

A Christmas Carol

Charles Dickens

Ebenezer Scrooge

Marley was dead. There was no doubt about that because Scrooge was present at his funeral. He and Marley had been business partners, and he was Marley's only friend. Even though Marley was dead, seven years later his name was still on the office door. 'Scrooge and Marley' was the company's name.

Ebenezer Scrooge was a clever businessman, but he was also very mean. He never spent any money and he never gave away a penny to help other people. He was an old, cold-hearted miser. Nobody ever stopped him in the street to greet him or talk to him. Even dogs ran away from him, but Scrooge did not care.

One Christmas Eve Scrooge was working in his office. It was only three o'clock in the afternoon but it was dark. The day was cold and foggy. Bob Cratchit, Scrooge's clerk, was writing some letters, and the old man watched him carefully. The room was very cold because Scrooge didn't want to waste money on firewood and coal. Suddenly there was a knock on the door. 'Merry Christmas, uncle!' said a happy voice. It was Fred, Scrooge's nephew.

'Bah!' answered Scrooge. 'Humbug!'

'Christmas is a humbug, uncle?' Fred asked. 'I am sure you don't mean that!'

'Yes, I do,' said Scrooge. 'How can you possibly be merry? You're a poor man, and there is nothing to be merry about!'

'Well, so why aren't you happy? You're rich.'

'Humbug! I hate Christmas, so please leave me alone.'

'Don't be angry, uncle,' Fred replied. 'Come and have dinner with us tomorrow.'

'No! Go away now! I'm busy. You have your Christmas and I'll have mine.'

'Well, I'm very sorry to hear that, uncle, but I wish you a Merry Christmas with all my heart.'

'Bye!' said Scrooge.

So Fred opened the door and left Scrooge's office. A moment later two gentlemen came in.

'Excuse me, is this 'Scrooge and Marley's?'' one of them asked. 'Are you Mr. Scrooge or Mr. Marley?'

'Mr. Marley is dead. He died seven years ago.'

'Mr. Scrooge,' said the man, 'We ask wealthy businessmen to give some money to



help the poor at this special time of the year. There are lots of people who have nothing to eat at Christmas. How much can you give us to help them, sir?'

'Nothing!' Scrooge replied. 'I don't celebrate Christmas and I don't give money to lazy people. Aren't there any prisons or workhouses for them?'

'But many people will die in this cold weather if we don't help them...'

'Well, there are too many people in the world already, so maybe it's not such a bad thing that some of them will die? Good bye, gentlemen!' So the two men left Scrooge's office.

Finally, it was time to go home. Scrooge stopped his work and put down his pen. Bob Cratchit put on his hat and looked at Scrooge.

'So you want all day off tomorrow, don't you?' asked Scrooge.

'If ... if it's all right, sir, yes.'

'Bah! Every December 25th you get money for nothing! Well, arrive here very early on the 26th - you hear me?'

'Yes, sir...' said the clerk and then he ran home to spend time with his children.

Marley's Ghost

It was a cold and foggy afternoon. It was time to close the office so Scrooge got up from his chair, he put on his hat and walked home. His house was very old, dark and silent. Many years ago his partner Marley lived there and when he died, Scrooge moved in.

On the door there was a large knocker. There was nothing special about it. It was just like hundreds of other door knockers, but when Scrooge was going to open the door, he suddenly saw something strange. There was Marley's face on the knocker! And there was a strange light around it. Scrooge was a little surprised, but he went in and lit a candle.

He looked around the room. There was nobody there, so he locked the door, put on his nightgown and sat in front of the fireplace. Suddenly, he saw Marley's face in the fire...

'Humbug!' he said.

A moment later Scrooge heard a strange noise - a noise of chains. Something was



coming towards the door!

'Humbug! What is that noise?'

And then a ghost came into the room and stopped in front of him. Scrooge couldn't believe his eyes! It was Marley! Scrooge recognised his dead business partner and he saw a long and heavy chain round his body. Marley was looking at Scrooge with cold eyes.

