



جمهورية مصر العربية  
وزارة التربية والتعليم والتعليم الفني  
قطاع الكتب

# Oliver Twist



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Retold by  
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## Chapter 1



It was late at night in a town in England during the **Industrial Revolution**. At this time, most English towns needed people to work in the factories that were beginning to open all over the country. Many people came to the towns to find work, but they were often so poor that they could not buy enough to eat and they had nowhere to sleep. So they went to the **workhouses** where at least they had a bed and some sort of food.

In one such workhouse, an old nurse and a doctor were working in a small, dark room looking at a baby boy that had just been born. The baby found it difficult to breathe. They did not know if he would live.

“What’s the mother’s name?” the doctor asked the nurse.

“I don’t know. She arrived at the workhouse last night,” said the nurse. “She was ill and weak when she came.”

When the baby cried, the mother said weakly, “Can I see my new baby?”

The nurse picked up the tiny boy and the mother saw him for the first time. She kissed him gently on the cheek and smiled. Then the mother died.

“Poor woman,” said the nurse. “She was so beautiful. We’ll never know who she was.”

The baby was called Oliver Twist. He was sent to live with other **orphans** in an old house nearby. The orphans were all the children of parents who had been **destitute**. A woman called Mrs Mann was given a little money to look after the orphans, but she decided that she needed some of this money for herself. For this reason, the boys never had very much to eat.

On his ninth birthday, Oliver was a small, weak child. He had spent all his life in the old building with Mrs Mann, who was no kinder to Oliver than she was to the other orphans. Oliver did not go to school and he did not know the world outside.

One day, an important man called Mr Bumble visited Mrs Mann. Mr Bumble was an official from the workhouse, where the older children from poor families were big enough to work for their food.

“Now Oliver’s nine, you don’t need to look after him,” Mr Bumble told Mrs Mann. “He is old enough to work for us in the workhouse.”

Oliver was not sad to leave Mrs Mann, but he was sad to leave his friends and the only home he had ever known. He felt **wretched** as the door to the house was closed behind him.

“Why are you crying? You’re very lucky to work here,” the managers of the workhouse told Oliver when he arrived. “We’ll give you food and a bed for nothing.”

The workhouse was a large, cold building. Oliver was introduced to the other boys who were all as thin and weak as he was. They wore old clothes that were too big for them.

Oliver worked hard at the workhouse with these boys and

quickly realised that his life was not going to become any easier. His bed was very uncomfortable and the food was never enough. All they ate was a thin **soup**. The boys he worked with were always hungry. After a few months, they were all so close to **starving** that they made a plan. They decided they must have more food, and they chose Oliver to ask for it.

That evening in the big, cold hall, the boys finished eating their usual thin soup. Then Oliver stood up and walked to the master who gave them their food.

“Please, sir, I want some more,” said Oliver.

The master was **furious**. No one had ever asked for more before!

“What did you say?” he cried. There was now silence in the big room.

“Please, sir, I want some more,” Oliver repeated.



The master angrily took Oliver’s arm and immediately led him to the managers of the workhouse. He told them what Oliver had said.

“If he is not happy with our **generosity**,” the managers said, “he must leave.”

They decided to lock Oliver in a room and put a message on

the door of the workhouse. It said that the workhouse would give five pounds to anyone who could take the boy away from them.

For weeks, Oliver stayed in the cold, dark room. He cried himself to sleep each night, then woke up each morning and began to cry again. He had never felt so alone.

He was only taken from the room when it was time to eat. Mr Bumble did not want any of the other boys to ask for more food, so while they were eating, Mr Bumble made Oliver stand in front of them. Then he **beat** Oliver. This happened every day until a man called Mr Sowerberry read the message on the workhouse gate.

Mr Sowerberry, the coffin maker, decided that he needed an **apprentice** and told Mr Bumble that he could take Oliver Twist. A new chapter in the boy's life was about to start.

The next day, Mr Bumble took Oliver from the workhouse and walked with him to Mr Sowerberry's house. As they were walking down the street, Mr Bumble was surprised to see that Oliver was crying.

"Why are you crying?" Mr Bumble shouted. "You should be happy to have the opportunity to work with someone like Mr Sowerberry."

"I'll be a good boy," said Oliver. "But I have no..."

"You have no what?" asked Mr Bumble.

"I have no friends," said Oliver quietly.

Mr Bumble was not interested in Oliver's feelings. They continued to Mr Sowerberry's house, but when Oliver's new employer saw him, he was not very happy.

"He's very small, Mr Bumble," Mr Sowerberry complained.

"He is small, but he'll grow," explained Mr Bumble.

"But it will cost money to feed him," said Mr Sowerberry's wife. She took Oliver downstairs and gave him some old food that they had not eaten. "Now get some sleep," said Mrs Sowerberry. "You don't mind sleeping down in the shop, do

you? There's nowhere else to sleep in our house."

Oliver was alone in a strange, dark room, surrounded by unfinished coffins. It was not much better than the room he had slept in at the workhouse. It was not easy for him to sleep.

The next morning, Oliver woke up to the sound of someone kicking the shop door. Oliver opened it and saw a tall boy with a red nose eating some bread.

"Hello. I'm Noah Claypole," he said. "You're from the workhouse, aren't you?" he continued, walking into the shop as if he lived there. "I help Mr Sowerberry. You do what I say, Workhouse Boy. Now open the shutters," he ordered, giving Oliver a small kick to make sure he knew who was the master.

Mrs Sowerberry called and asked Noah to sit by the fire to have some breakfast. She gave Oliver a little bread and told him to eat it down below. It was freezing cold there. "Why can't I have a good breakfast like Noah?" he asked, but there was no one there to hear him.

For the next few months, Oliver worked with Mr Sowerberry. He did not like the work, but Mr Sowerberry seemed pleased with him. This, however, did not please Noah Claypole, who was told to work inside when Oliver went out with Mr Sowerberry.

One day, after work, the two boys were alone in the shop.

"What happened to your mother, Workhouse Boy?" said Noah.

Oliver said quietly, "The nurse said she died of a **broken heart.**"

"I heard she died in the workhouse because she was no good at anything," laughed Noah.

"What did you say?" cried Oliver, feeling both ashamed and angry.

"I heard that if she hadn't died, they would have punished her," Noah cried unkindly. Oliver stood up and started to hit Noah hard.

“Help!” shouted Noah. “He’s killing me!”

Mr and Mrs Sowerberry ran in and pulled Oliver away from Noah.



“Help me lock him in here,” they said to Noah. They pulled Oliver into a dark **cellar** and locked the door.

