

HISTORIC SCROOGE LETTER FOUND

(From the Times of London)

By Fred Hobbs

LONDON—October 29, 2012---Curators at the Royal Historical Society today announced the discovery of an historic letter written by legendary philanthropist Ebenezer Scrooge to his so-called “true love.” Dated in January, 1842, the letter was posted a year before Scrooge’s miraculous conversion from what reporter Charles Dickens described as a “squeezing, grasping, wrenching, covetous old sinner” into a generous, congenial pillar of the community.

In cramped handwriting, the yellowing missive reads as follows:

To my so-called true love,

I’m writing this letter to tell you what I think of those ridiculous presents you sent me. One day of Christmas is quite enough, but twelve is ridiculous, so here is what I have done.

First of all, what’s with all the birds? You know I hate birds. So, last night, I dined on roast partridge stuffed with pears from that tree I chopped down. Those nasty turtle doves are no good to eat. So I put them in a sack and dumped them in the Thames River. I gave the three French hens to that crazy Parisian who lives on the third floor. As to the calling birds and the swans, against my better judgment, I called the zookeeper to come and pick them up. At least they’ll be out of my sight and I won’t hear their eternal squawking.

The six geese? Well, that’s still a dumb present, but I guess I can I put up with them because they are laying eggs I can sell. And who knows, one of them might lay a golden egg! The milk maids idea is okay. Being as jealous as you are, I’m surprised you sent them. You’ve reminded me time and again that you don’t like the fact that I’ve always liked to gaze lasciviously at pretty young girls. Anyway, the production from eight cows that they milk can bring a pretty penny.

And, those five golden rings you gave me. Another thing I hate is jewelry. At least, though, I can convert them to what I like best: money. I’ve sold them to a gold exchange merchant and put the proceeds safely under the mattress where they belong.

Concerning the entertainment package you sent: In my tiny flat, where in blazes did you think I could accommodate nine ladies dancing? I sent them away, (but they were kind of cute.) I told those ten lords to leap the *&#**¶ out of here and get back to Parliament and work on that bill to lower my taxes!

And, I swiftly rejected the eleven pipers and twelve drummers making that infernal racket while I was trying to count my money.

In short, I have no interest anymore, in your love, true or otherwise.

In two final words: bah, humbug!

E. Scrooge