Pearson Edexcel Level 1/Level 2 GCSE (9–1)

Thursday 07 November 2024

Morning (Time: 2 hours 5 minutes)

Paper reference **1EN0/02**

English Language

PAPER 2: Non-fiction and Transactional Writing

Source Booklet

Do not return this Booklet with the question paper.

Advice

- Read the texts before answering the questions in Section A of the question paper.

Turn over ▶

P74822A

©2024 Pearson Education Ltd.

V:1/1/1/1/

P 7 4 8 2 2 A

Pearson

Read the text below and answer Questions 1–3 on the Question Paper.

TEXT 1

Extract from 'An Indian Reminiscence: Life was a banquet for one young girl in Delhi' by Madhur Jaffrey.

In this edited extract published in the October 1974 edition of 'Gourmet' magazine, actress and food and travel writer, Madhur Jaffrey, shares a memory of her childhood holidays in the mountains of Asia.

Summer vacations saw us in the Himalayas. My grandfather was a great believer in the health of his children and grandchildren, and he insisted on making this long journey every year. All relatives would meet in Delhi, and half a train would be booked to take us from Delhi to the foothills of the towering mountains. A fleet of cars was hired to transport us from there to six, seven, or eight thousand feet above sea level, where several houses were rented to accommodate us.

Once settled, we were left pretty much to ourselves: the only organised activity was the picnic. The ladies of the house, as well as numerous servants, spent many days preparing the food. Most of the packing, including pots and pans, the kettle to make tea, portable charcoal stoves, charcoal, disposable earthenware cups, cotton rugs, blankets, towels, serving spoons and plates, was done the night before, and at sunrise, when the mountains were still shrouded in an icy mist, porters, rickshaws* and horses were all assembled. First the porters were loaded with baskets of food and sent off with a party of servants. The walkers, led by my middle uncle, who had a passion for hiking, were the next lot. Third were those who rode in the rickshaws, and the last group consisted of those on horseback.

Clad in heavy sweaters and shawls, our large party moved slowly, making numerous stops along the way. If we passed an orchard, a halt would be called and the farmer was asked if, for a certain sum, we might pick plums or apricots. My favourite groves were those of almond trees. I loved the green almonds, slit open and robbed of their tender white flesh.

We would generally arrive at our picnic spot around midday. If it was beside a waterfall or stream, the children were permitted to swim while lunch was unpacked. The mangoes were placed in the stream to cool, fires were lit to heat certain dishes (and also to warm the children when they emerged from the freezing water), and a large cotton rug was spread on the ground. Arrayed on the rug were meatballs stuffed with raisins and mint leaves; potatoes cooked with whole fennel and cumin and fenugreek seeds**; chickpeas tossed with raw onions, ginger, and green chillies; green beans seasoned with cumin seed, garlic, and lemon; chicken with almonds and yogurt; cauliflower flavoured with ginger and Chinese parsley; sour carrot pickles; hot green mango pickles; and spiced cucumbers. The meal was eaten to the accompaniment of tales of adventure and hilarious stories about our ancestors.

After lunch, the older folk would rest, napping on the rug or leaning against rocks and gossiping, and the children would disappear in various directions, fishing, hunting wild berries, or sliding on beds of pine needles. At about four o'clock we would all reassemble for tea. Served in disposable earthenware cups, it was accompanied by mutthris (biscuits) and my grandmother's thick, sweet tomato chutney. Then the fires were put out, the rugs and utensils were packed, and the whole party would begin the long trek home.

Glossary

*rickshaws**** – a cart pulled by people or horses

*fennel and cumin and fenugreek seeds***** – plants/seeds used as spices

Read the text below and answer Questions 4–7 on the Question Paper.

TEXT 2

Extract from 'The Language of Baklava: A Memoir' by Diana Abu-Jaber (2006).

In this edited extract, American author Diana Abu-Jaber remembers the family tradition of cooking 'shish kabob', pieces of lamb threaded on a skewer. 'Shish kabob', sometimes known as 'shish kebab', was a traditional Middle Eastern food cooked by her father, Bud, over an open fire.

Shish kabob means that there will be coolers and ice chests, blankets and salads, pitta bread, iced tea, cheese, hummus, maybe a visit to Rudy's stand, where they dip the scoops of ice cream into a kind of chocolate that hardens into a shell. Maybe our mother will bring frozen cake, because who wants to bake anything in this heat?

There will also be sisters and cousins and aunties and uncles and even more cousins, because there's no telling who's just "comeover," meaning come over from the old country.

You never know when suddenly a second cousin you haven't seen in years will be standing in the living room, asking for a little cup of coffee. They'll be hungry because everyone who "comesover" is hungry: for home, for family, for the old smells and touches and tastes.

We pack up the family and drive the road to the north, over tiny wooden bridges, past taverns with names like Three Rivers Inn and gurgling creeks, up to Fair Haven Beach on Lake Ontario. After we arrive and roll along behind people walking to their car in order to secure the best parking spot, it will take an even longer time to unpack the trunk* and find the exact picnic tables and get out the bags and coolers and cousins and sisters. We cover several tables with red-checked tablecloths, paper plates, plastic containers full of everything. Bud piles briquettes** into three different grills, and Uncle Hal adds more and more lighter fluid — usually while it's burning — so the flame roars right up at him in a fabulous arc.

The cousins and sisters and I run in the frothy surf along Fair Haven's pebble beach. The water is electrically cold, threaded with mysteriously warm currents. We go in up to our necks and the waves lift us off our feet. We can do just this, standing in ice water and bobbing, for hours. We don't ever want to come in, even when our mother and one of the aunties wade out and say, "Your lips are purple, time to come in."

There's a commotion on shore. My father and the uncles are shouting and waving their arms: Shish kabob is ready! Uncle Hal is ferrying the sizzling skewers — we call them sheeshes — to a big platter on the table. Bud is turning more of them on the fire.

The shish kabob comes like an emergency. It sizzles at the table, and Uncle Hal pushes the chunks of meat off the skewers with a piece of pitta bread. They all go to one central plate. He says, "This piece is for you and this one for you." It's best to wait for the second sheesh because for some reason the meat on the first always looks scrawny and shrivelled and smells of uncooked lighter fluid. But there's no time to wait! You have to eat the lamb when it's hot enough to burn your fingers and scald your tongue.

At the end of the day at the beach, about to drive home, we might stop at Ontario Orchards, a big farm produce stand, and buy a bag of fresh cherries, black with sugar. We pass them around during the ride and spit the pits out the windows. Then my sisters and I fall asleep.

Glossary

*trunk** – American term for the storage area of a car

*briquettes*** – wood or charcoal firelighters

BLANK PAGE

BLANK PAGE

BLANK PAGE

Source information:

Text 1: *An Indian Reminiscence: Life was a banquet for one young girl in Delhi*, Madhur Jaffrey, 1974, 'Gourmet' magazine, October 1974

Text 2: *The Language of Baklava: A Memoir*, Diana Abu-Jaber, 2006, Knopf Doubleday Publishing Group