

# *Desi Delicacies*

# *Desi Delicacies*

*Food Writing from  
Muslim South Asia*

Also edited by Claire Chambers

*Rivers of Ink:  
Selected Essays*

*A Match Made in Heaven:  
British Muslim Women Write about Love and Desire*

EDITED BY  
CLAIRE CHAMBERS



Published by Liberty Publishing  
C-16, Sector 31-A Mehran Town Extension,  
Korangi Industrial Area, Karachi – Pakistan



This edition published in Pakistan 2022

Copyrights © Claire Chambers 2022

All rights reserved

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

This is a work of non-fiction. Although this publication is designed to provide accurate information in regard to the subject matter covered, the publisher assumes no responsibility for errors, inaccuracies, omissions, or any other inconsistencies herein. This publication is meant as a source of valuable information for the reader, however it is not meant as a replacement for direct expert assistance.

ISBN 978-969-8729-813

Printed and bound in Pakistan

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

## Copyright Acknowledgements

'The Homesick Restaurant' © Nadeem Aslam  
'Qissa Qorma aur Qaliyya Ka (All about Qormas and Qaliyas)' © Rana Safvi  
'Paye, Pressure and Patience: Life in Pakistani Cooking' © Sauleha Kamal  
'Alhamdulillah: With Gratitude and Relish' © Kaiser Haq  
'The Rise of Pakistan's "Burger" Generation' © Sanam Maher  
'Jootha' © Tabish Khair  
'Chewing on Secrets' © Annie Zaidi  
'Stone Soup' © Sarvat Hasin  
'High on Chai and Samosa' © Sadaf Hussain  
'Aftertaste' © Tarana Husain Khan  
'A Brief History of the Carrot' © Rosie Dastgir  
'The Hairy Curry' © Asiya Zahoor  
'The Origin of Sweetness' © Uzma Aslam Khan  
'The Night of Forgiveness' © Farah Yameen  
'What's Cooking?' © Aamer Hussein with Sabeeha Ahmed Husain  
'But There Are Angels' © Farahad Zama  
'Jackfruit with Tamarind' © Mahruba T. Mowtushi and Mafruha Mohua  
'Hungry Eyes' © Sophia Khan

'The Homesick Restaurant' was first published in the *New York Times*.

The aphorism and the poem in 'Alhamdulillah: With Gratitude and Relish' are both from Kaiser Haq, *Published in the Streets of Dhaka: Collected Poems* (Dhaka: Dhaka University Press, 2015).

'The Rise of Pakistan's "Burger" Generation' was first published in *Al Jazeera* online.

Versions of 'What's Cooking?' have appeared in collections brought out by ILQA Publications in Pakistan and HarperCollins India.

For Derry: chef's kiss



*Desi Delicacies* and the broader research project 'Forgotten Food' are supported by the Arts and Humanities Research Council (AHRC) in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

Some men drink the blood of other men,  
All I drink is wine.

–The Sabri Brothers' Qawwali 'Saqia aur Pila'  
Translated from Urdu by Mohsin Hamid in *Moth Smoke*

Good morning, Bangladesh, good morning.  
How are you?  
Bangladesh, sometimes you're busy husking rice  
in a cheap striped sari . . .  
At times you carry a pitcher on your hip  
to fetch water, fall to chatting  
at the ghat . . .  
At siesta time in hot summer  
offer paan and areca nut to a guest,  
cook a delicious fish curry . . .

–'Good Morning, Bangladesh' by Shamsur Rahman  
Translated from Bengali by Kaiser Haq

O ye who believe! Eat of the good things  
wherewith we have provided you, and  
render thanks to God.

– Quran, 2:172

## Measurements

### Volume

Metric (ml)	Imperial (fl oz)	US cups
250	8	1
180	6	$\frac{3}{4}$
150	5	$\frac{2}{3}$
120	4	$\frac{1}{2}$
75	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{3}$
60	2	$\frac{1}{4}$
30	1	$\frac{1}{8}$
15	$\frac{1}{2}$	1 tbsp

### Weight

Imperial (oz)	Metric (g)
$\frac{1}{2}$	15
1	30
2	60
3	90
4	110
5	140
6	170
7	200
8	225
9	255
10	280
11	310
12	340
13	370
14	400
15	425
1 lb	450

