

Dialogtext zu Bild 1

- Mr Scrooge:** "I'm a rich man, oh, so rich."
Bob: "Mr Scrooge is rich. But he hasn't got a family or any friends. Poor Mr Scrooge!"

Dialogtext zu Bild 4

- Ghost:** "Tiny Tim is very sick. He will die because Bob can't buy good food and medicine for Tiny Tim."
Mr Scrooge: "No. I can help. I can pay for food and medicine."

Dialogtext zu Bild 5

- Mr Scrooge:** "Tell me, what day is it?"
Boy: "It's Christmas Day, Mr Scrooge."
Mr Scrooge: "Oh, then Merry Christmas to you! Here's some money. Go and buy a big turkey and take it to Tiny Tim's house. Don't say I gave you the money."

Dialogtext zu Bild 6

- Mr Scrooge:** "Well, I can't pay you a pound anymore. Bob, now I'm going to pay you five pounds."
Tiny Tim: "Please stay for Christmas dinner, Mr Scrooge. Sit next to me!"

Hinweise zur Arbeit mit „The Christmas Carol“ siehe Seite 27.

A Christmas Carol – the story

Once there was a man who didn't like Christmas. His name was Scrooge and he lived many years ago. And when Scrooge heard the word Christmas, what did he say? He said, "Humbug!"

One year on Christmas Eve, Scrooge was at work, counting money in a big box. "I'm a rich man, oh, so rich." Another man was in the room. Bob sat at a table, writing numbers in a big book. "Mr Scrooge is rich," he thought. "But he hasn't got a family or any friends. Poor Mr Scrooge!"

Bob thought of his family and of Christmas Day tomorrow. He thought of his children's happy faces. "We are very poor but we are happy." It was 5 o'clock and time to go home. Bob smiled.

Scrooge saw Bob smile. "Oh, you're smiling, Bob?" "Well, tomorrow is Christmas Day, Mr Scrooge." "Then you must come to work early the day after Christmas. We must count my money!" "Yes, Mr Scrooge. And Merry Christmas." "Christmas? Humbug!"

It was snowing. Bob walked to his house. It was a small house, but with a happy family. Bob thought of them.

Scrooge walked to his house. It was a big house, but dark, cold and lonely. Scrooge thought of his money. That night, when he was in bed, his bedroom was suddenly full of light. A man was looking at Scrooge.

"Who are you?" "I'm the Christmas ghost." "A ghost?" "Yes. I'm here to show you the danger of loving money." The ghost took Scrooge by the hand. Suddenly they were standing in Bob's house. The house was small, but everyone was happy. The children were putting the food on the table. It was a small chicken for so many people, but everyone was smiling. And there was Bob, carrying his son Tiny Tim on his shoulders. Tim's legs

were not strong. He couldn't walk. He was very small and very sick. Soon all were eating and laughing. Bob said, "Merry Christmas to you. And Merry Christmas to Mr Scrooge. He hasn't got a family or friends. All he has got is money." Tiny Tim cried, "Merry Christmas to Mr Scrooge!" The ghost looked at Scrooge. Scrooge said, "I'm sorry for Tiny Tim." "Yes," said the ghost, "Tiny Tim is very sick. He will die because Bob can't buy good food and medicine for Tiny Tim." "No," cried Scrooge. "I can help. I can pay for food and medicine."

Scrooge looked at the Christmas ghost, but the ghost had gone. Scrooge was in his bedroom again. He opened the window and called to a boy in the street, "Tell me, what day is it?" "It's Christmas Day." "Oh, then Merry Christmas to you!" Scrooge had an idea. "Do you know Tiny Tim?" "Yes," said the boy. "Here's some money. Go and buy a big turkey and take it to Tiny Tim's house. Don't say I gave you the money."

At dinner time there was a knock on the door of Bob's house. Bob opened the door just as his wife was carrying the turkey to the table. "Bob, I pay you a pound a week. Right?", asked Scrooge. "Er, yes, Mr Scrooge, you do." "Well, I can't pay you a pound anymore!" Bob looked at Tiny Tim. But then Scrooge said, "Bob, now I'm going to pay you *five* pounds! Mm, that turkey smells wonderful." "Please stay to Christmas dinner, Mr Scrooge," cried Tiny Tim. "Sit next to me!" Well, the turkey tasted wonderful! And Tiny Tim did *not* die. He got good food and medicine so his legs grew strong and soon he could walk. And Scrooge? Well, he never saw the Christmas ghost again. But from that day on he loved Christmas more than money. And he never said "Humbug!" again.