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# THE LOTUS AND THE ARTICHOKE

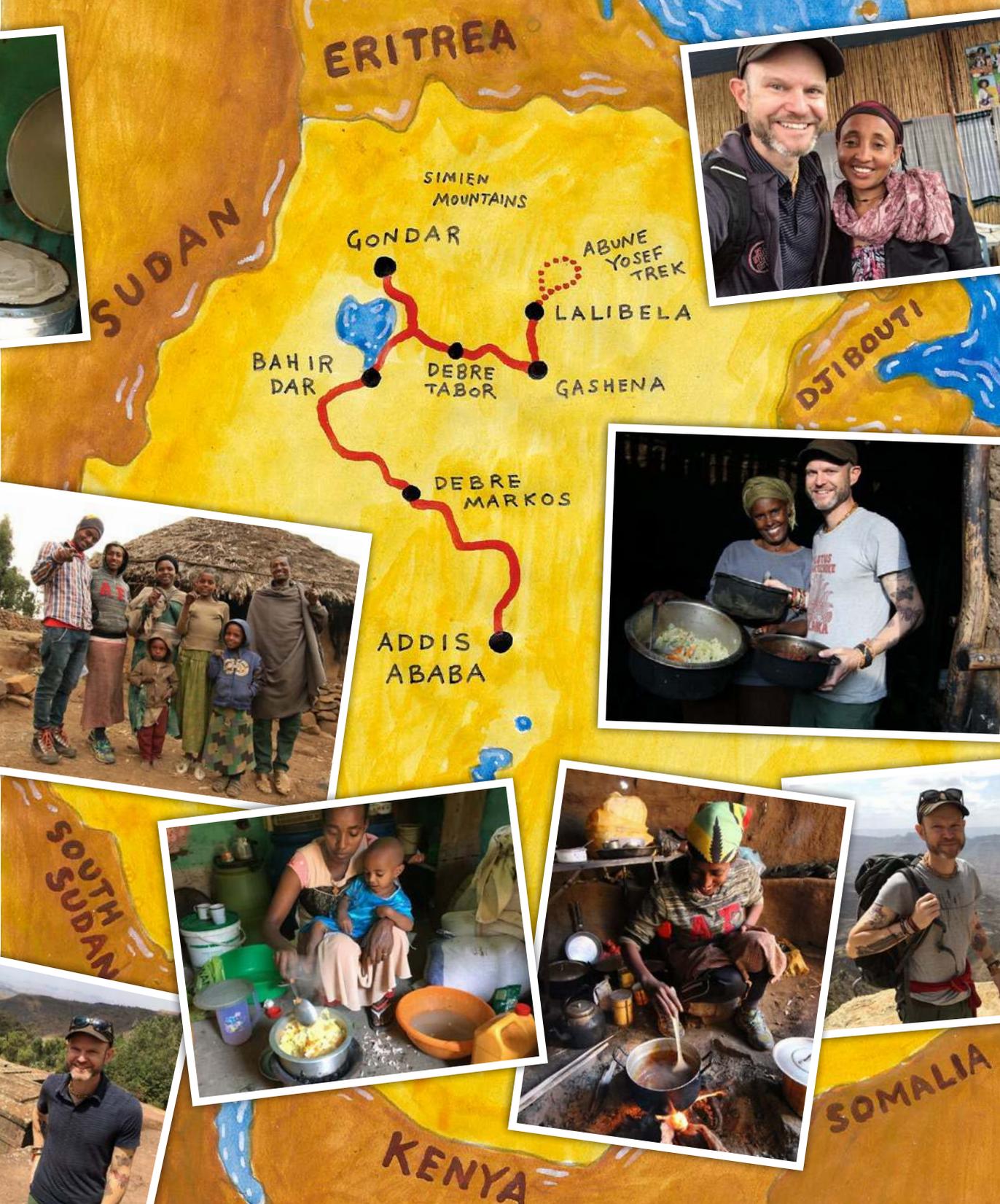


# ETHIOPIA

Justin P. Moore

A  **CULINARY ADVENTURE**   
WITH OVER 70 VEGAN RECIPES 





ERITREA

SUDAN

SIMIEN MOUNTAINS

GONDAR

ABUNE YOSEF TREK

LALIBELA

BAHIR DAR

DEBRE TABOR

GASHENA

DJIBOUTI

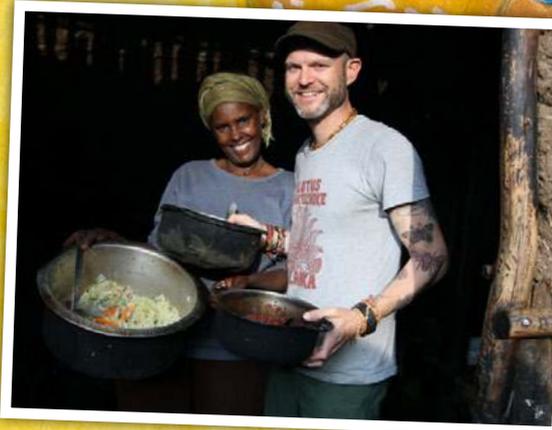
DEBRE MARKOS

ADDIS ABABA

SOUTH SUDAN

KENYA

SOMALIA



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# About this Cookbook

I went on my first backpacking adventure to East Africa in 2000. A few days before departing on a wildlife safari, I had dinner at an Ethiopian restaurant in Arusha, Tanzania. The culinary experience was extraordinary – that unforgettable meal surpassed everything I had previously experienced, even in the best, most popular Ethiopian restaurants of Philadelphia, Washington, Boston, and New York.

On that trip of just a few weeks to Kenya and Tanzania, as much as I wanted to, there simply wasn't enough time to cross the border and explore neighboring Ethiopia. I promised myself to come back. Since then, I returned to Africa five times, toured most of Europe, and traveled to Asia fifteen times.

But eighteen years passed before I finally realized my dream of visiting Ethiopia. The country and the culture I met were vastly different than my ideas and expectations, originally shaped by images and concepts from international news, a family subscription to National Geographic, and the limited perspectives of world history classes growing up in the 1980s and early 1990s.

I was introduced to world travel from a young age. My family lived in the Marshall Islands for six years, and we explored Micronesia and Polynesia together, in addition to yearly cross-country road trips in North America. Over the years, my fascination for travel and world cultures steadily grew.

