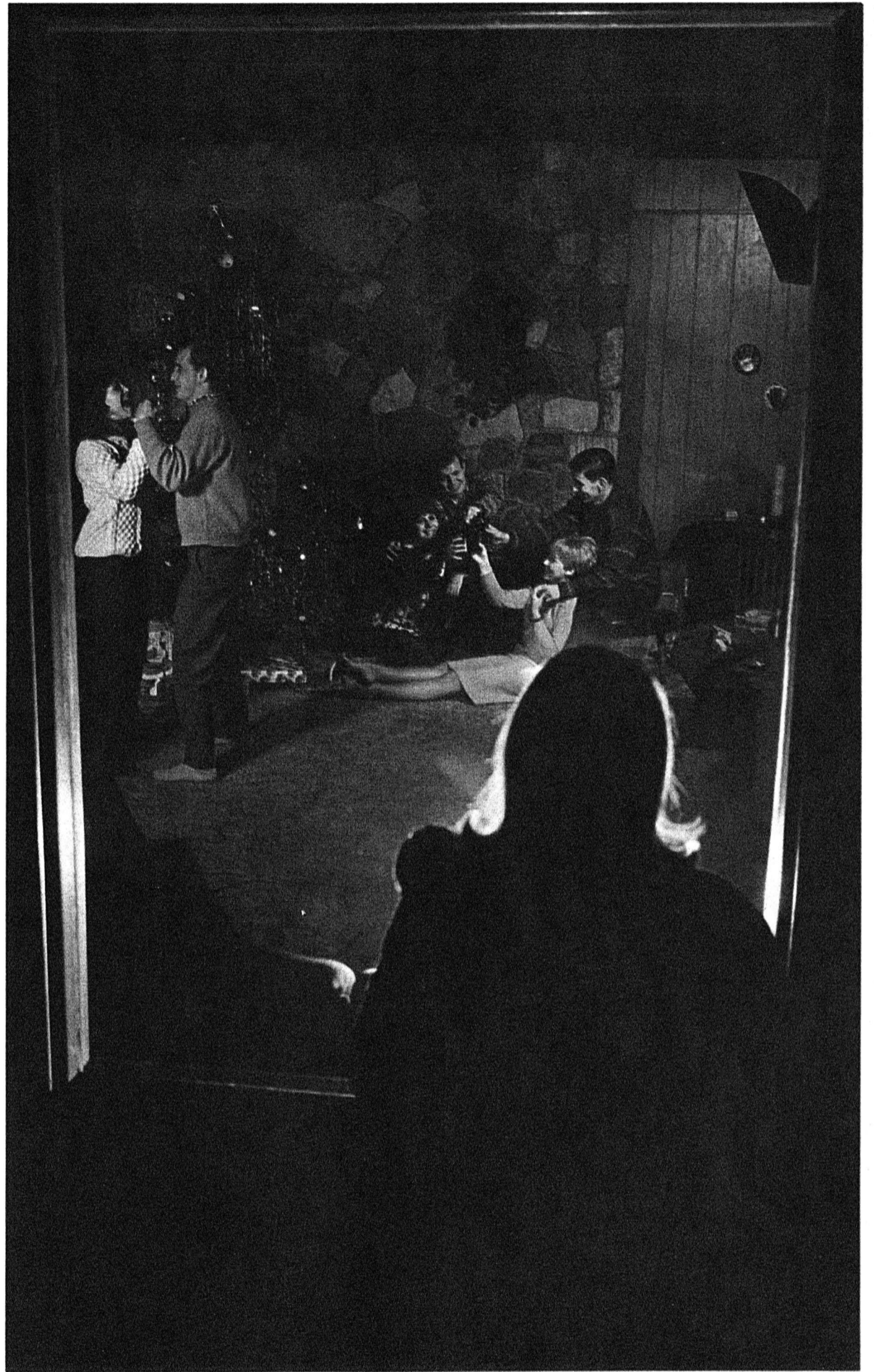
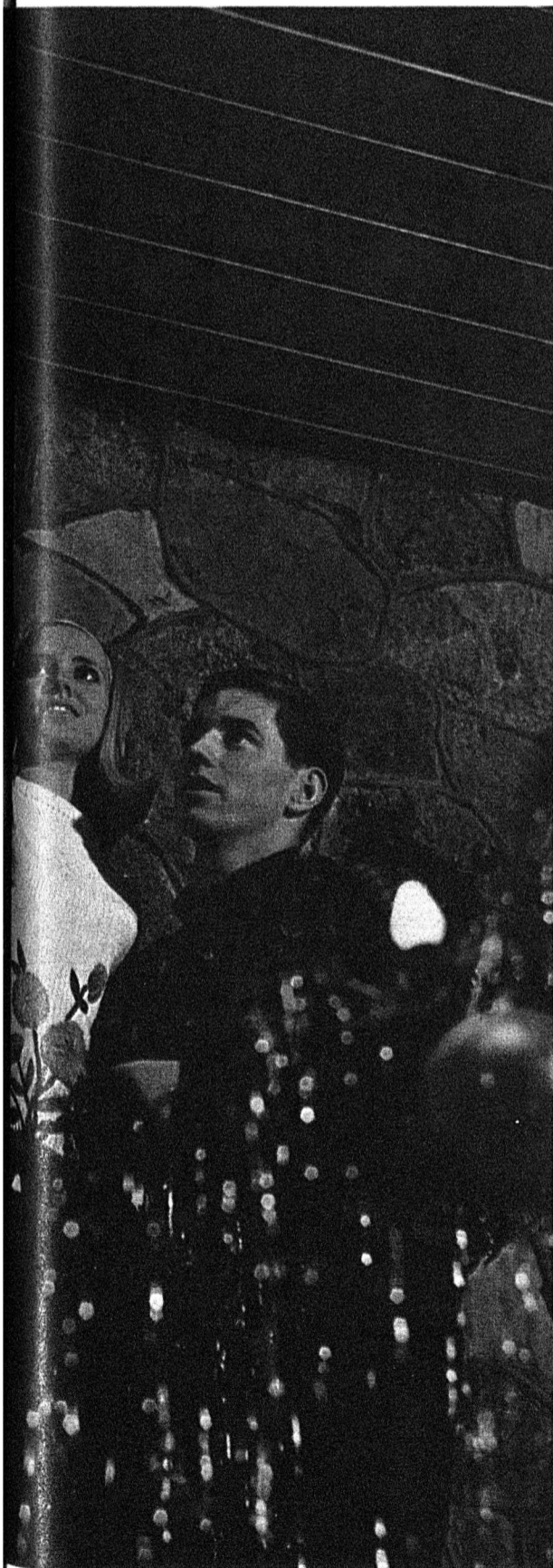


Christmas

text by charles dickens
photos by neil driscoll



The Spirit gazed upon him mildly. Its gentle touch, though it had been light and instantaneous, appeared still present to the old man's sense of feeling. He was conscious of a thousand odours floating in the air, each one connected with a thousand thoughts, and hopes, and joys, and cares long, long, forgotten . . . "These are but shadows of things that have been," said the Ghost. "They have no consciousness of us. The jocund travellers came on; and as they came, Scrooge knew and named them everyone. Why he was rejoiced beyond all bounds to see them! Why did his cold eye glisten, and his heart leap up as they went past! Why was he filled with gladness when he heard them give each other Merry Christmas, as they parted at the cross-roads and bye-ways, for their several homes! What was merry Christmas to Scrooge? Out upon Christmas! What good had it ever done to him?" "The school is not quite deserted," said the Ghost. "A solitary child, neglected by his friends, is left there still." Scrooge said he knew it. And he sobbed.