'Well?' Scrooge said. 'Why are you here and what do you want?'

The ghost sat in a chair and asked: 'You don't believe in me, do you?'

'No, I don't. I think I have eaten something bad and I see you because of a bad stomach.'

Scrooge didn't want to show that he was scared, but the ghost frightened him very much.

Then Marley's ghost moaned and shook the chain with an awful noise. Scrooge started to shake with fear and asked: 'So why are you here?'

'Do you believe in me or not?'

'Yes, I do!' Scrooge replied. 'But why have you come here?'

'I must walk through the world with this chain as a punishment for my selfish life. I didn't help other people. I never loved anybody. Money was the only thing I loved. So I made this chain for myself and now I must carry it, and it is very heavy... Do you want to know about your chain?'

Scrooge trembled. 'My chain? What chain?'

'You are also making a chain for yourself in your life. When I died, your chain was as long and heavy as mine, and in the next seven years you made it even heavier and longer.'

'Stop it, Jacob Marley! I am afraid and I do not want to listen to this. Let's talk about something else!'

'Ebenezer Scrooge,' said the ghost. 'I cannot rest and I cannot stay here. I must never stop.'

'Have you had no rest for seven years?' Scrooge asked.

'No rest. No peace... I am a prisoner!' cried the ghost, and it shook the chain again.

'But you were a good businessman, Jacob.' Scrooge was thinking of himself too.

'Business! I didn't do anything good when I was alive. I did not help anybody. I didn't see the poor and hungry in the streets. I didn't care about other people! I



must go now, but before I go, I need to tell you something.'

'What is it?' Scrooge asked.

'It's not too late and there is still hope for you, Ebenezer. You still have a chance. You will see three ghosts.'

'Three ghosts? I don't want to see them...'

'You must! If you don't want to be like me, you must see them! The first ghost will come at one o'clock tonight. The second will come on the next night at the same time. The third one will come on the following night, when the church bell strikes midnight. You will not see me again, so remember my words!'

Then the ghost walked towards the window and Scrooge followed. The air was full of ghosts. They were crying and they all wore heavy chains. A moment later Marley's ghost disappeared and so did all the other ghosts. Scrooge closed the window and he checked the door. It was locked. He wanted to say his usual 'Humbug!' but he didn't. It was late and he was exhausted, so he went to bed and fell asleep.

The Ghost of Christmas Past

The church clock struck midnight and Scrooge woke up. He got up and went to the window. It was dark, foggy and very cold. He went back to bed and began to think. 'Was I dreaming? Was Marley's ghost really here?'

Then he remembered Marley's words, so he decided to wait and see. Soon, he heard the church clock...

'It's one o'clock!' said Scrooge. 'And there's nothing ...'

Suddenly, a bright light filled the room, and Scrooge saw a strange creature in white clothes. It looked like a small child, and at the same time like an old man.

'Are you the first ghost?' asked Scrooge.

'Yes, I am,' said the ghost.

'Who are you?'

'I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.'

'Why are you here?'

'To help you.'

'Well, thank you', Scrooge said. 'But if you want to help me, leave me alone and let



me sleep.'

'Get up and come with me,' said the ghost.

The creature took Scrooge's arm with a strong hand and they went to the window. They went through the wall, and suddenly they were standing on a country road. It was a beautiful winter day and the fields were covered in snow.

'Good heavens! This is where I grew up!' Scrooge cried.

'Are you crying?' asked the ghost.

'No, no...' answered Scrooge. But just then a big tear rolled down his cheek.

They walked along the road towards a little town. A few boys came out of a school building. They were laughing and singing, and shouting 'Merry Christmas!'

'They are only shadows of the past,' the ghost said.

Scrooge knew all of them and suddenly, to his surprise, his cold eyes and heart became warm with joy.

'The school is not empty,' said the ghost. 'One child is still there. He doesn't have any friends and he feels very lonely.'

'I know, I know,' Scrooge said. And he cried again.

