Injustice

By Orlando Moore

As we were walking along the extended, cobbled, spiralled road, I saw Jack Dawkins and Charlie Bates kicking an enormous rock, which was black like space. I slowly looked down at their shoes. He was wearing extremely posh and expensive shoes. However, Charlie had poor shoes with lots of holes in them.

A few moments later, Jack Dawkins was very observant and saw a bus coming which was extremely far away. He told us to run to the bus stop. They just managed to lift my highly light body into the very back of the bus and made me sit down on a seat. I was very grateful for what they did. Then, a loud, long noise rung my eardrums. I guessed that everyone else heard it as well because I saw everyone clenching onto their ears like they were turning deaf. The deafening noise came from the side of me. I looked cautiously over my shoulder and saw Charlie. Charlie then looked over towards Jack. Both I and Charlie saw Jack clenching his stomach very tight.

“I am just really hungry. I did not have any breakfast unlike you two,” he told us in his high- pitched, squeaky voice. Jack Dawkins looked much older than his age, (fourteen) but when he talked to you, you would think he was about three. The six-foot tall boy’s dark, bald head glowed perfectly in the dazzling sunshine. His immense legs were taller than most people. At the very point of his mountainous head, he had a bald patch about five cm big. I don’t know this but that is what he told me. It does not really matter if he does anyway because only giants and see it!

Another fifteen minutes flew by. They immediately jumped off the back of the long, colossal bus. We were now officially in the rich part of London. Everyone was either posh or rich. Everyone apart from Jack, Charlie and I. The floor was pristine. The shops were immaculate.

“Let’s go and have a look over there,” Charlie whispered to us. We sprinted over towards a very posh bookshop. Jack Dawkins and Charlie Bates were about five minutes ahead of me. I was an exceedingly slow runner for my age.

By the time we reached the shop, I was so out of breath. I saw Jack taking micro-steps towards a very rich and posh man. I slowly looked up into the immense building and through the clean, white windows which were floor to ceiling size. They had lots of chimneys. Smoke filled the air. It was disgusting. Inside the windows, I saw a man and a woman watching what Jack and Charlie were doing. I really hope that they didn’t see me though. In London, people thought it was rude to look into people’s windows. If someone was caught doing that, they would either have to go to a workhouse for the rest of their lives, go to Australia or stay in prison for the rest of their life. I also thought and really hoped that nobody walking along the streets saw me looking into the posh windows. Their face expressions changed, but one of them was hideous. Their faces made me turn around. I was highly shocked.

I just saw Jack Dawkins reach into this man’s pocket. Then he quickly threw the wallet and his handkerchief to Charlie. They ran off quickly so that no one could catch them stealing the items. I felt that the bookseller was a little bit guilty because he did not tell the rich man (Mr Brownlow) what had happened. The worst problem of all though included me. Mr Brownlow was about to pay for a really expensive book, and then he realised that his wallet was missing. He turned around and he saw me. I think he thought it was me. My heart was really pounding now.

“Give it back it back little boy,” he started to say. I was so nervous at the time.

“I don’t have them,” I replied. “It was those two little boys over there”.

“There is nobody over there. Nice try boy. I know you have it. I promise if you just hand it over than you will not get into any trouble at all. If you admit you do not have my precious handkerchief and wallet which are antiques and have initials carved into them, you will get into big, big trouble.

“I do not have them. I promise you! I really don’t!”

“You do.”

“I don’t!”

“Oh yes you do.”

“I do not have your antiques!” I yelled at the top of my voice so everyone could hear that I am not a thief. I was highly dumb to do this. I started to run. I knew that I was a super slow runner. But I decided to run anyway. I ran and slowly started to get away.

“Stop you thief!” Mr Brownlow exclaimed so that me and everyone else could hear. “Stop you thief!”

Around five minutes later, practically everyone in the whole of London was chasing me around the rich part of London. Even Fagin might have been in the crowd. Even the police were part of the big chase. Every time we passed an ordinary person, they would join the chase as well as everyone else who is already in the chase. I dashed through the rich part of London as fast as I could. I felt innocent. But only guilty people run.