

# *Sir 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 )**