The classic novel brought to life in full colour!

Ebenezer Scrooge is a selfish, miserly old miser. The only thing he cares about is making money and keeping it. He despises the poor and the needy; and he hates Christmas as much as he hates laughter and kindness… until one Christmas Eve when he gets a rude awakening to just how shallow and sad his life really is.

This timeless story was an immediate success for Charles Dickens when it was first published in 1843. Presented here as a full-colour graphic novel, with sumptuous artwork, authentic settings and wonderful characters, this magical tale can be enjoyed afresh by readers of all ages!

A Christmas Carol is also available in QuickText:

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The full story in quick modern English for a fast-paced read!

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A Christmas Carol

Charles Dickens

Original Text

A Christmas Carol

Charles Dickens

Original Text
It's humbug still! I won't believe it.

I know him...
...MARLEY'S GHOST!

HOW NOW! WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?

MUCH!

WHO ARE YOU?

ASK ME WHO I WAS.
WHO WERE YOU THEN?
YOU'RE PARTICULAR, FOR A SHADE.

IN LIFE I WAS YOUR PARTNER,
JACOB MARLEY.

CAN YOU -- CAN YOU SIT DOWN?
I CAN.

YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN ME.
I DON'T.

DO IT, THEN.

WHAT EVIDENCE WOULD YOU HAVE OF MY REALITY BEYOND THAT OF YOUR SENSES?
I DON'T KNOW.

WHY DO YOU DOUBT YOUR SENSES?
BECAUSE, A LITTLE THING AFFECTS THEM.

A SLIGHT DISORDER OF THE STOMACH MAKES THEM CHEATS.
YOU MAY BE AN UNDIGESTED BIT OF BEEF, A BLOT OF MUSTARD,
A CRUMB OF CHEESE, A FRAGMENT OF AN UNBIDDEN POTATO.
THERE'S MORE OF GRAVY THAN OF GRAVE ABOUT YOU, WHATEVER YOU ARE!

A Christmas Carol
You see this toothpick?

I do.

You are not looking at it.

But I see it, notwithstanding.

Well! I have but to swallow this, and be for the rest of my days persecuted by a legion of goblins, all of my own creation.

Humbug, I tell you! Humbug!
IT IS REQUIRED OF EVERY MAN, THAT THE SPIRIT WITHIN HIM SHOULD WALK ABROAD AMONG HIS FELLOW-MEN, AND TRAVEL FAR AND WIDE; AND IF THAT SPIRIT GOES NOT FORTH IN LIFE, IT IS CONDEMNED TO DO SO AFTER DEATH. IT IS DOOMED TO WANDER THROUGHOUT THE WORLD --

-- OH, WOE IS ME! --

AND WITNESS WHAT IT CANNOT SHARE, BUT MIGHT HAVE SHARED ON EARTH, AND TURNED TO HAPPINESS!

OOOOOOOOOOOOO!

AAIIIAAAHHH!

CLANK

CLANK

RAAAATIIIE
You are fettered. Tell me why?

I wear the chain I forged in life.

I made it, link by link, and yard by yard; I girded it on of my own free will, and of my own free will I wore it.

Is its pattern strange to you?

Or would you know the weight and length of the strong coil you bear yourself?

It was full as heavy and as long as this, seven Christmases ago.

You have laboured on it, since. It is a ponderous chain!

There is no chain here!