**Inspired by Dickens**

**Scrooge by Will**

**Oh but he was a mean-spirited, cold-hearted miser. Scrooge! Around his bony body wrapped his death-black frock coat; a raggedy top hat; his loosened, sewn shirt and a pair of cotton trousers. His face was wrinkled, his skin sagged like the limp limbs a dying yew tree, while his frost-white hair thinned by the day. The room was as cold as Scrooge’s heart. Frost coated the insides of the casement;  his breath swirled around like the steam bursting out of a train.**

**His old workshop was still named ‘Scrooge and Marley’. The inside was as cold as the ghost of his best friend, Marley. A brass oil lamp and a raggedy coat stand stood in the dark corner. Because Scrooge saved up all of his money, he didn't have many dandy things such as: a mahogany desk chair; a cheerful chandelier and a vast fire - but that's just how he liked it. Without a doubt, he was the meanest, nastiest, sharpest old toad in the whole of the city.**