They went into the school. It was an old, dark building. Inside there was an empty classroom. A young boy was sitting at one of the desks. He was reading a book. Scrooge sat down on a chair and cried. He knew that the boy was himself many years ago....

'That's me,' he said. 'I was there alone one Christmas. Poor boy! Oh, I would like to... but it's too late now!'

'What do you mean?' asked the ghost.

'Nothing... Last night a poor little boy came to my office. He sang a Christmas carol for me, but I didn't give him anything and I told him to go away.'

The ghost smiled. 'So let's see another Christmas now!'

Then everything changed. The boy was older, and the room looked darker. It was young Scrooge sitting at his desk and reading. All the other boys had gone home for Christmas. Suddenly, the door opened and a little girl ran in. She put her arms round his neck and kissed him. 'Dear, dear brother! I've come to take you home!'

'Home, little Fan?' he asked.

'Yes! Home!' the girl laughed. 'Father has changed. He's much kinder now and he wants you to come home. You will never come back to this awful place! And we'll



spend Christmas together! I'm so happy!

When he got into the coach with his sister, he felt very happy.

'Your sister had a very good heart,' said the ghost. 'When she died, she left one child, didn't she? It's Fred, your nephew.'

'Yes.' Scrooge remembered the conversation with his nephew in his office the afternoon before, and he felt bad about it.

They left the school and Scrooge looked around. They were standing at the door of an office in the city. It was Christmas again.

'I know this place very well! And there's old Mr. Fezziwig — he's alive again! Oh, dear old Fezziwig!'

Mr. Fezziwig was a short, fat man with a happy red face.

'Hey boys!' he shouted. 'It's time to stop your work!'

Scrooge, now a young man, came in with his friend.

'It's Christmas Eve! Let's have a party!' said Mr. Fezziwig.

So they put away all the papers and made a big fire. Mrs. Fezziwig and her three daughters arrived, and then a lot of young people came. Everybody began to dance. There were games and cake and hot wine. And there was roast beef and mince pie and beer. It was a wonderful party! At eleven o'clock the party finished. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig stood at the door and shouted 'Merry Christmas'.

While Scrooge was watching all this, he laughed and sang and wanted to dance himself. He remembered it all, and happiness filled his heart.

'Everybody loved Mr. Fezziwig,' the ghost said to him. 'That party was a small thing. It didn't cost a lot of money, but it made everybody very happy.'

'A small thing!' answered Scrooge. 'No! Mr. Fezziwig was our boss, so he could make us happy or unhappy. He could make our work easy or hard. He made us happy in small ways, and with small things. You couldn't buy those small things with all the money in the world...'

Then everything disappeared and they were standing in the open air. Scrooge saw a man of about forty. It was himself again, but his face began to show his passion for money. He was sitting next to a young woman dressed in black. It was Belle, his fiancée. She was crying.

'There is something you love more than me, Ebenezer,' she said.

'Oh? What is it?'



'Money. There is only one thing you are interested in: making money. Money is your love now.'

'No,' he replied angrily. 'My feelings for you haven't changed!'

'But you have changed! When you promised to marry me, you were a different man.'

'I was a boy,' he said.

'My love means nothing to you now. I know you aren't happy with me. I haven't got any money, so you don't want to marry me. Well, you are free to go... I hope you will be happy.' And then Belle went away.

'Ghost!' Scrooge cried. 'Don't show me this anymore! Take me home!'

'There's just one more thing you need to see,' the ghost said.

'No! No more! I don't want to see it!'

Suddenly, they were in a room where a beautiful young girl was sitting by a big fire. Next to her sat her mother. This was Belle, who was now an older woman. The room was full of children and there was a lot of noise. Then the father came in with a lot of Christmas presents. He gave them to the children and they all laughed. Finally, they went to bed and the house became quiet. The father sat by the fireplace with his wife and daughter. Scrooge looked at them and thought: 'How sad that I don't have a wife and children...'

'Ghost, take me away!' cried Scrooge. 'I can't watch this anymore!'

