateful Brennans. But Kathy and I did what we set out to do: selected recipes that are really, truly, without a doubt, the best brisket recipes ever, each a distinct type. Every single one has been tested and tasted, some more than once. (Hey, Meira Goldberg—how come you didn't tell us that your cholent was *chun* of meat, not a whole brisket?!) The recipes are straightforward, the headnotes smart, the instructions clear as a bell. And you don't have to go to Sri Lanka for any of the ingredients. It's all happening—okay, maybe not the aquavit or the Korean chile—at the Stop & Shop.

“On an emotional level, you can celebrate with brisket, mourn with it, diet with it, defrost with it, court with it, make a friend with it.”

Our winning recipes have won competitions, won hearts, made us smile at their utter simplicity, surprised us with their ingenuity, dazzled us with their flavor, touched us with their devotion to not changing a single thing. It is clear—and wonderful—that there are many different roads to brisket bliss. To quote the Pulitzer Prize—winning poet, Mark Strand, “raise my fork and I eat.”

POT ROAST

a poem by Mark Strand

I gaze upon the roast,
that is sliced and laid out
on my plate
and over it

I spoon the juices
of carrot and onion.

And for once I do not regret
the passage of time.

I sit by a window that looks on the soot-stained brick of buildings and do not care that I see
no living thing—not a bird, not a branch in bloom, not a soul moving in the rooms behind the
dark panes. These days when there is little to love or to praise one could do worse than yield
to the power of food. So I bend

to inhale
the steam that rises
from my plate, and I think
of the first time

I tasted a roast
like this.

It was years ago
in Seabright,
Nova Scotia;
my mother leaned
over my dish and filled it

and when I finished

filled it again.

I remember the gravy,

its odor of garlic and celery,

and sopping it up

with pieces of bread.

And now

I taste it again.

The meat of memory.

The meat of no change.

I raise my fork

and I eat.

from Selected Poems by Mark Strand (Alfred A. Knopf, 1990)



"Dorothy could you come here a minute?"

Every Brisket Tells a Story: Provenance and Passion

“Whence could it have come to me, this all-powerful joy?”

—*Marcel Proust, Remembrance of Things Past, Volume 1*

A buttery rich madeleine you could understand. So French, so delicate, so, well ... so Proustian: “Whence could it have come to me, this all-powerful joy?” But why does a flaccid four-pound, gray-brown piece of beef, shaped roughly like the state of Tennessee, inspire Proustian prose, evoke the deepest pleasure, create indelible memories? I didn’t even know what a brisket was until I was about twenty-five years old. My mother never made brisket (can you say, “Vivian, Swedish Lutheran lover of lutefisk?”), but when, years later, I put the first voluptuous piece into my mouth, fork-tender, adrift in a rich, sweet onion gravy accompanied by supernal mashed potatoes and roasted carrots, well ... you had me at brisket. (Full disclosure: my father, Mannie, was Jewish, so clearly I have a strong brisket gene.)

Now, when I hear that a friend is cooking a brisket for dinner, I get choked up—a brisket for me? No, it’s too much. You don’t need to do that. We’ll order Chinese. One of my close friends revealed the secret ingredient in her family’s brisket recipe, and I started to cry. That’s the moment I realized that I needed to get to the bottom of why so many of us have such a strong emotional attachment to this sort of blah cut of beef that doesn’t even show up anywhere near the sexy sirloin or the fancy filet mignon on a steer. Is it because even a pretty bad cook can turn a brisket into a pretty decent dish or save it from disaster? Do briskets just scream “happy intact family,” even when it’s not your own family? Is it because while we have lost mother tongues, changed our last names, and moved all over the world, we have somehow managed not to lose our recipes for brisket—recipes that have been handed down and copied and e-mailed and tweeted? (Whose heart wouldn’t melt a little hearing about Aunt Irene’s New England brisket recipe, which was passed down to her niece Alice, who gave it to her friend Ellen, who shared it with her nephew John, who let his girlfriend—who had never even eaten a brisket—copy it for her mother so she could help her cook it?)

