

Excerpt Text #1

Now, it is a fact, that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door, except that it was very large. Let it also be borne in mind that Scrooge had not bestowed one thought on Marley, since his last mention of his seven years' dead partner that afternoon. And then let any man explain to me, if he can, how it happened that Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker—not a knocker, but Marley's face.

Excerpt Text #2

Holly, mistletoe, red berries, ivy, turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, meat, pigs, sausages, oysters, pies, puddings, fruit, and punch, all vanished instantly. So did the room, the fire, the ruddy glow, the hour of night, and they stood in the city streets on Christmas morning, where the people made a kind of music, in scraping the snow from the pavement in front of their dwellings, and from the tops of their houses, plumping down into the road below, and splitting into artificial little snow-storms.

Excerpt Text #3

Secret, and self-contained
And solitary as an oyster
The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose,
shriveled his cheek,
stiffened his gait;
made his eyes red,
his thin lips blue;
and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice: Bah! Humbug.

Excerpt Text #4

There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say. Christmas among the rest. But I have always thought of Christmas time as a good time. A kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of in the long calendar of the year when people seem by one consent to open their shut up hearts freely, and to think of those below them as fellow passengers to the grave, and not a disparate race of creatures bound on separate journeys. And therefore, auntie, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!

Excerpt Text #5

Scrooge: Hello there. There, you there!

Child: Who, me?

Scrooge: Yes, you. What day is today, my fine friend?

Child: Today? Why it's Christmas Day!

Scrooge: It's Christmas Day. I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. Well, they're Spirits. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Do you know the poulterers at the corner?

Child: I should say so.

Scrooge: An intelligent child. A remarkable child. Are all children like you?

Child: I think so.

Scrooge: Oh, I think I might like children now! Do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging up there? Not the little turkey, the big one?

Child: The one as big as me?

Scrooge: What a delightful child. It is a pleasure to talk with you. Go and buy the turkey.

Child: What?

Scrooge: I am in earnest. Go and buy it and tell them to bring it here to Ebenezer Scrooge. I will give them directions where to take it. Bring it back yourself and I will give you a shilling!

Child: Yes, sir!