

**THE
HUNGOEVR
COOBKOOK**



Milton Crawford

Contents

Cover

List of Recipes

About the Book

About the Author

Title Page

Don't Panic!

What's the Diagnosis?

1 The Broken Compass

2 The Sewing Machine

3 The Comet

4 The Atomic

5 The Cement Mixer

6 The Gremlin Boogie

Milton Crawford's Ideal Hungover Day

Acknowledgements

Disclaimers

Copyright

List of Recipes

A Turkish breakfast
Anna and Tommy's Mexican breakfast
Banana and passion fruit smoothie
Bloody Mary
Boiled eggs with potato farl fingers
Cardamom porridge with spicy apple sauce
Carrot, orange, apple and ginger juice
Cheat's smoked salmon eggs Benedict
Cheese, red onion and chutney toasties
Chorizo omelette
Croissants, Nutella and hot chocolate
Devilled kidneys on toast
Eggs Bhurji with fried bread
French Toast with banana compote
Huevos rancheros
Ice cream smoothie
Kedgeree
Leek, cheese and mustard mash with sausages and onion gravy
Lemon and demerara sugar pancakes
Lemon lassi
Lime soda
Melon, feta, mint and ham salad
Milton Crawford's fish finger sandwich (with garlic green pea mayo)
Pizza with yesterday's roast
Potato hash with avocado and bacon
Scrambled eggs with caramelized onion and feta cheese
Shakshuka
Spicy sausage and bean casserole
Stilton and pears on toast

Summer berries compote with Greek yoghurt and granola

Sweet lassi

Swiss rösti and poached eggs

Tagliatelle alla carbonara

Tahini and tomato toast

The breakfast burger

The classic bacon sandwich

The Elvis Presley peanut butter, banana and bacon sandwich

The English breakfast tortilla

The Knickerbocker Glory with Refreshers

The perfect tea and toast

Traditional Japanese breakfast

Virgin piña colada

About the Book

The morning after – the drilling headache, the waves of nausea, the paranoia, the guilt, the shame – yes, it's the dreaded HANGOVER.

We are all familiar with the general misery. What are less well known are the nuances of the hungover state. According to P.G. Wodehouse there are six different types of hangover that can bring the high-spirited reveller to his or her knees, and each requires a very specific remedy.

The Hungover Cookbook is a witty self-help manual for the morning after to help you identify the nature of your hangover and tailor the treatment accordingly.

With delicious and restorative recipes – from Milton's zingy knickerbocker glory to his irresistible tahini and tomato toast, the English breakfast tortilla to Mexican ranch-style eggs – *The Hungover Cookbook* invites you to transform dealing with a hangover into a subtle, multi-faceted and enjoyable art instead of merely chucking a 'full English' at it.

About the Author

Amateur chef, professional boozier, poet, traveller and essayist, Milton Crawford is also a fantastic drinker. He describes drinking as his one true talent in life. He states that ‘seven days without a drink makes one weak’. He once said that a hangover is like being crucified – it offers ordinary mortals the chance of resurrection on a daily basis.

His politics are libertarian (to say the least).

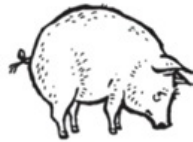
His heroes are people who found the palace of wisdom via the road of excess, to paraphrase William Blake. They include Tolstoy and Buddha. His ambition is to survive for long enough to become a similarly wise man in his old age as these two grand ex-debauchees.

When he’s not drunk, Milton reads, writes, cooks, travels and swims. He has a cat and occasionally lives in London because it’s ‘good for his career’.

Find out what Milton’s doing now on Twitter:

[Twitter.com/MiltonCrawford](https://twitter.com/MiltonCrawford)

**THE
HUNGOVER
COOKBOOK**



Milton Crawford



SQUARE PEG

'I was left in no doubt about the
severity of the hangover when

a cat **STAMPED**
into the room.'

P. G. Wodehouse

DON'T

PANIC!

A

hangover is an opportunity. I'll let that
sink in for a moment. You may not be
thinking this now but by the time you put
this book down I hope that you'll have
changed your mind...