“You poor boy,” Mrs Sowerberry said to Noah. “We must get Mr Bumble at once.”

When Mr Bumble heard what had happened, he hurried to Mr Sowerberry’s house and knocked on the door to the cellar.

“Oliver, do you know who’s speaking?” he called loudly.

“Yes,” said Oliver.

“Aren’t you afraid, Oliver?” he continued in a **menacing** voice.



“No!”

Mr Bumble looked at Mr Sowerberry in surprise.

“I understand the problem,” said Mr Bumble. “You’ve given him too much meat, Mrs Sowerberry. You’ve been too kind to him. Leave him in this cellar without food for a few days, then feed him only soup,” he advised.

That night, in the cold cellar, Oliver tried to cry himself to sleep yet again. But he felt too angry to sleep. When the house was quiet, he went to the door and realised it was not locked.

He waited until it was just light and quietly opened the door. No one was awake and it was easy to leave the house without anyone realising. He knew he could not stay in that place any longer. His life was unbearable. It was time for him to run away.

## Chapter 2

At first Oliver was careful to hide when he saw people in the street, thinking they would want to take him back to Mr Sowerberry, but he relaxed after a few hours. Surely no one was following him now.



He saw a sign which said “London, 70 miles.” He did not know how long this would take to walk, but he decided that London would be a good place for him to go. Even Mr Bumble would not be able to find him in that great city he had heard of, where there would be so many opportunities for him.

He followed the signs to London for seven days, sleeping in fields and eating very little. Although a few kind people gave him food, he felt hungry and weak. Finally, he sat down to rest in the street of a small village.

Another poor boy of about his age, who was wearing a man’s coat and a tall hat, came and sat next to him.

“You look hungry. Where are you going?” said the boy.

“I’m going to London,” Oliver replied.

“Have you got a room there? Or any money?”

Oliver said that he had almost nothing.

“Well, I know a man who will give you work and a room for nothing,” he said cheerfully. “My name’s Jack Dawkins,” he continued, “although my friends call me the Artful Dodger.” Jack seemed to be kind. He bought Oliver a meal and then said he could show him the way to London, but only when it was dark.

It was not too far to London, but it was not what Oliver had expected. Jack took Oliver through streets that were poorer and dirtier than he had ever seen, and he thought perhaps he should run away again. Then they arrived in front of an old house, and when Jack called out, a door opened and they went inside.

Jack led him to a large and dark back room with a fire in one corner. Next to the fire, an **ugly** old man with red hair was cooking something in a big pan. Four or five boys sat on old beds around the fire.

“This is Oliver,” said Jack. At once, the boys stood up and began to take Oliver’s few things from him.

The old man laughed. “I’m Fagin,” he said. “Sit down and have some food.”

Oliver sat by the fire and ate. Then, before he knew it, he fell asleep.

When he woke up, the room was quiet. He saw Fagin sitting at a table taking some things out of a wooden box. He looked carefully at a gold watch and some expensive jewellery before putting them back in the box. He then looked at Oliver. When he saw that Oliver was awake, he jumped up and quickly closed the wooden box.

“What did you see?” he shouted, taking a knife in one hand.

“Nothing, sir,” said Oliver nervously. “Can I get up now?”

“Yes, of course,” said Fagin, putting the knife down again.

Oliver relaxed and looked around the room. He thought the old **gentleman** must be a **miser** to live in such an old place, with so much jewellery and so many watches. He thought that perhaps Fagin used all his money to look after the boys. At that moment, Jack Dawkins arrived with a boy called Charley Bates.

“I hope you’ve been at work this morning, boys,” Fagin said when he saw them.

“We’ve been working hard,” said Jack.

“Good. What have you got?” Fagin asked Jack.

Jack showed him some notebooks and Fagin looked at them carefully.



“They’re well made, aren’t they?” Fagin said to Oliver.

“Yes, very well made,” answered Oliver.

Fagin and the boys found this very funny, although Oliver did not know why. Then Charley showed Fagin some **silk handkerchiefs**.

“They’re good ones,” said Fagin. “But they have marks on them. We can show Oliver how to take off the marks.”

“Thank you, sir,” said Oliver.

Charley laughed again and said, “The boy is so very young!”

“Let’s have breakfast, then we’ll show Oliver our little game,” said Fagin.

When they had eaten, Fagin put a watch in one of his pockets, a notebook in another pocket and a wallet in another. Then he walked around the room, **pretending** to be looking in shop windows. Oliver thought that this game was very funny. Jack and Charley then walked very close to Fagin and without Oliver realising it, they suddenly had the watch, the notebook and the wallet in their hands.

“Very good,” said Fagin. “Now you try, Oliver.”

Oliver walked behind Fagin and took a handkerchief from his pocket.

“Has it gone?” asked Fagin. “Well done, I felt nothing,” he cried. “You’re a clever boy. You’ll be as successful as the Artful Dodger.”

Oliver did not understand how taking handkerchiefs could

make you successful, but because the old man was kind and gave him food, he did not question his advice.

After a few days of practising the game, Fagin told Oliver that he was ready to go out into the streets of London with Charley and the Artful Dodger.

A few hours later, Oliver found himself in a strange London street with his two new friends. The Artful Dodger pointed to a gentleman who was reading a book outside a bookshop. “Look! He’ll do,” he said to Charley.

Oliver watched as the two boys walked quietly behind the gentleman and carefully took a handkerchief from his pocket. Oliver suddenly understood why Fagin had so many watches and silk handkerchiefs and such a lot of jewellery. The boys were thieves!

Before he knew what was happening, the gentleman turned round and called out, “Stop! Thief!” Oliver started to run away, but now everyone in the street was pointing at him and calling,



“Stop him! He’s a thief!”

Suddenly Oliver fell over and a crowd of people stood all around him.

“Is this the boy?” someone called.

“Yes, that’s him.” Oliver saw the gentleman looking down at him.

“The poor boy is hurt,” the man said. At that moment a policeman arrived and told Oliver to stand up.

“It wasn’t me!” cried Oliver.

“Oh, yes it was,” called the policeman, who led Oliver roughly down the street. The crowd of people and the gentleman followed the policeman down to the police station.

“I don’t think he did it,” said the gentleman as Oliver was locked in a room.

“Don’t worry, sir,” said a police officer. “A **magistrate** will see him soon. He’ll decide.”

The gentleman, who was called Mr Brownlow, was puzzled. Where had he seen the boy before?

A little while later, Oliver was called to see the magistrate. When the magistrate heard what had happened, it was quickly decided that Oliver should go to prison. On hearing the news, Oliver felt ill and fainted. He was carried out of the room.