When I was fifteen, I decided to embrace a vegetarian way of life – for ethical, environmental, and health reasons. Over the next two years, I transitioned to vegan when the term was mostly unknown. I cooked for family and friends and increasingly explored international cuisines, enchanted by new worlds of flavor, foods, and cooking methods. I dreamed of visiting these places, meeting the people, immersing myself in the cultures, learning new languages, and sharing delicious food together.

After high school, I got a degree in Fine Arts, focusing on painting and printmaking, and kept involved with my interests in photography and design. I found work as an artist and graphic designer, but continued to travel abroad every year. Hungry for more, I eventually left Boston behind, backpacked around India and Nepal for four months, then moved to Berlin with a one-way ticket in 2001.

**The Lotus and the Artichoke** combines my lifelong passions: travel, vegan cooking, art, photography, and design. After the success of my first cookbook in 2012, **Vegan Recipes from World Adventures**, I traveled extensively to research, illustrate, and create country-specific books inspired by my journeys and dedicated to the fantastic cuisines of Mexico, Sri Lanka, Malaysia, and India.

Ethiopian cuisine has always been one of my all-time favorites. I'd long known the restaurants were a paradise of delicious, plant-based options. Through enthusiastic contact with other travelers and international diaspora, including family friends in Berlin, I deepened my understanding of the history and religious traditions which influenced the culinary evolution of East Africa.

After researching and cooking with locals in cities, towns, and villages of Ethiopia, I traveled to London and met with more restaurants and consulted with countless cooks and families who shared their knowledge of Ethiopian cooking with me. With this book, I wish to share my experiences, insights, respect, and appreciation for an intensely unique and remarkable cuisine and culture.