A HANGOVER IS an opportunity to see and taste the world in a new way. It's a chance for spontaneity and whimsical thoughts and deeds. ~~Try something different. Try enjoying your hangover rather than simply enduring it. I'm going to show you how.~~


If it doesn't sound too grotesque to you in your weakened state, there is more than one way to ski a cat, and I will introduce to you the multi-faceted, subtle art of dealing with a hangover that goes far beyond the traditional British solution of chucking a full English at it.

And if you really can't be bothered – an attitude, by the way, that I entirely understand – just gobble some painkillers, drink some water, and head straight back to bed. But if you've got an appetite, then read on.

'Nothing in life is to be feared, it is only to be understood. Now is the time to understand more, so that we may fear less.' Those were Marie Curie's words. I'm not sure whether she was thinking specifically about hangovers, but for the purposes of this book I'll assume that she was. You also do not need to be afraid as I will help you to understand your beleaguered condition and to overcome it.

The hungover brain has regressed. It has been beaten into a state of infantile dependence. But it's that very state which suggests a chance at a break from the stale routines of adult life. This book aims to help you understand not only more about hangovers in general, but about your own individual hangover in particular. The process of discovery will be a glorious one: a hungover epiphany. That 'the road of excess will lead to the palace of wisdom' might be a bit strong, but I hope that in some fun way your own individual egregiousness will help you to learn something and, most importantly, to feel a little better.

This book is a therapeutic cookbook, a gastronomic comedy, a burlesque homage to the possibility of snatching hope from failure, triumph from despair, laughter from tragedy.

Come; let us boldly step into this brave new world 



**WHAT'S
THE
DIAGNOSIS**



Hangovers are slightly more complex than you might at first think.

The famous comic writer P. G. Wodehouse came up with what is surely the definitive classification of hangover types in his Jeeves and Wooster novel *The Mating Season*. According to Wodehouse, there are six hangovers in all: the Broken Compass, the Sewing Machine, the Comet, the Atomic, the Cement Mixer and the Gremlin Boogie.

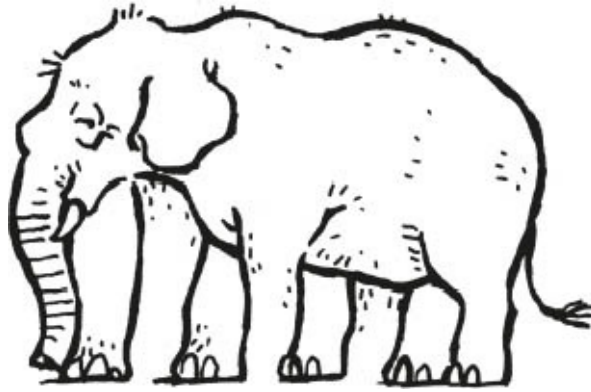
Each hangover type has its own specific characteristics. And before it's going to be possible to even think about tackling *your* hangover, you will need to work out what type of hangover you have. Bertie Wooster had his infinitely resourceful manservant Jeeves to help him get to grips with his morning-after wobbles, most often with his legendary pick-me-up drink that is discussed [here](#).

Unfortunately Jeeves is not at hand to help you. But Milton Crawford is at your service. And thankfully I have come up with a very short series of fun visual tests and a brief questionnaire that will help you to discover whether you are dizzy from the Cement Mixer or blown away by the Atomic



VISUAL TEST

#01



Concept: Roger Shepard

How many legs does the elephant have?

- a) Do you think that's important when I'm sinking into a mire of existential despair? Seven, perhaps?
- b) I'm in too much pain to consider a question like this. But at first glance, two.
- c) What a funny picture. Has it got five legs?
- d) What?
- e) Yuk! That's horrible. What's wrong with that elephant?
- f) [unable to make a noise or even to fully open eyes]

