**QUOTE GRID – A CHRISTMAS CAROL**

|  | Poverty/ Wealth/ Social Injustice/  Greed/ generosity | Time/ Space/ Memory | Light/ Dark | Youth/ Age | Christmas | Family & home/ Isolation | Redemption/ Transformation/ Forgiveness/ Blame | Supernatural | Scrooge | Fred | Cratchits | Tiny Tim | Fezziwig |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| Old Marley was as dead as a doornail |  | X |  | X |  | X | X | X | X |  |  |  |  |
| **A squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner!** | X |  |  | X |  | X | X |  | X |  | X |  | X |
| The fog came pouring in (& in stave five) no fog |  | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X |  |  |  |  |
| “A merry Christmas” (Fred) and “Bah!… Humbug!” (Scrooge) | X |  |  | X | X | X | X |  | X | X | X |  |  |
| “buried with a stake of holly through his heart.” (Scrooge) | X |  |  |  | X | X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X |
| “decrease the surplus population.” (Scrooge) | X |  |  |  |  |  | X |  | X |  | X | X | X |
| wandering hither and thither in restless haste. | X | X |  | X |  | X | X | X | X |  |  |  |  |
| **six to seven, and from seven to eight, and regularly up to twelve; then stopped.”** |  | X |  | X |  |  |  | X | X |  |  |  |  |
| not so like a child as like an old man |  | X |  | X |  |  |  | X | X |  |  |  |  |
| **“Would you so soon put out, with worldly hands, the light I give?”** (Spirit of Christmas Past) |  | X | X |  | X |  | X | X | X |  |  |  |  |
| sobbed…. wept |  | X |  | X | X | X | X |  | X |  |  | X |  |
| “Home is like heaven!” (Little Fan) |  | X | X | X | X | X | X |  | X |  |  |  |  |
| Fezziwig | X | X |  |  | X | X | X |  | X |  | X |  | X |
| “a dowerless girl” (Belle) | X | X |  | X |  | X | X |  | X |  |  |  |  |
| “If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, the child will die.” (Spirit of Christmas Present) | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X |  | X | X |  |
| “Ignorance” “Want” (Spirit of Christmas Present” | X |  |  | X |  |  | X | X | X |  |  | X |  |
| a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded, coming like a mist |  |  | X |  |  |  | X | X | X |  |  |  |  |
| “we” (Bob Cratchit) |  | X |  |  |  | X | X |  | X | X | X | X |  |
| “Will you let me in, Fred?” (Scrooge) | X |  |  |  | X | X | X |  | X | X |  |  |  |
| God bless us, every one! | X |  |  | X | X | X | X |  | X |  | X | X | X |