



Natural Harvest - A Collection of Semen-Based Recipes

Paul "Fotie" Photenhauer

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Semen is not only nutritious, but it also has a wonderful texture and amazing cooking properties. Like fine wine and cheeses, the taste of semen is complex and dynamic. Semen is inexpensive to produce and is commonly available in many, if not most, homes and restaurants. Despite all of these positive qualities, semen remains neglected as a food. This book hopes to change that. Once you overcome any initial hesitation, you will be surprised to learn how wonderful semen is in the kitchen. Semen is an exciting ingredient that can give every dish you make an interesting twist. If you are a passionate cook and are not afraid to experiment with new ingredients - you will love this cook book!

Natural Harvest - A Collection of Semen-Based Recipes Details

Date : Published (first published November 17th 2008)

ISBN :

Author : Paul "Fotie" Photenhauer

Format : Paperback 61 pages

Genre : Food and Drink, Cooking, Nonfiction, Cookbooks, Food



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From Reader Review Natural Harvest - A Collection of Semen-Based Recipes for online ebook

Books Ring Mah Bell says

Wow.

Looks to me like an author out there is looking for a good use for all the spunk he's, uh, unloading.

Wow.

This whole being green/sustainable thing has gone too far, people.
TOO FAR!

mark monday says

okay so maybe i will never purchase or sincerely review this tome. but the reading of this recipe book's excerpts and its various reviews on amazon created several days of continuous hilarity for me and my staff. and for that i must pay homage to it.

thanks for the guilt-free laughs, Natural Harvest!

also for inspiring the salty, protein-rich office potluck that took place that friday. delish, and good for you too!

a sad update: mysteriously, the book and all of its sublime reviews have since been removed from amazon.

i think they must be a'feard of the terrible truths it speaks!

Angus says

Wow, I'm not sure where to begin. First off all, this is not for the kids, pretty adult themed content here, I mean almost ALL of these recipes call for some, well, you know...I've tried all of them (used my own supply! *_* not so bad. Don't limit yourself (or others) to what you can serve them w/ out really telling them what you're serving them, unless they like it! FREE MARTHA!!!!!!

Rammi says

I was very drunk when I bought this book. Dear God, the pictures...

Brings a whole new meaning to "gag gift."

Cathryn says

No. Just....no. I'm speechless right now.

Johnny_mnemonic says

<http://www.lulu.com/content/4956212#c...>

Oriana says

wow, this is my new absolute most favorite horrifying book. it even replaces this one, and I haven't even read it yet!!

Ali says

I loved the idea of this book. Here in UHMERIKA, economic times are tough, thanks to that communiss liberal Moslim terrorist Saudi Arabian who became president of this great country of arn for the sole purpose of destroying it and the good family values that good Krishans like myself believe in, and sometimes you've just gotta tighten your belt. Well, uh, in this case, you're actually loosening it, but we'll get to that.

I found it especially useful for the lunch held at my home a few days ago to celebrate Christmas with a few work acquaintances and their wives. Everything was going smashingly. I think I must have saved more than fifty dollars a week because of the recipes found here, and all I had to do was think of a certain goat called Nanny at a farm I visited during college every morning for a few months, and dispense my special sauce into a bottle which I put in the freezer for later use. As I was buzzing around the kitchen picking up the last pot of chile carn cum and the bottle of my special homemade barbecue sauce, I had an idea which I was sure would liven up this lunch, which was beginning to get rather jejune, all topics of conversation having long ago been exhausted. It would need to wait until dessert, but that would be better, I thought. More time for, ahem, build-up.

All through the meal, I was ecstatic with anticipation. I kept glancing at the clock, hoping someone would mention dessert, and more specifically, the chocolate eclairs and candied sweet and salty pecans. After what seemed like hours of boring talk about golf, politics, taxes, and the boss we were planning to murder, during which I tried surreptitiously to look down the blouses of the women to stimulate my libido, someone, I think his name was Bateman, said that he needed to return some videotapes soon, and asked if we could hurry things along a little. I mentioned that I could bring out dessert, and everyone replied with a unanimous, "Yeah, sure." interspersed with barely concealed sighs of relief. I was trying to conceal something of my own, as I'm sure you can understand, considering what was about to happen next.