VISUAL TEST

#02

Daer rdeaer,

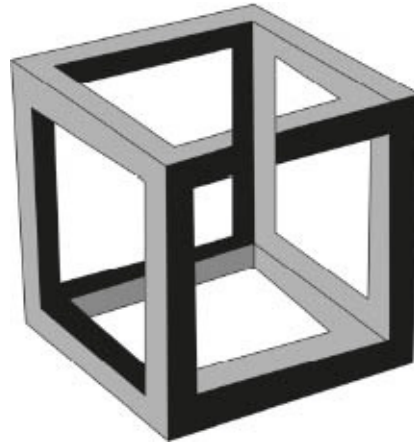
It mghit aeppar at fsirt galcne taht tihs stenecone is raethr difclfiut to raed but it has been sw hon, and pearhps you can aelrady see, taht as lng as the fsirt and lsat leertts of a wrod are in tiher crreoct poonsitis tehn it soulhd be a ratelively strtforwaighard prorsitiopon fo the rdeear to dphecier it, eevn if all the other ltteers are srablemcd. Taht's bsecaue redaers do not raed eervy lteetr wehn tehy raed a wrod; tehy sacn. Of curose this hpyoethsis no dbout rsets on the reaedr bneig in a cpaable state to raed an odinary seenntce. And a you cpabale of eevn that at the mmeont, in your hoveungr sttae?

How long did it take you to understand this paragraph?

- a) I still don't understand it now; I'm already tortured enough without you feeling the need to torture me further.
- b) About five painful minutes.
- c) Wow. How cool. Someone else had to explain it to me after half an hour but I see it perfectly now.
- d) As long as it takes to read an ordinary sentence. Dumb-arse.
- e) Reading regular text makes me want to vomit right now; that was like trying to read while standing on my head on a long bus journey. You disgust me.
- f) grrrreeuughh [unidentified grunting noise]

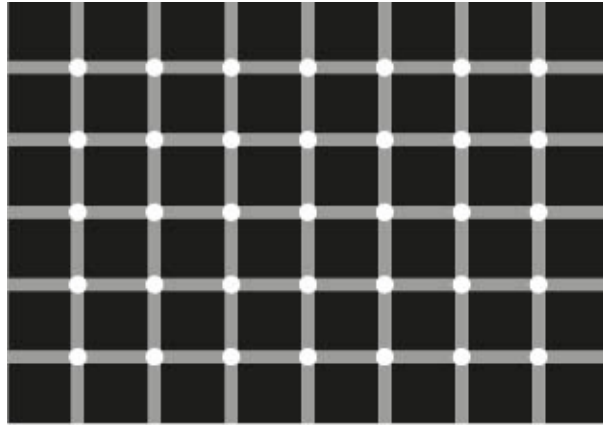
VISUAL TEST

#03



What is strange about this picture?

- a) It's utterly confusing. It's an impossible shape.
- b) The longer I look at it the more strange it appears – and looking at it from different angles reveals different possibilities as to what it might be.
- c) It's a funny cube, isn't it – like something by that Dutch mathematician.
- d) Through the fog of my leviathan headache I can still work out that this picture supports two valid interpretations of how it can be seen (two different 'types' of cube) – it's deliberately ambiguous and confusing, which is why it seems strange.
- e) I'm going to be ill.
- f) I. Am. Still. Alive. I think.



How many black dots do you see?

- a) The whole page is full of black holes that I feel I may fall into at any moment.
- b) I can't tell whether the dots are dots or whether they're prickly dot-sized pangs of pain in my head.
- c) 25.
- d) At first I see white dots. Then I look at a different part of the matrix and a sniper moves the black chasm of his gun barrel into position where the white dot was. Do the dots want to make my headache worse? Hang on; the rabbit has just jumped out of the hole. **THERE ARE NO BLACK DOTS!**
- e) There is nothing more sick-making than shimmering black and white dots. Are there 12?
- f) Nada. Nothing [taking pulse]. Oh, sorry, what was the question?

QUESTIONNAIRE

1 How does your head feel?

- a) It's like I have four different brains all bickering with one another about who I am and what I should do next. It's giving me a headache.
- b) Someone appears to be sneakily stabbing my head with something sharp – knitting needles, perhaps – while I'm not looking.
- c) If it wasn't attached to my body by my neck, I feel that it would already have floated away by now.
- d) A bomb has exploded inside my skull and all that's left is the drip, drip, drip of alcohol creating stalactites and stalagmites in my empty, aching cave of a cranium. My brain has disappeared completely.
- e) I'm sorry; I missed that. I just stepped out of a washing machine on the spin cycle so will you please say that again? I'm really dizzy, by the way.
- f) What, I still have a head?