**Justin P. Moore**  
November 2018  
Berlin, Germany



# Adventures in ETHIOPIA

## **Addis Ababa 03/2018**

After several hours of sleep, I got up and stepped onto the balcony of my basic fourth-floor room at the Wudasia Castle Hotel. I gripped the railing and felt everything was just right: The rusty, orange and silver corrugated metal roofs, scattered satellite dishes, random construction scaffolding, small trees in the courtyards, and outstretched laundry lines. A man walking the back street below looked up and saw me taking in the view. He waved, and I waved back.

Downstairs, I ordered breakfast: a coffee, papaya juice, toast with jam, and a huge plate of Injera Firfir. Everything was dark and calm when I'd arrived in the early morning hours and rode from the airport. I watched the day slowly come alive on the boulevard. Taxis collected and dispersed. People made their leisurely way to work, chatted on the corners, consulted their phones. In the midst of this massive, modern metropolis, the vibe was relaxed and real.

I got some local intel from reception and hit the streets. I walked with a vague sense of destination. Eventually, I'd cross town, possibly pick up a phrasebook at a bookstore, visit the tomb of Haile Selassie, find my next meal. There was plenty of time to explore and decide. Or just to drift and observe.

A white minibus pulled up at the curb. The door slid open; passengers were pouring out before the vehicle could stop. I pressed my way in and sat in the back, immediately joined by more bodies. We extended our fares to the money man, who added them to his impressive bouquet of bills, then stuck his head back out the sliding door to shout our destination to would be passengers. We cruised the wide city streets, weaving around buses, taxis, trucks, pedestrians, and vendors. When I felt we were close to where I thought we were going, I signaled. We slowed, and I leapt out. My place was taken in an instant.

The all-vegan buffet at Hotel Taitu consisted of at least thirty different items: a dozen salads and raw dishes, sambosa, stuffed peppers and other sides, six kinds of injera and bread, multiple bean and lentil stews, fried fritters in spicy sauces, leafy greens, bright red beets, all sorts of other vibrant, colorful vegetables, and even East African interpretations of pizza and pasta. It was fantastic and fun. I filled and devoured three plates – for about three dollars – and drank a coffee on the veranda.

I walked for three hours and took in the bustling capital. Eventually, I found several long-distance bus offices buried in a labyrinth of cubicles on an upper floor of a cluttered high-rise near the stadium. I was introduced to the brilliant concept of Ethiopian time: 6 a.m. is actually midday, because the clock starts at sunrise, not midnight! Tickets get tricky because it's crucial to know if schedules are based on "international time" – or not. I purchased a seat on the 11:15 p.m. thirteen hour music video express coach to Gondar, which departed fairly punctually the next morning at 5:17 a.m., according to my western world watch.

## **Gondar 03/2018**

I had just eaten a spectacular dinner at the legendary Four Sisters restaurant and was walking back to my guesthouse near the castle. With no street lamps and the shops closed, the streets were dark.

"Do you remember me?" spoke a voice suddenly, and a slim figure stepped out of the shadows of the street's edge. He was standing next to me now, and I struggled to see his face.

"Sorry, I don't know you." I said. I've learned to be firm yet polite in travel situations where I felt a sudden shift in safety. Aggression usually invites anger or offence, and besides, I was in a remarkably positive mood. It had been a long day of exploring. I was looking forward to returning, looking into travel arrangements to Lalibela, and writing a few pages in my journal before bed.



“It’s me, from the hotel,” he said. “I’ll walk with you. How will you go to Lalibela?”

The mention of my accommodations and onward travel plans reassured me. I told him I was hoping to take the bus in the morning. “My friend is a driver. He’s taking two French tourists. You can go, too. The bus is a very long ride. Not direct.” I agreed, and we turned down a small side street to meet his friend at his home. Girma introduced himself with gentle handshake and made a kind, comfortable impression. We arranged for him to pick me up at the hotel at 5 am for the all-day drive to Lalibela. He quoted a fair price, and I gave him half as a deposit and walked back to the guesthouse.

