Inspired by Dickens

Scrooge

# Oh, that dirty devil - his office - oh, that office! There was no fire for warmth, no well-loved mahogany chair, only the hard oak desk chair. Yes, the frost white ledger which would never write a word of kindness from Scrooge. Sleet-grey skin, flaking away like snow. A wooden, cold floor - no use for Scrooge since no child would dare sit on it or even go in the room. The scraping sign read: Marley and Scrooge. It hung high above the door. Outside, fog seeped like a phantom. Frost fell like flames when they flicker with joy. But Scrooge had no joy. His nails were sharp like a knife, hair like frost, eyes ice-blue. Oh that Scrooge - dead in the mind but not in the soul!

By Sharny P.