

**Oliver**

**Injustice**

**For**

**The**

**“Hilarious, a wonderful family story”- James Reilly**

**Heidi Thwaites**

Oliver Twist scurried eagerly down the cobbled road, going as fast as his stick like legs would take him, as he tried to keep up with Jack Dawkins, a boy with plump hamster cheeks and an impish grin. He looked very queer, as he strolled down the street, due to his shortness and his plumpness. Also, the mad thing was, he was wearing a red velvet waistcoat and a long black tailcoat that trailed past his knobbly knees. Oliver wondered whether they would be spending the time sewing wallets, stitching gloves or embroidering handkerchiefs, when suddenly, Jack’s glittering eyes caught sight of Mr Brownlow, a rich gentleman, who had his wallet peeking out of his back pocket…

Oliver watched in curiosity as Jack edged down Albert Lane, like a sly fox who was creeping up on a juicy looking chicken. His shovel like hands with stubby fingers slid effortlessly into his pocket and felt around in it until he clasped the wallet and bolted - skidding on some horse manure and bumping down the cobbled road, he burst through some washing, and vanished into the distant smoke, which was twirling and curling around like a black and grey kaleidoscope.

Oliver stood there, rooted to the spot, not believing what he had just witnessed. Confused and stunned, he stared, mouth open after Jack. Without warning, anger took hold of his confused feeling, and squeezed it so hard, it burst into one thousand pieces and shot right out of Oliver.

He was so mad that Fagin hadn’t told him. He was mad with Fagin. He was mad with Jack. He was mad with Mr Brownlow (even though he didn’t know why). After that, it was all a blur. Mr Brownlow felt for his wallet but it wasn’t there. He dropped the book he was holding. His curly moustache which had a look of satisfaction drooped.

In a split second, he’d turned around. Oliver saw the look of determination in his usually kind, twinkling eyes. He saw a boy who had a pale face which was thin like crumpled paper. It was slightly wet as his tears had trickled down it frequently.

Oliver had no idea why, but when Mr Brownlow turned round, he bolted after Jack. As soon as he had done this, Oliver knew it was a foolish act. He realised it must look suspicious if your wallet was stolen, and then someone was running away from you. Unfortunately, he only realised this *after* he had done it.

Without looking back, Oliver heard the spine chilling call of, “Stop thief!” Immediately, a fat policeman with a thick moustache started gaining on Oliver, the clip clopping of his horse growing louder and louder. Oliver sped up so much, as did the horse and the policeman, who were watching the scene, it looked like it was all done in fast forward. Frantically, the policeman reached out a hand, a stubby fingered hand, and grasped Oliver, who, struggling and kicking though he was, was somehow loaded into a wagon, which was then zipped, unable to open from the inside.

Completely exhausted, Oliver lay back in the wagon. He could hear the jubilant cheering of the crowd who had gathered to watch the scene. Without warning, the wagon jolted forward, and after that, Oliver didn’t know what happened because he was asleep…

The next thing he knew, he was awake. Every few seconds, the things in the wagon went up and down like children on a bouncy castle, coming down with a bump. After what seemed like an age, he felt the wagon come to a halt, and heard the zip come slowly open. As soon as it was open enough to see, Oliver’s face fell. Two arms clutched his shoulders and led him out. He was back at the workhouse.

He saw high unclimbable walls, with sheer, barbed, pointy tops. Looming up into the sky, was the repulsive red brick building of the workhouse. All of the tiny windows were covered in iron bars, with peeling paint that was coming off in sheets. Oliver’s stomach gave an unpleasant lurch. He would rather be in prison than here…