2 How about your stomach?

- a) I can't really tell. Sometimes it feels really gravy; totally top-notch and first rate, and other times it feels like something the dog's chewed on rather ruminatively before spitting it out on the carpet in disgust.
- b) Strangely enough, the same person, or a collaborator thereof, who was sticking something sharp in my head has now turned their attention to my abdomen. Bastards!
- c) Oh, fine, I think. I hadn't really thought about it; I was too busy dreaming about swimming with colourful fish in a tropical sea. I might be a bit gassy, though. Whoop!
- d) So empty that I'm sure a really vacuous vacuum in the back of an empty warehouse in a deserted industrial estate in the most remote area of a forgotten city would have more in it than my stomach.
- e) It's sloshing and churning; a ride in a rowing boat during an Atlantic storm in autumn would be calmer than my insides right now.
- f) My stomach's currently staging a mutiny against the rest of my body. You'll have to ask me again later once I've (hopefully) reasserted control.

3 And, dear reader, how would you describe your mood?

- a) Directionless. Broken. On the crumbling and precipitous outer edge of sanity. Life is completely and unmitigatingly meaningless.
- b) Annoyed at how bloody painful this whole thing is.
- c) I'm just feeling rather... erm... strange. Strange and light and woozy. And a bit giggly.
- d) Damaged. Empty. And hungry.
- e) Queasy and uneasy.

f) Destroyed. Utterly destroyed.

4 And what would your ideal activity be right now?

- a) Painkillers and bed? At best I'll read a newspaper.
- b) I just need to work out who I am and what I'm doing with my life. Until I've done that I can't see that there's any point in doing anything else.
- c) I'd like to chat with my friends and look at some paintings, or watch films all day. Ice skating could be fun.
- d) I'm hungry. And I expect after I've eaten I'll fancy a drink.
- e) Sitting quietly in a dark room until the swirling, swimming, spinning stops.
- f) If I had a coffin, I'd go and lie in it.

5 What was the worst thing about last night?

- a) I offended everyone with my inane bullshit and drunken monkey antics; when will I learn to control myself? I'm embarrassed.
- b) The catastrophic impact on my bank balance.
- c) There was nothing bad about it; I had a great time, and it's making me laugh still thinking about it now.
- d) I don't remember a thing, which might be good or bad. I might find out which later.
- e) Having a silly combination of drinks. Champagne, cider, whisky and Pernod is not a good mix.
- f) Today.

THE DIAGNOSIS



I hope that the visual tests and questionnaire weren't too painful for you to complete. What it means is that I can now provide you with a definitive diagnosis based on your answers. You can use this diagnosis to find the recipes that will be right for your particular hungover state.

If you answered mainly **(a)**, you are almost certainly suffering from a Broken Compass, hence your lack of direction and certainty, and your general air of desperate confusion, restlessness, fear and loathing.

If you answered mainly **(b)**, the diagnosis is the Sewing Machine: now you know why it feels like you're being stabbed in the head with sharp pointy things.

If you, dear space cadet, answered mainly **(c)**, you have the Comet, which is why you're swirling through space dust and are generally away with the fairies.

If you answered mainly **(d)**, you have the Atomic, hence the feeling of a nuclear explosion having detonated inside your skull.

If you answered mainly **(e)**, you have the deeply nauseating Cement Mixer.

And, poor little lamb, if you answered mainly **(f)** you have the greatly feared and hugely distressing Gremlin Boogie.

RATINGS I've designed all the recipes to be as easy and as quick as possible for hungover chefs who are in pain and have little patience. However, I've also rated each recipe so you can see which are particularly quick and easy, and which will take a little more time and effort.

THE HUNGOVER CHEF'S 'DIFFICULTY' RATING

★ So easy that an agonizing headache and nausea will be no impediment

★★★★★ Loss of coordination, balance and will to live might make this recipe almost impossible; consider getting help

THE HUNGOVER CHEF'S 'TIME' RATING

★ Quick enough to rescue you from doom in the blink of an eye

★★★★★ If you're feeling particularly weak, you may fade before you finish the recipe

Note All recipes are for two servings.

1



**THE
BROKEN
COMPASS**

sample content of The Hungover Cookbook

- [click Resurrecting Midnight \(Gideon, Book 4\)](#)
- [read Beyond the Pale of Vengeance online](#)
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