

Mr. Benjamin Scrooge



He was indeed a wealthy miser
Gave nothing to the poorest
charity

And cleanliness and
kindness both

For him was always a rarity

His riches he kept in his cellar
Locked in wooden cabinets
of many

And every night he would go
down there and count
Right down to the very
last penny

But one night on Christmas Eve
There was a crackling noise
from there

He grabbed his bat for
protection

But on his face was a look
of fear

He proceeded to make his
way down

And there was an odor of
fumes and gasses

The wooden cabinets had
caught on fire

And all the money had
turned to ashes

He had learned an
invaluable lesson
About a battle you can
never win

When glorifying the
word... "Greed" ...

Being the... "7th" ...deadliest sin

Rachel Ann Bovier

(Xmas Cards Welcomed)