

SALLY BUTCHER

Snackistan

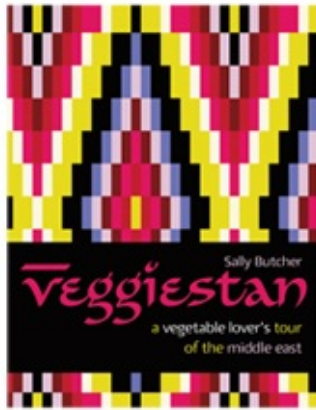
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INFORMAL EATING IN THE MIDDLE EAST & BEYOND



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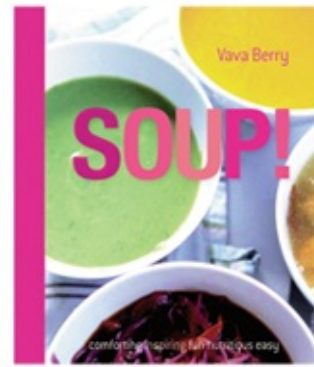
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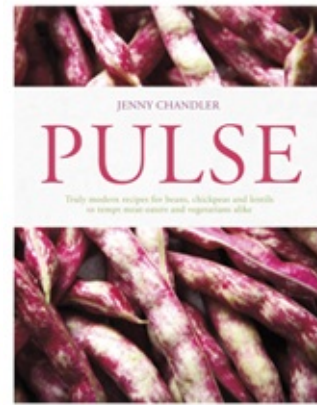
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We all like to snack — increasingly, formal dining is being nudged aside in favour of meze-style spreads, and street food has come of age. *Snackistan* picks out the Middle-East's most exciting street foods and meze dishes, together with a range of homely and simple snack recipes elicited from family and friends. Try lemon-roasted almonds with saffron, succulent kebabs from Baluchistan, piquant lamb-topped pizzas, or sweet and sticky Yemeni nut pastries, washed down with orange blossom and mint lemonade... The burst of flavours is intoxicating, as is Sally's trademark wit and attention to detail — a must-buy for all Middle Eastern food enthusiasts.

Sally Butcher runs the renowned Persian food store Persepolis in London, along with her husband. *Snackistan* is her third book. Her previous books, *Persia in Peckham* and *Veggiestan*, both gained worldwide critical acclaim. When Sally is not running her shop, she blogs and tweets prolifically and has amassed a devoted online following. Find out more about her adventures at www.snackistan.co.uk or www.veggiestan.com and follow her on twitter under [@PersiainPeckham](https://twitter.com/PersiainPeckham)

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INFORMAL EATING IN THE MIDDLE EAST & BEYOND

PHOTOGRAPHY BY YUKI SUGIURA



PAVILION



For Afi, for unlocking the doors of the Persian kitchen for me. And for Baba, for keeping our little Persian empire together. As in-laws go, they ain't bad.

contents

Introduction

Nuts and Nibbles

Fishy Things

Meat On Sticks

Meat Not On Sticks

Hot Vegetarian *Meze*

Salads and Cold *Meze*

Mostly Carbs

Halwah: Sweet Treats

Something To Wash It Down

Index

Bibliography

Acknowledgements

Introduction

Snackistan: a slightly East-of-centre, fictitious land where tummies are always full, and there's a slightly naughty smile on every face. Snackistan does not, of course, exist, any more than Veggiesta does. It is, rather, a borderless confederation of the Middle East's favourite foodstuffs. The simple fare that people eat on a daily basis: dishes they prepare at home, or cook to share with friends, or look forward to indulging in at the end of the week; the food of choice across the region.

We all like to snack. This is, I suspect, because the concept goes against everything that parents followed by newspapers and dieticians, have hitherto told us: 'don't eat between meals', eating in the street is 'vulgar/bad for the digestion', 'you'll spoil your appetite'... I personally still feel a little frisson of rebelliousness every time I tuck into an unscheduled portion of chips/spontaneous ice cream.

And yet snacking comes so naturally to us. By which I don't mean that we're all Homer-Simpsonesque rampant gluttons. Rather that, with our busy lifestyles, we are all becoming grazers, and more medical professionals now endorse this by concluding that eating 'little and often' is better for our poor overloaded digestive systems. The Iranians have a proverb for this: Eat little and sleep sound. They also have another apt saying: Eat little, always eat. Snacking may actually be better for your wallet too.

