***Oliver Twist …with a twist!***

*One day in central London, the trio formed of Jack Dawkins, Charlie Bates and Oliver Twist strolled down the cobbled streets. Jack and Charlie both wore a velvet blue waistcoat, reaching to their shoes. Their trousers were a charcoal grey and holding it up was only its belt. Oliver, however, was still in his ragged, worn fabric clothes. His shoes were torn, showing his feet to everyone.*

*Holding his belly in famine, Jack was desperate to get at least one worthy meal today. His earnings shall decide whether he will eat or not. Constantly, his belly grumbled like an earthquake. For two whole days had he not have eaten. As he walked through the busy market, the smell of luxurious food hit him, which made his stomach roar.*

*As Jack kicked the pebbles across the streets, he was worried if he if he would earn anything. That result would be no dinner. As quick as a flash, a carriage came rolling in at top speed, nearly killing the trio.*

*“Hey!” screamed Jack. At the exact same time a baker came out of a basement with white, fluffy bread on his head. Quickly, the three took two each, enjoying the luscious bread. The street was filled with things.*

*After travelling from every corner of London, Jack found a very rich and grand gentleman called Mr Brownlow. Mr Brownlow looked at all the delicious fruit that sat there in colossal baskets. The man took no notice of the three. Hanging out of his back pocket was a golden, shiny pocket watch, half enveloped by a silky, white handkerchief. As soon as Jack was about to pounce, Mr Brownlow gently tucked in his possessions, still admiring the fruit. Jack knew he couldn’t pounce now.*

*After hours of waiting and Mr Brownlow still filling up his fifth bag with fruit and veg, Jack saw the opportunity. As the shopkeeper was filling up his bag, Jack creeped up nervously up to the gentleman’s back pocket. He took out a handkerchief and a pocket watch. Suddenly, he realised his coat pocket was stuffed as well. A huge wallet came out of there. Jack gave the valuables to Charlie, then to Oliver. Winking at each other, Jack and Charlie ran. Oliver stood, confused. At that moment, Mr Brownlow reached for his wallet. It wasn’t there! He cautiously turned his face around…*

*“Come on, give me the wallet,” said Mr Brownlow. His hand reached out to Oliver. Oliver could only do one thing. Run. And that’s what he did.*

*“Hey! It’s a thief, stop thief!” shouted Mr Brownlow. Those two words ‘stop thief’ could create a huge chase of the whole town’s population. Well, two minutes later, that happened.*

*“Stop thief! “Chanted the crowd. Even Jack and Charlie were chanting. But as the Bobbies were on Oliver’s tail, Jack diverted them. Unfortunately, they caught the poor boy.*

*In the Magistrates court, the Judge was in a good mood…for dispensing justice. Mr Brownlow also attended as the victim of the crime, but he was on Oliver’s side.*

*“Right! I demand two years in prison! Trial closed! “Demanded the judge.*

*“No, the boy didn’t do anything! “Shouted Mr Brownlow. But the judge took no notice. He was immediately taken to prison. To make matters worse, Mr Bumble was noted of the arrest.*

*Back with Jack and Charlie, they strolled into the basement, where all the other boys and Fagin were. They knew the punishment. At least they earnt something, but in equivalent, they lost Oliver.*

*“And where is Oliver?” enquired Fagin.*

*“When we were about to get caught but Oliver stood up for us he’s gone to-“*

*“Gone where! “Interrupted Fagin.*

*“Ermmm…somewhere?” said Charlie, blankly.*

*“So he’ll be back soon!” said Jack. He had no idea how long this lie would go, but it would do for now. Another thing that the two didn’t know was that Oliver skilfully escaped prison, met Mr Brownlow in the bakery and they lived together. As soon as Fagin knew, they were in deep trouble.*

*,*