I uncovered the eclairs, and, as people began to reach their fat, greedy hands towards them, stopped all

movement with an upraised hand, saying as I did, "Wait! There's just one more ingredient I need to add to the top of these. It's best when eaten fresh." I was met with inquiring stares, no bottle or container being in evidence at the table, nor likely to be, as, rather than heading back to the kitchen to get something, I was climbing on top of a chair, reaching down for my fly.

I took out my squeeze tube, and began to milk it for all I was worth for the precious cream kept therein, ignoring the open-mouthed guests.

Yet mere milking would not be enough to get the cream out in a reasonable amount of time. There had to be images to go along with milking to stimulate the intellect as well as the tumescent tube into giving up its gift, you understand. I had long ago conquered this obstacle, and my mind quickly alit on the memory of the piano sitting in the other room, and the ritual I would perform with it each day.

Two years ago, when I discovered my attraction to this sexy wooden beast, aware that I would, in the most technical sense, be having an affair, I carved a hole roughly at crotch level so that I could consummate my love while playing, and my partner would never know. But, though I made the hole rough and ragged with many splinters sticking out to give the elusion that it was made accidentally, I could not hold up pretenses for long. My partner sat at the window, and didn't ever look at me, and listened to me play and rock, listened to the scraping noise of wood on skin and my own stifled groans of mixed agony and pleasure, pretended not to hear, later pretended not to notice the bloodstains on the front of my trousers, and the unspoken knowledge of my infidelity hung between us like a giant noxious cloud, driving us apart every day. After I was done, I stood up in a fury, pounded the keys of the piano, screamed at it, called it a bad piano, asked it why it had to be so attractive and make me do this, until my muscles gave out, and I lay on the carpet until the cramps stopped, after which I stood and headed towards the window, not looking at anything, and lifted up my flower pot, kissed my partners soft pedals, vowed it would never happen again, calling it my lovely magnolia, and both of us knew that once the next day came around, I would not be able to resist the piano's charms, but for now, it was easier to deceive ourselves, because all we had was each other, for the world rejected us for our forbidden love, and in this moment, its pedals resting against my cheek, my tears wetting its warm dirt, the sun shining down on the both of us, we could forgive anything.

Of course, I didn't think about any of that. All I thought about as I mined for sauce was some hot piano humping. I mean, who wouldn't? It's the all-Amerikan sexual fantasy! Am I right, or am I correct? Or rightly correct?

At least, that's what I thought about until I heard someone ejaculate, "What the fuck are you doing!" and felt two arms seizing me by the ankles, sending me headfirst into the Penne pasta with cream sauce, upending my bottle of ketchup with no-longer-secret secret additives.

I attempted to explain that I had found this one book on the Internet which allowed for man mustard as an ingredient, but no one could hear me over all the screaming. "Fuck this shit," I thought, and let go of any hope that I could make this lunch any better by explaining anything. My goal became simply: Get everyone out of here.

With pasta sauce dripping from my face, I kicked whoever had grabbed me in the face, and slid off the table, taking several plates and glasses with me. People began to slip all over the floor, and for a while, it became a complete free-for-all. I grappled with whoever I could find, only wanting to hurt them enough to make them want to leave. An elbow smashed into my ear. A woman's screaming filled my other ear. A thrown high-heel hit me in the eye. A pair of buttocks hit me in the groin. And that's what Did it. I was still being stimulated, you see. I mean, come on. You're a red-blooded, normal male, and you're watching a bunch of people, half of

them women, smashing against each other. What would you do? I know what I did.

I held my dispenser in one hand, and let fly with my chowder. My one mistake was not checking where it would land. As it turned out, it landed directly into the open eye of Bateman, who was being helped to his feet by one of the quickly growing group of sensible people who just wanted to leave and act like this never happened.