Increasingly, formal dining is being nudged aside in favour of *meze*-style spreads: samples of a wide range of (often simple) foods, shared in leisurely fashion.

At the same time, street food has come of age (although doner kebabs are still a dire alternative to good food). In malls and farmers' markets across the land, food on the hoof has become a stylish and popular way to eat: sandwiches are getting a big makeover, pies are back in vogue, and even the Chinese takeaway is now as likely to have been cooked in front of you in a mobile wok as assembled secretly behind a door that always remains suspiciously closed.

Origins of street food and *meze*

It hardly needs pointing out that both *meze* and in all likelihood street food vending originated in the area I have now labelled Snackistan. (It does need pointing out, however, before you question my geography, that I have deliberately wobbled over the edges of the area conventionally known as the Middle East, straying into neighbouring Greece and Sudan, for example.) Street food is far from recent innovation: as far back as the Classical age, Greek and Roman writers alluded to open-air food vendors in the Mediterranean, and it is apparent that during times when not everyone had an oven or even a kitchen at home, there was a burgeoning market for such fare. These early takeaways were popular too with travellers, for whom they were often the only food option available. But it is in medieval times that demand seems to have surged, and busy cities such as Cairo boasted an impressive array of specialised food vendors (collectively known as *tabbakhun*; it is fun to think that the little shop I run with my husband qualifies for the description as well, although I am not sure you will catch on) ranging from *halwaniyyun* (literally *halva* sellers) to *haraisiyyun*, who hawked *harissa* (or *halim*: [see here](#)). In Turkey in the Middle Ages, takeaway kebabs were becoming popular, and Istanbul was already working towards its current position as one of the street-food capitals of the world. Pie stalls and dough-based treats evolved to sate the carb requirements of the poorer classes, many of whom, again, were without a bread oven at home.

Of course, it helps that most of Snackistan enjoys considerably warmer weather than northwestern Europe: this coaxes people out of doors and fosters street culture and politics, both of which need feeding. In fact, street food offers a fascinating snapshot of the social development of a nation. This

the case even in the diaspora: a survey of foreign takeaway restaurants and popular back home food in London tells you much about the lands of origin therein. In Peckham alone, there are any number of street hawkers: our favourites are the quiet, anxious-looking man who wanders round with steaming boxes of spicy hot Afghan *qorma* in winter and the flamboyant West Indian drink vendor who appears on a bicycle in summer with a huge slab of ice and worryingly brightly coloured cordials.

Street food may have been the poor man's food of antiquity, but *meze* had altogether grander origins. The word *meze* (*mezze/mezedes*) is derived from *mazeh*, which is the Farsi word for 'taste' and the concept as a type of repast almost certainly evolved in the courts and eateries of Iran. The original idea was snippets or tasters of food to be eaten alongside and to mop up *arak*, wine or beer. It was clearly taken quite seriously, as Rumi refers to it repeatedly in his works, thus: '*Cook meze from the tears on thy heart's fire; field and flower have been debauched by the clouds and the sun.*'

There is a rather wonderful but spurious tale that the whole 'taster' thing pertained to the custom among kings (who were undeniably more scandal-ridden and less secure than today's royalty) of having their food tasted lest it was poisoned. The sultans of the Ottoman Empire reputedly adopted the idea and the business of setting out a meal as a series of little platters took off from there. The conversion of much of the region to Islam did not put an end to the unhurried consumption of *meze* over a few drinks, but in the more devoutly Muslim (and thus non-drinking) nations it is now more often consumed as a selection of starters before a meal. Further west, however, in the Levant and Greece and Turkey, *meze* thrives as a major feature of the cuisine and a vast range of dishes have been created expressly with that style of eating in mind (many of them by the aforementioned Ottomans).

A celebration of comfort food

We may have become aware of the idea of comfort food and comfort eating only in the last couple of decades, but we have of course been cooking it for millennia: for the most part, it comprises the default dishes prepared by those who need a reminder of home, a culinary hug. The ritual act of preparing such familiar food is undoubtedly as soothing to the cook as it is to those who get to enjoy it. I am in a unique position to observe the phenomena, as my little emporium is located in such a wonderfully cosmopolitan corner of London that there are representatives from every corner of Snackistan and beyond trying to cook up a little bit of back home. The dishes my customers prepare are the stuff of childhood teatimes and family breakfasts, nutritious and usually cheap (a lot of them based on popular Ramadan recipes as there is no stronger focus on food than during the month of fasting).

