

EXCERPT FROM

POLITICALLY CORRECT HOLIDAY STORIES

“A Christmas Carol”

Heaped upon the floor, to form a type of throne, were geese, game, brawn, great joints of meat, suckling pigs, long strings of sausages, mince pies, plum puddings, barrels of oysters, immense cakes, and steaming bowls of punch—all with enough empty calories and cholesterol to clog the veins of an entire peacekeeping force. At the sight of such an amount of food, the normally temperate Scrooge nearly swooned, half from ravenousness and half from revulsion. In easy state upon this throne sat a jolly figure of greater-than-average stature, glorious to see, who bore in his hand a glowing torch, which he raised up high to shed light on Scrooge as he came peeping round the door.

“Come in!” exclaimed the Spirit. “Come in and know me better.”

Scrooge approached timidly, and asked him not to wave the torch so near to the sprinklers in his ceiling. “Oh, lighten up a little,” laughed the visitor. “Look upon me! I am the Ghost of Christmas Present. Let’s party!”

Scrooge raised his eyes as he was told. He was relieved to see the warm and jovial look in the Spirit’s bearded face. This specter would apparently be less confrontational and insinuating than the last. The Spirit was clothed in a simple yet generously cut green robe that hung loosely on his abundant frame. His dark brown curls were long and free, as free as his unconstrained manner and joyful air. Then Scrooge noticed, standing behind the Spirit, another figure, who was more slight and sober in aspect than the other, though not unpleasant. “Who is your companion?” Scrooge asked.

“Oh, him? He’s Rupert, my designated driver. Can you believe it? Ha!” The Spirit rose and said, “C’mon, touch my robe. Let’s blow this taco stand!” Scrooge did as he was told, and the room and everything in it vanished instantly....



From [Politically Correct Holiday Stories](#) by James Finn Garner (Macmillan, 1995). Copyright © by James Finn Garner. All rights reserved.