The ghost disappeared and Scrooge was in his bedroom again. He went to bed and he only stopped crying when he fell asleep.

The Ghost of Christmas Present

Scrooge woke up and sat up in his bed. When the clock struck one o'clock, nothing happened. But after a while he saw a red light in the next room. He got out of bed and went to the door.

The room was his room, but it was completely different. On the walls there was green holly and mistletoe. There was a great fire in the fireplace. And there was a lot of Christmas food on the floor. Turkey, goose, chicken, roast beef, pork and sausages, mince pies, puddings, cake, fruit, and wine! On the sofa there was a giant



in a long green coat and it was holding up a torch.

'Come in!' said the ghost. 'Here I am! I am the Ghost of Christmas Present! Look at me!'

The giant had a young and happy face and there was green holly round his head.

'Ghost, take me wherever you want'. Scrooge said, 'Last night I learnt a good lesson. Tonight you can teach me another one and I want to learn...'

'Give me your hand!'

Suddenly, the room disappeared. It was Christmas morning and Scrooge was standing in the street. There was a lot of snow. Some people were playing and throwing snowballs. Others were shopping for food. The bells were ringing. A lot of poor people walked along the street with their Christmas goose or chicken. They were taking them to the baker's to be cooked in the oven because they did not have their own ovens at home.

The ghost took Scrooge to the suburbs of the city, where Bob Cratchit lived. Mrs. Cratchit and her daughter were preparing the table for Christmas dinner. A young boy, Peter, was helping them. Suddenly two boys ran in shouting that the goose was ready at the baker's. Then came Bob with his youngest son Tiny Tim on his shoulders. The boy was very small for his age and he walked on a crutch.

Peter went to fetch the goose. When he came back, everybody shouted for joy because they did not often eat goose. When everything was ready, Mrs. Cratchit carved the goose, and all the children cried 'Hurray!' The goose was very small, but they all thought it was the best goose in the world and they ate it to the last bit. Then Mrs. Cratchit brought in the Christmas pudding. Nobody thought that it was a very small pudding for such a big family...

After dinner the Cratchits sat by the fireplace. They ate apples and oranges, and then Bob served some hot wine. 'A Merry Christmas to us all!' he said.

'A Merry Christmas!' the family shouted.

'And God bless everyone!' said Tiny Tim in his weak voice.

The boy sat near his father. Bob held Tiny Tim's thin hand. He loved his son very much and he knew the child was very ill.

'Will Tiny Tim live?' Scrooge asked.

'I see an empty chair,' replied the ghost, 'and a small crutch. But I cannot see Tiny Tim. If the future does not change, the boy will die.'



'No, no!' said Scrooge. 'Say he will live!'

'If the future does not change, he will not live to see another Christmas. But you think that's a good thing, don't you? You think there are too many people in the world...'

Scrooge didn't answer and he didn't look at the ghost. He felt really bad.

'Those were wicked words, Ebenezer Scrooge,' the ghost went on. 'Do you think you can decide who will live or die?'

Scrooge was ashamed and he looked at the ground. Suddenly he heard his name.

'Let's drink to Mr. Scrooge!' It was Bob Cratchit and he was holding up his glass.

'Drink to Mr. Scrooge?' said Mrs. Cratchit angrily. 'Drink to that old miser?! Have you lost your mind, Robert Cratchit?'

'My dear, it's Christmas Day...'

'I know that, but I would like to tell Mr. Scrooge what I think of him! You know he is a bad man!'

'Well, I'll drink to him because it's Christmas. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, Mr Scrooge! Even though I know you won't be merry or happy, anyway.'

The children drank to Scrooge too, but his name made everybody sad. However, a few minutes later they were happy again. They told stories and sang songs, and had a wonderful time.

The Cratchits were very poor and they looked poor. Their clothes were old. There were holes in their shoes. Bob didn't earn much. He never had enough money and there was never much food in the house. But the family was happy because it was Christmas.

Scrooge watched them and he listened to them. He looked at Tiny Tim and he felt very sorry for the child. And then the scene disappeared.