## CONTENTS

Foreword: Appetizer <i>Bina Shah</i>	xv
Introduction: Food in the Time of Corona <i>Claire Chambers</i>	xix

### PART ONE: ESSAYS

The Homesick Restaurant <i>Nadeem Aslam</i>	3
RECIPE: SPINACH AND FENUGREEK	5
Qissa Qorma aur Qaliya Ka (All about Qormas and Qaliyas) <i>Rana Safvi</i>	7
RECIPE: TEHSILDARI QORMA	19
Paye, Pressure and Patience: Life in Pakistani Cooking <i>Sauleha Kamal</i>	20
RECIPE: BAINGAN KA BHARTA	30
Alhamdulillah: With Gratitude and Relish <i>Kaiser Haq</i>	32
RECIPE: KATCHI BIRYANI	45

The Rise of Pakistan's 'Burger' Generation	50	The Origin of Sweetness	147
<i>Sanam Maher</i>		<i>Uzma Aslam Khan</i>	
RECIPE: VEGETARIAN BUN KEBAB	62	RECIPE: ZULEKHA'S BARFI	157
Jootha	63	The Night of Forgiveness	159
<i>Tabish Khair</i>		<i>Farah Yameen</i>	
RECIPE: QUICK SEAFOOD BROTH	73	RECIPE: KHICHRI	173
Chewing on Secrets	75	What's Cooking?	176
<i>Annie Zaidi</i>		<i>Aamer Hussein with Sabeeha Ahmed Husain</i>	
RECIPE: MALEEDA	79	RECIPE: SWEET RICE (ZARDA) WITH ORANGE PEEL	183
Stone Soup	80	But There Are Angels	185
<i>Sarvat Hasin</i>		<i>Farahad Zama</i>	
RECIPE: KALI DAL	90	RECIPE: AAVAKAI APPLE PICKLE	204
High on Chai and Samosa	92	Jackfruit with Tamarind	205
<i>Sadaf Hussain</i>		<i>Mahruba T. Mowtushi and Mafruha Mohua</i>	
RECIPE: WARQI SAMOSA	100	RECIPE: ILISH PULAO	219
PART TWO: STORIES			
Aftertaste	105	Hungry Eyes	222
<i>Tarana Husain Khan</i>		<i>Sophia Khan</i>	
RECIPE: RAMPURI TAAR CURRY	120	RECIPE: EGG, AUBERGINE AND TOMATO CURRY	232
A Brief History of the Carrot	122	Afterword: Dessert	234
<i>Rosie Dastgir</i>		<i>Siobhan Lambert-Hurley</i>	
RECIPE: BLACK CARROT KANJI	131	<i>Biographical Notes</i>	239
The Hairy Curry	133	<i>Acknowledgements</i>	247
<i>Asiya Zahoor</i>			
RECIPE: YAKHNI OR YOGHURT CURRY	144		

## Foreword: Appetizer

*Bina Shah*

Food and cooking have so often been compared to alchemy that I hesitate to use this overworked metaphor to describe the culinary arts of Muslim South Asia. Yet I cannot help but think of the early Muslim scientists in the classical age of Islam, who looked at the efforts of Chinese, Egyptian, Greek and Christian alchemists to prolong life and turn metal into gold. The alchemists believed that the four elements – earth, air, water, fire – needed a fifth element, quintessence or aether (variously interpreted as the air the gods breathed, a vacuum, nothingness), to make this transmutation possible, to turn base materials into noble ones.

These medieval Muslim scientists began their explorations into the same endeavours, but somewhere along the way they turned away from the more occult and superstitious aspects of alchemy. Notable among them were Al-Kindi, who distinguished alchemy from chemistry, and Ibn Khaldun who, a century later, wrote against disguising silver with a thin layer of gold. These thinkers distilled their experimentation into what became the basis of modern chemistry, which has a magic all its own for its proponents and for humanity, which benefits so greatly from scientific discovery.

