一道美味

### A delicious recurrence from novel 《David Copperfield》

please allow me to take the liberty of remarking that there are few comestibles better,in their way,than a Devil, and that I believe, with a little division of labor, we could accomplish a good one if sb in attendance could procedure a gridiron, I would put it to you, that all little misfortune may be easily repaired.

There was a gridiron in the pantry, on which your morning rasher of bacon was cooked, We could have it in, in a twinkling, and immediately apply ourselves to carry the cook’s idea into effect.

The division of labor to which the cook had referred was this:\_\_ someone cut the mutton into slices; someone(who could do anything of this sort to perfection)covered them with pepper, mustard,salt,and cayenne. someone put them on the gridiron, turned them with a fork, and took them off, under cook’s direction; and someone heated and continually stirred, some mushroom ketchup in a little saucepan. When we had slices enough done to begin upon, we fell to, with our sleeves still tucked up at the wrist, more slices sputtering and blazing on the fire, and our attention divided between the mutton on our plates, and the mutton then preparing.

What with the novelty of this cookery, the excellence of it, the bustle of it, the frequent starting up to look after it, the frequent sitting down to dispose of it as the crisp slices came off the gridiron hot and hot , the being so busy, so flushed with the fire, so amused, and in the midst of such a tempting noise and savor, we reduced the leg of mutton to the bone. My own appetite came back miraculously. I am ashamed to record it, but I really believe I forgot (…..) for a little while. I am satisfied that sb could not have enjoyed the feast more, if they had sold a bed to provide it. Sb laughed as heartily, almost the whole time, as he ate and worked. Indeed we all did, all at once; and I dare say there was never a greater success.

……I known enough of the world now, to have almost lost the capacity of being much surprised by anything; but it is matter of some surprise to me, even now, that I can have been so easily thrown away at such age. A child of excellent abilities, and with strong powers of observation, quick, eager, delicate, and soon hurt bodily or mentally, it seems wonderful to me that nobody should have made any sign in my behalf. But none was made; and I became, at ten years old, a little laboring hind in the service of Murdstone and Grinby ……..

We should have expectation of ourselves, but things don’t seems to be going our way. Last paragraph originate from 《David Copperfield》, fictionist Dickens had been at a loss for his own fate, even there are lots of scene about dinner and food, in which happened at his life predicament , all provoke amazement with lively color and fragrance (活色生香）. From these description we can draw a conclusion that “Food is the event with high probability (大概率事件)which we can bid great expection”, at length fictionist presented his aspiration of making peace with himself——“….But, like many fond parents, I have in my heart of hearts a favorite child. And his name is DAVID COPPERFIELD”