I returned through the metal gate and saw the manager at the front desk. I explained to him I would be leaving early in the morning for Lalibela and said I regretted I could not enjoy coffee and pancake breakfast on the roof terrace again. I told him one of his hotel guys had introduced me to a driver. He sat up abruptly. “Not possible. My boys here only help with bus tickets, never drivers. No one will come in the morning for you. Or maybe he’ll drive you to the bus station and tell a story about a broken car.”

I doubted that I could have fallen for a scam – in my travels to over 50 countries, I’ve heard most varieties of every con game. Next to discussing underrated destinations and digestive troubles, backpackers always swap tourist scam stories. “Let’s call him and check his story,” I said. The manager dialed the number I’d scribbled down. Girma answered. After a brief conversation, the manager confirmed the details of the story were consistent and shrugged. “These boys are not bad. They’re just thinking of their next lunch.” I told him we’d just see in the morning what was up.

The car arrived just before 5. Girma wasn’t driving. He was dressed for church: a traditional white shawl wrapped around his shoulders. Three other guys were in the car. They enthusiastically invited me in. We pulled away in the darkness. Soon we were at the edge of town. “Hey, what about the French tourists?” I asked. “They’re at the bus station. We’ll meet them there and change cars. This one is broken. Not safe for the long drive,” Girma replied.

“Oh,” I said. “You know, I love Ethiopia. It’s beautiful, the food is amazing. But the people are the best. Ethiopians are so honest and care so much about their culture.” Girma now pulled his white shawl up over his head like a hood. He stared out the windshield as the car rumbled down a desolate stretch of road that was more pothole than pavement. The others shifted in their seats and started mumbling in Amharic. I kept hearing the word for money. Daylight was an hour away. I was alone in a car with four strangers going godknowswhere. But it was true: Everyone I’d met in the last week – except a few obligatory, obnoxious taxi drivers – treated me with regard and respect. I’d always felt safe.

“Are you driving me to Lalibela, or just the bus station, Girma?” I asked. He was silent.

When we reached the bus station and got out of the car, Girma made to dash off, but the three guys grabbed his arms and started berating him. Within seconds, a crowd encircled us. Dozens of men waiting for their buses and sitting on little stools sipping coffee joined the quickly forming mob. A pair of burly security guards in khaki uniforms pushed their way to the core where Girma and I stood. He looked terrified. The guards pulled their batons from their belts and began to shout, gripping him by the elbow. One pointed his stick at the nearby stairs that descended underground.

I raised my hands, “No! Don’t hurt him. I just want my money back to get a ride to Lalibela.” The guys from our car, now clearly on Team Ethiopian Reputation, explained the situation to the anxious crowd. Girma began pulling crumpled, small notes of currency from various pockets. The guards shouted and he tumbled dramatically to his knees. He pulled off one shoe, then the other, revealing more hidden notes. He held them out, but I was too shaken to take them. Suddenly, he stood and ran, leaving his tattered sneakers behind. The crowd cursed him as he went and then began to cheer.

A young man from the vehicle spoke to me, “Brother! I’m Daniel. So sorry. We got enough back to get you a shared car to Gashena. From there you can get the next minibus to Lalibela. I’ll help you now. But first, let’s drink a coffee together.”



### **Lalibela 03/2018**

It took eleven hours, three cars, and two peanut butter baguette sandwiches to get to Lalibela. There were at least 13 of us squeezed into the car to Debre Tabor. I was already famous at the bus station after the incident with the fake driver who ran away in his socks. But as with many shared rides on such adventures, we stopped and exchanged passengers frequently, and my celebrity status had faded considerably by lunch time. My cosy car-mates to Gashena were friendly and curious about the tattooed foreigner traveling overland with the locals. The views were insane: sheer cliff curves, colorful canyons, layered gorges, and jagged mountains stretching beyond the horizon.

