**Inspired by Dickens**

**Scrooge**

Scrooge peered out from behind his old, dirty spectacles, with his grey sleet eyes. His ink-black top hat was fraying - very slightly - on its rim, for Scrooge was far too mean to buy a new one each winter. He dipped the sharp end of the quill into the ink, which was black - just like the night sky. His frost-like beard waved in the icy draught that tore beneath the rotten window frame.

Everything in the office was plain or unpleasant. There were no family portraits, no pictures on the cold office walls or chandelier above his head. He sat on a straight-backed, oak desk chair, and his grey skin sagged more each year. There was no warmth in his shrivelled heart, which was as cold as ice.

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