The magistrate was going to send everyone home when the owner of the bookshop suddenly appeared. “It wasn’t that boy!” he said to the magistrate. “It was two other boys. He was with them, but he didn’t take anything,” he explained. “I saw the other boys running away.”

“Why didn’t you tell me this before?” called the magistrate. “Let the boy go free and stop wasting my time.”

As he left the building, Mr Brownlow saw Oliver lying down on the street outside. “Poor boy,” he said. “Somebody call a **coach**. He must come home with me.”

Oliver was carefully put inside a coach and taken to Mr Brownlow’s house, but he did not remember the journey.

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Oliver was very ill. He slept for many days in a warm, comfortable bed in Mr Brownlow’s large house in a good part of London. When he at last woke up, he said, “What room is this?”

An old **lady** quickly appeared and smiled at him. “You must be quiet, or you’ll be ill again. Lie down, there’s a dear!” said the woman, Mrs Bedwin, who looked after the house.

So Oliver stayed in bed, and it was several days before he was well enough to go downstairs. He walked slowly into a beautiful room and saw Mr Brownlow smiling at him.

“You look a little better,” said Mr Brownlow. Then he looked

puzzled again. “But what is this? Look there.”

He pointed to a painting of a pretty woman on the wall above Oliver’s head. Oliver was amazed. He could see that the eyes, the head and the mouth were almost the same as his own.

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After Oliver was taken by the policeman, Charley and the Artful Dodger ran quickly back to the old house. Fagin was so angry to hear what had happened to Oliver that he threw a cup of coffee at Charley.

“Stop wasting good coffee,” said a deep voice. Fagin looked round and saw an angry-looking man with big, strong shoulders. “What are you doing, Fagin?” he shouted.

“Sorry, Bill,” said Fagin, “but we have a problem.”

He explained to Mr Sikes, or Bill, as Fagin called him, what had happened to Oliver. “Oliver will probably tell the police where we are and what we do,” explained Fagin.

“We need to speak to him quickly,” said Mr Sikes. “The police don’t know Nancy, so she can go and find out what’s happened,” he suggested.

Nancy was a young woman who worked for Mr Sikes. She put on her best clothes and set off for the police station, but when she got there, she was told that Oliver had gone.

“A police officer told me that he went somewhere in a coach with a gentleman called Mr Brownlow,” Nancy told Fagin when she got back.

When Fagin heard the news, he cried out, “We must find out where he is before he tells anyone about us!”

He then gave Nancy and the Artful Dodger some money.

“Go and find Oliver. Don’t stop until you find him, not even for a minute.”

## Chapter 3

When Oliver woke up the next day, he found that the painting of the woman on the wall had gone.

“We took it down because it seemed to worry you,” said Mrs Bedwin.

“But I liked it,” protested Oliver.

“Get well, then, Oliver, and we can put it back.”

A few days later, when Oliver was almost completely better, Mr Brownlow bought him some new clothes. Then, one day, he sat down with Oliver and asked the boy about his life. Oliver started to tell Mr Brownlow about his life at the workhouse but suddenly there was a knock at the door. An old gentleman in a blue coat entered the room.

“Oliver, this is my friend Mr Grimwig,” said Mr Brownlow.

“Hello, is this the boy you told me about?” said the man when he saw Oliver.

“Yes,” said Mr Brownlow, and he began to tell Mr Grimwig all about Oliver.

He had not quite finished describing Oliver’s life when Mrs Bedwin came into the room with some books.

“We need to pay for these new books, Mr Brownlow,” she said.

“Send the boy to pay for them,” said Mr Grimwig.

“Yes, do let me help you, sir,” said Oliver.

“Of course,” said Mr Brownlow. “Here’s five pounds. Take the money to the bookshop. I need one pound change. Some of the books need to go back, too.”

Oliver was very pleased to help Mr Brownlow. He took the money, put the books under his arm and then left.

“Do you really think he’ll come back?” asked Mr Grimwig.

“Of course,” said Mr Brownlow. “Don’t you?”



“He has new clothes, some books and five pounds. The boy will go straight to his friends the thieves and never come back.”

“I’m sure he’ll be back soon,” said Mr Brownlow. But he looked worried.

Oliver was enjoying his walk to the bookshop when suddenly, a strange woman grabbed him by the arm.

“There you are!” she said. “I’ve found him!”

“What are you stopping me for?” asked Oliver in surprise. “Let go of me.”

Some people in the street began to look at them.

“He’s run away from home,” the woman explained to them. “I’m taking him back to his mother and father.”

Then a man appeared who seemed to know the woman and said, “Come with me, Oliver, you bad boy.”



Oliver was not strong enough to run away, and he was led away by the man, who was Mr Sikes, and the woman, who was Nancy.

For half an hour Oliver was led like this through busy streets until they reached an old shop. Oliver was taken inside and there he saw Fagin, Charley and the Artful Dodger. When the boys saw him, they started laughing.

“Look at his clothes and books! What a gentleman!” laughed Charley.

“We must give you different clothes so those don’t get dirty,” said Fagin.

“And I will have this five-pound note for our troubles,” said Mr Sikes, taking the money from Oliver’s pocket. “You can have the books, Fagin.”

“Please, take the books and money back to Mr Brownlow,”

said Oliver. "He has been so good to me. He'll think I stole them!"

"You're right, Oliver. He will think you stole them!" laughed Fagin.

Oliver tried to escape, but Mr Sikes held on to him and began to beat him with a stick.

"Don't do that to the boy!" cried Nancy. "He's already a thief like me. You've got his money. Leave him alone or I'll call the police!"

Mr Sikes looked surprised, but stopped hitting Oliver. "Take his clothes and lock him in a room," he said angrily.

Oliver was kept in the room until the middle of the next day, when Fagin let him out. He told Oliver how kind he had been to him when he arrived in London. He also told Oliver that, if he said anything to the police, things would not be so good for him.

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A few days after Oliver had been taken back to Fagin's, Mr Bumble was in London on the day that an advertisement came out in a newspaper. It asked for any information people had about a lost boy called Oliver Twist. Mr Bumble read this with interest, then asked people how to find Mr Brownlow's house. When he got there, he told him all he knew about the bad and difficult boy that he knew so well.

"I told you he was a bad one," said Mr Grimwig.

"Sadly, you were right," said Mr Brownlow. "I do not want to hear his name ever again."

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One day at Fagin's, the Artful Dodger asked Oliver to clean his boots. Oliver did not like doing these things, but he did them because at least he had people to talk to.

