The Story of Oliver Twist…

Charlie kicked an oblong, dusty stone pointlessly from toe to toe as he cantered down the cobble pathway at a decent pace with Jack and Oliver. Jack looked much younger than fourteen years old (even though he was) but Jack dressed like a twenty-three year old adult. He wore a work man’s blue velvet tuxedo dragging on the floor. Even though it was originally tailored for a grown man.

Charlie watched closely at Jack squeezing very tight at his skinny, pale stomach as it brutally punched and kicked away at Jack’s stomach lining. Jack hadn’t ate his stock sausages and pesto potatoes for five days! Five whole days! Geez I don’t know how I would manage! Jack’s desperation was beginning to show in his face, movement and speech.

Jack, Charlie and Oliver came into town and were browsing around for valuable, shiny and expensive things. Oliver spotted a gold twenty-four carat gold pocket watch dangling out of a pikey man’s back pocket. Jack then saw the pocket watch too. “Ooohh look at ‘at fancy pocket watch!” Said Jack without energy but slyly. “Go on Ollie have a play!” Shouted Charlie from a metre away. “Oh-o-okay…” Said Oliver shyly. So Oliver slowly pulled the bumpy, rusty chain to the watch. But all of a sudden…

The pocket watch fell out!

Jack and Charlie both ran away and hid in an alleyway. Oliver didn’t know what to do and started to run away from the man, but the police and Mr Brownlow (the victim) caught up with Oliver. Jack and Charlie came rushing to the crime scene realizing what trouble and reputation they had caused for Oliver. Jack and Charlie tried to speak up the truth about Oliver but nobody listened to the little children behind them. Oliver got carried away giving up. Then, a pain staking stab of sorrow abruptly thumped Jack. ‘Oh no what have I done…’ thought Jack…

Later on, Oliver was taken to court for custody of thieving a beloved, valuable pocket watch. “I hereby declare this filthy rat will pay a six month stay in prison!” said Magistrate Fang. Bang went the hammer. “No! He can’t stay for six months! Look how skinny and pale he is!” Said Mr Brownlow frighted. “Well take ‘im away!” Said Magistrate Fang. Oliver couldn’t stand being talked about right when he was in front of them. “Oh ok!” Said Mr Brownlow hastily.

Once Jack and Charlie got back to Fagin’s den, Jack hastily tried to mention about Oliver but Fagin butted in and clocked Oliver wasn’t around. “Where’s my Ollie boy? Playing hide and seek is ‘e?” with a bit of a distressed voice. “Umm he ran away…” said Jack. “Nooo! He didn’t want meeee!” Sobbed Fagin. “Don’t worry boys we’ll find you a new friend soon. I knew he wasn’t fit for our gang!” Said Fagin.