Snackistan is all about celebrating these less formal styles of eating. It is not about fast food, fifteen-minute meals, or three-ingredient suppers, and in fact some of the dishes contained within these pages take quite a long time to prepare. My mother-in-law frequently spends a whole day preparing comfort food snacks to sate her clamorous and largely ungrateful brood for the week ahead: fridge food, packed lunch food, busy shopkeeper food... As ever, our friend the wise Mullah Nasruddin illustrates this quite well:

The Mullah was travelling with two acquaintances. After a couple of hours, they stopped by the wayside for a snack, and one of the men pulled out a little bag, announcing, 'I only eat roasted and salted pistachios, slivered almonds and dates. Simple, natural fare.'

The second traveller produced a small packet. 'For me, nothing but the finest dried meat!' he cried. Clearly it was Nasruddin's turn, and so he removed an old bread crust from his pocket. 'Well I only eat ground wheat which has been blended with yeast, sugar, water and salt and then baked at a certain

temperature for the correct amount of time', he informed them...



Nuts and Nibbles

Mullah Nasruddin pretended to be a stern old fellow, but all the neighbourhood kids knew that he was a big softie really. Thus when they spotted him buying a big bag of walnuts at the local corner shop (okay, market stall), they all ran along behind hoping to cadge some from him.

Allowing them to catch up with him, he generously offered to share his purchase with them.

'But first you must tell me how you would like me to divide the walnuts,' said Nasruddin, 'The human way or the divine way...'

The boys looked puzzled: whippersnappers they undoubtedly were, but they were God-fearing and well-meaning lads. 'Why God's way, of course!' they cried in unison.

The Mullah smiled and reached into the bag. He gave the first boy one walnut, the second a handful of walnuts, the third two handfuls, while the fourth got none.

'You're having us on, Mullah,' said one of the boys. 'God wouldn't be that unfair!'

'Ah, well that is where you are wrong. Some of us are born with plenty, some of us born with just enough, and some of us are born without. It is up to us to share things out and look after each other. This is God's little test for us. Now if you'd asked me to share it out the human way: well, you'd all have had equal numbers of nuts.'

What the story above illustrates more than anything else is the place of nuts in Snackistan society as a snack, as an illustration of divine bounty, as a something to offer as a gift, as a form of currency. Yup, nuts are big in the Middle East (no sniggering). Not only is the cuisine liberally studded with nuts of all varieties, they represent what is surely Mother Nature's way of telling us to snack – bite sized morsels of protein appearing on trees across the countryside on and off throughout the year.

Seeds are also valued snacks, while comprising the sort of stuff we normally throw away/feed to our parrots. Roasted and salted pumpkin, melon and squash seeds are eaten across the Middle East in HUGE quantities. Hey: one's husband alone eats them in HUGE quantities.

Traditional mini-snacks – nuts and nibbles – remain admirably natural and (oil and salt notwithstanding) for the most part healthy.

That's not to say that people from the Middle East don't also consume junk. Enter any Middle Eastern supermarket in the West and you will encounter aisles of strangely packaged (don't you just love foreign packaging?) sugary and savoury snacks. Especially popular are alarmingly yellow cheese corn puffs (Cheetos by any other name), sweet wafers in five squillion colours and flavours (the Turks are experts at turning these out), breadsticks, sesame treats and filled cookies. And chewing gum, although this can't possibly count as a snack as you spit it out (discuss)...

AKA MR SHOPKEEPER'S PATENT PICKLED VEG

Useful Iranian pickle facts: *torshi* in Farsi just means 'sour pickle', but is often used as a generic term for pickles. *Shoor* specifically refers to ingredients preserved predominantly in brine, and *liteh* usually implies a type of finely minced, spicy *torshi*.

These chunky pickled veg make a great mini-*meze* dish, as they are effectively pickled crudité. Making anything that you sell in a shop on a regular basis demands a degree of consistency which Mr Shopkeeper and her slapdash ways can rarely provide. Mr Shopkeeper, AKA Jamshid, AKA my Honeymoon Bunny, is a much more organised sort of chap than I am. So when it comes to the business of following recipes and doing things in a uniform manner time and again, it is generally understood to be his department. Thus our house pickle, which is enormously popular, is made uniquely by him. This is his secret recipe. Shh – don't tell him I've shared it with you...

It makes enough for at least three jars: one for you, one for the neighbours, and one for the Autumn fair.