"Why don't you join our gang?" the Artful Dodger asked Oliver. "Take things and you'll be rich. If you don't take people's watches, someone else will."

“I would prefer to go back to Mr Brownlow’s,” said Oliver.

“Fagin won’t like that,” said Charley. “He has plans for you.”

Indeed, at the same time in another house in London, Fagin was planning something for Oliver with Mr Sikes. And he was going to do more than take people’s watches.

“We need a boy to help us to get inside a large house in the countryside,” said Mr Sikes.

“Then use Oliver,” said Fagin. “He’ll be just right for the job. Nancy can bring him to your house tonight.”

Oliver did not expect to see Nancy when she arrived at Fagin’s that evening.

“You must come with me to Mr Sikes’s house,” she said.

“What for?” asked Oliver.

“It is better that you don’t ask,” said Nancy. She looked at Oliver and could see that he was worried. “Look,” she said, “I’m not happy about this either. I’ve tried to help you, but it’s no good. I’ll try and help you again, but this is not the time. Now, come with me.” So, Oliver had no choice and he followed Nancy to Mr Sikes’s house.

The next morning, after breakfast, Mr Sikes took Oliver by the hand and they set off into a cold, cloudy morning. They travelled all day, sometimes walking and sometimes going by coach. It was dark when they finally arrived at an old house somewhere in the country. Mr Sikes did not knock, but opened the door and they went inside.

“Mr Sikes!” said a voice. Oliver looked up and saw a man with long hair, who told him to sit by the fire.

“Hello, Toby Crackit,” said Mr Sikes. “This is the boy who can help us tonight.”

“Good. Now let’s rest by the fire,” said Toby.

The fire was warm and it had been a long day, so Oliver soon began to fall sleep.

At half past one in the morning, Mr Sikes woke Oliver up

from a deep sleep. Oliver watched as Mr Sikes and Toby each picked up a gun, then they told him to go with them. They left the warm fireside and went outside into a dark night. They then walked for some time through the countryside. It was cold and Oliver did not know where they were. Eventually, they stopped by a high brick wall.

“Climb up!” ordered Toby, and Oliver followed him up onto the wall.

From the top of the wall, Oliver could see a large house in front of him and finally understood what they were going to do. They were going to **break into** the house.



“Please, no! Don’t ask me to do this!” Oliver cried.

“Be quiet. Do as I tell you or there’ll be trouble,” said Sikes **menacingly**, and he pointed to his gun to make sure Oliver understood what the trouble would be.

Oliver followed the two thieves across the gardens to a small window at the bottom of the house. It was too small for any adult to climb through, but it was not too small for a child. They easily broke it open and there was now a small space for Oliver to get into the house.

“Take this light and go upstairs, then you can open the front door for us,” said Mr Sikes.

They pushed Oliver through the space in the window and Oliver began to walk into the dark house. Suddenly, Oliver heard someone inside the house shout something. Then there was a loud bang.

“Come back!” cried Mr Sikes, who took Oliver’s arm and pulled him back through the space in the window.

“What’s happened?” Toby asked.

“The boy’s been shot!” said Sikes. “Quick, run!”

## Chapter 4

Toby Crackit and Mr Sikes ran all through the night after the robbery. To make it harder for anyone who was following them, they decided to run to different places. Mr Sikes stayed in the country, but Toby Crackit went to London to find Fagin.

When Toby told Fagin that the robbery had not been successful, Fagin was not at all happy.

“But where’s the boy?” he asked.

“After he was shot, we carried him through some fields,” said Toby, “but people were chasing us. So we left him there, in a field.”

Fagin was very worried by this news. He visited Mr Sikes’s house, but Nancy had no news of Mr Sikes or Oliver. When Fagin returned, a tall man was waiting for him outside his house. He had dark hair and dark eyes and looked around nervously, as if he thought people were chasing him. He looked **cruel**.



“Hello, Monks!” said Fagin. “Come inside.”

Fagin took the man to a quiet room in his house and told him what had happened.

“This was not well planned,” cried Monks. “Why didn’t you keep the boy with your gang?”

“Mr Sikes had a job for him,” explained Fagin. “And you should be happy I found him!”

“What if the boy’s dead?” asked Monks. “The police will look for us!”

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But Oliver was not dead, he had only been unconscious. He woke up and found himself in the cold field where Mr Sikes and Toby Crackit had left him. It was morning and it was raining hard. His arm hurt badly and he was so weak that he found it difficult to stand up. Slowly he walked towards the house he had visited the night before and after some minutes, he knocked on the door.

Two servants, Mr Brittles and Mr Giles, were telling the cook about the robbery in the night and how they had chased the thieves. They were surprised to hear the knock and Mr Brittles opened the door nervously.

When they saw Oliver, Brittles called, “Here’s the thief!” and quickly took hold of Oliver’s arm (luckily the arm that was not injured).

Mr Giles went to tell the lady of the house, Mrs Maylie, what had happened. “We’ve got the thief that I shot!” Mr Giles said proudly.

“Is he hurt? We must get a doctor at once,” said Rose, a pretty girl of seventeen who lived with Mrs Maylie.

“Carry him up to your room, Mr Giles,” said Mrs Maylie.

A doctor, Dr Losberne, soon arrived and said how surprised he was to hear about the robbery before he went to see the **patient**.

After about an hour, he returned to the two women who were

waiting patiently downstairs.

“I think you should come and see the thief,” said the doctor. “You do not need to be afraid.”

The women went up to the bedroom nervously. They thought they would see a big, strong man and were very surprised to see



a small sleeping boy with a bandage on his arm.

“How can such a young boy be a criminal?” cried Rose.

“Evil can live in anybody,” said the doctor sadly.

“Be kind to him, aunt,” said Rose. “He looks so helpless and small. If it hadn’t been for your generosity, I might be helpless like this small child!”

“Let’s wait until the boy can talk to us,” said the doctor.

“Then we can decide what to do with him.”

Oliver slept for most of that day, but later, the doctor suggested that the women come up to his room. The boy was awake and wanted to talk to them. They listened as Oliver told them all about his life.

When Dr Losberne heard Oliver’s story, he realised that the poor boy needed to be helped. But the servants knew the boy was a thief. What could Dr Losberne say to the servants?

“You shot the boy, didn’t you?” he said to Mr Giles when he

went downstairs.

“Yes, doctor. He isn’t going to die, is he? Will I go to prison?” said the servant, looking worried.

The doctor now had a plan. If Mr Giles was worried that the boy could get him into trouble, the servant might not want to call the police.

But this first plan did not work because at that moment, Mr Brittles said, “Here they are! It’s the detectives from London. I called them this morning.”

