Inspired by Dickens

Scrooge

Oh, but he was a cold-hearted, mean-spirited, wicked, tight-fisted, frozen-to-the-heart miser. Scrooge!  A death-black frock coat slid over his shoulders, the finest velvet darkening the hem. Scrooge was rich but selfish. Nobody talked to him or looked at him, but he liked that. His grey eyes glared around his cold office.

The fire was beginning to die out. Outside, there was thick fog, so thick that when he looked out he couldn’t see the other side of the town. Inside, there were no heart-warming portraits; no golden chandeliers. Just his wooden desk, empty bookshelves and his cold oil lamp. There was a candle but it was never lit. The room was bleak and bare, and was slowly starting to freeze.

Betsan