

## Resource A: **BAH HUMBUG!**

(Each person, place or thing is underscored in the text for the students to create on their own or in groups. The lines for them to say out loud are marked in **BOLD**. You can use each 'BAH HUMBUG', to clear the circle - and add more 'BAH HUMBUG's if it gets too crowded!)

A long time ago, on a particularly frosty Christmas Eve, a rich businessman, Ebenezer Scrooge, sat at his enormous desk counting his money and reading his accounts in his chilly counting house. This had been his business for many years, which he had successfully run with his friend and partner, Joseph Marley. Joseph Marley was now dead, having died 7 years ago on this very night. Scrooge's office had two rooms, his counting house which was bare, except for the desk covered in papers, and a pitiful fire, onto which Scrooge threw small pieces of coal to warm himself on this bitter night. Beyond this office was a tiny room in which his poor Clerk, Bob Cratchit, worked very hard, perched on a high stool near an even tinier and weaker fire. Bob pulled his scarf closer around his face to keep out the bitter cold and looked at the big clock ticking away the hours in the corner of the room. It was nearly 5 o'clock and Christmas day was fast approaching. Scrooge had still not said he could leave for the day. Bob thought about his family at home, waiting for him to return and he had the Christmas goose to buy on the way.

Just then, the door opened with a tinkle of bells and in came two kindly ladies, Mrs Trowell and Lady Tibwell, collecting money for those less well off at Christmas time.

**“Can we count on your generosity Mr Scrooge?”**

Scrooge looked up from his work with a scowl and said:

**“I prefer to be left alone. I see no use in Christmas. I don't care to make others merry at my expense”**

And with that he ushered the women out of his office and slammed the door shut in their rosy faces.

Bob Cratchit looked up from his desk in despair but Scrooge caught him looking and growled at him before entering his office once again. **“Bah Humbug!”** he growled. The clock kept ticking away the hours before Christmas Day. Soon after the door to the counting house opened again and in came Scrooge's nephew, Fred, a happy man, who had always made a point to invite his uncle to Christmas at his house each year, an invitation which Scrooge always refused.

**“A Merry Christmas Uncle!”** said Fred, but before he could speak any further Scrooge said:

**“Bah Humbug, I prefer to be alone”**

Once again, the visitor was ushered off and the door slammed shut in his face.

BAH HUMBUG!

In his cold, tiny room, Bob Cratchit, looked again at the clock, making its way towards to 6...7...8 o'clock, until he was squinting at his work by the dim light of a candle. After what felt like an eternity, Scrooge allowed him to leave, with much grumblings and miseries and ushered him out into the cold night. Bob ran all the way home to his beloved family, catching a ride on a tin tray down an icy slope on the way: **Wheeeeeeee!!!!** With the little money he had, he brought the *smallest scrawniest* goose in the butchers from the *shopkeeper* and went on towards his home, where his beloved wife, *Mrs Cratchit*, was preparing the little food they had for tomorrow's lunch and where *his children, Martha 15, Belinda 14, Peter 11, Susan, 10, Joe 9 and Tiny Tim*, had spent the evening decorating every inch of their humble home and where now all tucked up in bed for Christmas day.

BAH HUMBUG!

Back in his office, Ebenezer Scrooge ate his melancholy dinner and shut up his counting house, locking the door. As he walked home, he passed the brightness of the shops where springs of prickly holly hung. The lamplight in the windows made the faces of the passers-by rosy and cheerful. Every face but Scrooge, who remained moody and grim. All this Christmas cheer made him feel positively sick.

At last he reached his home, an old and dreary house up a back yard. It was a gloomy collection of rooms, for nobody lived in it but Scrooge. The yard was so dark that even Scrooge had to grope with his hands for the entrance. He reached the large wooden door with a huge brass knocker. He had just inserted the key in the lock, when he suddenly saw a face in the large knocker on the door! The face looked just like Jacob Marley, his old partner who died 7 years ago this very night. Scrooge shook his head, was he going crazy? Was he seeing things? Then he told himself:

**No, it's just a door knocker for goodness sake!**

Scrooge opened the heavy door then hurriedly locked it behind him. He sat down in front of his dismal fire to eat his supper of thin gruel. Just then, all the bells in the house started to ring. He shook his head in disbelief. Who could be calling at this

ungodly hour, on Christmas Eve? Then suddenly, he saw a dreadful spooky shape moving towards him, it walked straight through *the wall* opposite! He recognised that shape, it was the ghost of his friend and partner Jacob Marley. He was totally transparent and dragging *long chains* behind him that clanked as he moved. Attached to those chains were cash boxes, keys, ledgers and money-boxes, weighing him down. The ghost of Jacob Marley moved slowly towards Scrooge and spoke in a big booming voice:

**Ebenezer!**

BAH HUMBUG!