FILLS AROUND 3 x 800G/1LB 12OZ JARS

- 2 cauliflowers, separated into small florets
- 1kg/2lb 4oz carrots, chopped into 1cm/½ in rounds
- 2 onions, roughly chopped
- 1 head of celery, cut into 2cm/¾ in lengths
- 3–4 hot green chillies, chopped
- 500g/1lb 2oz baby cucumbers, cut into 1–2cm/½–¾ in rounds
- 6–8 garlic cloves, quartered lengthways
- 2 tsp whole golpar seeds*
- 2 tsp whole dill seeds (or use dill weed)
- 2 level tsp ground turmeric
- 2 litres/3½ pints/8 cups salted boiled water
- 500ml/18fl oz/generous 2 cups malt vinegar
- 1 bunch of fresh spring garlic (or 200g/7oz dried, soaked for 24 hours), optional

This couldn't be easier, just mix all the ingredients together and ladle into sterilised jars (see below) or a suitable (sterilised) plastic barrel and seal well. Store somewhere cool and dark: your pickles should be ready after about one month.

Sterilising a jar takes two seconds: just fill it with boiling water, sloosh it around and empty it, then leave it upside down somewhere to drain and dry. Sealing a jar is equally straightforward, but if a jar has a metal lid, a little clingfilm between the product and the lid should prevent an adverse reaction between the two.

*Golpar seeds

That's Persian hogweed to you. It smells like old socks and has a pungent flavour, but works well in pickles. It is also ground and used as a spice in Iran, as it is a 'hot' food (Iranians believe that all foods have either 'hot' or 'cold' properties, and that if you eat too many of one or the other you will end up imbalanced). Put simply, it is sprinkled on lots of 'cold' vegetables, such as those served as snacks in the Iranian bazaars, to reduce the, er, flatulence-inducing effects therein.



PICKLED CUCUMBERS

This is probably the most popular Iranian pickle. These posh, pert and piquant gherkins are nothing short of addictive. In Iran, they are a regular visitor to the dinner table, sliced into sandwiches, chopped into salads and enjoyed as an any-time snack. Please note they bear about as much resemblance to the fish and chip shop gherkin as Pennsylvania to Peckham. They are salty, often eye-wateringly spicy, crunchy and traditionally very small. In the summer, baby cucumbers can be found in Middle Eastern shops and many supermarkets, so get pickling...

FILLS AROUND 2 x 800G/1LB 12OZ JARS

1kg/2lb 4oz baby cucumbers (about 3–6cm/1¼ –2½ in in length)

3–4 sprigs of fresh tarragon

4–5 thin, hot chillies

4–5 garlic cloves

1 litre/1¾ pints/4 cups water with 4 tbsp salt

2 tbsp white vinegar

Wash and drain the cucumbers, tarragon and chillies, and peel the garlic cloves. Bring the water and salt to the boil, then take off the heat and add the vinegar.

Distribute the cucumbers, chillies, garlic and tarragon evenly between your sterilised jars ([see here](#)), cover with the cooled brine and seal. Store somewhere cool; this delicacy will be ready after a month, but reaches perfection after two.

Who needs crisps?

FOUR RECIPES FOR WHEN ONLY A SALTED SNACK WILL DO

Say snack to most Westerners and nine out of ten* will immediately think of crisps (or chips, as our friends in the US call them). And yet, apart from a quick infusion of salt, they are an unsatisfying munch: they barely fill the tummy for more than 30 minutes and offer few redeeming nutritional features. No, I am not a crisp fan.

Nor am I impressed by the huge amount of unnecessary salt that goes into a lot of our snack food in the West. My husband has me down as a salt-fascist (and keeps what he thinks is a secret emergency sachet of the stuff in his office drawer), but I am very pro-salt if it is used wisely. After all, mankind has been gathering and ingesting sodium chloride for tens of thousands of years. If you use moderate amounts of it in your cooking, then you can afford to succumb to the odd craving for an in-your-face salt-fest. Which is what this section is all about: hand-crafted, easy-to-make, mostly healthy, salty treats. The sort they have been eating in the Middle East for centuries. The sort my family-in-law make all the time at home. Welcome to the Snackistan nut and pulse roast...

*I might have invented that statistic.

While we're on the subject of salt...

