OLIVER TWIST (MR BROWNLOW POINT OF VIEW)

In the distance, Mr Brownlow strolled along the polluted streets of London looking out for a bookshop, he glared at the bookseller with a grin among his face. Carelessly he handed him the money and without any answer, he snatched the money off him aggressively. Looking through the glistening, sliver and glass he felt a chunk of wind run past him, Mr Brownlow dressed like he was going to a wedding every day, he had a ironed top and a black coat. Walking along the pavement his shoe violently banged on the pavement, he grabbed a book from the top shelf and flickered through the thick pages, he felt a little finger run through his left pocket he swiftly walked the opposite direction but that did no help.

Tiny little fingers ran through his pocket he instantly turned around and caught him red handed, “sir I didn’t do-“said Oliver, Oliver knew he was in big trouble. “Thief, thief there is a thief! Shouted Mr Brownlow, the crowed turned around and Oliver dashed off, Mr Brownlow, and the crowd chanted on and on while the little boy ran off scared. “Catch him, catch him he stole my pocket watch!” shouted Mr Brownlow, everyone started running for towards him, the bobbies marched and the whole streets were full of mischief “poof” Oliver was punched.

“Five months in prison!” shrieked the judge, “He didn’t have my pocket watch so it couldn’t be him” said Mr Brownlow, Oliver stood there in disbelieve “Don’t worry my dear I will get you out of this mess” whispered Mr Brownlow…