Oliver Twist

I woke up in a tired state on a crisp sunny morning. I lazily dragged my heaping body out of my soft rose patterned bed with the gold nobs pointing out like an arrow. In a matter of minutes, I was dressed into my long red tunic and soot black trousers. After eating my iced cranberry buns in the pattern of a rose blooming at the season of mid spring, I smartly trod over to my pitch black chariot and rode to the Emerald Book Shop in Greenwich.

My chariot gold wheels were more bling than the Liver Buildings two birds, its soot black tier’s bumped across the stone floor as the Buskers warbled tunes.

I was passing the pungent, dirty river when I heard a bell ringing and a bunch of Bobbies ran down the street blowing whistle that shot through the air louder than a corps’ scream.

After a short time, arrived at the EMRALED BOOK SHOP. The large green sign with the writing said NEW BOOK MURDER MYSTERY. I went to get my wallet but it wasn’t there I turned around to see if anyone was there and saw guilty faced boy, ‘’STOP THEIF!’’ I shouted as I ran after him. A huge crowd chased him down a small side path and I soot on the houses. Suddenly, a man punched the boy in the face and he was taken to court.

He was about to go to a seven year sentence when the book seller came in and said ‘’it was two over boys.’’