

BOB CRATCHIT (*returning home to his family after having visited Tiny Tim's grave*)

I'm sorry, I am very late, my dear. I - I went to the church yard today. (*to his wife*) I wish you could have gone with me. It would have done your heart good to see how sweet and green a place it is. But you'll see it often, I promised him. Yes, I promised Tiny Tim we'd walk there on a Sunday..... I'm trying to understand it, my dear. (*to himself*) My son. My little son, Tiny Tim. And I loved him so...

I saw Mr. Scrooge's nephew Fred today. And him seeing that I looked a little -- just a little down, you know, inquired what had happened to make me so "I am heartily sorry for it, Mr Cratchit," he said, "and heartily sorry for your good wife." -

"Heartily sorry," he said. It wasn't, for the sake of anything he might be able to do for us, so much as for his kind way, that this was quite delightful. It really seemed as if he had known our Tiny Tim, and felt sorrow with us. I'm sure he's a good soul! But however and whenever we part from one another, I am sure we shall none of us forget poor Tiny Tim -- shall we -- or this first parting that there was among us?

And I know, my dears, that when we recollect how patient and how mild he was; although he was a little, little child; we shall not quarrel easily among ourselves, and forget poor Tiny Tim in doing it. -- I am very happy, I am very happy!