

Read the text below and answer Questions 1–3 on the question paper.

TEXT 1

Extract from 'Love Letters of the Great War', an anthology of letters written to and from soldiers during the First World War.

This edited letter was written by rifleman Bert Bailey to his wife Lucilla. Bert and Lucilla had married in June 1915, when he was last at home on leave. A few hours after writing this letter, Bert was killed.

Wednesday, 27 October 1915

My Darling Wife,

Another night has passed and another morning come and I am still in the trenches and in good health. Although all day and night on Monday it rained steadily yet Tuesday (yesterday) morning broke fair and fine and we had a nice day except that underneath everything was mud and slosh. We were employed all the morning and afternoon in putting down boards along the trenches and have greatly improved it for walking...

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Just a few words now about your last parcel. I don't often mention everything, but I do appreciate the rag you sent me, it is so very useful. The piece this week is lovely and I make a very shrewd guess that, when I am using it as a tablecloth, it was not always used for that purpose but once formed part of my lady's – 'Oh dear, oh dear, what am I saying' – nevertheless, it is grand to wrap my bread in and keep my food clean and nice. Cigarettes – don't send any more until I ask you to. Toffee, condensed milk, candles, rice and potted meat: the toffee, milk, rice and one candle have all gone. Potted meat for tea today, candle tonight if necessary. The Oxo cubes will be very nice to augment* my soup with, no doubt. Don't send me anymore Oxo or Bovril until I ask you to, Darling, will you? The little pat of butter is always welcome, and the bread I think is an improvement on buying expensive cakes. Of course a little home-made cake is nice, but I was never a lover of cake. Please discontinue sending tea, sugar and salt for a bit, Darling, as I have plenty. Don't think I am trying to economise and stint myself because it is not that, and it all helps us, dear, doesn't it?

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Now my little Darling, you must be patient with me won't you and don't get cross because I have been having a lot to say about the parcels. You are a pet to send them and you know you asked me to guide you as to what I most required, didn't you?

The pastry of your own make was absolutely A1, and a perfect success – and she's the little girl who said, 'Oh, I can only cook a plain dinner.' One great thing is off my mind and that is that I need never fear for my life in the future when you send me or make me pastry!

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The weather has remained fine all the afternoon and let's hope it will be fine tonight. A cold night's bad, but a wet cold night is worse. You must not worry about me, Darling, because I am just as able to look after myself as the other chaps. So, dearest little one, just keep cheerful and enjoy yourself all you can, and wrap up now the cold is here. If you require new clothes in the way of an overcoat or mac or gloves or anything for the winter, don't let yourself go short, will you? Just take it from the cash and note it in the book as I told you, so that we can see how the cash is made up for the sake of keeping proper accounts. I'm afraid I twaddle** a lot but never mind.

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I remain

ever your own devoted

Bert

*augment** – enhance

*twaddle*** – talk rubbish

Read the text below and answer Questions 4–7 on the question paper.

TEXT 2

Extract from 'A Girl Called Jack: 100 Delicious Budget Recipes' by Jack Monroe (2014).

Jack Monroe is a journalist, food writer and campaigner against hunger and poverty in the UK. This extract is taken from the introduction to her book, where she discusses her experience of living on a budget to feed herself and her son, who she refers to as 'Small Boy'.

I spent a year unemployed from 2011 to 2012, with a budget of around £10 per week for food for me and Small Boy. I moved from shopping online and having swanky organic fruit and vegetables delivered in a recyclable cardboard box, to living out of the orange and white livery* of the Basics range at my local supermarket. The ardent foodie in me was utterly miserable. Cheap, processed ready meals and a lack of fruit and vegetables led to poor sleep patterns and a constantly hungry child, and for the first time in my life my skin broke out in big angry spots. Something bad was going in, and nothing good was coming out of it.

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Things had to change. I no longer had the well-stocked kitchen of my former home, nor the 'luxury executive apartment'; I had a kitchen I couldn't so much as lie down in, with an oven, a hob and two saucepans, but I decided to dust off my apron and cook meals from scratch, as cheaply as I possibly could. I cut down on meat and dairy products, out of necessity, and fell in love with home-cooked food again.

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The results were, and continue to be, surprising. I found that my £10 weekly budget extended to home-baked breads for breakfast, thick wholesome protein-packed soups, warming winter casseroles and curries and stews, home-made burgers and piles of fruit and vegetables. Small Boy and I are healthier, happier and still a bit soft around the edges, with three meals a day and a supply of bread and snacks as and when we want them. Cooking for one and a half people used to feel pointless and laborious; now it's quick and delightful, with minimal preparation and washing-up. All my recipes can be made easily for one hungry person, or one person and a child, or in multiples, and frozen for home-made ready meals.

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Being a parent means I don't have hours to spend in the kitchen, so most of my recipes are speedy and simple. There's no tarding about, no fancy expensive ingredients, but still, when I call my friends and invite them over for dinner, I manage to fill a table and they manage to clear their plates with compliments and smiles and disbelief that I do it so cheaply.

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I started to document my recipes on my online blog, www.agirlcalledjack.com, and soon different people were asking me every day if I would put them all into a cookbook. People emailed me to tell me how much money they were saving on their weekly shop.

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I don't claim to be the world's greatest cook, but I can sweat an onion and sauté a mushroom with the best of them; and in an age of glossy food on our televisions watched while stabbing ready meals with a fork, there seems to be a disheartening disconnect between fantastic, nutritious food and the myth that one needs a fancy kitchen and seventy 'store cupboard essentials' to cook them with. It's simply not true. Cooking can be easy.

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*livery** – the brand colours of a supermarket