Two men with short hair and big boots walked into the room. “My name is Detective Blathers,” said one of them. “Tell me about the robbery. I hear you have a boy here, one of the thieves.”

“No, one of the servants made a mistake,” said the doctor.

“So where did the boy come from?” asked Detective Duff, the other detective.

“Let’s talk about the boy later,” said the doctor quickly.

“Come and look at the window where the thieves entered.”

The detectives went off to examine the house.

“I want to help the boy, but I don’t know what to say to the detectives!” the doctor said to Mrs Maylie.

“Tell them the boy’s story,” said Mrs Maylie. “You believe him, don’t you?”

“I believe him,” said the doctor, “but it would not stop a magistrate from sending him to prison. He has run away from the place where he worked, then he joined a gang of thieves and tried to break into a house!”

“Oh dear! Why did Mr Brittles send for these men?” cried Rose.

“We must not tell them Oliver’s story,” said the doctor.

The detectives were good at their job. When they returned, Detective Blathers said, “We think the criminals were from the city. Probably two men and a boy.”

“We want to see the boy upstairs,” said Detective Duff.



The doctor had no choice but to lead the men to the boy's room. As they walked upstairs, he quickly thought of another plan.

"This is the boy who hurt his arm yesterday and came here for help this morning," said Dr Losberne, introducing Oliver. "Mr Giles then took hold of the poor boy. He thought he was one of the thieves."

"You mean it's not the same boy?" asked Detective Blathers, looking at Mr Giles. "Did you shoot this boy or not?"

Mr Giles looked at Dr Losberne. He knew the doctor's story was not true. Was the doctor protecting him from the police because he had shot someone?

"Perhaps I made a mistake," said Mr Giles.

"If it's not the same boy, why are we here?" cried Detective Duff.

The two detectives left that night, angry that they had not caught the thief. They said they would return if they discovered more information.

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Dr Losberne visited the family every day while Oliver was ill. After some time, Oliver's arm began to get better, and he wanted to show how thankful he was to these kind people who had helped him.

"Can I work for you?" he asked Rose one day. "Let me water your flowers or do something to make you happy."

"You don't need to do anything," said Rose, smiling. "I'm lucky because I have an aunt who has enough money to help people like you."

"I am very happy to be here," said Oliver. "Mr Brownlow and his friends would love to know that I am safe here."

Dr Losberne heard of Oliver's feelings, and when he was completely better, he offered to take him by coach to Mr Brownlow's house. Oliver was very excited. He was looking forward to seeing the kind man who had helped him in London.

He wanted to explain what had happened to his books and his money.

It was a long journey. When they finally reached the street where Mr Brownlow lived, Dr Losberne looked at Oliver and asked, "What's the matter? You look white. Are you feeling ill?"

Oliver pointed to a sign on the door of Mr Brownlow's house. It said "Sold." Dr Losberne got out of the coach and asked a neighbour what had happened.

"Mr Brownlow has moved," said the neighbour. "He went to the West Indies six weeks ago."

\*\*

At about the same time as Oliver was on his way back from London, a woman was making a cup of tea to help keep herself warm. Her name was Mrs Corney and she was **in charge of** the workhouse where Oliver was born. There was a knock at the door and a poor woman came in.

"Excuse me, Miss. Nurse Sally does not have much time."

"What's that to me?" said Mrs Corney, "I can't keep her alive, can I?"

"No, Miss, but she says she wants to tell you something important."

Mrs Corney was not happy to leave her warm room to visit the sick old woman in her cold room. She saw Nurse Sally lying in bed and she realised she was very ill, so she went up to her bedside.

"I must tell you something," said Nurse Sally quietly. "When I was younger, I was a nurse to a woman who died here."

"Yes, you helped many people here," agreed Mrs Corney.

"The workhouse was the wrong place for her," Nurse Sally continued. "She was rich enough for a good hospital. I stole from her before she died!"

Mrs Corney began to look at the old nurse with interest.

“What did you steal?” she asked.

“This woman had a gold **locket**! She asked me to take the gold for the child, who was called Oliver. She asked me to...”

“What did she ask you to do?” said Mrs Corney, moving closer, but it was too late. The old nurse was dead.

## Chapter 5

When the weather became warm, Mrs Maylie took Rose and Oliver to her small holiday house in the country far from London, leaving Giles and the other servants to look after her usual house. Oliver loved his time there until one day when Rose became ill. Mrs Maylie looked very worried and Oliver realised she was crying.

“My dear Rose, what will I do without you?” she **sobbed**.

“Mrs Maylie, Rose is so young and so good that nothing bad will happen to her,” said Oliver.

“I hope you are right, Oliver,” said Mrs Maylie.

But Rose did not get better and the next day, Mrs Maylie asked Oliver to post a letter to Dr Losberne.

“I have another letter here for my son Harry,” said Mrs Maylie. “You can post this, too.”

Oliver set off across some fields and ran until he reached the nearest village where he could post the letters. He felt happier when he knew that help was on its way. He turned round to go home when he walked into a **nervous**-looking man.

“Sorry, sir, I did not see you,” he said politely.

“What are you doing here?” shouted the man. He had dark, cruel eyes and an angry expression. Oliver did not know if he was ill or **mad**, and he quickly ran back home.

Rose did not seem any better and when Dr Losberne visited, he did not seem very hopeful. He said he would stay with them to look after Rose.

“She will sleep for a long time,” Mrs Maylie told Oliver. “Perhaps she will wake up better. But I am very worried that she will not wake up at all.”

One morning a few days later, Dr Losberne left Rose’s room and walked quietly up to Mrs Maylie and Oliver.

“Is she dead?” Mrs Maylie sobbed.

“No!” exclaimed the doctor. “I think she’ll be up and about in no time.” Mrs Maylie and Oliver laughed with happiness.



Oliver decided to go out into the countryside to get Rose some flowers. As he was returning, a coach stopped in the road next to him. Mr Giles looked out of the coach.

“What news is there of Rose?” he asked.

“It’s good news,” said Oliver.

Then a gentleman got out of the coach and walked up to Oliver. Oliver was not sure if he was angry or worried.

“Are you sure that the news is good?” he said.

“Yes, sir. Dr Losberne says she will be fine.”

The gentleman relaxed at once and smiled. Then he said, “Take the coach, driver. I’ll walk to my mother’s. Come with me, Mr Giles.”

Oliver walked back with Mr Giles and the gentleman. He was about twenty-five and he looked very like his mother, Mrs Maylie.

They soon reached the house and went inside, where Mrs Maylie was very pleased to see her son, Harry.