The citizens of Snackistan do of course eat junk snacks (by which I mean manufactured pre-packed rubbish of no essential nutritional value) a-plenty. But there is a range of truly healthy stuff that they render snackable by the simple addition of salt. The sort of stuff that we just don't eat unless it is incorporated into something else, or disguised. When did you last think, 'I'm peckish. I know, I'll eat a cucumber'? But if you peel the cucumber, cut it into bite-sized morsels, then sprinkle it with a little salt, it becomes a delectable appetiser/between-meals nibble. Same with tomatoes: just cut them open and sprinkle a little salt (celery salt is especially good here) on the cut surface and enjoy. Lettuce hearts, broccoli stems, celery hearts – they are all equally delicious when served thus.

Sour fruit gets the same treatment: fresh sour cherries (*visne* in Turkish, or *albaloo* in Farsi) are hugely popular. They are washed and sprinkled with salt, or rolled in salt and then sun-dried and stored for a year-round treat. The cornelian cherry (*zagal akhteh* in Farsi), a variety of dogberry, is enjoyed the same way. Sour plums, which in the West we are told to avoid for fear of an upset tummy, are regarded as a favourite springtime delicacy: they are sold in the streets in Turkey, Iran and the other -istans with a twist of salt on the side.

Fresh nuts are also popular street/snack fare: cob and hazelnuts still with their frilly skirts on, soft-skinned pistachios straight from the tree, still-green walnuts – these are all devoured with glee as the seasons arrive. I'll never forget the first time my best beloved washed a still-green, still-furry, practically-still-twitching almond (known as *chaghaleh badam* in Iran), dipped it in salt and ate it. I felt sure a trip to the emergency dentist would be on the cards. They are in fact a great treat and Jamshid and his brothers, all old enough to know better, frequently squabble over the last one.

The idea is that you soak them in water for a few hours, rub excess fur from the skin, then dip them in salt and crunch them. It's hard to describe the flavour: they taste, well, green – green and fresh. If you could bottle the essence of spring and drink it, it would taste like fresh green almonds.

All of which goes to prove that a little wellplaced salt is OK, and that we do over-complicate stuff in the West.

LEMON-ROASTED ALMONDS WITH SAFFRON

This is one of our most popular imported products in the shop: the salty citrusy flavour is impossible to resist. While you can always buy them from us, you can re-create the scrumdiddlyumptiousness them in your own home.

MAKES A BOWLFUL (WHETHER YOU SHARE OR NOT IS UP TO YOU)

150ml/5fl oz/²/₃ cup lemon juice (fresh is best, but you can cheat and use good bottled stuff)

¹/₂ tsp ground saffron steeped in 150ml/5fl oz/²/₃ cup boiling water

200g/7oz/1¹/₃ cups raw almonds

3 tbsp olive oil

1¹/₂ tsp sea salt

1 tsp citric acid (AKA lemon salt)

Mix the lemon juice and saffron water together. Spread the almonds out in a shallow dish, and trick the juice-water over them, turning the nuts over in the liquid so that they are well coated. Leave them for around an hour, turning them occasionally.

After the time is up, drain the almonds and pat dry: unless you are at least a *rial* millionaire, I insist that you retain the saffron marinade in the name of thrift.*

Preheat the oven to 180°C/350°F/Gas mark 4.** Spread the almonds out on a small baking tray and bake them for around 10 minutes.

Next mix the oil and salts together in a bowl then tip in the hot almonds, stirring with a spoon to ensure that the nuts are all coated. Spread them back on to the baking tray and bake for a further 10–15 minutes, or until they are a rich golden brown.

Leave to cool a little before sampling: these dudes get really hot in the oven. I speak from burnt tongue experience. They will keep for 2–3 days: after that, they start to go a little soft, so best just eat them all up real quick.

*Tip

Keep it in a wee jar in the fridge. You can add it to fish, vegetables, salad dressings, roast chicken... Or just use it for more nuts.

**Note

As a serious food writer (ahem),

I am undoubtedly meant to be writing about the proper way to do stuff, but look: between you and I, these just work out just as well in the microwave. Instead of cooking them for 10 minutes followed by a further 10–15, cook them for 3 minutes followed by another 5 minutes. Obviously all microwaves vary, so do check that they are ‘roasted’ to your satisfaction. They will seem soft at first, but crisp up as they cool. work out just as well in the microwave. Instead of cooking them for 10 minutes followed by a further 10–15,



ZA'ATAR-FRIED CHICKPEAS

First, a story about chickpeas from our friend, Mullah Nasruddin.