The preparation, cooking and serving of food in Muslim South Asia, with its attendant science, rituals, folklore, superstition and occult arts, parallels the dance between alchemy and chemistry of the Islamic Golden Age. But in a Muslim South Asian kitchen,



there is no need to separate the two. Cooks and chefs, bawarchis and khansamas of all ages and genders perform their work of taking a myriad of elements and turning them into gold, or concoctions that prolong life. Along the way, they imbue the food they prepare with a fifth element. And in Muslim South Asia, this is not quintessence, but the Divine. Practising Muslims firmly believe that it is this element which raises their food from the stuff of mere subsistence to a treasure that has come their way because of God's mercy and beneficence, and which bestows blessings upon anyone who consumes it.

Many cooks will invoke Allah, start their preparations with a 'bismillah', pray and blow duas – prayers or invocations – into the food as they prepare it. How many chefs in the Mughal region must have bowed in supplication to God that their culinary creations would please their kings and emperors? How many women in Muslim households create food for the Ramadan meals of sehri and iftar in the hope that their toil will bring them sawab or reward for enabling their households to keep their fasts? How many people make food and distribute it among the poor in times of need, believing that in preparing a dish of sujji on Shab-e-Barat or a deg of biryani at a funeral, they are building a house for themselves in the afterlife (presumably without a kitchen in which to toil)? This is strong magic.

Or, if Allah is not foremost in the mind when preparing food, then it is love which is the quintessence, the fifth element which transforms food into feast, drudgery into service, toil into pleasure. Muslim South Asian cookbooks abound with tale after tale of a young child growing up watching a beloved grandmother preparing elaborate meals, sitting at the family dastarkhwan amid dozens of relatives and friends, participating in an Eid feast or perhaps wooing a possible lover with the dishes that one grew up eating in one's ancestral home. The recreation of these meals, the offering of household menus or secret recipes is the desire to feel again that love, remember it, spread it, bask in it, no matter how badly the onions and garlic and spices make the clothes smell or the curtains reek.

Muslim South Asian cooking performs many magical deeds which we might assign to the Sufi saints. It facilitates time travel: one bite of the siri paye takes you back to a wintry morning in a village in Punjab when you were a child. It brings back the dead: opening a cookbook that your long-deceased nani compiled returns the sound of her voice instructing you how to cut the vegetables just so, and the sight of her hair braided or tied up in a bun. One glass of lassi, and you may find yourself as deeply asleep as one of the Companions of the Cave in Surah Kahf.

The Hadith showcase miracles through food, as in the story of the wedding of the Prophet Muhammad (peace be upon him) to Zaynab bint Jahsh, when a small number of dates suddenly multiplied into a feast for three hundred. Or the seventy men whose bellies were filled by a single loaf of rye or a small amount of bread, along with a goat that fed a thousand people. Each of these stories may be taken not just literally but also metaphorically, to show that abundance can come from faith rather than greed and waste.

This is a lesson that is constantly repeated in Muslim South Asian kitchens even today, where the discrepancy between the rich and the poor is most readily apparent in the amount of food each family has to eat, where people are admonished not to prepare giant wedding feasts and let the food go to waste, and where low-income families must feed many mouths with very little. The majority of people in South Asia go hungry every day. The highest proportion of charity in Pakistan where I live goes to the distribution of food and rations among the needy. It is that fifth element, in this case generosity (another attribute of the Divine), which turns the preparation of food in Muslim South Asia into a life-saving act that sends ripples beyond the walls of one's immediate household.

In many households, the kitchen is seen as the heart of the home. Muslim South Asian kitchens are the engines of an entire culture. The alchemy that takes place within them affects nations and economies, politics and history.

This is strong magic indeed.

## Introduction: Food in the Time of Corona

*Claire Chambers*

The last book I edited, *A Match Made in Heaven*, was about love and desire. For the present volume I have turned my attention to another kind of love – the love of food, and of its preparation. It is love in a more complex sense than mere carnality, a relationship that is as layered as a paratha. Through this love we nourish our bodies and feed others. Indeed, food is intimately connected with hospitality, a trait rightly associated with South Asia. Communal eating is a superb way of breaking down barriers and bringing different people together, especially in contexts where caste and religious scruples usually prevent such exchange. Akbar Ahmed evocatively writes, ‘Islam is sharing your food.’ Moreover, as Bina Shah suggests in the Foreword, memories of love and fellowship season our food, infusing particular meals with much more than the sum of their ingredients.

