

# *Belinda Sides*

*(MRS. CRATCHIT sets plates and cups on the table. PETER stirs the pudding with a wooden spoon. BELINDA runs into the room).*

BELINDA

Mother! Mother! The bakery smelt so delicious! And there was the most enormous oven!

PETER

Did the baker try to push you in?

BELINDA

No, silly. He was very kind. He let me throw on the onions!

MRS. CRATCHIT

You did? What a treat!

PETER

Help me stir the pudding!

MRS. CRATCHIT

What's keeping your precious father, then? And your brother Tiny Tim! And Martha wasn't nearly this late last Christmas Day!

PETER

Here's Martha, mother!

*(MARTHA enters).*

BELINDA

Here's Martha, mother! Hurrah!

MARTHA

Merry Christmas, Peter!

PETER

Merry Christmas!

MARTHA

Belinda, Merry Christmas!

BELINDA

There is such a goose, Martha!