

A  
CHRISTMAS  
CAROL

CHARLES  
DICKENS

TIMELESS CLASSICS



---

 *TIMELESS CLASSICS*

---

# A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Charles Dickens

- ADAPTED BY -

Patricia Hutchison

 **SADDLEBACK**  
PUBLISHING



**TIMELESS CLASSICS**



**Copyright ©2013 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, scanning, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without the written permission of the publisher. SADDLEBACK EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING and any associated logos are trademarks and/or registered trademarks of Saddleback Educational Publishing.

ISBN-13: 978-1-62250-711-5

ISBN-10: 1-62250-711-8

eBook: 978-1-61247-962-0

Printed in Guangzhou, China  
0000/CA00000000

17 16 15 14 13 1 2 3 4 5

# | CONTENTS |

1	Scrooge's Office .....	5
2	The Day Gets Colder .....	11
3	Marley's Ghost .....	15
4	The First of the Three Spirits .....	21
5	Another Christmas Past .....	28
6	The Second of the Three Spirits...	36
7	More Christmas Presents .....	44
8	The Third of the Three Spirits ....	51
9	A Christmas Future?.....	62
10	The End of It.....	72

# | 1 |

## Scrooge's Office

Marley was dead. He had been dead for many years. There was no doubt about that. Scrooge and Marley had been partners for a long time. He was the only one who missed Marley. But he wasn't very sad about it.

Scrooge was a grumpy old man. He was hard and cold. He didn't like children. He didn't like adults. He didn't like anything, unless it made him rich. He didn't even like Christmas!

People didn't pay attention to Scrooge. No one stopped in the street to say hello. No one knocked on his door to visit. Even dogs went out of their way to avoid him. But Scrooge didn't care. He liked it that way.

One Christmas Eve, he sat in his office. He was doing what he liked best. He was counting his money. It was a cloudy, bitter cold day. He had a small fire going, just to keep the chill off.

His door was open so that he could watch his clerk. The clerk was copying letters. His fire was even smaller than Scrooge's. He tried to warm his hands by the candle.



Scrooge's nephew, Fred, came happily inside. "Merry Christmas, Uncle!" he said.

"Humbug!" said Scrooge.

"I know you don't mean it, Uncle," said Fred.

“I do mean it! What good is Christmas?” Scrooge asked. “It just makes you poor, buying all those presents. You’re already poor enough.”

“You’re rich enough. But you’re still not happy,” Fred said.

“Humbug!” Scrooge yelled again. “Any idiot who yells ‘Merry Christmas’ should be boiled. Then bury him with a stake of holly through his heart.”

“Uncle!” Fred said, shocked.

“You have Christmas your way. I’ll have it mine,” declared Scrooge.



“But you *don't* have Christmas at all,” Fred pointed out.

“And that’s the way I like it!” Scrooge said finally.

“Money isn’t everything,” Fred said calmly. “Christmas is not about riches. It is always fun. There is much joy and forgiveness. People open their hearts. Christmas makes me feel good. But it has not made me rich.

“Don’t be angry, Uncle. Have dinner with us. Tomorrow?” Fred asked.

“Ah. You have a wife now. Why did you get married?” Scrooge asked.

“Because I fell in love,” Fred replied.

“Love! Humbug! Love is even sillier than Christmas!” Scrooge growled. “Please leave!”

“Why can’t we be friends, Uncle?” Fred asked. “I don’t ask anything from you.”

“Good-bye!” Scrooge snapped.

“I feel very sorry for you, Uncle. Merry Christmas,” Fred said softly. He quietly said good-bye to the clerk. Then he opened the door and left.