I was musing on these ideas as I began commissioning and editing this anthology of Muslim South Asian food writing. But before I could finish my work, the coronavirus pandemic really took hold and went global. This initially paralysed me with fear so that I was unable for some time to do any further reading or writing. I know that I wasn’t alone in experiencing writer’s block at the beginning of the lockdown. In an illuminating and curiously uplifting article, Aisha S. Ahmad, a political scientist who is no stranger to dangerous situations, puts the current

health crisis in the context of other emergencies. Since reading her work, my paralysis no longer worries me. As Ahmad writes, 'the legacy of this pandemic will live with us for years, perhaps decades to come. It will change the way we move, build, learn, and connect ... Your first few days and weeks in a crisis are [when] I would focus on food, family, friends, and maybe fitness.' This is sound advice. And there is no reason to feel guilty if it's impossible to concentrate on reading, writing and other creative or intellectual tasks at this time.

In that confusing early period of the crisis, people in the UK seemed fixated on buying things to see them through the lockdown. As a result, shops were selling out of all sorts of products such as medical supplies, hand sanitizer and toilet roll, and also of foodstuffs with a long shelf life, including pasta, tinned tomatoes, flour and rice. I refused to panic-buy, but after our younger son got ill with suspected Covid-19 and we had to self-isolate, I almost came to regret not getting involved in the consumerism frenzy. One colleague felt so concerned about my family's chances of catching scurvy that he was eager to drive a fifty-mile round trip just to deliver some brassicas for us from his allotment. This generous offer came despite the fact that he was in his early seventies and therefore belonged to a high-risk group!

Happily, our son recovered and I soon managed to find a vegetable-box company willing to deliver to a new customer, thus sparing my septuagenarian friend the trouble. But his kindness alerted me to the good deeds and community spirit that the crisis has engendered, alongside unedifying examples of selfishness and stockpiling. As David Miliband put it recently on the World Economic Forum podcast *World Versus Virus*, 'Survival now is a team sport, and life is a team sport.'

A group who have particularly distinguished themselves all over the UK in these testing times are British Muslims, a majority of them with familial links to South Asia. *Al Jazeera* reports that the Green Lane Mosque in Birmingham immediately started

a food-delivery service for vulnerable individuals. Meanwhile the British-based charity Muslim Hands launched a campaign to get meals to those in need. This comes as no surprise, for food is a spine running through one of Islam's five pillars, that of zakat or charity. Feeding the sick or poor is a crucial aspect of such good works. During Ramadan, when the devout deprive themselves of sustenance from dawn to dusk for a month (no mean feat during the long summers of northern countries like England), zakat becomes even more central to faith, and many Muslims donate even more of their money and time to the needy. Lockdown meant that many believers worldwide were deprived of breaking their fasts communally. The mosque is usually a popular space to take iftar, the evening meal to break the fast. This year, Muslims had to think creatively and use technology to convey the accustomed sense of togetherness.

In Britain, as I write this, the state of play regarding Covid-19 is changing weekly. Until the end of May 2020, each Thursday evening at 8 p.m. we celebrated those on the metaphorical battlefield of the National Health Service by joining in with a round of robust applause. My husband is a family doctor who put in shifts at the red zone for coronavirus patients, so I had mixed feelings about this sweet but empty gesture. We quickly became aware that we should also be applauding those who were fulfilling other essential services – including that of providing food. Greater plaudits ought to have gone to the unsung heroes of the supply chain, from truck drivers to shelf-fillers and cashiers, and also the refuse workers who were taking away our food and other waste, all of them taking great personal risks.

Having been summarily shut by government decree, many cafés and restaurants are going out of business, although some have survived by serving takeaway orders. My family and I live close to Harehills, an area known affectionately as 'little Pakistan' in the city of Leeds. The desi cuisine here is already well established. Furthermore, the district has been experiencing a foodie efflorescence in recent years, with a number of excellent

and affordable eateries serving dishes from Afghanistan and South Korea to Ethiopia and Syria. Over the same period, the array of South Asian outlets became more diverse, with a high-end gelato joint, two chai bars and a halwa puri outlet rubbing shoulders with the usual fried chicken shops and mainstream tikka masala places. The last time I went to one such establishment, Chai Walay, just before the lockdown, the British-Pakistani owner was visibly jittery about his young business's future and how he would pay his employees. I really hope when all this is over, his fine café is still standing.

