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Scrooge's Office

Marley was dead. He had been dead for many years. There was no doubt about that. Scrooge and Marley had been partners for a long time. He was the only one who missed Marley. But he wasn't very sad about it.

Scrooge was a grumpy old man. He was hard and cold. He didn't like children. He didn't like adults. He didn't like anything, unless it made him rich. He didn't even like Christmas!

People didn't pay attention to Scrooge. No one stopped in the street to say hello. No one knocked on his door to visit. Even dogs went out of their way to avoid him. But Scrooge didn't care. He liked it that way.

One Christmas Eve, he sat in his office. He was doing what he liked best. He was counting his money. It was a cloudy, bitter cold day. He had a small fire going, just to keep the chill off.

His door was open so that he could watch his clerk. The clerk was copying letters. His fire was even smaller than Scrooge's. He tried to warm his hands by the candle.



Scrooge's nephew, Fred, came happily inside. "Merry Christmas, Uncle!" he said.

"Humbug!" said Scrooge.

"I know you don't mean it, Uncle," said Fred.

“I do mean it! What good is Christmas?” Scrooge asked. “It just makes you poor, buying all those presents. You’re already poor enough.”

“You’re rich enough. But you’re still not happy,” Fred said.

“Humbug!” Scrooge yelled again. “Any idiot who yells ‘Merry Christmas’ should be boiled. Then bury him with a stake of holly through his heart.”

“Uncle!” Fred said, shocked.

“You have Christmas your way. I’ll have it mine,” declared Scrooge.