“I got your letter yesterday, Mother,” said Harry. “Why didn’t you tell me Rose was ill before?”

“I didn’t want to worry you.”

“But you know how much I care about Rose.”

Oliver could see that Harry cared greatly for Rose. Every day, Harry brought flowers to Rose’s room, and every day she

became a little better. Meanwhile, Dr Losberne became Oliver's teacher and he spent his time learning to read and write.

Soon, Rose was completely better, and Oliver felt really happy for the first time in his life.

They had been at the holiday house for most of the summer and Oliver spent his time studying hard. In late August at the end of a hot day, Oliver fell asleep while he was reading a book. He had a terrible dream. He thought he saw Fagin and another man looking at him through a window. He woke up with a cry, and then realised that it was not a dream! There was Fagin with another man. It was the man who had shouted at him when he went to get the doctor.

The men **disappeared**, and Oliver shouted out. Mr Giles and Harry ran up to help him.

"It was Fagin!" cried Oliver.

"Which way did he go?" asked Harry.

Oliver pointed and the men ran after the **criminals**, but they could not find them anywhere.

"Perhaps it was just a dream," said Harry.

"No, I saw Fagin with the man I told you about," said Oliver.

They asked people in the nearest village if they had seen anyone. No one had seen anything.

The strange men were soon forgotten and Harry and Mrs Maylie prepared to go home.

"You can write now, can't you?" Harry asked Oliver one day. "Will you write to me often and tell me how my mother and Rose are?"

"Of course I will," said Oliver.

"Don't tell anyone," Harry said.

That day, Harry and the doctor left in a coach. As Rose watched them leave from her window, she was crying.

\*\*

During the time that Oliver had stayed at Mrs Maylie's

summer home, there had been changes at the workhouse where Oliver was born. The official who had been so cruel to Oliver, Mr Bumble, was now the master. He was also now married to Mrs Corney, the woman who had listened to Nurse Sally the night she died.

After work one day, Mr Bumble went for a walk. It began to rain, so he went into a nearby **inn** until the rain stopped.

Inside the inn Mr Bumble saw a tall stranger with dark, cruel eyes reading a newspaper. He looked at Mr Bumble.

“You work at the workhouse, don’t you?” he asked.

“I’m now the master of the workhouse,” said Mr Bumble proudly.

The man walked over to Mr Bumble’s table and sat opposite him.

“Good, then I’m sure you can give me some information,” he said, passing Mr Bumble some money under the table.

“Can you remember a time twelve years ago?” he asked. “A boy was born in your workhouse. He later worked as an apprentice, but ran away to London.”

“You mean Oliver Twist!” said Mr Bumble excitedly.

“I don’t want to know about him!” shouted the man. “I want to know about his nurse. Where is she?”

“You mean Nurse Sally?” said Mr Bumble in surprise. “She died last winter.”

The stranger looked disappointed.

“But she did say something to a person I know,” said Mr Bumble, realising that the man could perhaps give him more money.

“How can I find this person?” the stranger asked.

“I can introduce you tomorrow,” said Mr Bumble.

“Bring the person to this address at nine o’clock,” said the stranger, giving Mr Bumble some paper. “Ask for Monks.” He stood up quickly and then left.

The next night, Mr Bumble and his wife travelled to a poor

part of the town by the river. It was raining and Mrs Bumble looked nervous. This was an area of **slums** where only the poorest people lived and she knew that many of them were criminals. The streets were narrow and covered in wet mud and the wooden houses were so old that they looked as if they could fall down at any time.

They stopped in front of an old factory and Mr Bumble looked again at the paper with the address on it.

“It should be here,” he said.

“Hello there,” called a voice. “Come in here.”

They walked through a door into the old factory, and there was Monks. Mrs Bumble was pleased to leave the streets, although the inside of the factory was cold and dark.

“So, you were with the nurse on the night she died?” Monks asked Mrs Corney, now Mrs Bumble. “What did she say to you?”

“Perhaps you have some money for this information?” Mrs Bumble suggested.

Monks put a bag of coins on the table in front of her. Mrs Bumble then told Monks what happened on the night that Nurse Sally died.

“She said that she took the gold locket? What more did she tell you?” shouted Monks.

“She died before she could tell me any more,” said Mrs Bumble.

“What?” shouted Monks.

“But after she died, I found this,” she continued. She showed Monks a small leather bag, and inside it was the gold locket. Monks picked up the locket and opened it. Inside he could read the name “Agnes”.

“Is this everything that you wanted to know?” asked Mrs Bumble.

“Yes,” said Monks, closing the locket quickly and looking suddenly pleased. “Now look.”



He lifted a heavy door in the floor next to where they were standing. Under the door they could see the dark river running below them. Mr Bumble looked frightened. What was Monks going to do with them?

## Chapter 6

Mr and Mrs Bumble looked at the cold water running under the old factory where they were standing. “Don’t worry,” Monks said, when he saw their **horrified** faces. “The only thing that is going in the water is the locket,” he said, dropping it in the dark river.

“Now we can all forget all about this story, can’t we?” he continued.

“Yes, of course,” said Mr Bumble quickly. “Now let’s get home,” he said to his wife, feeling happy to leave the old factory alive.

\*\*

Months later, in London, Mr Sikes got out of bed for the first time in three weeks. He had been weak since the night he left Oliver in the field outside the house.

“How are you feeling, Bill?” said Fagin, entering his room with Charley Bates and the Artful Dodger. “We’ve brought you some food.”

“I’ve been ill for three weeks!” said Sikes. “Where have you been?”

“You should be happy to see us with these things,” said Fagin.

“I need some money,” said Sikes. “Nancy can go to your place to get some money for me.”

At Fagin’s house, Fagin sent the gang out to do some work in the streets so he could talk to Nancy. He was about to give her some money when a man appeared at the door.

“Ah, this is Monks,” said Fagin, introducing Nancy.

Nancy looked at the tall, dark-eyed man with interest.

“So, Monks, did you see him?” Fagin asked.

“Let’s talk in another room,” said Monks, looking at Nancy. Fagin took him upstairs and told Nancy to stay where she was.

But Nancy was worried, so she walked quietly upstairs and stood outside their room. She listened to their conversation for some time, then **crept** back to the room downstairs as quietly as she had gone up.

“We had a little business to do,” Fagin explained to Nancy after Monks had gone. “Now, here is your money. Go and take it to Mr Sikes.”

Even more worried, Nancy took the money and left the house. But as she walked to Mr Sikes’s house with the money, she thought about what she had heard the men say and began to cry.

