Inspired by Dickens

Scrooge by Ria

But oh, Scrooge was a tight-fisted man with a permanent frown etched on his face;  his barren head had few white hairs drooping from his scalp. He sat there like a frozen sculpture - the only sign of life was his scribbling hand and darting eyes. The light was hardly visible - all that remained of warmth was the embers of the dying fire. The frostbitten air devoured any heat that came near.

Scrooge's skin was rough and scratchy, sagging and crumpling when he talked. His voice rattled: it was as sharp as glass and sent plumes of misty clouds into the room.

The office offered few comforts. There were no paintings to brighten the room; no colourful rugs or tapestries on the cold walls; no shiny brass awards. Scrooge’s office was as bare as an Arctic plain.