Inspired by Dickens

Scrooge

The solitary Scrooge sat in his office. He had never changed the ancient sign that read Scrooge & Marley - its creak still rang through the cold, cobblestone alley, reaching the tight-fisted, harsh-faced, cruel-hearted, mercenary miser. Oh, Scrooge! His topcoat was made of the finest velvet, but the experts of fashion would notice fraying of the fabric around the hem of his overcoat. His battered top hat perched upon his bony head - the only real feature upon his withered, wrinkled scalp, bare from the bitter winters, many that he had survived. Scrooge’s shrivelled skin sagged like the limp limbs of a dying cypress tree, held up by his sleet-white sideburns.

At the sound of revelry from outdoors, Scrooge rose slowly from his straight-backed chair, grabbed his sole candlestick and advanced towards the frost-encrusted casement. From behind his spectacles, he observed the snow-hidden world, filled with the disgust of Christmas: the irritating audio of carol singers; the stink of smoking geese; the wooden Christmas puppet show - just as annoying as ever; the various gentlemen and ladies greeting each other with the horrible words: Merry Christmas. Without a doubt, he was the greediest, cruellest, coldest, vilest, nastiest, most evil, most ill-tempered, sourest, most despicable, malicious and sharp man in the entire city.

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