The wise Mullah was living a frugal existence, subsisting mostly on chickpeas and bread. His neighbour, who was a vizier to the King no less, lived on fine repasts provided by the royal palace. Puzzled by Nasruddin's contentment, he told his neighbour one day, 'Nasruddin, if you too endeavoured to ingratiate yourself at court, then you would not have to live on such peasant fare.'

To which the Mullah replied, 'But, my dear neighbour, if you too learned to live on chickpeas and bread, then you would not have to spend your time bowing and scraping in such obsequious fashion.'

Chickpeas are really versatile: a great snack in their own right, they can also be used as croûtons in soup or salads, and they make for a pretty garnish for *houmous* ([see here](#)) and similar dips. They may seem humble fare, but they are full of tryptophan, which makes you happy: you should always listen to Nasruddin.

MAKES A BIG BOWLFUL

200g/7oz/generous 1 cup dried chickpeas, soaked for 6 hours or overnight

splodge of olive oil

1 tbsp sea salt

1 tbsp *za'atar**

Rinse and drain the chickpeas, then leave them until they are quite dry.

Heat a little oil in a frying pan and add the chickpeas, followed a minute or so later by the salt and spice. Cook, stirring constantly, for around 3 minutes before spooning out on to some kitchen paper to drain. Once again, leave them to cool a little before tucking in. They will keep for a week or so in an airtight plastic tub – if you can leave them alone that long.

* *A note on za'atar*

Travellers who have previously visited Veggiestan will know that this is the Arabic word for thyme, and also a ubiquitous Arab spice mix comprising ground thyme, sumac, salt and sesame. It is the latter that you need here.

Maghrebi Habas fritas

SPICED ROASTED BROAD BEANS

Anyone who has tarried a while in a Spanish tapas bar will be familiar with *habas fritas*: fried (or roasted) split broad beans. Totally addictive, but not very good for those with crowns or implants.

In this recipe we take your *habas fritas* and raise them against some very nice Moroccan spices to create the perfect nibble to have with a few drinks.

MAKES A BIG BOWLFUL

200g/7oz/generous 1 cup dried, split broad (fava) beans, soaked for at least 6 hours

3 tbsp olive oil

1 tsp smoked paprika

½ tsp ground cumin

½ tsp ground ginger

½ tsp ground chilli

1 tbsp garlic salt

Drain and rinse the broad beans, then leave them to drain thoroughly.

Mix the olive oil with the spices and salt, then roll the hopefully-almost-dry beans in the oil, stirring well to ensure that they are all coated.

Preheat the oven to 170°C/340°F/Gas mark 3. Spread the broad beans out on an oven tray and bake them for around 30 minutes, or until they are crispy and golden brown. Leave to cool before sampling/sharing. These will keep a few days in an airtight container.

DRY-ROASTED GREEN PEAS WITH FENUGREEK

This is another very moreish and almost healthy way to enjoy a modicum of salt. You can use fresh or frozen peas for this.

MAKES A BOWLFUL

300g/10½ oz/scant 2⅔ cups common or garden peas (defrosted if necessary)
3 tbsp olive oil
1 level tbsp ground fenugreek seeds
1 tbsp cracked coriander seeds
1 tsp cayenne pepper
1 tsp paprika
1 tbsp celery salt (or sea salt)

Rinse the peas and leave to drain (or roll them on kitchen paper to dry). Mix the oil with the spices and salt in a bowl, then tip in the peas, stirring gently (so as not to mash it all up) to ensure that the peas are all coated.

Preheat the oven to 150°C/300°F/Gas mark 2. Spread the spiced peas out on a baking tray (one with edges) and pop them in the oven. After 15 minutes, turn the heat right down to 120°C/250°F/Gas mark ½, and allow your peas to cook for a further 45 minutes, turning them gently halfway through. Take the peas out of the oven and test one: it should be crunchy without breaking your teeth. These spiced peas will keep for a week in an airtight plastic tub.

SNACKISTANI SPICED VEGETABLE CRISPS

In an 'ideal' world peopled by shiny Suzy Homemakers, every house would have a little tub of these almost healthy root crisps ready for their hungry brood. This kind of snack exudes homeliness and wholesomeness. But don't let that put you off.

Vegetable crisps are dead easy to make and are useful in lunchboxes and on the *meze* table alike. The addition of some Middle Eastern-style spices just takes them to the next level. We might actually have to patent them...

In each case the quantities should give you enough for one big bowlful.

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