It was dark now, and it was snowing. Scrooge and the ghost walked along the streets and they saw families and friends celebrating Christmas together in their homes. Suddenly, Scrooge heard a loud, happy laugh. It was his nephew. Fred was sitting at the table in a bright, warm room. When he laughed, the other people in the room laughed with him.

'He said that Christmas was a humbug! And he believed it too!' said Fred.

'He's a bad man,' said Fred's wife.

'Well, he's a strange man, and he isn't very happy.'



'But he's very rich, Fred.'

'Yes, my dear, but he doesn't do anything with his money. He doesn't help others, and he lives like a poor man.'

'Nobody likes him. I don't like him. He gets on my nerves.'

'I'm not angry with him. I feel sorry for him. He never laughs, and he doesn't like people. He didn't want to have dinner with us today, but I'm going to ask him every year.'

Then they played some games and sang Christmas carols and they had a wonderful time.

Soon the scene disappeared. Scrooge noticed that the ghost looked older. Its hair was grey now.

'Is your life so short?' he asked.

'Very short. It ends tonight at midnight. It's eleven forty-five. We haven't got much time. Look at this!'

The ghost opened its coat and Scrooge saw two children sitting on the ground, a boy and a girl. They were very skinny. Their faces looked old and ugly. Their clothes were torn and dirty, and they were shaking with cold. They were very hungry. Their eyes were sad... Scrooge was shaken.

'Are they yours?' he asked.

'No. They are Man's. They belong to humanity.'

'Haven't they got a family or a place to live?'

'Aren't there any prisons or workhouses?' the ghost replied.

'Oh! Those are my own words!' Scrooge thought, and then he cried.

The church clock struck twelve and the ghost disappeared. Then Scrooge remembered Marley's words: 'The third ghost will come when the church bell strikes midnight.'

The Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come

The third ghost was tall and silent and there was something mysterious about it. Scrooge couldn't see its face or body because it was wearing a long black coat with a black hood. When it came near him, Scrooge was very frightened.



'Are you the ghost of the future?' he asked. The creature did not say anything.

'Are you going to show me the future?' Scrooge asked again.

The ghost did not answer. It was the most frightening of the three.

'Ghost of the future!' Scrooge cried, 'I'm scared of you, but I know that you want to help me, so I'll go with you. Why don't you talk to me?'

The ghost did not say a word, but its long white hand pointed ahead.

'All right, I'll follow you...' said Scrooge.

The ghost took him to the centre of London. They saw rich businessmen with pockets full of money. They were walking around and talking. Scrooge knew many of them. When the ghost stopped near three men, he heard what they were talking about.

'No, I don't know much,' said one fat man. 'I only know he's dead.'

'When did he die?' another one asked.

'Last night, I think.'

'And what about his money?' asked a red-faced man.

'I don't know,' replied the fat man. 'He hasn't left it to me!' And they all laughed.

Scrooge looked at the ghost. 'Who are they talking about?' But the ghost said nothing.

Scrooge was surprised and he had no idea who they were talking about. Old Marley died seven years ago and this ghost was showing him the future. He decided to wait and see. He looked around but couldn't see himself anywhere. Wasn't he there in the future? The ghost was watching him. Scrooge was really frightened.

Next, they left the centre of London and the ghost took Scrooge to another part of the city. It was very poor. The streets were dirty. The people looked ugly and miserable. A lot of them were drunk and there were many criminals. There was rubbish everywhere, and the smell was bad.

Scrooge followed the ghost into a small dark shop full of dirty old things. The owner of the shop was an old man with grey hair. He sat near a fire and smoked his pipe. Then a woman came in with a heavy box in her arms. She put it on the floor and said: 'Open it, Old Joe. How much can you pay me for this?'

The man opened the box.

'What's this?' he asked. 'Bed curtains! Did you steal them while he was in bed?'



