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If there was anything I loved to do it was to be in the kitchen & watch my mother make pies & aid to cut out cakes with these forms made of this & which produced men & animals of all sorts ([strikethrough]) pigs, cows, birds & fishes I never wearied of it & it was (1) — (2) This was an alloyed pleasure ([strikethrough]) and if there was ([strikethrough]) anything I did not like it whole ([strikethrough]) to go down in the cellar ([cellar]) ([strikethrough]) for ([strikethrough]) it was dark) ([strikethrough]) very ([strikethrough]) was the thing I hated most it was so dark but for a little ray of light that came from the before manhole a hole down which the coal was thrown from the street - So that he these word "Now Henry go down and get me a bucket of coal" was anything but welcome. Had I rushed off I could have done it in 3 minutes - but it seemed to me that it was a terrible of pain and I started up slowly very slowly. ([strikethrough]) I hated the dark so ([strikethrough]) I dragged on my way slowly to the cellar door and started down when 1/2 way down I was supposed ([strikethrough]) to quite a little ([strikethrough]) to find the cellar very light & as I advanced the light it seemed someone must have been down there + have left a lamp burning (3) at the foot of the others saw
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