

SCROOGE'S NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS



SCROOGE'S

NIGHT BEFORE

CHRISTMAS

PETERSEN * DICKERT

\$9.99 U.S.

Jacketless Hardcover

3 1/4 x 8 1/4 in.

32 Pages

Illustrated throughout

Pub Date:

September 2016

ISBN-13: 978-1-4236-4489-7

5 0999



9 781423 644897

JULIE PETERSEN

ILLUSTRATED BY SHERYL DICKERT



GIBBS
SMITH

'T was the night before Christmas,
and old Marley was dead
As dead as a doornail,
so the simile read.
His former partner, Scrooge,
walked to their office,
Thinking of nothing but his own
profits and losses.



Scrooge scolded Bob Cratchit and
forbade him more coal,
For the heat gave no warmth
to old Scrooge's cold soul.
Though the day was a joyful
part of the season,
For Scrooge 'twas an annoyance,
and here was his reason:

Christmas picked his pocket
every 25th of December,
A loss of business was all that
Scrooge cared to remember.
His stony heart was ice
as it beat in his chest.
He ignored the needy, the hungry,
and all of the rest.

"I'm the Ghost of Christmas Present,"
laughed the genial phantom.
He took reticent Scrooge
on a journey across the kingdom,
Where people all around reveled
in the joy of the day,
Feasting and merrymaking,
all in their own way.

The spirit led Scrooge to
Bob Cratchit's poor dwelling,
Where the smell of goose dinner
was rising and swelling.
The whole family rejoiced
to be with each other,
From mother and father,
to sister and brother.





With one silent motion replied the
hooded ghost.

“Oh, spirit!” trembled Scrooge,
“I do fear you the most.

Pray tell that a man
can for ill deeds atone!”

With horror Scrooge read
his own name on the tombstone.



Scrooge was conveyed next
to an old, forlorn church
Surrounded by graves;

his heart gave a lurch.

“Are these all the shadows
of what Will or May be?

Surely futures can change. Say it’s
true, even for me.”