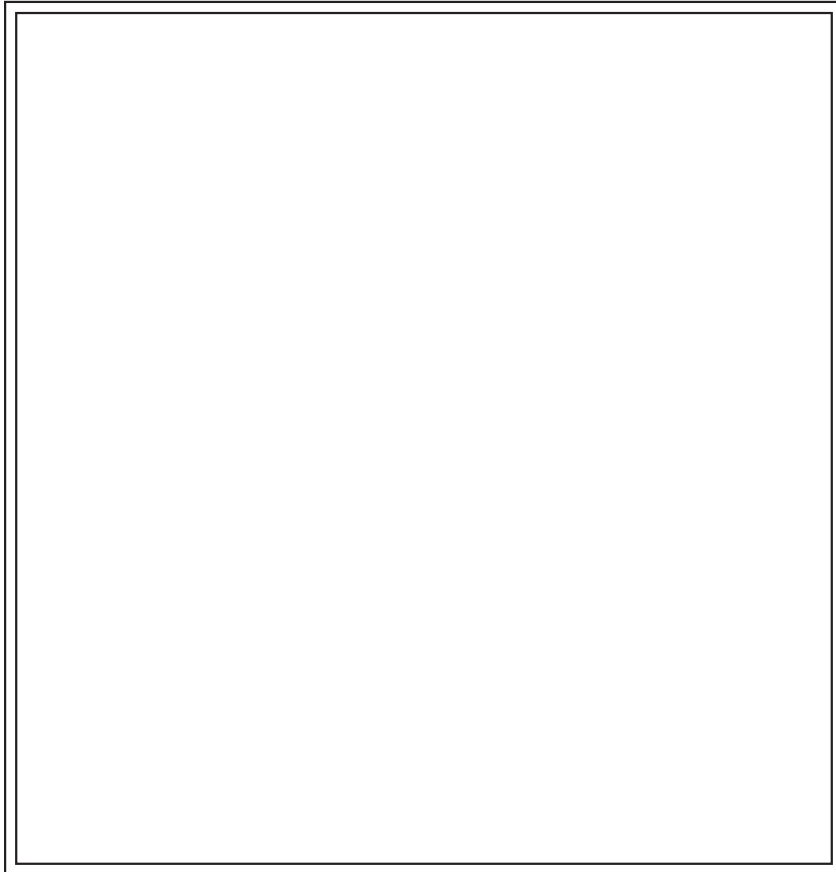


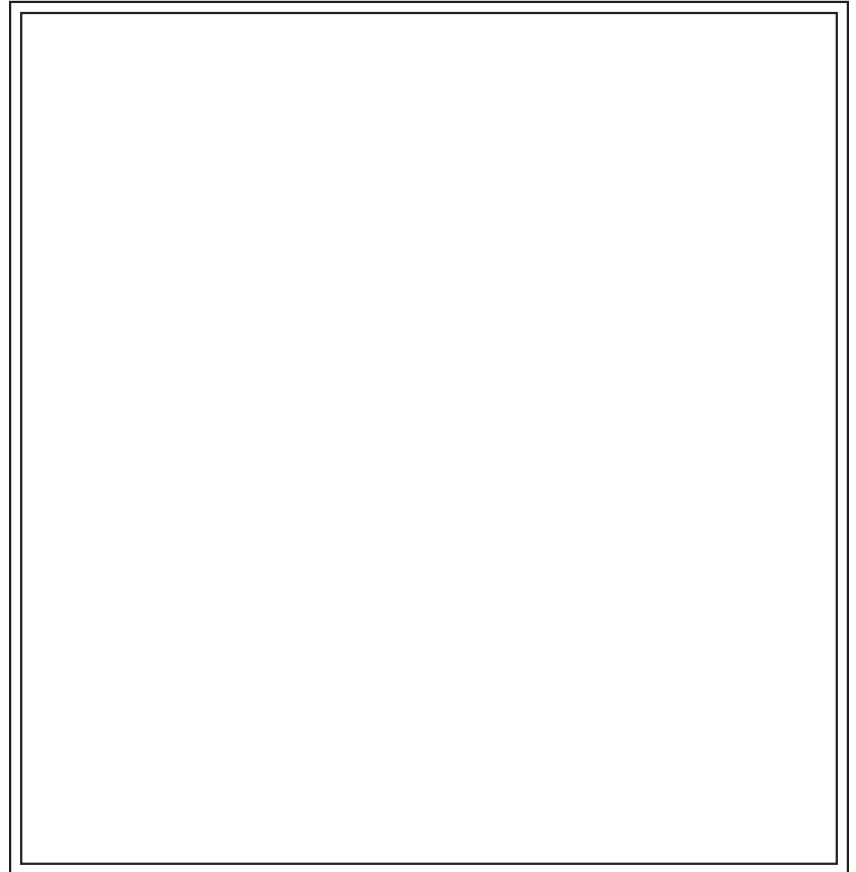
A CHRISTMAS CAROL:
The Ghosts

Directions: Charles Dickens describes each of his Ghosts in detail. Use his descriptions to create an image of each Ghost. You can draw them, make collages, use clipart, or any other method in your interpretation. Use your imagination!



The Ghost of Jacob Marley

MARLEY IN HIS PIG-TAIL, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots; the tassels on the latter bristling, like his pig-tail, and his coat-skirts, and the hair upon his head. The chain he drew was clasped about his middle. It was long, and wound about him like a tail; and it was made . . . of cash-boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds, and heavy purses wrought in steel. His body was transparent: so that Scrooge, observing him, and looking through his waistcoat, could see the two buttons on his coat behind.