But our passion for brisket goes beyond the recipe or the result. I wondered if there was something to the fact that brisket is just so unpretentious. It has no airs. Not to mention a pretty unimpressive provenance. It did come over early from Europe, but it is one of a very few not to claim that it came over on the Mayflower. Nor was barbecued brisket born with a silver spoon in its mouth. When the breast of a steer was first slow smoked in the hinterlands of South America and/or the Caribbean, it was by people more likely to be called “natives” than “chefs.” Or could it be that for years, brisket was so affordable you could serve your whole family, invite the neighbors, set an extra place for the rabbi and his wife, and still have leftovers for a week?

While all these things are true and contribute to its lasting resonance, I believe the real reason for brisket’s powerful allure is even simpler. Brisket will be what you want it to be.

And that, with all due respect, is more than you can honestly say about your teenager, your hair, your Labradoodle, or most members of Congress. On an emotional level, you can celebrate with it, mourn with it, diet with it, defrost with it, court with it, make a friend with it. Come to think of it, there are very few brisket recipes that do not have the word *love* somewhere in their headnotes or descriptions. On a cooking level, it's a perfect culinary blank canvas, adept at adapting to everything you rub on or throw in, from garlic salt to Liquid Smoke to miso to gingersnaps to huge gulps of Dr Pepper. The Jewish cookbook author Joan Nathan rightly calls brisket the Zelig of meats.

“Please, help my father’s old age home hold a wonderful brisket this New Year ... Help my mother be the envy of her friends.”

Mah-Jongg group ..

—Chowhound p...



Le Creuset as supporting player: Some cooks believe that weighing down the meat helps it brown more evenly.

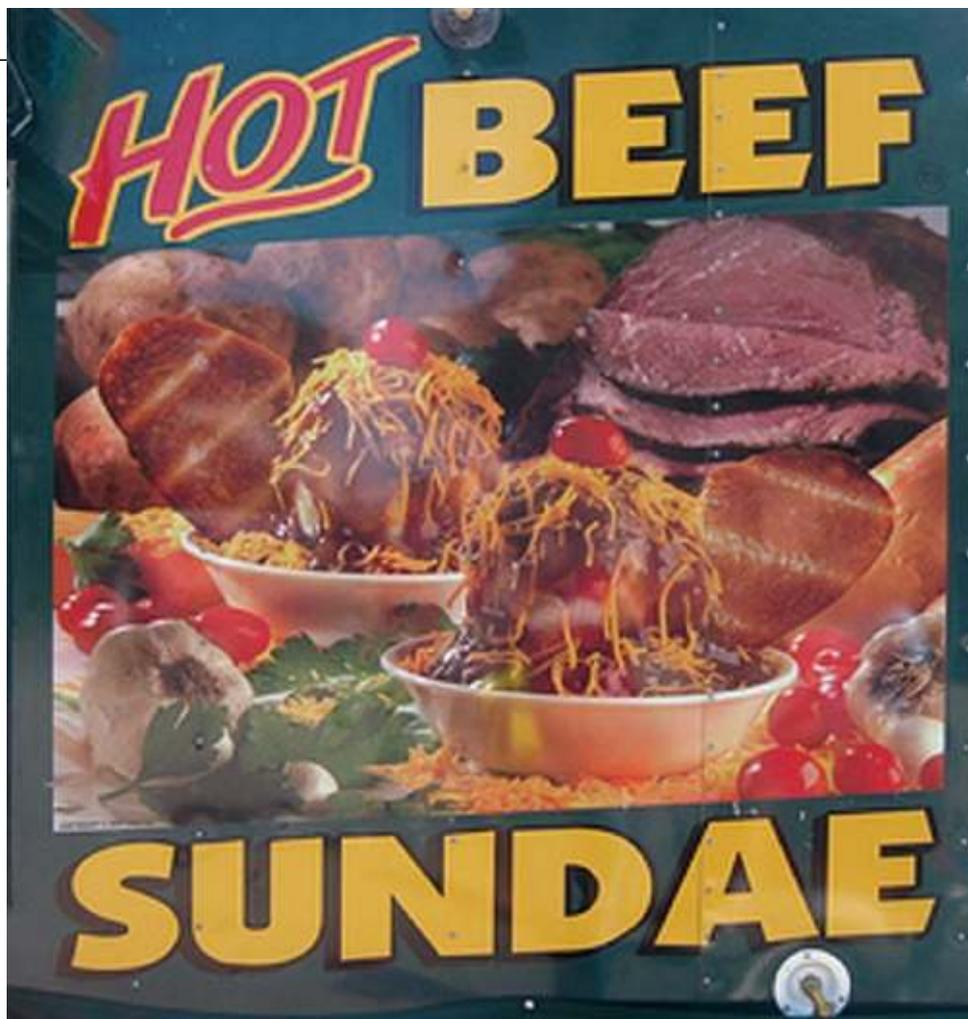
~~Brisket can be fattening when you want an über-hearty winter meal but it can also be nonfattening, counterintuitive as that may sound. I was shocked to see that there is a Weight Watchers version (Weight Watchers Roasted Brisket), probably the only brisket recipe you will ever see that calls for lean beef. It isn't actually "roasted," by the way. This recipe optimistically (and parsimoniously) suggests that 2½ pounds of brisket will serve eight people. Each serving size is 3 ounces, which is about as big as a man's pocket watch. There is no calorie count because Weight Watchers uses their own system instead, but trust me, this is the brisket you'd invite Kate Moss over for and tell her not even to think about asking for seconds.~~