We arrived in Lalibela in the late afternoon. Through a series of fortunate coincidences, I ended up staying with a family on the edge of town rather than checking into a guesthouse or hotel. The full immersion continued that night when I met Cisco at Unique Restaurant– which looked less like a restaurant and more like a run-down subterranean revolutionary clubhouse. I told Cisco I was researching for a cookbook and she made me promise to return the next day to cook together.

Hers was one of the most beautifully messy, chaotic kitchens I've ever experienced in my travels– rivaling some of the most rudimentary, improvised culinary workspaces of India and Southeast Asia. She cooked mostly on traditional wood fires with clay vessels and massive, battered kettles. I watched her make pizza on a gigantic round mitad griddle. She baked enormous injera and piled them high in woven baskets. A stream of lunch regulars hungry for Beyaynetu vegetable combo platters ate them as fast as she and her daughters could make them. When she sold out, we relaxed and drank tea.

Later, at another local eatery just off the main road, Zadie invited me into her kitchen. We also made injera together, and I watched her build platters with a dozen different vegetable and lentil dishes, salads, and sauces. I was fortunate to be invited into several other kitchens at homes and restaurants during my visit to Lalibela, further expanding my understanding of Ethiopian cooking with countless dishes I'd never heard of before or seen on menus in other countries.

I woke before sunrise and joined the flocks of pilgrims going to the rock-hewn underground churches. I couldn't get the required entry ticket because the ticket office wasn't open yet, so a documentary film team "hired" me as a producer. The ticket-checking custodians waved us through. The sun came up illuminating hillsides blanketed with white-shrouded worshippers. Deep in the 12th and 13th century holy spaces, candles and rich incense burned, and the chanting reverberated throughout the caverns and chambers. The day progressed, and I explored all eleven of the sites, crawling through pitch black tunnels, climbing crude steps carved in the walls, and even managed to get lost twice.

Night fell. I flagged down a three-wheeled tuk-tuk decked out with Rastafarian banners, stickers, icons, and flashing strobe lights. The driver greeted me like a childhood friend with an enthusiastic high five. Soon we were speeding along the bumpy, hilly roads back to the homestay.

### **Bermetebekiya, Northern Highlands 03/2018**

It was the second morning of the trek in the highland plains. We'd set off after a sunrise breakfast of porridge and crisp flatbread, served with a plastic mug of scalding hot spiced tea. The drink before departure was a fading memory, but the hours spent around the cooking fire inside Molla's family home in the village the night before held strong. After dinner, and a round of thick barley beer, the others ascending into the loft to sleep above the animals. I retired to a sleeping bag in a neighboring hut decorated with hundreds of handprints, all miles away now in time and space.

The sun was high in a gorgeous, indigo sky slashed with white streaks of cloud. The mountainous panorama combined with the elevation was literally breathtaking– almost enough to distract me from the sensation of my eyeballs being gripped by invisible hands inside my skull. I rubbed my temples and watched as baboons scurried around a distant rocky ridge. They hollered to alert the clan that intruders were approaching. The echo reverberated and now it felt as if miniature cymbals were clashing within my eardrums. I needed Buna. Coffee. And I needed it badly.



“Maybe in this village,” my guide, Abeje said, pointing to a collection of Tukul huts beyond the newest series of endless switchback bends in the dusty, pebble-strewn trail woven through the lunar landscape. I felt a tinge of shame for my privileged expectations. I told myself: These are crucial reminders to keep life’s cascade of demands in check. But when suffering from acute caffeine withdrawal, meditations quickly lose their charm. I imagined Tibetan Buddhist monks and Ethiopian Orthodox Christian priests huddled together sipping frothy espresso drinks in my Prenzlauer Berg ‘hood.

As if reading my mind, Abeje gripped my shoulder and said, “Hope you’re not expecting Macchiato.”

