



Stave Three: The Second of the three Spirits

“... *The Spirit did not tarry here, but bad Scrooge hold his robe, and passing on above the moor sped whither? Not out to sea? To sea. To Scrooge’s horror, looking back, he saw the last of the land, a frightful range of rocks, behind them; and his ears were deafened by the thundering of water, as it rolled, and roared, and rage among the dreadful cavern sit had worn, and fiercely tried to undermine the earth.*

*B*uilt upon a dismal reef of sunken rocks, some league or so from shore, on which the waters chafed and dashed, the wild year through, there stood a solitary lighthouse. Great heaps of sea-weed clung to its base, and shore-birds—born of the wind one might suppose, as sea-weed of the water—rose and fell about it, like the waves they skimmed.

*B*ut even here, two men who watched the light had made a fire, that through the loophole in the thick stone wall shed out a ray of brightness on the awful sea. Joining their horny hands over the rough table at which they sat, they wished each other Merry Christmas in their can of grog; and one of them: the elder, too, with his face all damaged and scarred with hard weather, as the figure-head of an old ship might be: struck up a sturdy song that was like a Gale in itself...

From “A Christmas Carol” by Charles Dickens.
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