



For Robert

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IT WAS CHRISTMAS EVE.
OLD SCROOGE, THE
MONEYLENDER, WAS
WORKING IN HIS
COUNTING HOUSE.



SCROOGE'S CLERK, BOB CRATCHIT,
WAS COPYING LETTERS.
HE WAS VERY COLD.



Ahem! Put that coal
scuttle down, Bob
Cratchit. The fire's
quite big enough.

SCROOGE'S
NEPHEW
PAID HIM A
VISIT.



Good evening, Uncle.
A Merry Christmas!
God save you!



Bah! Humbug!



Christmas a humbug, Uncle?
You don't mean that,
I am sure!

I do, Fred.
Merry Christmas? A fat
lot of good Christmas
has done **you!**



AS SCROOGE'S NEPHEW LEFT, TWO GENTLEMEN ENTERED.



Have I the pleasure of speaking to Mr Scrooge or Mr Marley?



Mr Marley died seven years ago this very night. Please state your business. I'm very busy.



At this joyful season of the year, Mr Scrooge, we are collecting money to help the poor.



Are there no prisons?

Plenty of prisons.