I wasn’t. But the mention unleashed flashbacks of the previous days in Addis, Gondar, and Lalibela: Pounding Ethiopian espresso three or four times a day at streetside cafes with the locals. I told myself again it wasn’t the cook’s fault, nor the coffee-deprived residents of the last three villages, the farmers crossing the plains on a day’s walk back from the weekly market, or the curious children wrapped in plaid blankets running along the trails to examine the foreigner. They didn’t need coffee, or know where to find any. We were days away from roads and electricity, let alone shops and supplies. I’d neglected to think of stocking my own backpack with coffee, or asking the traveling cook to bring enough to keep me fixed. Used to abundance and choice, I’d assumed coffee was common here in the rural highlands, not a luxury reserved for ritual.

The matriarch of the ten-hut settlement looked up from a pile of sprouted barley spread in the sun to dry. Her wrinkled, deep eyes and the creased corners of her mouth welcomed us. Abeje spoke to her, and I was amused to recognize the Amharic words for good afternoon, please, and coffee. She turned and entered the hut, stepping past a beast chewing exaggeratedly as it considered the unexpected guests. The woman reemerged with handmade stools and a tree stump table. Abeje and I sat down. She rinsed two cups with water from a jug and wiped them with the dangling, faded cloth of her dress.

She disappeared again to summon a massive platter with a fantastically textured injera folded over on itself, and a red, saucy mountain of Misir Wot. She sat with us and we tore pieces from the sourdough crepe and shoveled lentil stew into our mouths. I was swimming in simple culinary bliss. After the last bite of lentils, I washed my hands with the water Abeje poured from the water jug.

The women stood up and passed through the low archway of the hut, this time reappearing with a traditional jabena clay coffee pot, probably older than all of us. Starting at the cup and gradually raising the tilted spout almost a meter in the air, she poured a stream of dark brew in the cups. Steam rose from the table making elegant shapes in the brisk mountain air.

I brought the coffee to my lips, anxious to recharge and extinguish the dull throbbing in my head. She looked at me, nodded slowly, and said, “Buna.”

“Buna!” I repeated, and offered thanks, “Ameusegenallo.”

She smiled and poured the second round.



# Senig Karia

## stuffed peppers

serves 2 to 4 / time 40 min

**8–10 (100 g) small (mini) peppers**  
**5–6 (60 g) cherry tomatoes** finely chopped  
**1 medium (80 g) red onion** minced  
**1/2 cup (32 g) soy mince** (TVP – fine granules)  
**1/2 cup (120 ml) water**  
**2 Tbs sunflower seeds** (hulled)

**2 Tbs vegetable oil**  
**1 tsp Berbere** (page 25)  
or **1 tsp paprika** ground  
**1/2 tsp coriander seeds** ground  
**1/4 tsp Wot Qimem** (page 29) or **black pepper** ground  
**1 Tbs lemon juice**  
**1/2 tsp salt**  
**small handful fresh basil leaves** finely chopped *optional*

1. Rinse and slice **peppers** in half lengthwise. Remove and discard seeds and core.
2. Bring 1/2 cup (120 ml) **water** to boil in a medium pot with lid. Stir in **soy mince** (TVP). Remove from heat. Cover and let sit 10 min. Drain and discard excess liquid. Set aside.
3. Heat a small pan on medium heat. Lightly roast **sunflower seeds**, stirring frequently, 2–4 min. Remove from heat and set aside.
4. Heat **oil** in a medium pot on medium heat.
5. Add minced **onion**, **Berber** (or **paprika**), ground **coriander**, and **Wot Qimem** (or **black pepper**). Fry until richly aromatic and onions soften, stirring often, 3–5 min.
6. Add drained **soy mince** and roasted **sunflower seeds**. Mix well. Continue to fry until mix is browned, stirring frequently, 4–6 min.
7. Add finely chopped **tomatoes**, **lemon juice**, and **salt**. Fry until tomatoes fall apart, liquid has cooked off, and mix has thickened, 3–5 min. Remove from heat.
8. Stir in chopped **basil leaves**, if using. Let cool 5–10 min.
9. Using a spoon, generously fill pepper halves with mix. Arrange on a plate and serve as a snack or appetizer, or with other dishes and injera.

