A Christmas Legend

by ArtemisKid

Summary

A short continuation of what happens after "A Christmas Carol".

Many years had passed - long, joyous, amazing, fun, incredible – even crazy, years. By then, Scrooge had become a legend – the Christmas Legend. Everywhere you went, if you asked any one person where they would like to spend their Christmas day, the energetic enthusiastic reply was always "at Scrooge's". Those lucky enough would be bragging left and right, anyone who would listen would know of it.

Once upon a time, on the tenth Christmas from that fateful day, there was a party – large, entertaining, boisterous, jam-packed, gleeful, majestic – yes, but still a party nonetheless. It was the 10th anniversary of the Christmas Party of Scrooge and this year's theme was a blast to the past. The much anticipated time rolled by and the invited gathered around Scrooge's estate, while the others gathered there without any misgivings, knowing that Scrooge wouldn't ruin a merry Christmas to kick them out – even the brigands came, temporarily ignoring their profession for the sake of Christmas spirit. There it was the annual sigh, and then the speech "I thought I only sent out 100 invitations! Maybe with my old age, I am forgetting things…” everybody laughed, the parties always started with these same words. "Or do you God blessed youngsters know more than I do?" Scrooge bellowed out with a wink and a chuckle and continued, "Let the party begin!" With that, Scrooge jumped off the stage with more force than an old man was expected to have, and everyone scrambled to catch him.

"I got you Uncle Scrooge!" shouted the one and the only Tiny Tim, and he did catch him. Tiny Tim was no longer a cripple and had a completely healthy body with no injuries and was apprenticed to his venerated Uncle Scrooge. As soon as that outburst was contained, everyone dispersed to have a piece of the snack, which included – as usual – the large prize turkey, creamy mashed potatoes topped by 'grave gravy', mixed seasonal vegetables, all sorts of soups, Fred's wife's special assortments of bread, fruits freshly picked by Peter and jolly ciders. Of course, the children headed straight for the desserts section, which, was the wide array of pies, Mrs. Cratchit's famous rock hard pudding, eggnog – made fresh by Martha, hot chocolate – made from real melted chocolate with
gigantic marshmallows, and the colossal gingerbread house put together by Scrooge, with every single type of candy you can name hidden on top or within the mansion. The children ate the desserts so fast, a second hadn't even gone by until there was only one solitary pie left, and when the moment was just right, Scrooge swooped by and ate the last pie with a chuckle at the children’s disappointment.

"A-a-a-a-and, now for the moment we've all been waiting for!" announced Scrooge in the loud, caring voice that everyone had grown to love. Everyone instantly became silent and looked up to Scrooge like school children would to a respected teacher, which made Scrooge chuckle his signature chuckle. "It's time for the Blast to the Past! Now, everyone's going to share something about their past that no one ever knew before!" hmm, Scrooge was considering who to start when his face lit up, an idea struck him square in the face, and a devious smirk began to spread through his face, threatening to crack it in half. "Tiny Tim, step up and share your secret with us, your secret from about a week ago." Scrooge bellowed out with a chuckle. Tiny Tim, red in the face, walked up the stairs to the podium slowly, tarrying here and there, while stalling for as much time as possible, but still somehow, against all odds look as graceful as the ballet dancers from the Nutcracker.

"Hey, Uncle Scrooge, how is this fair, you're the host, you should have to go first. Please?" Tiny Tim implored indignantly.

"That's because I'm teaching the younger generations to take the lead and I chose to teach you first." No one ever rejected an invitation to learn from the wise Scrooge.

"That's not fair, Uncle Scrooge, pulling the 'teaching' card" Tiny Tim complained loudly.

"Who said I was fair, now tell us your secret!" Scrooge replied relentlessly while gesturing for Tiny Tim to share his secret.

"Well, um, I – I proposed to my now fiancé!" Tiny Tim stuttered with a cute pink blush on his face, while his fiancé had a matching blush that made the lovebirds look so adorable and Scrooge chuckled like there was no tomorrow.

"Scrooge, have you ever fallen victim to love?" A random person called out from their position in the crowd; this person wasn't afraid of being found out, he was in the middle of the crowd, the best position to stay anonymous. "What happened in your past? What happened 10 years ago?" The voice was probing, but still gentle as if not to hurt Scrooge. Scrooge's face fell at the comment, but soon the good-naturedness and bliss giving smile was replenished as Scrooge thought of the fateful day. The story that ensued was thoughtful and presented in an all-knowing manner.

"Once upon a time, there was an ignorant, misanthropic, miserly, unloving, cold-hearted, covetous, sinning, greedy, old fool. On Christmas Eve, he saw his old partner, who was just the same as he, but had been dead for 7 years' face on his knocker as he entered his house. He tried to convince himself that there was no phantom, that it was not so, but the spectral thing really did visit him. The ghost was there to warn this old fool, to tell him of all the wrongs of their ancient, old ways. After this, three spirits haunted the old man: The Ghosts of Christmas Past, Present, and Future. They showed him the past, present, and future, unaltered by any actions he may have done, if he didn't change, we wouldn't be here right now, there wouldn't be this annual jocund Christmas party. The ghosts showed the man the error in his ways, and he woke up the next day a different man. The man's name was Ebenezer Scrooge." At the end of the long attention-grabbing story, the entire audience cheered in the loudest, most heart-warming sound ever, and with a tear, Scrooge gave a little modest bow feeling a laugh bubbling up in him.

"I knew you had it in you, Uncle!" Fred's voice rose above the rest, though, he didn't know how much that meant to Scrooge that Fan's legacy acknowledged him. "And that's why I asked in the first
place!" continued Fred. Everyone waited to see Scrooge's reaction to Fred's bold statement, but Scrooge just burst out laughing like a lunatic. Everyone was puzzled.

"YOU thought that YOU surprised ME – the Scrooge? I knew it was you who asked in the first place." With that, everybody started laughing and the entire party was plagued with tumult. As the laughter died down, Scrooge announced with a glass of cider in hand, "It would be rude to not toast the one who gave us so much entertainment! To Fred!" and gave Fred a thumbs up so jolly, it seemed like the thumbs were winking at Fred.

"To Fred!" everyone cheered.

"And… to Uncle Scrooge, the… Christmas Legend!" Fred cried out.

"To Scrooge, the Christmas Legend!" Everyone echoed with glee, happiness, and all those emotions you feel in Christmas time.

"And to everyone here, I hope you have a gleeful, morose free, healthy future and…” here, Scrooge pointed at Tiny Tim with that jolly wink of his.

Tiny Tim took the hint and bellowed his famous quotes "God bless Us Every One!"

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