Oliver Twist

by

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One misty morning, Charlie was feeling jealous as he remembered the start to his day.

“What’s for breakfast?” asked Charlie to Fagin. Fagin just ignored him.

“Good morning,” said Charlie.

Oliver said, “Good morning Charlie.”

Charlie was walking down Dirty Dream Road. This was a road which was meant to look like a dream, but instead, it had become full of dirt and horse manure.

Charlie was on his way to steal some wallets and was finding it quite hard (not the stealing - the walking through the dirty streets). Charlie walked with Oliver though the rat - filled alley ways until they finally reached the elegant Victorian street which was full of rich people.

Charlie put his hand in Mr Brownlow’s pocket and grabbed his handkerchief, then he hid behind a lampost. He waited until Oliver had got the blame.

Rapidly, Oliver ran over to the meat market and hid inside some of the meat casing. When the owner of the meat market discovered Oliver, he was cross because the meat had fallen into the soil. Now he would have to wash the meat again and it was going to be a year before he would be ready to sell it again.

Oliver, who was not discovered, had got trapped in the meat casing and was now stuck. This was the most annoying thing that had happened. His body would now smell like chicken meat.

Oliver smelt so gross that when he passed everyone they gave him body wash to wash his self to get rid of the meat smell. The owner of the meat market kept hold of Oliver until Mr Brownlow arrived. Then Mr Brownlow took him to prison.

Four years later, Oliver got out of prison. First thing he wanted to do was to find Jack, and ask him, “Why did you let me take all the blame?”