\*\*

Later that evening after she had rested, Nancy hurried through the streets of London. “I might be too late,” she said to herself. Soon she arrived in a rich part of the city and stopped outside a small hotel, before going inside.

A woman at the hotel desk looked up in surprise when a poor young woman with an old **shawl** round her shoulders walked into the expensive-looking hotel.

“Well miss, what do you want?” said the woman at the desk.

“I need to speak to Miss Maylie,” explained Nancy.

“I don’t think she will want to see someone like you!” said the woman, looking at Nancy’s old clothes.

“Please! Tell her I must speak to her. It’s very important. Then you can send me away.”

A servant went upstairs to tell Miss Maylie about this young woman. A few minutes later, he returned and said that Nancy could see her.

Rose was **puzzled** to see such a poor woman enter her room.

“How can I help you?” she said kindly.

“Oh dear lady, I am the woman who took Oliver back to the house of thieves!” Nancy cried. “But you do not understand why I did it and what it is to be poor like me!”

“I am sorry to hear this,” said Rose.

“Do you know a man called Monks?” asked Nancy.

“No,” said Rose.

“He is an evil man. He knows you and he knows you are here. That is how I found this hotel. I heard him talking to Fagin,” continued Nancy. “He wanted Fagin to make Oliver a thief.”

“But why?” asked Rose.

“He said that the only thing that could explain who the boy really is lies at the bottom of the river. He said that he had the boy’s money and now wanted his brother Oliver put in prison.”

“His brother?” said Rose in surprise.

“Yes. And he said he knows that Oliver is staying with you and Mrs Maylie.”



“This is not good. But what can I do?” said Rose.

“You must know someone who can advise you,” said Nancy. “Now I must go.”

“Where can I find you if I need information?”

“Every Sunday night at eleven o’clock, I’ll walk across London Bridge,” said Nancy.

She turned and left the room, leaving Rose worried and extremely upset. She was only in London for two days

with her family and Oliver. Who could she ask for advice?

At that moment, Oliver ran into the room. “I have seen him!” he cried.

“Who have you seen?” asked Rose.

“Mr Brownlow! I saw him walk into a house. Mr Giles asked a servant who lived there and it is him! Look, I have his address!”

Oliver showed Rose some paper with the address written on it. "We must go and see him," said Rose. "We will take a coach at once."

When they arrived at the address, Rose went first to talk to the gentleman, Mr Brownlow. She saw that he was a cheerful-looking man and knew at once that she could trust him. He was with another gentleman too. Mr Brownlow introduced Rose to Mr Grimwig.

"I believe you were very kind to a young friend of mine," explained Rose.

"And who is this friend?" asked Mr Brownlow.

"Oliver Twist," said Rose.

Mr Grimwig looked surprised and said, "He was a thief!"

"Do not listen to my friend," said Mr Brownlow, smiling.

"Oliver is a good boy who has had a very difficult time," explained Rose.

"What can you tell me about this boy who disappeared after I helped him?" asked Mr Brownlow.

Rose told him all the things that had happened to Oliver after he left his house.

"Then I must see the boy!" said Mr Brownlow when he heard her story.

Oliver was asked to come inside. When he saw his nurse, Mrs Bedwin, he ran up to her.

"Oliver, I knew I would see you again!" she cried. "You look like a gentleman's son!"

Meanwhile, in another room, Rose sat down and told Mr Brownlow everything that Nancy had told her. He looked worried and said he would visit her and Mrs Maylie at their hotel that evening.

\*\*

At the hotel that evening over tea, they were all very anxious. Mr Brownlow discussed the problem with Mrs Maylie and Dr Losberne.

“We must find out who Oliver’s mother was,” said Mr Brownlow, “and about the money that should be his.”

“How can we do this? We could tell the police,” suggested Dr Losberne.

“The police will put the gang in prison but that would not help Oliver,” said Mr Brownlow. “We must speak to this man Monks alone. We can ask Nancy where we can find him.”

But as they were all **sensible** people, they agreed that it would be a good idea to get other people to help them. Mr Brownlow suggested Mr Grimwig, and Dr Losberne suggested Harry Maylie.

“We will stay in London for a while,” said Mr Brownlow. “And when this is all finished, my good friends, I will tell you why I left the country.”

\*\*

Soon after Oliver had disappeared from Mr Sowerberry’s shop, Noah Claypole met a young woman called Charlotte and they got married. Afterwards, they decided to leave their town and go to London.

So, Noah and his wife Charlotte were walking through the streets of London looking for somewhere to eat and sleep.

“Are we there yet?” said the tired woman.

“We are nearly there,” he answered.

They walked into an old inn and Noah asked a man who worked there for some food. While they were eating at the inn, Noah told Charlotte how he would like to be rich.

“It was easy to take money from Mr Sowerberry,” said Noah. “So we can also take things from other people. I think I would be a good thief.”

They did not realise that Fagin was sitting at a nearby table. He heard them talking and decided to introduce himself.

“So, you took some money, did you?” said Fagin, as he stood up to join them.

Noah looked up in surprise. “I didn’t steal anything. It was

her!” he cried, pointing at his wife.

“Don’t worry, you’ve come to the right place,” said Fagin, laughing. He sat down at their table. “I can get you work. You keep half of what you take and you get food and a bed. I keep the other half.”

Noah looked pleased. “When can I start?” he asked.

“Tomorrow. I’ll show you where you can take money from children who have been sent by their mothers to buy things,” said Fagin.

“Thank you. I’m Mr Morris Bolter,” said Noah, pretending to have a different name. “And this is my wife Mrs Bolter.”

“Good,” said Fagin. “I’m pleased to meet you.”

At that moment, Charley Bates came into the inn. He looked frightened. In a low voice, he told Fagin that the police had **arrested** the Artful Dodger.

Fagin looked carefully at his new friends, Noah and Charlotte.

“Do what I say and I will keep you safe,” he explained. “But if you don’t do what I say, you will be sent to prison like the Artful Dodger!”

Noah and Charlotte began to look rather worried.

## Chapter 7

Noah (who now called himself Morris Bolter) was now part of Fagin's gang of thieves. Fagin decided that his first job for Noah was to go and find out what was happening to the Artful Dodger. So Fagin gave Noah directions to the magistrates, which he followed carefully through the busy streets of London. He then waited patiently inside the building until he saw the Artful Dodger walk in front of the magistrate.

"Send me to prison, I don't care!" said the Artful Dodger to the surprised magistrate. "My lawyer will soon set me free again and you will be in trouble!"

"Take him away!" said the magistrate angrily.

