

S **SADDLEBACK** *Classics* S

A Christmas Carol

CHARLES DICKENS

ADAPTED BY

Emily Hutchinson





The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn
The Call of the Wild
A Christmas Carol
Frankenstein
The Red Badge of Courage
The Scarlet Letter
A Tale of Two Cities
Treasure Island

Development and Production: Laurel Associates, Inc.
Cover and Interior Art: Black Eagle Productions



Three Watson
Irvine, CA 92618-2767
E-Mail: info@sdlback.com
Website: www.sdlback.com

Copyright © 1999 by Saddleback Educational Publishing. All rights reserved.
No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without the written permission of the publisher.

ISBN 1-56254-256-7

Printed in the United States of America

05 04 03 02 01 00 M 99 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

CONTENTS

1	Scrooge's Office	5
2	The Day Gets Colder	12
3	Marley's Ghost	17
4	The First of the Three Spirits	23
5	Another Christmas Past.....	30
6	The Second of the Three Spirits .	39
7	More Christmas Presents.....	48
8	The Third of the Three Spirits.....	57
9	A Christmas Future?	65
10	The End of It.....	73

S 1

Scrooge's Office

Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. Old Marley was as dead as a doornail.

Of course Scrooge knew he was dead. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his only friend and his only mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event.

The mention of Marley's funeral brings me back to the point I started from. There is *no doubt* that Marley was dead. This must be distinctly understood—or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am about to tell you.

Scrooge had never painted out Marley's name on the sign. Years afterward it still hung above the door: *Scrooge and Marley*.

Sometimes people called Scrooge “Scrooge,” and sometimes “Marley.” He answered to both names. It was all the same to him.

Scrooge was a very tightfisted man! He was secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features and nipped his pointed nose. It shriveled his cheeks and stiffened his walk. It made his eyes red and his thin lips blue. The hair on his head, eyebrows, and chin was frosty white. He seemed to carry his own low temperature with him. He iced his coffee in the summer, and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

Outside heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No sun could warm him; no winter weather could chill him. No wind that blew was more bitter than he. No falling snow was colder. No pelting rain was less open to mercy. The heaviest rain, snow, hail, and sleet had only one advantage over him. They often “came down” handsomely—but Scrooge never did.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, “My dear Scrooge, how are you? When

will you come to see me?" No beggars asked him for anything. No children asked him what time it was. No man or woman ever asked him directions. Even the blind men's dogs seemed to know him. When they saw him coming, they would tug their owners into doorways. Then they would wag their tails as if to say, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, master!"

But what did Scrooge care! This was the very thing he liked.

One Christmas Eve, old Scrooge was busy in his counting house. It was cold, dark, biting weather. He could hear the people outside, stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them. The city clocks said it was 3:00 P.M., but it was quite dark already. It had not been light all day. Candles were flaring in the windows of the nearby offices. The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole. It was so dense outside that, even though the street was very narrow, the houses on the other side were hard to see.

The door of Scrooge's office was open