OLIVER TWIST GOES TO PRISON

By Tom Jeckells

Charlie walked down the street. He shivered as he remembered the argument between Fagin and Jack. He described it as fierce towards Oliver. Suddenly, Charlie clutched his tummy out of hunger. He hadn’t eaten two proper meals-in a row! It was Jack’s fault. Jack had picked Charlie’s pocket.

Just then, they turned a corner. Charlie crossed his fingers on Jack and himself. Charlie looked up. The sky was grey (as usual), there were a few clouds. It was a miserable day. In his head, Charlie knew that Oliver didn’t know they were thieves. Oliver thought they made those beautiful handkerchief and those leather wallets.

Just then Jack saw a rich man. Charlie froze but his brain didn’t. He had quick thoughts.

“Let’s go over here and look at these fireworks. Do you think we can make them?” asked Charlie persuading him to see the majestic objects. Whilst Oliver was looking at the first hand fireworks (sizzling and fizzling the air) he thought they could. He wanted to tell Charlie that they probably could. He looked up. He saw Charlie next to Jack who had his hand in a man’s tail coat. Oliver gasped. He knew the terrible truth.

Oliver approached the boys in rage but something else happened. Jack threw the stolen wallet to Charlie and they both hid. The man turned around to see Oliver and said in a rather calm voice for a situation like this. “Come on, give it back. I know it was you,”

His name was Mr Brownlow. He had a plump belly and broad shoulders. Just to the right of his chest had a name tag. That’s why Oliver knew Mr Brownlow’s name. Suddenly he turned and ran.

“Stop thief! “Exclaimed Mr Brownlow. After Mr Brownlow said it, everyone was saying it. Jack and Charlie were only saying it to lower all suspicions it was them.

They ran faster to whisper to Oliver, “Run faster!” Jack and Charlie wrapped Oliver in some meat casing. Then they hid under the table and waited. When the bobbies arrived, they pretended not to know the location of Oliver. Eventually, they couldn’t hold it in. They grabbed Oliver and put him in a carriage.

Oliver lived up to his surname when he twisted and turned. He was everywhere. Eventually he stopped. He bumped his head on the hard, wooden carriage. The bobby opened the door. Actually there were two. The second one was there to make sure Oliver didn’t run away.

 When Oliver was put in the cell, he had sausages but they weren’t as good as Fagin’s. Oliver sighed as he fell asleep.

In the morning, Oliver woke up first so his great escape would be a success. He tried climbing out the window, but when he got up there, the shutters were sealed. As he got down, he thought to himself, I can probably get through the bars. He squeezed and (silently) he squealed but he, eventually got through the bars. Oliver froze. He listened for guards fortunately he couldn’t hear any. He crept down the dirty hallway with indescribable pictures because they are inappropriate. After a few paces he opened the doors as gently as he could. He was out.

Oliver had to hide in alleyways so he didn’t get caught. Eventually, he got to Fagin’s place and had a nice juicy, delicious sausage.