Old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house.
“Let me leave it alone, then,” said Scrooge.
Scrooge saw ... Marley’s face.
“You will be haunted,” resumed the ghost, “by three spirits.”
"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past."
A lonely boy was reading by a feeble fire.
“Yo ho, my boys!” said Fezziwig. “No more work to-night. It’s Christmas Eve.”
"I am the Ghost of Christmas Present," said the spirit. "Look upon me!"
In came little Bob . . . and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder.
At every fresh question Scrooge's nephew burst into a fresh roar of laughter.
The spirit answered not, but pointed onward with its hand.
"No, spirit! Oh, no, no!"
"Why, it's impossible to carry that to Camden Town," said Scrooge.
"I am about to raise your salary."