I suddenly felt very cold. His shouts of pain filled the room, which went silent. He began to stalk towards me, a murderous look on his face. And that's all I remember.

I'm taking a star off the rating because I wound up in the hospital with multiple injuries that will take months to heal, and I have a court date for some reason. Clearly these people just don't know the true meaning of fine dining. Idiots! Maybe my book of santorum recipes will yield better results...

Don Kieballs says

Contrary to the books title there is no recipe for jerked meat.

U-Man says

They all tasted very good.

Ashley the Magnificent™ says

I can't help but appreciate the originality. I can't help but be disturbed by the idea.

I admit, I have bought this as a gag gift for more than a few people. It never fails to please! And while I ~~have yet to~~ won't try any of the recipes, most seem to be pretty standard - with a lil semen mixed in during the last step. The author claims this is "so that the delicate flavors do not risk getting overwhelmed by the other ingredients or destroyed by the cooking process." So if you or your friends do not wish to have semen in your food, the good news is that this can double as a regular ol' cookbook! 2-for-1!

All 25 recipes include colorful photos and "clever" names: High Protein Smoothie, Irish Coffee with Extra Creme, Slightly Saltier Caviar, Creamy Cum Crepes ...you get the idea. There is also advice on Nutrition, Flavor, Volume and Storage.

Some favorite excerpts:

Please do not add semen to your guest's food without informing them beforehand.

Heat up a lightly oiled frying pan. Remove from heat and ejaculate directly into the pan, return to heat and fry the semen without stirring. This will create a mini-omelette, or in some cases, many small omelette-drops.

The frozen semen can be mixed with syrup and shaved ice to make yummy ice cones.

Hungry yet? :)

Sandra says

I don't even know what to say to this...

Please be sure to tell me, if I were to dine at your house, that you used this particular ingredient to cook the food I'm about to eat.

Jenny Peeples says

Okay. Okay. I know what you're thinking and as much as I'd love to lead everyone on....NO, I did not try any recipes. It was a free Kindle download and my curiosity got the best of me. None of this sounded appealing to me and while I don't want to judge preferences, this was more than a little odd. It made for some seriously great laughs, though.

Pao says

karen says

get over here, bourdain...

in this economy, cutting back is sometimes necessary. groceries are expensive, and sometimes you gotta find ways to be more self-sufficient: windowsill herb gardens, cutting coupons, eating out less. i hear you.

so what about this??

think of it like a victory garden... in your pants!!

i guarantee this will get men to cook and have fun doing it!! brings families together!! don't contribute to overpopulation - do some cooking instead!!!

and vegans, i gotta know - where do you stand on this? i understand not wanting to eat meat or things that come out of animals who are trapped in their pens with their big eyes or fluffy feathers, i understand not wanting to steal from the bees' hard labor, but this?? i assure you, the animal in question feels no pain and would not be caged against its will and would probably be producing this ingredient out of boredom or loneliness regardless.

cum on, vegans!!

"spunky candied pecans"!! oh, wait - that has butter. hang on. if y'all are cool with the manjuice, you can have "noodles with special spicy sauce" and not wound anything!

it is actually a very practical cookbook, and offers several tips such as keeping a cumstash in the freezer to which you (one) contribute(s) every day so you always have provisions on hand. (three days in the fridge without deterioration, apparently indefinitely in the freezer) there are tips about maximizing your (one's) semen production, how to enhance its flavor, how to "melt" ejaculate, i mean, it is for the very resourceful, but the food photography is gorgeous, so even padma would probably put this stuff in her mouth!

and of course, a disclaimer "this cookbook is written for consenting diners of semen. please do not add semen to your guest's food without informing them beforehand."

those are the author's words, i am making no promises. ima get me a stable of males and some new saucepans.

oh, and lesball - there is a lumpia recipe!!

omnivore's dilemma indeed...

come to my blog!