'Yes. Why not? I don't feel sorry for him,' said the woman. 'There are some blankets. He won't need them where he's going. And here's a beautiful, expensive shirt too. He was wearing it for his funeral. I thought, 'What a pity!' This is a very fine shirt but nobody would ever wear it again. So, I took it off him.'

'You did well, my dear,' laughed Old Joe. 'You're a clever woman and you'll make a fortune one day.'

'He was a selfish old miser. I cleaned his rooms and I washed his clothes. I worked very hard but he never gave me anything. I wanted to take more things but his housekeeper took them before I could.'

And then the housekeeper came in. She had a large bag full of sheets, clothes and shoes.

'Now look in my bag, Old Joe!' she said. 'How much will you pay me?'

Old Joe counted up the money and he gave it to the women.

Scrooge was shaking with fear. 'Ghost! Now I understand! Oh God, what is this?'

The scene changed and he was standing next to a bed. There were no blankets or curtains. There was only an old dirty sheet covering the body of a dead man. The ghost pointed at the head, but Scrooge couldn't pull down the sheet and look at the dead man's face. The body was cold and alone in that dark room.

'Ghost!' he said. 'Can we go now?'

But the ghost kept on pointing at the dead man's head.

'I understand you,' Scrooge said, 'but I don't want to see his face. I beg you to show me somebody who is sorry that this man is dead...'

Then the ghost took him to Bob Cratchit's house.

It was Christmas Day. Mrs. Cratchit and the children were sitting by the fireplace. They were all sad and very quiet.

'Father is late,' one of the boys said. 'He walks very slowly these days...'

'He used to walk very fast with Tiny Tim on his shoulders...' said the mother. 'But Tiny Tim was very light and your father loved him so much... Oh, there he is!'

Bob Cratchit came in. He drank some tea and he tried to be cheerful, but suddenly he started crying. 'My little child! My little boy!'

He went to a room upstairs and he sat on a chair next to the bed. There was a little child on it. It was Tiny Tim, and he wasn't sleeping. He was dead. Bob kissed his little face and he went downstairs.



'I met Mr. Scrooge's nephew in the street,' he told the family.

'He asked me why I was so sad. When I told him about Tiny Tim, he said he was very sorry and he wanted to help us. Maybe he can find a better job for Peter..'

'He's a good man,' said Mrs. Cratchit.

And then the scene disappeared. Scrooge turned to the ghost.

'I think you are going to leave soon. Tell me who that dead man was!' The ghost said nothing and it took Scrooge near his office.

'Wait!' said Scrooge. 'That's my office! Let me see my future.'

The ghost kept on walking. Scrooge ran to the window and looked in. He saw an office, but it wasn't his office. Everything was different and there was a man he did not know sitting at the desk. He followed the ghost again. It stopped at the gate of a cemetery.

'You want to show me the dead man's name?' asked Scrooge. The ghost nodded and led him to a grave. Scrooge was trembling.

'Before I look at the name,' he said, 'can you answer my question? Are these really the ghosts of the future, or are you showing me a possible future?'

The ghost didn't say anything.

'If people change their lives and become better, can they change their future too?'

The ghost was silent. Scrooge looked down at the grave and he read the name on the gravestone: 'EBENEZER SCROOGE'.

He fell to his knees. 'I was the dead man in the bed! Oh, no, no! Listen, I've changed. I won't be the same man as before. Please, tell me there is still hope! Tell me that if I change my life, the things that you have shown me will not happen! I will celebrate Christmas with all my heart!' Scrooge continued. 'And I will not forget the lessons that I have learned'.

The ghost looked at Scrooge and then it disappeared.

The End of the Story

Scrooge woke up in his room and he looked around. He was in his own bed, the blankets and bed curtains were still there. He was alive and he still had time to become a better man!



And then he laughed. It was his first laugh for many years. 'Thank you, Jacob Marley! God bless Christmas!' Scrooge put on his clothes.

'The future is not here yet and I can change it!' he said, laughing and crying at the same time.

'What day is it?' he thought. 'How much time did I spend with the ghosts?' He ran to the window and looked at the street. It was a bright and sunny day.