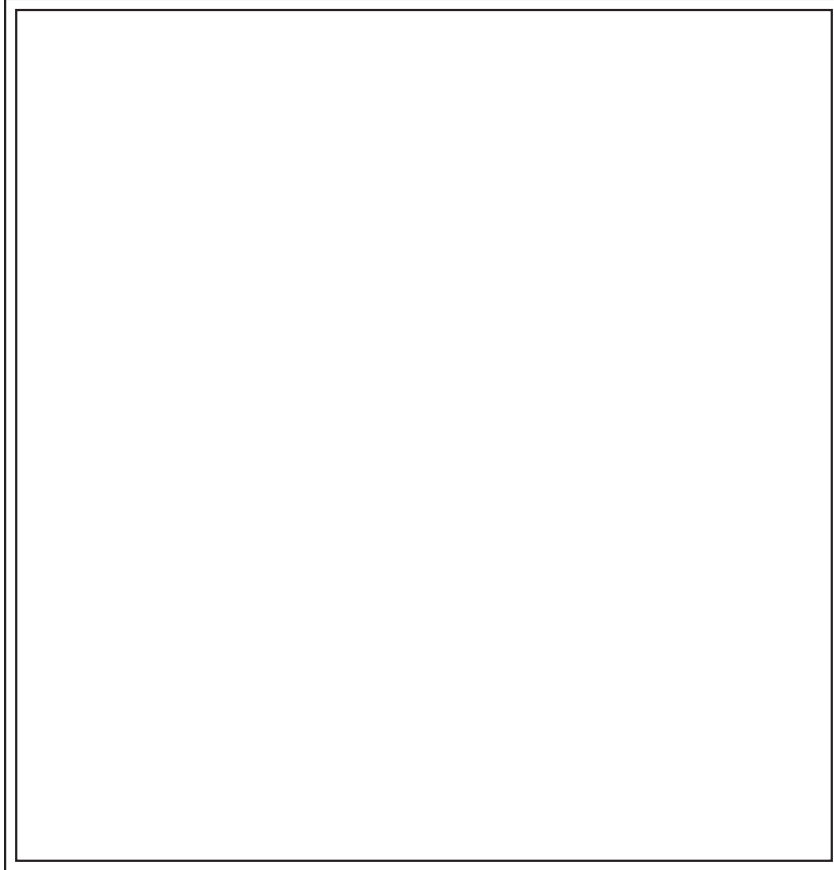


The Ghost of Christmas Past

IT WAS A STRANGE FIGURE—like a child: yet not so like a child as like an old man. . . . Its hair, which hung about its neck and down its back, was white as if with age; and yet the face had not a wrinkle in it, and the tenderest bloom was on the skin. The arms were very long and muscular. . . . Its legs and feet . . . [were] . . . bare. It wore a tunic of the purest white; and round its waist was bound a lustrous belt. . . . It held a branch of fresh green holly in its hand; and . . . had its dress trimmed with summer flowers. . . . From the crown of its head there sprung a bright clear jet of light [with] a great extinguisher for a cap, which it now held under its arm.

