Grandma's Sunday Kitchen (B1 · English B1)

Tekst / Transcript

Every Sunday my grandmother cooked for eight people, and I was her only helper. The kitchen was warm, the radio was on, and she never used a written recipe. She said that cooking is not a science but a sort of conversation with the food. I was eleven years old, and I believed every word she told me.

My job was easy at first. I had to slice the onions very thin, and I had to do it slowly. "If you are too fast, you will cut your finger," she said, so I stayed slow and careful. Then she gave me a small slice of bread and told me to taste the sauce with it. The sauce was slightly hot for me, because she loved chilli, but I did not want to complain. I only drank a lot of water. She laughed and added a little cream to make the dish less spicy for the children.

One rainy Sunday we could not go to the market, so we stayed indoors all morning. We were missing one important ingredient: fresh coriander. My grandmother opened the fridge, looked at me and simply said, "Then we will use parsley." The meal tasted a bit different, but nobody at the table noticed. My uncle even asked for the recipe, and he had spoken about her cooking for years to his friends at work. That afternoon I understood that a good cook is never in a panic.

My grandmother had a strong influence on my whole family. My mother learned to cook from her, and now I teach my own children in the same kitchen. Sometimes they run past the table to shoot a ball into the garden, and I call them back to wash the vegetables. They complain, of course. But they also stand next to me and taste the sauce with a piece of bread, exactly like I did thirty years ago.

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