'What day is it today, my boy?' he shouted to a kid in the street. The boy was a little surprised and he answered: 'It's Christmas Day, of course!'

'Christmas Day!' Scrooge said happily to himself. 'So the ghosts did everything in one night! Hey, boy! Do you know where the butcher's shop is? There was a big goose in the window.'

'Was it as big as me?' asked the boy.

'Yes, that one.'

'It's still there, sir!'

'Is it? Oh, good! Go and tell them to bring it here. If you come back in five minutes, I'll give you some money.'

The boy ran to the shop as fast as he could.

'I'll send the goose to Bob Cratchit's house,' Scrooge thought. 'But he won't know who has sent it! That goose is bigger than Tiny Tim!'

When the butcher arrived, Scrooge paid for the goose and he sent it to Bob Cratchit's house. And then he gave the boy a few coins. He was laughing all the time. He put on his coat and walked along the streets.

He looked at all the people with a happy smile and they said to him 'Good morning, sir!' and 'A Merry Christmas to you!'

Then he saw the two gentlemen who were asking for money in his office the day before. He greeted them with a smile. 'How do you do, my dear sirs! A Merry Christmas to you!'

'Mr. Scrooge?' asked one of them. He was really surprised.

'Yes. That's my name and perhaps you don't like me. Will you please ...' Scrooge whispered in the man's ear.

'Are you serious, Mr. Scrooge?'

'Oh yes! And I'll give you more! Come to my office tomorrow and I'll give you the money', Scrooge said.



'My dear sir, that's very generous! Thank you so much!'

Then Scrooge went to church and next he walked through the streets. He watched the people, he kissed little children and he felt very, very happy.

In the afternoon, he went to Fred's house. He was a little afraid and he waited in front of the door for a while before he knocked.

'My God! Uncle Scrooge?!' the young man exclaimed.

'I have come to dinner. Can I come in?' Scrooge asked.

'Of course, uncle! You're welcome.'

Everybody was happy to see Scrooge and he was happy too. It was a wonderful party with tasty food and games, and everybody had a great time!

The next morning Scrooge was in his office early. It was nine o'clock and he was waiting for Bob Cratchit. He knew the clerk would be late. A quarter past nine - and still no Bob Cratchit! At last Bob ran in. He was twenty minutes late. He went into his room and started to work.

'Hello!' Scrooge said in his old angry voice. 'You're late, Cratchit!'

