



General Certificate of Secondary Education
Foundation Tier
November 2012

English/English Language

ENG1F

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Unit 1 Understanding and producing non-fiction texts

Insert

The three sources that follow are:

- **Source 1:** an online article called *Love music love food: pop will eat itself*
- **Source 2:** the World Food Programme website
- **Source 3:** an extract from *Eating for England*, a book by Nigel Slater, a well known chef and food writer.

**Please open the insert fully
to see all three sources**

Source 1

the guardian

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Life & Style

Food & Drink

Love music love food: pop will eat itself

In a new cook book, published to raise funds for The Teenage Cancer Trust, music stars give us a taste of their favourite foods and drinks.



Tinie Tempah: When he first tried seafood linguine, 'all my prayers were answered. It just felt right.' Photograph: Patrice de Villiers

Tinie Tempah loves seafood

Life is good when you're Tinie Tempah. Otherwise known as Patrick Chukwuemeka Okogwu Jr – Tinie has won a tonne of praise for uniting the music scenes of grime, underground rave and radio-friendly pop without selling any of them out. He's had two No. 1 singles, a No. 1 album and two Brit awards.

One of the benefits of fame is that you get to discover new experiences in eating. Born in London to Nigerian parents, Tinie has always appreciated his food. He reminisces about an "amazing" roast chicken with garlic and thyme that he had at the Carlton Hotel, New York. "They warned me it would take 45 minutes. After about 35 minutes, they brought out an almost-cooked chicken and told me it was coming along nicely, and 10 minutes later I ate the best chicken I've ever had."

Whenever he visits a new country, Tinie heads off the beaten track to try some traditional food – the old town in Dubai or backstreet places in Australia. "Didn't enjoy kangaroo," he says. "It was like a cross between beef and chicken, smoky and really chewy."

Nigerian food is a fundamental part of his life. It's what he grew up with. "Nigerian food is lots of flavour, lots of tomato purée, rice, yam, beans... it's a whole load of stuff, really good." His favourite would be pounded yam with egusi soup, a savoury soup with meat and spinach, which is made in countless different ways across West Africa.

He's a recent convert to seafood. Tinie used to be apprehensive about shellfish and squid. Then he saw that his Maltese mate, who ate it all the time, was light on his feet and full of energy, whereas a steak would wipe Tinie out. Then he tried a seafood linguine, "and all my prayers were answered. It just felt right – it was light but it filled me up. I could still run around and do my thing."

Source 2

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Published on 30 September 2011

Mogadishu Mothers Get a Hand in Fight To Keep Kids Nourished

Fatia and Halima are fighting to protect their children from malnutrition.

Despite their age, the two young women are mothers of considerable experience. Halima is 24 years old and has seven children while Fatia, a year older, is a mother of six. Both are firm believers in the value of the specialized food packets they are receiving every month from the World Food Programme to keep their children healthy.

“I don’t want my babies to become weak and malnourished,” says Fatia. “It’s important to keep the little ones strong,” adds Halima, cradling her youngest, eight-month-old Hashim, on her knee.



The two women are sitting side by side on the doorstep of a health and nutrition clinic in an impoverished district of central Mogadishu. Almost every day, the clinic gives out monthly rations of Plumpy’Sup, a peanut butter-based ready-to-eat paste packed with vitamins, minerals and other nutrients specifically designed to treat children under five who may be suffering from being undernourished — speeding up the recovery of those affected as well as preventing the problem among those threatened.

“That’s why we come here,” says Fatia as she waits for her monthly ration. “I don’t have to cook it and the children like it.” Halima points to the coming rainy season, when danger increases from water-borne diseases and infections, especially cholera and diarrhoea. “The children need to be strong when the rains come,” she says.



Neither Fatia nor Halima is among those made homeless by the famine that is ravaging much of southern Somalia not far beyond the city’s boundaries. But, like most in the district, both are poor and vulnerable to the same dangers as those facing their fellow Somalis in flight from war and famine. To help counter the threat, the World Food Programme has been dispensing Plumpy’Sup rations to the mothers of tens of thousands of young children across Mogadishu.

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SOURCE 1: adapted from *Love Music Love Food: The Rock Star Cookbook*, Patrice de Villiers, Andrew Harrison & Sarah Muir, Quadrille Publishing Limited 2011.

SOURCE 2: adapted from the World Food Programme website www.wfp.org/stories/mogadishu-mothers-get-hand-fight-keep-kids-nourished, 30th September 2011.

SOURCE 3: adapted from *Eating for England* by Nigel Slater (Harper Perennial, 2008).

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Source 3**The Sweet Shop**

When I had been particularly good – or, as I suspect now, my father had been particularly bad – he would drive me to the sweet shop on Coleway Road. On the wall behind the counter were row upon row of sweetie jars, their lids so round and wide the assistant would barely get her hand around them. There were sweets of vermilion and rose, saffron and lemon, and twists of amber and green. Pear shapes, lozenges and elegant little comfits, wine gums with ‘port’ and ‘brandy’ embossed upon them, and black and white humbugs as shiny as a marble floor. Some shone emerald and deepest ruby like precious gems, others pale and delicate in old-lady shades of violet and lavender. Fairy drops and barley sugars, chocolate toffees and midget gems, fruit jellies, glacier fruits and sugared almonds, all imprisoned in glass jars so large it took two hands to upend their contents into the weighing scales.

Dazzled and confused, I would ask for the little chocolate buttons covered with gritty multi-coloured sugar dots called rainbow drops, or perhaps some Parkinson’s fruit thins, which were rather like glacier fruits but with sharper, more distinct flavours.

Nowhere have I encountered such a nationwide interest in sweets as in Britain. Nowhere have I encountered a newsagents where you have to lean over a counter full of chocolate bars to pay for your daily paper. Our soft spot for the sweet may well be due to the sense of calm that ensues as the sugar dissolves in our mouths. Let an old fashioned sweetie dissolve on your tongue and it is as good as turning the pages of a photograph album.

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**Open out this page to see
Source 2 and Source 3**