### Variations:

**Roasted:** Preheat oven to 475°F / 250°C / level 9 and bake stuffed peppers on a greased bakeware dish until lightly scorched on sides and crispy on top, 15–35 min, depending on size of peppers. Works especially well with larger peppers, such as bell peppers or pointed peppers– also cut in half lengthwise (tip to stem) and cored. Optionally increase oil about 1 Tbs for frying mix, and also rub peppers generously with oil before stuffing and baking to prevent them from drying out.



# Butecha

## chickpea scramble

serves 2 to 3 / time 30 min +

**1 cup (125 g) chickpea flour**

**2 cups (480 ml) hot water**

**1 tsp salt**

**1/2 tsp turmeric** ground

**2 Tbs olive oil**

**1 small (50 g) red onion** finely chopped

**1 clove garlic** finely chopped

**1 red or green jalapeño** seeded, sliced *optional*

**2 Tbs lemon juice**

**small handful fresh parsley** or **basil leaves** chopped

1. Heat a large non-stick pot or pan on medium heat.
2. Add **chickpea flour** and whisk to remove clumps. Alternately sift chickpea flour into a bowl before adding to pot or pan. Stirring constantly, lightly roast chickpea flour until aromatic, 3–5 min.
3. Slowly stir in hot **water** and bring to low boil, stirring constantly. Continue to stir until smooth. Reduce heat if the mix is bubbling too much.
4. Stir in **salt** and ground **turmeric**. Continue to cook, stirring constantly until mixture thickens, 10–15 min. Remove from heat, transfer mixture to a bowl or plate. Let cool 20 min.
5. Cover and transfer cooled mixture to the fridge. Chill until thickened, 30–60 min.
6. Heat **olive oil** in a small pan on medium heat.
7. Add chopped **onion** and **garlic**. Stirring constantly, fry until lightly browned, 2–3 min. Add sliced **jalapeño**, if using. Continue to fry 1 min. Remove from heat.
8. Remove chilled mixture from fridge. Mix and mash in a large bowl.
9. Add fried onions, garlic, jalapeño, along with oil, and **lemon juice**. Mix and mash to desired consistency. Toss a few times with fresh chopped **parsley** or **basil leaves**.
10. Cover and let sit 15 min before serving.



# Misir Wot

## berbere red lentils

serves 3 to 4 / time 45 min

**1 cup (190 g) red lentils**  
**3 1/4 cups (780 ml) water** more as needed  
**2 medium (150 g) tomatoes** chopped  
**2 medium (150 g) red onions** finely chopped  
**3–4 cloves garlic** finely chopped  
**3/4 in (2 cm) fresh ginger** finely chopped

**3–4 Tbs vegetable oil**  
**1 tsp salt**  
**2 Tbs tomato paste**  
**2–3 Tbs Berbere** (page 25)  
**1 Tbs paprika** ground  
**1/4 tsp turmeric** ground  
**1 Tbs Niter Qibe** (page 27) or **olive oil** *optional*  
**1–2 Tbs red wine** *optional*  
**1 red or green jalapeño** seeded, sliced *optional*

1. Rinse and drain **lentils** thoroughly. Cover lentils in a small pot with 2 cups (240 ml) boiling **water**. Cover and set aside.
2. Blend chopped **onions, garlic, and ginger** to a coarse paste in a small food processor or blender. Alternately mince very finely.
3. Heat **vegetable oil** in a medium pot on medium heat.
4. Add blended paste and **salt**. Fry, stirring regularly until darkened and oil begins to separate, 8–12 min.
5. Purée chopped **tomatoes** in a small food processor or blender.
6. Add tomato **purée, tomato paste, Berbere**, ground **paprika**, and **turmeric**. Optionally add **Niter Qibe** (or **olive oil**) and **red wine**. Mix well.
7. Add soaked lentils and soaking water. Stir well and bring to low boil.
8. Reduce heat and simmer on medium low, partially covered, adding 1 1/4 cups (300 ml) **water** gradually, stirring occasionally, until lentils are very soft and sauce cooks down to desired thickness, 20–30 min. Remove from heat.
9. Add sliced **jalapeño** (if using).
10. Cover and let sit 10–20 min before serving with other dishes and injera.



