

A CHRISTMAS CAROL AUDITON MONOLOGUE

Once upon a time—of all good days in the year, on Christmas Eve—old Scrooge was busy in his counting house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather—foggy withal; but Scrooge iced his office and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas. External heat and cold had little influence on him. Scrooge kept the coal box in his own room and so surely as the clerk, Bob Cratchit, came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk tried to warm himself at his candle.