

~~Cratchit~~ ~~It's time for the toast, my dears. (*Raising his glass*) I should like to drink to the health of the man who allows me to earn my living and our support. Mr. Scrooge. I'll give you Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!~~

Mrs. Crat. The Founder of the Feast, indeed! I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it.

*(Present laughs)*

Cratchit My dear, the children! Christmas Day.

Mrs. Crat. It should be Christmas Day, I am sure, on which one drinks to the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge! You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do!

Tiny Tim Christmas Day, mama!

Mrs. Crat. Very well, I'll drink to his health for your sake, and the Day's; not for his. Long life to him. A merry Christmas and a happy New Year. He'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt. Mr. Scrooge.