Restaurants with greater capital to draw on reinvented themselves to feed the poor, the vulnerable and key workers. Finding themselves suddenly stripped of their orders, wholesale suppliers like Bradford's Delifresh opened themselves up for emergency online shopping by the general public.

The panic-buying and stockpiling has calmed down now. It's still difficult to get quite a few culinary items, though, and I miss being able to pop into the shops for random ingredients. Yet I'm well aware that to have this niggling concern is a luxury when many people around the world do not have enough to eat, a problem exacerbated by this crisis. That is why any royalty payments from this book will go to charities working to combat food insecurity in South Asia.

Women's rights groups around the world are reporting that lockdown has led to a spike in domestic violence. More positively, the editor of *HuffPost Japan* was quoted as saying that the stay-at-home order in East Asia contributed to a more equal gender distribution of household chores and cooking along the lines of gender. It will be interesting to see whether this trend continues once workplaces reopen fully and everyone is busy again. Certainly, even the most ardent cooks have found themselves ground down by the relentless pressure to put food on the table thrice daily for children who would usually spend a lot more time away from home.

Food is not only for nutrition but also comfort. With more leisure time yawning in front of us, many people turned to

baking to occupy their days, quieten their nerves and fill their bellies. Writing for *Good Food*, Emily Laurence covered the transnational craze for banana bread during this pandemic. She accounts for this loaf's popularity because of its wholesomeness, its long tradition stretching back to the Great Depression, and its purse-friendly cost, in addition to some nostalgic and mood-boosting properties.

People simultaneously turned to books, e-books and audiobooks to get them through quarantine. In fact, according to *WIRED*, sales have risen in most genres except, unsurprisingly, the travel book market. The eighteen essays and short stories collected here allow for travel of another kind – of the mind – as the contributors, established and emerging authors from India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Kashmir, the UK, Denmark and the US, explore the issue of food in Muslim South Asia and the diaspora.

There is a thirst – or perhaps in this context 'hunger' – for writing from Muslim South Asia; and the topic of food has a universal appeal. What could be more important than food? And what is food about if not the ever-present topics of power relations, sensuality and love? In their honeyed words, the authors reflect on ideas of good living, culinary traditions, family, domesticity and sexuality, as well as food scarcity. There is much focus among the writers on the sensation of taste – whether taste as a sumptuous pleasure or its corollary of disgust.

The subject of food and the pleasures of eating was, in part, chosen because it differs from the issue-based or problem-centred topics Muslims are often expected to write about. The pieces collected here are at once specific and ordinary. In their specificity, they reflect the range of circumstances experienced by Muslims in particular South Asian (diasporic) communities, and the ways in which these circumstances are negotiated. In their ordinariness, the narratives contradict some received ideas about the otherness of Muslims: stereotypes about halal meat, abstemiousness and carnivorous tastes, at a time of deep socio-cultural divisions, food shortages and beef lynchings. Stylish but

far from shallow, these pieces reflect on sociability, prejudice, sensuality, hunger, bereavement and many other subjects. Characters try to move in the direction of happiness, and the authors depict the truth about their own and others' lives, meals and human connections.

'Forgotten Food', the broader project out of which this book comes from, offers a platform from which the voices of South Asian Muslim writers and foodies can be heard. I myself am from a non-Muslim, white Irish background. My interest in the literature of the Indian subcontinent and the Muslim world was originally ignited by the year I spent prior to university teaching in Peshawar, Pakistan. My interest continues to be informed by return visits to the region, and by working with diasporic communities. As a middle-class white academic occupying a position of power, my editorial interventions may inadvertently change the conversation, and I have had to be careful not to privilege some voices over others. Remaining mindful of Gayatri Spivak's warning not to speak for the other, I want to keep this introduction short to give as much space as possible for the chapters to exude all their rich aromas. I admit, though, that my vegetarianism has contributed to there being more meat-free recipes in this volume than might be expected. The authors too were conscious of financial hardship and environmental degradation as they offered up delicious vegetarian or pescatarian meal ideas.

As the pandemic eases, we are slowly moving into what Aisha S. Khan has called the 'new normal phase'. Literary critic Muneeza Shamsie wrote in an email to me about this crisis: 'So strange, one's known world and all the certainties of what one should or should not do, all gone for a six.' She's right; the things we take for granted have shifted tectonically almost overnight.