Chef Sara Moulton, on the other delicious and decadent hand, throws caution to the wind with her Red-Wine Braised Beef Brisket with Horseradish Sauce. One serving size of which sounds like the brisket of my dreams is a reasonable 6 ounces. The calorie count for that portion is a hefty 1,059. Calories from fat: 664. In trying to see if there is some standard home ec-y calorie count—and knowing we could be talking jumbo potatoes and rich stout and other ingredients—I turned to wiki.answers.com, which informed me that “there are approximately 448 to 496 calories in 8 ounces of reasonably lean braised beef brisket.” And calorie-conscious fatsecret.com says that a half pound of beef brisket “Flat Half, trimmed to ⅛ fat, Select Grade, Cooked, Braised” has 635 calories. But who's counting?! For the Weight Watcher, a killer (don't take my word for it, get a second opinion from a cardiologist) “Hot Beef Sundae” is on the Midway menu at the Indiana State Fair—a staggering mountain of corn, mashed potatoes, and something close to what looks like two pounds of marinated brisket, topped with rich beef gravy and festive ribbons of shredded cheese.

And if all this fat, nonfat, caloric talk is making you nervous, good news: there's brisket the way your therapist wants it to be. There are a number of online recipes for Prozac Brisket. Had a bad day? Anxious about your new job? These empathic brisket recipes (none actually made with Prozac) feel and heal your pain with every soothing bite. Fire the therapist and hire the brisket. Of course, since brisket manages to be all things to all people, a brisket for those with low self-esteem is matched by one for those with a healthy ego. In a number of barbecue cookbooks, I found recipes for Braggin' Rights Brisket made with a heap of skill, however you say chutzpah in Texas, and a custom grill/smoker big enough to turn out a couple hundred pounds of brisket, pork butts, and racks of ribs.

“Oh, state fair food! Nothing like a hot beef sundae before a boyz II men concert and a tilt-a-whirl ride

—boingboing.net p



A poster on the midway at the Indiana State Fair. It almost seems like health food compared with fried butter or deep-fried peanut butter cups.

You Transform Brisket. Brisket Transforms You.

Researching the ASBEE competition, I came across a piece from blogger and ASBEE devotee, Steven Weinberger. His title is “Hava NaGrilla! Inside a Kosher BBQ Competition.” Which is a) charming and b) makes you wonder whether kosher Jews have some extra punning gene. An excerpt: “That weekend we weren’t the Weinbergers from NY (although that was impressive to many of the locals). We were ‘Fleish Gordon and his Beefy Bunch’—fleish, meaning ‘meat’ in Yiddish. I was Fleish Gordon, in a red costume with golden yellow cape. My wife was ‘Princess Paprika.’ My children were ‘Brisket Boy,’ ‘BarB-Cutie,’ ‘The Ribster,’ ‘Beanie,’ and ‘Lil’ Sauce.’ We were Intergalactic Barbecue Heroes, on a mission to spread good eating ... I’m glad to say that I was the adult pickle eating champion this year ...”



“Fleish Gordon” working his superpowers at the kosher barbecue competition in Memphis, Tennessee.

