The Tiring Journey

By Mahima Arya

On a mild sunny day, Jack, Oliver and Charlie were walking down the cobbled roads in the small provincial town. They were starving and they wanted to eat something, so they were making their way to the house. A few minutes later, Jack’s eyes got caught by a very posh man looking at a very expensive book shop who wanted to buy one of the books.

Jack took a glance and went closer and closer until he approached the posh man with the shiny black top hat and the red velvet tail coat. The bookseller came out and spoke formally, “Good morning Mr Brannlow is there anything you would like to buy?”

“Yes, I would like to buy this one please, if you don’t mind?” said Mr Brannlow humbly.

“Five shillings please,” answered the bookseller.

“That will be absolutely fine,” said Mr Brannlow.

As he opened his wallet, Jack came as slick as a cheetah and snatched his wallet, after he ran with off with Charlie, purposely leaving Oliver behind so he could get the blame.

Hurdles and dangers got in Oliver’s path, whilst he was running away from the police. He was worried and worried as he ran and he swiftly went to free spaces. Meanwhile, Jack and Charlie were sneakily running and getting away with it. But on the other hand, they felt quite guilty because Oliver was their friends but still relived that they weren’t in Oliver’s shoes at that point. Oliver trudged through the odious horse manure.

All of the police shouted to him “STOP BOY!” and again even louder! Oliver was breathing heavily and then climbed up a rope which led him to a train track. A thunderous steam train came past. He dodged and he was about to faint. Oliver found the ladder and hastily climbed down it.

Unfortunately, the police was still there. Barely alive, he was out of breath running down the cobbled roads. He had no food or no drinks, he looked at the posh people eating their piping hot meat pies wishing he could eat or drink something to fill his tummy.

Luckily, he saw an immense crowd walking past. So, he walked with them to make it not look like he was roaming around in the area. Then after a few minutes the police lost him and Oliver ran to the house before they found him again.

“Phew, that was close,” said Oliver in his smallest and quietest voice.