Inspired by unit 8 on Dickens in ‘Opening Doors to Famous Poetry and Prose’

The bells clashed. Twelve midnight. Scrooge was well aware of what was about to unravel. Each time a bell crashed, it felt like someone was choking him. As each bell vibrated, someone tightened their grip. His brain rattled with fear. Silence. Scrooge was bewildered by this fact. No signs, no noise, not a peep could be heard. Eventually, a whirlwind of sounds, demonic shrieks, and low gurgles equally as loud as a population of birds that were eager to share what they had seen in their lifetime, erupted. After a while, they all perished to the inevitable silence. Cautiously, Scrooge evacuated his bed, limb by limb, as quiet as a spider, eyes as wide as a cat. Finally, the phantom made his grand arrival. Scrooge peered anxiously at the contorted phantom and stuttered, “Are you the… the… sp… spirit yet to come?” The phantom exposed a bone-like finger to the astonished eyes of cold-hearted, savage Scrooge. The phantom pointed to the door. He was the very essence of death. Scrooge walked beside him and thought to himself, it’s better to have a cold heart than no heart at all. Through the thick icy barrages of mist, Scrooge was transported to a grave with no name. Rays of menacing darkness and misery enveloped him as his name became carved into the headstone. Each motion of the phantom’s finger brought visions of demons from the underworld that mocked him. Scrooge dropped to his knees and pleaded for salvation before his soul was devoured.

 Ridwan Yustur, year 6, a prediction on the visitation of the third ghost inspired by A Christmas Carol by Charles Dickens