Christmas Cake (Engelsk fruktkake med brandy og mandler)



Ingredienser

250 g smør
250 g brunt sukker
4 store egg
2 ss appelsinmarmelade
2 ts bakepulver
0,5 ts kanel
0,5 ts ingefær
0,5 ts nellik
0,5 ts kardemomme
1,5 kg tørket frukt (se tips)
300 g hvetemel
125 ml sherry eller brandy

Pynt:
30 g skåldede mandler
2 ss sherry eller brandy
melisdryss

Fremgangsmåte

Pisk romtemperert smør og brunt sukker til du får en luftig smørkrem. Pisk inn ett egg om gangen og pisk en stund mellom hvert egg (blandingen kan skille seg, men tilsett da bare et par spiseskjeer av hvetemelet og den blir fin igjen).

Tilsett appelsinmarmelade, bakepulver og krydderet. Hakk opp den tørkede frukten i små biter og bland med hvetemelet. Ha dette i deigen sammen med sherry. Bland alt godt sammen.

Ha deigen i en rund kakeform (24 cm i diameter) med bakepapir i bunnen. Jevn til overflaten. Legg skåldede mandler som er delt på midten i pent mønster oppå deigen. Stek kaken på rist midt i ovnen ved 140°C i 3 timer (se tips).

Når kaken er ferdig stekt tas den ut av ovnen og pensles med sherry. La kaken så stå og bli helt kald i formen (gjerne et par timer i kjøleskapet). Ta kaken så forsiktig ut av formen og fjern bakepapiret. Sikt litt melis over kaken før servering.

Tips

Du kan bruke den blandingen av tørket frukt som du ønsker, så denne kaken er utmerket å lage dersom du har diverse rester av tørket frukt liggende. Et forslag til fruktblanding som gir svært godt resultat er følgende:

400 g Tropical Trio (mango, papaya og ananas)
300 g rosiner
100 g korinter
100 g svisker
200 g apsikat
200 g dadler
200 g cocktailbær

Merk at kaken trenger svært lang steketid ved svak varme. Stekeangivelsen på 3 timer er altså ingen skrivefeil.

"Christmas Cake" er en svært holdbar kake dersom den pakkes godt inn i plast og oppbevares i kjøleskapet. Kaken kan også fryses.

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TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads.
And mamma in her ‘kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter’s nap.

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below.
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tinny reindeer.

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name!

"Now Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! On, Cupid! on, on Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky.
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of Toys, and St Nicholas too.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.
A bundle of Toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler, just opening his pack.

His eyes-how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly!

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself!
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk.
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose!

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ‘ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

(Berømt juledikt skrevet av Clement Clarke Moore i 1882, og som leses opp på julaften over hele USA.)

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