Oliver Twist

The wallet thief

By Tito Amatoby

Blubelle: Tito’s story was very good and it leaves you at a cliff hanger at the end of the story. I would love Tito to write another book on Oliver Twist.

Oliver trudged down the street with Jack wondering what they would make today, a violin or a handkerchief, there were so many possibilities! Oliver was only 12 years old but he was minute for his age and Jack wasn’t any taller.

Jack was scouting for any rich people but Oliver was clueless and didn’t know what Jack was going to do and it was his first time outside. He could feel the breeze brush against his skin as he walked slowly down the street. Then, Oliver saw that Jack was peering at a rich man. His eyes were glinting but Oliver thought nothing about it and sat on the sidewalk watching carriages go by him.

The boy, watched Jack lean over the man’s shoulder, Oliver started walking across the road to Jack, the smell of smoke in the air filled his nose than he stopped and saw Jack put his hand in the man’s pocket and his hand out again quickly. Oliver saw he took his wallet and realised why he did all that training, he was living with a bunch of thieves’.

Oliver looked at Jack but he was gone and he man shouted “stop thief” Oliver ran. The police ran over to Mr Brownlow and Mr Brownlow shouted “he stole my wallet”

“Calm down we’ll get him for you, “said the policemen.

Meanwhile, Oliver was running for his life. He could see smoke filling the air. It was bringing back memories of the workhouse. He was wishing he hadn’t left but he couldn’t go back now. The police were getting nearer to Oliver and he was getting tired. He tried hiding but the police found him. As he was running to jump onto the carriage, he tripped and fell into the murky water. The police tied his hands with a rope and walked him to court.

The judge was a very grand man with a black suit and combed brown hair he was very mean and was not very fair though he was surprised to see a ‘young’ boy in front of him.

Mr Brownlow was there too and told the judge what happened, and the judge shouted to Oliver “You imbecile why would you steal from a kind gentleman?”

“Don’t be too hard on him,” called Mr Brownlow.

“He is going to be killed,” said the Judge.

“Wait he is innocent. It was another boy who stole his wallet. I saw everything. Let him go!” cried the book seller.

So they let Oliver go free but the police were still searching for the thief. It was a very cold evening and Mr Brownlow tried to walk Oliver home but he said no. He was very sad and ashamed so as soon as he got ‘home’ he went straight to his bed and cried himself to sleep.

This was the worst day in Oliver’s life!