# Ful

## mashed fava beans

serves 2 / time 25 min +

**2 cups (325 g) fava beans / broad beans** (cooked)  
or **1 cup (175 g) fava beans / broad beans** (dried)  
**1 small (65 g) tomato** chopped  
**1 small (60 g) onion** finely chopped  
**3 cloves garlic** finely chopped

**3 Tbs olive oil** more for garnish  
**1/2 tsp Berbere** (page 25) *optional*  
**1 tsp paprika** ground  
**1/4 tsp cumin** ground  
**1/4 tsp black pepper** ground  
**3/4 tsp salt**  
**1/2 cup (120 ml) water** more as needed  
**1 Tbs lemon juice** *optional*  
**1 green jalapeño** seeded, sliced *optional*  
**1 medium baguette** *optional*

1. If using dry **fava beans**, soak overnight. Drain and discard water. Boil beans in fresh water (without salt) until soft, 60–90 min (possibly longer). Drain.
2. If using cooked **beans**, drain and rinse.
3. Heat **olive oil** in a medium pot on medium low heat.
4. Add chopped **onion**. Fry, stirring regularly, 2–3 min.
5. Add chopped **garlic**, **Berberé** (if using), ground **paprika**, **cumin**, **black pepper**, and **salt**. Fry, stirring constantly, until richly aromatic and onions are soft and browned, 3–5 min.
6. Add cooked beans and chopped **tomatoes**. Mix well and mash beans. Cook until tomatoes start to fall apart, 3–5 min.
7. Add 1/2 cup (120 ml) **water**. Continue to cook, stirring regularly, adding water if needed, to desired thickness, 5–8 min. Add **lemon juice** (if using). Remove from heat.
8. Transfer to a bowl or plate. Garnish with sliced **jalapeño**. Drizzle with **olive oil**.
9. Serve with **baguette**, or other dishes and injera.

### Variations:

**Other beans:** Substitute or combine with other beans such as chickpeas or white beans.



# Choco Dabo

## sweet bread with chocolate filling

serves 4 to 6 / time 60 min +

**2/3 cup (160 ml) warm water**  
**2 tsp dry active yeast**  
**2 Tbs sugar**  
**2 1/2 cups (320 g) flour** (all-purpose / Type 550)  
**1/4 tsp salt**  
**4 Tbs vegetable oil**

1. In a large mixing bowl, combine warm **water**, **yeast**, and **sugar**. Cover and let sit 10 min.
2. Mix in **flour** and **salt**. Add 2 Tbs **oil**. Combine well. Knead until smooth, 2–3 min.
3. Add another 1 Tbs **oil** and continue to knead dough, 1–2 min. Add remaining 1 Tbs **oil** and knead dough until smooth and elastic, 3–5 min.
4. Form a ball return to bowl. Cover well. Let rise in a warm place 1 hr.
5. Uncover and knead several times. Return to bowl, cover, and let rise another 30–60 min.

### chocolate filling:

**80 g (3 oz) bittersweet chocolate** chopped  
**3 Tbs soy milk** or **water**  
**1/4 cup (60 g) sugar**

1. Heat a small pot on low heat. Add chopped **chocolate**, 3 Tbs **soy milk** (or **water**), and 1/4 cup (60 g) **sugar**. Stir until melted and smooth, 2–3 min. Remove from heat.
2. Uncover dough and knead a few times. Press dough flat to about 1/2 in (1 cm) thickness on a greased counter to form a rectangle.
3. Spoon chocolate filling evenly over surface of dough. Carefully roll (or fold) dough up to form a loaf. Transfer to a well-greased baking tray or glass dish and press down to fill pan to edges. Cover and seal with aluminum foil.
4. Let rise in a warm place 20 min.
5. Preheat oven to 375°F / 190°C / level 5.
6. Bake until golden brown on the surface and a knife inserted in the dough comes out clean, 20–30 min. Let cool 10 min before cutting.