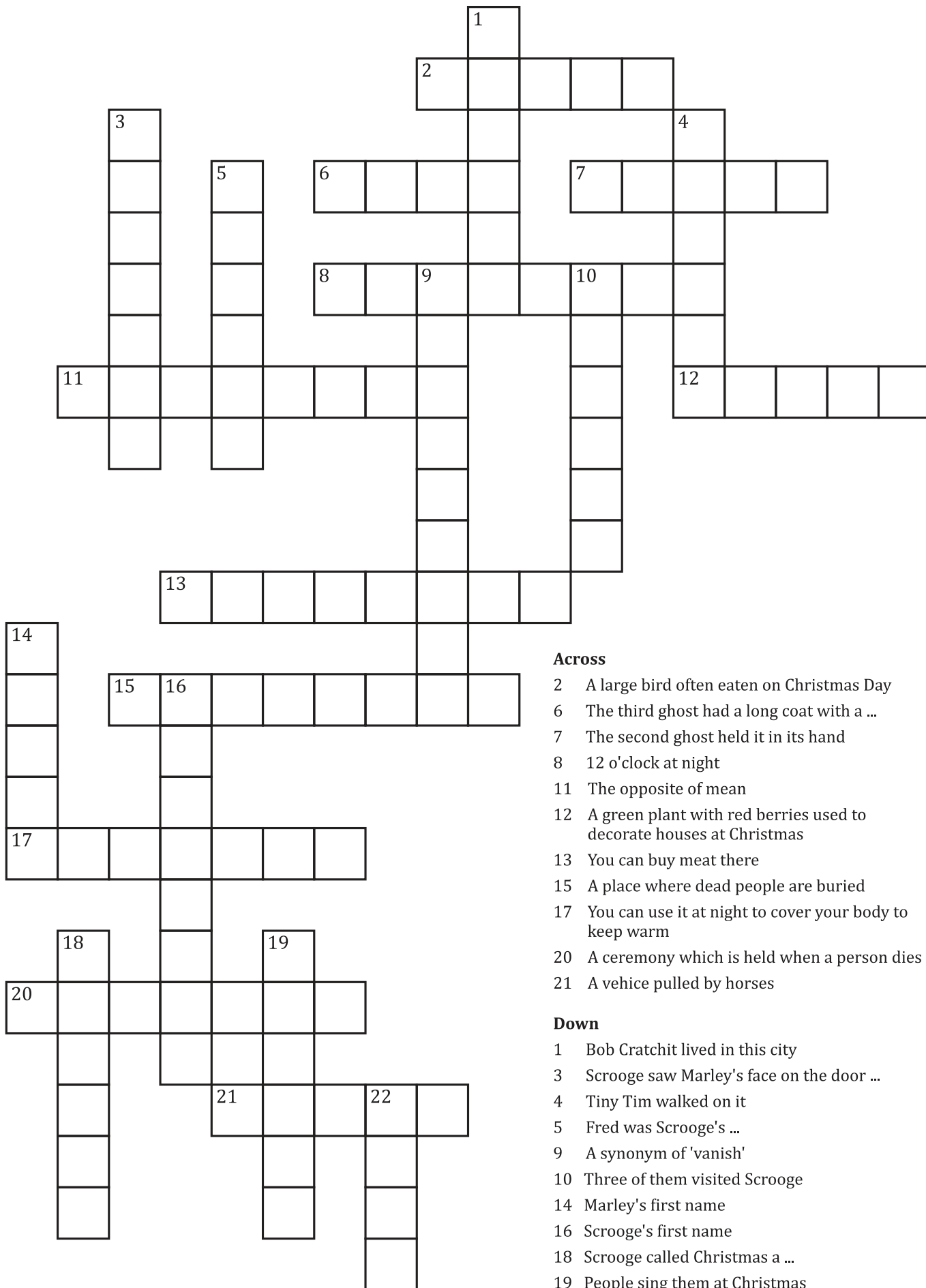
'I'm very sorry, sir!' Bob answered. 'We celebrated Christmas yesterday. It is only once a year, sir. I promise it won't happen again...'

'I hope not!' And then Scrooge smiled and said: 'Well, I am going to do something. I'm going to give you more money! And I will help your family. Now please put more coal on the fire and let's have a drink!'

Bob couldn't believe his ears. Scrooge gave him a good salary and he helped his family. Tiny Tim did not die and Scrooge was like a second father to him. He became a generous man and a good friend. He helped the poor, he often laughed and he never said 'Humbug'. He did not see the ghosts again, and he celebrated every Christmas with all his heart.

The End





Across

- 2 A large bird often eaten on Christmas Day
- 6 The third ghost had a long coat with a ...
- 7 The second ghost held it in its hand
- 8 12 o'clock at night
- 11 The opposite of mean
- 12 A green plant with red berries used to decorate houses at Christmas
- 13 You can buy meat there
- 15 A place where dead people are buried
- 17 You can use it at night to cover your body to keep warm
- 20 A ceremony which is held when a person dies
- 21 A vehicle pulled by horses

Down

- 1 Bob Cratchit lived in this city
- 3 Scrooge saw Marley's face on the door ...
- 4 Tiny Tim walked on it
- 5 Fred was Scrooge's ...
- 9 A synonym of 'vanish'
- 10 Three of them visited Scrooge
- 14 Marley's first name
- 16 Scrooge's first name
- 18 Scrooge called Christmas a ...
- 19 People sing them at Christmas
- 22 People used it for heating their homes





www.tesokrates.com.pl