

THE NEW
FAMILY RECEIPT BOOK

CONTAINING A LARGE COLLECTION OF

HIGHLY ESTIMATED RECEIPTS IN A VARIETY
OF BRANCHES, NAMELY:

BREWING,
MAKING AND PRESERVING BRITISH WINES,
DYING,
RURAL AND DOMESTIC ECONOMY,
SELECTED FROM EXPERIENCED & APPROVED RECEIPTS,
FOR THE USE OF PUBLICANS
AND HOUSEKEEPERS IN GENERAL,
A GREAT MANY OF WHICH WERE NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

BY G. MILLSWOOD.

PRICE ONE SHILLING

DERBY: PRINTED AND SOLD BY G. WILKINS AND SON,
QUEEN STREET.

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“Because I trust you.”

He reaches for the knife. A cool breeze seeps in through the window, bending the trees in its path. Leaves whisper as they rustle along the bedroom wall, peering into the dark room. He takes your hand and opens it slowly. Your eyes meet as your fingers close around the handle.

You look into his eyes. His gaze is deep, reaching, yearning, longing, and beneath it all, a fire crackles like chattering teeth. Click-clack, snip-crack, “Hurt me!” plead the teeth, “HURT ME!” they gargle as the gums burst and gush with blood. Wishes of deliverance (besought) flow red into the void. More blood splatters as the mouth begs in bouts of coughs. “Please . . .” wheeze the teeth. You shudder and the room burns back into frame, the chatter softens into the dry whooshing of rustling leaves. His hand closes around your fist, your fist clenches the handle, the handle brandishes the blade. Your eyes meet once again, but he does not pull you in. He does not absorb you into the enfleurage oils of his soul, seeking judgement’s absolute; he does not lock you in the nullspace beneath gaze and above thought . . . That whole dimension is veiled now. His pupil trembles, his iris glows. The void spills and streams along his cheek; it trickles down and around his cheekbones, and along the corner of his mouth upon which appear a smile. “Do it,” he nods.

The blade gleams in the cold neon of the street lamps below. Foliage dances like black flames on the peeling wallpaper. Light clasps around him, drawing a white aura around his arms and jaw. He sits on the bed where the pillows lay a moment ago, facing the wall, his breath burdened but steady . . . The bedsheets crease and furrow as you kneel behind him. You steady yourself, hand on his rugged, wide shoulders. His grin warps his face so as to transpire from behind.

Heavy is the hand which bears the blade.