

Sides for Scrooge

Fred: A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!

Scrooge: Bah! Humbug!

Fred: Christmas a humbug, uncle? You don't mean that, I am sure?

Scrooge: I do. Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough.

Fred: Come, then, what right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough.

Scrooge: Bah! Humbug.

Fred: Don't be cross, uncle!

Scrooge: What else can I be, when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon Merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, but not an hour richer? If I could work my will, every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart.

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To the gentleman asking for a charitable donation:

Scrooge: I wish to be left alone. Since you ask me what I wish, gentleman, that is my answer. I don't make merry myself at Christmas and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the establishments I have mentioned—they cost enough; and those who are badly off must go there. If they would rather die, they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population. It's enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other people's. Mine occupies me constantly. Good afternoon, gentleman!

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To the spirit of Christmas future, on seeing his own grave:

Scrooge: Spirit! Hear me! I am not the man I was. Why show me this, if I am past all hope? Good Spirit, your nature intercedes for me, and pities me. Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me, by an altered life. I will honour Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!

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A reformed Scrooge, playing a prank on Bob Cratchit and then rejoicing.

Scrooge: Hallo! What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?

Bob: I am very sorry, sir. I am behind my time.

Scrooge: Yes. I think you are. Step this way, sir, if you please.

Bob: It's only once a year, sir. It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir.

Scrooge: Now, I'll tell you what, my friend. I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore, I am about to raise your salary! A merry Christmas, Bob! A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavour to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, Bob! Make up the fires, and buy another coal-scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit!