Once on a bright but foggy morning Mr Brownlow’s booshy beard smelt like mouldy cheese and dusty books . As he got up his thilty black toe nails touched the rough Wooden floor . He put on his brown silky waist coat fine for a rich man . Mr Brownlow tucked in his sparkly , golden pocket watch with his bony and long wrinkly fingers . he walked across the creaky stairs and floor boards Mr Brownlow trotted off to the book shop with his waist coat flapping up and down as the smocky pollution filled his dirty lungs as he walked down the cobbled street

Mr Brownlow entered the little bookseller rubbing his beard in deep thought . Two boys covered in dirt and grime came . The two little snitches called Jack and Charlie nosily watched for anything to steal Jack saw a glistening pocket watch tuck in his germy hands in Mr Brownlow’s pocket . He dashed off as fast as his legs could take him Charlies skinny legs followed ‘were is my pocket watch … stop thief’ a herd of people ran after poor little Oliver

He climbed up to the railway track he straitened his body like a beating stick . then dead silence … Oliver slowly razed his head . the officer violently by the neck ‘wait it was two other flee bitten street rats’ said the bookseller urgently he’s coming home with me to recover from the pain ’