

THE
CLASSIC NOVEL
BROUGHT TO
LIFE IN FULL
COLOUR!

Classical
COMICS



A Christmas Carol

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL
Charles Dickens

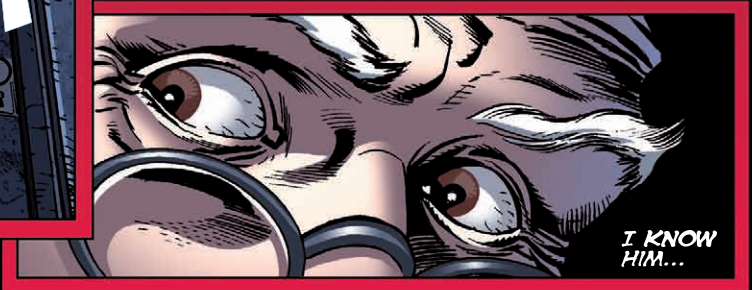
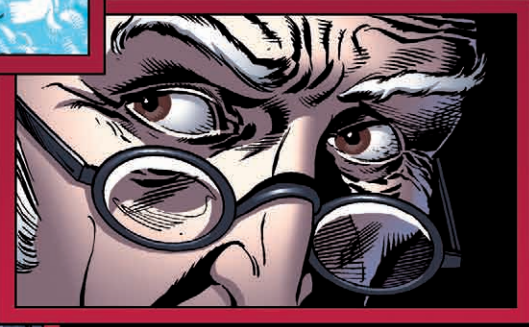
Original Text
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THE BELLS CEASED
AS THEY HAD BEGUN,
TOGETHER.



IT'S HUMBUG STILL!
I WON'T BELIEVE IT.



...MARLEY'S GHOST!





WHO *WERE* YOU THEN?
YOU'RE PARTICULAR,
FOR A SHADE.

IN LIFE I
WAS YOUR PARTNER,
JACOB MARLEY.



CAN YOU --
CAN YOU SIT
DOWN?

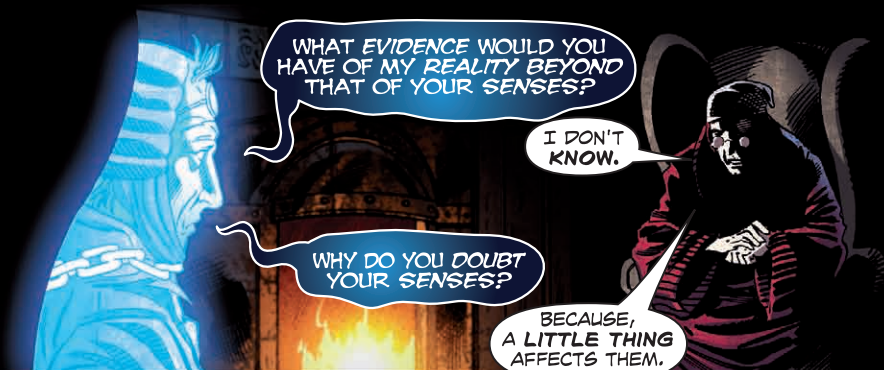
I CAN.

DO IT, THEN.



YOU DON'T
BELIEVE IN ME.

I DON'T.



WHAT EVIDENCE WOULD YOU
HAVE OF MY REALITY BEYOND
THAT OF YOUR SENSES?

I DON'T
KNOW.

WHY DO YOU DOUBT
YOUR SENSES?

BECAUSE,
A LITTLE THING
AFFECTS THEM.



A SLIGHT
DISORDER OF THE
STOMACH MAKES
THEM CHEATS.

YOU MAY BE
AN UNDIGESTED
BIT OF BEEF,
A BLOT OF
MUSTARD,

A CRUMB
OF CHEESE, A
FRAGMENT OF AN
UNDERDONE
POTATO.

THERE'S MORE
OF GRAVE THAN
OF GRAVE ABOUT YOU,
WHATEVER YOU ARE!







IT IS REQUIRED OF EVERY MAN, THAT THE SPIRIT WITHIN HIM SHOULD WALK ABROAD AMONG HIS FELLOW-MEN, AND TRAVEL FAR AND WIDE; AND IF THAT SPIRIT GOES NOT FORTH IN LIFE, IT IS CONDEMNED TO DO SO AFTER DEATH. IT IS DOOMED TO WANDER THROUGH THE WORLD --





YOU ARE
FETTERED.
TELL ME
WHY?



I WEAR THE CHAIN
I FORGED IN LIFE.

I MADE IT, LINK BY
LINK, AND YARD BY YARD; I
GIRDLED IT ON OF MY OWN FREE
WILL, AND OF MY OWN FREE
WILL I WORE IT.

IS ITS
PATTERN
STRANGE
TO YOU?



OR WOULD YOU KNOW
THE WEIGHT AND LENGTH
OF THE STRONG COIL
YOU BEAR YOURSELF?

IT WAS FULL AS
HEAVY AND AS LONG AS
THIS, SEVEN CHRISTMAS
EVES AGO.



YOU HAVE
LABOURED ON IT,
SINCE. IT IS A
PONDEROUS
CHAIN!

THERE
IS NO CHAIN
HERE!