When I go to a ballgame, personally, I root for the food. So, it seems do Los Angeles Angels fans. In a tight race (food, not pennant), locally sourced Beach Pit BBQ's brisket sandwich was introduced to Anaheim Stadium and promptly won a national contest for best ballpark cuisine. Way to go, Aramark Chef Marco Garcia! The headline in the *Orange County Register* says it all: "Brisket rules: Hot dog no longer king at Angel Stadium." The *New York Times* hailed Chef Garcia's sandwich as "must-order ballpark cuisine" and the *Register* called "Ballpark Food of the Gods." Parenthetically, if you are serving a crowd, this is probably the only brisket recipe that will feed 45,281. You want big league? Check. You want devout? Check. Check. At the annual ASBEE (an acronym for the name of a local synagogue) Kosher BBQ Contest and Festival in Memphis, brisket is one of the main draws. This year, more than forty teams competed and over 3,000 kosher barbecue mavens from all over the country attended. Who cares who won the cooking competition? The LeBron Flames and the Miami Meat Team from the Margolin Hebrew Academy of Memphis won awards for both the best booth and the best name. However, my personal blue ribbon goes to a team called The Rabbi and his Bris-Kit, led by Rabbi Levi Klein of Chabad Lubavitch of Tennessee. It turns out the Rabbi Klein is a mohel, hence the team motto: "The tip's on us." Oy.

"Brisket rules: Hot dog no longer king at Angel Stadium"

—The Orange County Register

You want to marry outside your faith? Here comes the brisket ... Love, honor, and cherish take on delicious new meaning. According to a *New York Times* article I read, Paul O'Connell, chef/owner of Chez Henri in Cambridge, Massachusetts, was inspired by his Jewish girlfriend to make his first brisket. Her family absolutely loves it. His brisket starts with a spice rub, first grilled, then braised with onions, mustard, and Worcestershire sauce. After that, Chef O'Connell is grilled by his girlfriend's family. Why, they want to know, can't he add prunes and dried apricots like they do? Chef O'Connell, a happy and successful brisket convert, observes, "I see great compatibility with Irish and Jewish cooking. In both traditions you slowly braise meats and vegetables together so that toothless grandmothers can chew them."



Angel Stadium in Anaheim, California, where discerning fans prefer brisket.

Another recent brisket believer is Todd Gray, chef and co-owner of Washington, D.C. award-winning Equinox Restaurant, who converted some of *his* cooking when he married his Jewish wife—and Equinox co-owner—Ellen Kassoff Gray. He told me, “Brisket has always been a back-seat type of cut for me. When I was challenged to cook it for my father-in-law, my wife said, ‘Why not put it on the menu for the holidays?’ Which I did—and it’s been a huge success. So I’ve done it as a classic braise.” I was lucky enough to sample this brisket and learned how Chef Gray prepares it for diners at his restaurant. Since his sophisticated patrons demand top quality, outstanding flavor, and an artfully prepared dish, this is not a casual home-cooked brisket. We’re not at Aunt Irene’s anymore. Both taste and presentation are showcased. After Chef Gray cooks his brisket, he presses the meat down with heavy weights in the kitchen. He explains that by pressing it, you tighten it down ... the piece of brisket becomes more dense. It also makes it easier for him to cut into neat cubes. When served on the plate, the meat practically cuts itself and, perhaps because it comes from Virginia grass-fed, grain-finished cattle, it manages to be both rich and tender, neither too lean nor too fat. Chef Gray’s sauce, like none that I have experienced, is reduced to a thick, glossy glaze that lets all the flavor shine through.

Proving that brisket welcomes all faiths, be they ever so jumbled, there is also a juicy Jewish for Jesus recipe. Jews for Jesus, meet Vegetarians for Brisket. Yes, while the idea of a vegetarian brisket might seem like a contradiction in terms, even people who don’t like meat like brisket. So they make it their own with warmly satisfying vegetarian alternatives like vegan seitan corned beef, a barbecued portobello brisket, a seitan braised brisket. Tradition. But what if you are a totally 100 percent committed vegetarian who occasionally eats a piece of meat on the down-low?



Women of a certain age solving the world's problems.

“I see great compatibility with Irish and Jewish cooking. In both traditions you slowly braise meats and vegetables together so that toothless grandmothers can chew them.”

—Chef Paul O’Connell, owner Chez Henri, Cambridge, Massachusetts

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