Yet, if music (and writing and other kinds of art) be the food of love, play on – especially in the time of corona. Hold your loved ones close, eat hearty meals, listen to your favourite album on repeat, and, as soon as you can concentrate, read on!



*part one*

## Essays

## The Homesick Restaurant

*Nadeem Aslam*

In March this year, I telephoned a friend in Pakistan and asked him to pick a bowl's worth of flower buds from the kachnar tree in his garden. They appear only at that time of year. He was to put them in the freezer until I visited from England some time at the end of April or the beginning of May. Each beautiful leaf of the kachnar tree resembles a child's drawing of an apple, and the large blossoms are a deep pink striped with white, though they can be completely white also. The buds are seldom given the chance to open, however, as they are harvested to be cooked soon after they form. The kachnar flower buds are a great delicacy in Pakistan, a delicacy unavailable in England, and it is one of the things I miss most about my homeland.

My brother and sister were visiting me at the time, and an hour or so after my phone call to Pakistan, we went out for a meal. The restaurant we chose, more or less at random, was staffed by Pakistanis – one of the countless such places in the London area that are referred to by the white clientele as Indian. I hadn't been living in this particular neighbourhood for long, but I felt sure that most of the waiters had only just arrived in England from small towns and villages in Pakistan. They often come after having arranged marriages to British-born Pakistani girls. They have little or no English and little choice except working in restaurants or driving taxis. A lot of such men do manual labour at a nearby factory that the British-born Pakistani teenagers call 'the factory of the newlyweds'.

We ordered. As always, my brother, my sister and I searched the food that evening for our mother, for our aunts, and for our grandmothers. Each Pakistani woman spices her curries in her own way; each pan has a different aroma, the way each human body smells slightly different. The thickness, texture and the width of each woman's chapati is also unique to her, depending on the size of her hands, the shape of her fingers, and the strength with which she kneads the dough. And that evening all three of us were overcome with emotion very soon after we began the meal: the food – the flavour of the mutton, of the samosas – was the best we had tasted since our visits to our eldest aunt's home in Lahore. That was twenty years ago, and the aunt had been dead for ten years.

We reminisced as we ate, each new mouthful sending us deeper into our memories. We talked about how our aunt used to dye her hair a bright orange with henna, something that made us smile when we came to live in England as teenagers, where only punks dyed their hair that colour. She was the best cook in the family, but she could be bad-tempered at times. Her husband, our uncle, was gentle and kind but impractical and a dreamer, like all his brothers, including our own father. The uncle had, for example, taken his children out of what was arguably the best school in the city and enrolled them in one that had very poor standards – but it was owned by a friend of his and was threatened with closure because there were not enough pupils on the register.

'This is too incredible,' I said, pushing the small steel wok of spinach and fenugreek across the table towards my sister. 'How did the cook learn to do all this?'

My brother raised his hand for the waiter, and when he arrived, my brother asked: 'Who is your cook, please? Would it be possible for us to talk to him?'

'It's not a man,' he replied. 'It's a woman.'

We three looked at one another. The kitchen workers in these restaurants are almost invariably male.

My sister put down her fork and rose from her chair without a word. She went into the kitchen with the waiter, and then my brother and I heard her give a small shout. We rushed to the kitchen and found her in the arms of our cousin – the eldest daughter of our dead aunt.

We learned that she and two of her brothers were living illegally in England – having arrived in the country hidden in a shipment of Christmas trees via France back in December. They hadn't contacted us or our parents because they were too ashamed of their circumstances, preferring to wait until they had managed to get a foothold in England. They were also concerned that we might get into trouble for harbouring illegal immigrants.

We left after a while but went back for her at 2:30 a.m., when the restaurant closed. She took us to her place, and we stayed up talking until her two brothers, our cousins, who were out driving taxis, came back at around 4 a.m., and then there was more talk.

It was almost dawn when we took our leave. At one point our beautiful cousin smiled sadly and said: 'Come back this evening. Someone brought me a bagful of kachnar flower buds from Pakistan yesterday. I'll cook them for us.'



### SPINACH AND FENUGREEK (PALAK AUR METHI)

1 tbsp butter  
200g fresh fenugreek (methi) leaves  
200g spinach leaves