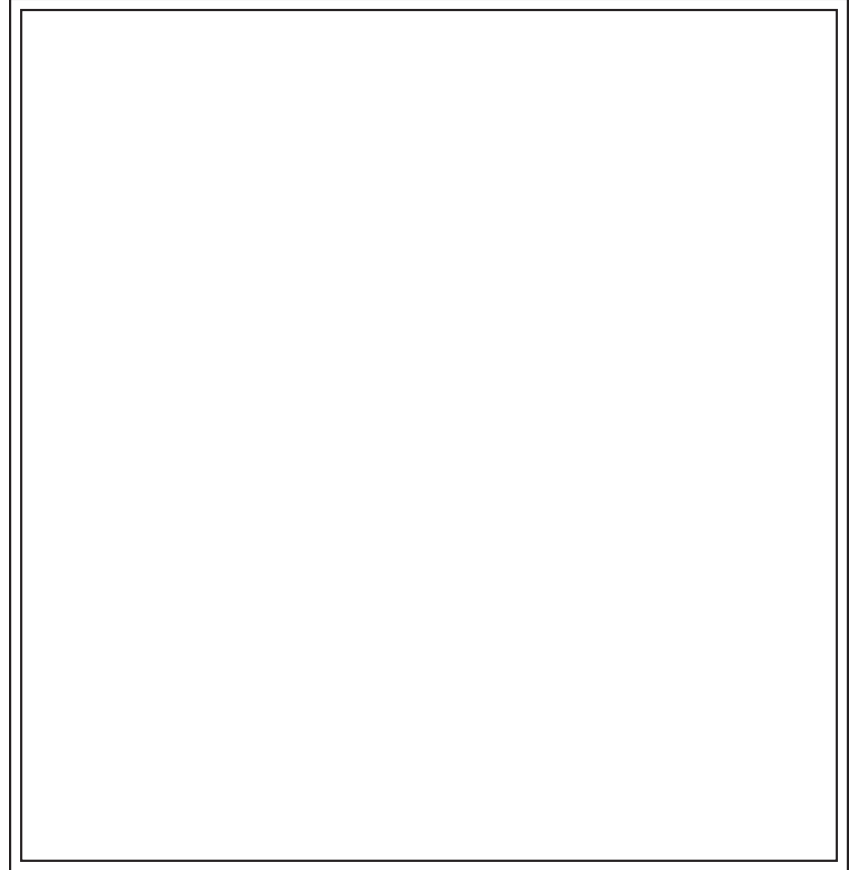
A CHRISTMAS CAROL:
The Ghosts

Directions: Charles Dickens describes each of his Ghosts in detail. Use his descriptions to create an image of each Ghost. You can draw them, make collages, use clipart, or any other method in your interpretation. Use your imagination!



The Ghost of Christmas Present

IT WAS CLOTHED IN ONE SIMPLE DEEP GREEN ROBE, . . . bordered with white fur. This garment hung so loosely on the figure, that its capacious breast was bare. . . . Its feet . . . were also bare; and on its head it wore no other covering than a holly wreath set here and there with shining icicles. Its dark brown curls were long and free; free as its genial face, sparkling eye, its open hand, its cheery voice, its unconstrained demeanour, and its joyful air. Girded round its middle was an antique scabbard; but no sword was in it, and the ancient sheath was eaten up with rust.



The Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come

IT WAS SHROUDED IN A DEEP BLACK GARMENT, which concealed its head, its face, its form, and left nothing of it visible save one outstretched hand. But for this it would have been difficult to detach its figure from the night, and separate it from the darkness by which it was surrounded.