\*\*

On Sunday, Mr Sikes and Fagin were talking in Mr Sikes's house. Nancy heard them talking quietly. She waited until it was nearly eleven o'clock, then she stood up and put on her coat.

"Where are you going at this time?" asked Mr Sikes.

"I don't feel well. I would like to have a walk," she said.

"It's too late," said Mr Sikes, and he locked the door.

Fagin watched Nancy and could see she was upset. What was happening? He knew she was planning something, so he decided that she should be watched.

When Noah had finished his first day on the streets, Fagin was pleased. He had taken money, milk and bread from the children of rich families.

"You're good for a beginner," said Fagin. "Now I have a nice job for you. I want you to watch a young woman for me. Find out where she goes, who she sees and what she says. Can you do that?"

"Of course!" said Noah. "What will I get?"

"A pound note," said Fagin. "But wait until next Sunday,



then I will tell you which person you need to follow.”

The next Sunday evening, Nancy left the house at quarter to eleven. Noah followed her to London Bridge, careful that she did not see him. At midnight, he saw a young lady and a grey-haired gentleman arrive in a coach. Nancy approached them.

Noah watched as she took the pair down some dark steps next to the bridge.



“Why have you brought us to this strange place?” Noah heard the gentleman ask.

“I was afraid to speak to you where there is light,” said Nancy.

“Why didn’t you come last week?” said the gentleman, who in fact was Mr Brownlow.

“The door was locked

and I could not come.”

“But no one knows you are here tonight?”

“No, they don’t.”

“We know what you told Rose,” said Mr Brownlow. “We need to find Monks. And if we cannot find him, we need Fagin.”

“I can help you to find Monks,” said Nancy. She told them which inn he visited. Mr Brownlow took notes.

“What does he look like?” Mr Brownlow asked.

“He’s tall and strong with dark hair and eyes,” she said.

“He’s about 28 but looks much older. He always looks nervous and on his neck he has ...”

“He has a red mark,” said Mr Brownlow.

“Do you know him?” asked Nancy in surprise.

“I think so,” said Mr Brownlow. “But I am not sure. Thank you for helping us. Now let us help you. Come with us, away

from your old life.”

“I cannot leave it,” said Nancy. “I must go home.”

Mr Brownlow and Rose tried to **persuade** her, but finally realised that they could not change Nancy’s mind, and the three people climbed back up the steps onto the street.

Soon all was quiet. Noah left his hiding place and ran back to Fagin’s house as quickly as he could.

When Fagin heard what had happened, he was furious and sent a boy to tell Mr Sikes to visit him at once. Mr Sikes arrived and he could see that Fagin was very unhappy.

“What’s happened?” Sikes asked.

“What would you do if you found out that a friend had told people all about our gang?” said Fagin.

“I would punish that person,” cried Mr Sikes.

“Then listen to what our friend has to say,” said Fagin, introducing Mr Sikes to Noah.

Noah told them all about what he had heard at the bridge and who he had seen. When Sikes heard the news, he said nothing but jumped up and ran out of the house.

\*\*

A few hours later, Mr Sikes locked the door to his house and left London before it was light. He did not want anyone to see him. He travelled all day until he was in the countryside north of London.

For days, he slept in the open and drank water from lakes. One day, as he passed an inn, he heard some men talking.

“Did you hear that a woman was killed in London last week?” said one.

“Yes, they say the killer has gone north to Birmingham. I hope they catch him,” said the other.

Mr Sikes walked away from them quickly. So, the police thought he was going to Birmingham. He was frightened, but he had a plan. He decided to go back to London.

\*\*

While this was happening, Mr Brownlow was also busy. One day, he got out of a coach and knocked on the door to his house.



Then two guards got out with another man. It was Monks. They all walked into the house without speaking.

“If he does not do what we say,” Mr Brownlow told the guards, “take him into the street and call the police.”

“Who said these men could **kidnap** me?” said Monks.

“I did,” said Mr Brownlow. “If you do not like it, go and find a policeman. But I would prefer you to sit down.”

Monks thought for a minute, then he slowly sat down before saying, “I did not think my father’s oldest friend would be so unkind to me.”

“I was your father’s oldest friend,” said Mr Brownlow, “and I was going to marry his sister, your aunt, before she died. That is why I have you here, Edward Leeford. I am pleased you have changed the name of your kind family.”

“What do you want?” said Monks quietly.

“You have a brother,” said Mr Brownlow.

“No, I was an only child,” said Monks.

“After your mother died,” continued Mr Brownlow, “a rich relative of your family left your father a lot of money. But your father became ill in Italy and he also died. No **will** was found, so all his money became yours.”

Monks looked at Mr Brownlow **cautiously** but with interest.

“But before he went to Italy,” Mr Brownlow continued, “he visited me. He told me that he had married again. He married a young woman called Agnes. He gave me a painting of her which I put on my wall. She had a baby boy.”

“This is just a story,” said Monks.

“It is not. When I first found Oliver, I could see that he looked very like the young woman in the painting,” said Mr Brownlow. “But you kidnapped the boy before I could find out more.”

“It was not me!” cried Monks.

“I know what happened,” said Mr Brownlow. “When I could not find Oliver, I decided to find you. So I went to the West Indies where you were working when I last heard of you. But you were not there, so I returned to London.”

“This is not true!” cried Monks. “I do not have a brother.”

“You know you have a brother. Your father did have a will, but you burned it. The locket your father gave to Agnes was the only thing left to show who the boy was. You dropped that in the river. And now a woman has been killed!”

“It is true about the locket,” said Monks. “But it was not me who killed the woman. You must believe me!”

“If you promise to tell everyone what has happened, then perhaps I will finally believe you,” said Mr Brownlow.

“I promise,” said Monks quietly.

At that moment, Dr Losberne ran into the room. He was very excited and was keen to share his news.

“I have spoken to a policeman,” he cried. “The policeman says they think the man who killed Nancy is coming back to London!”

“Stay in this room until I return,” Mr Brownlow ordered Monks. “It is your only hope of staying safe.”

## Chapter 8

It was a dark, wet afternoon. Toby Crackit, the thief who had been with Mr Sikes and Oliver when they tried to break into Mrs Maylie's house, was hiding with two other criminals. They were in an old house by the river. The house was in a part of London that few people knew or wanted to know about. It was in an area of the poorest slums you have ever seen, where the overcrowded streets were full of unwanted smells and mud. It was an area of great **poverty**, where people lived with little hope.

The criminals were now discussing the surprising **events** that had happened earlier that day.

"When did the police catch Fagin?" asked Toby.

"At two o'clock," said one of the criminals, who was called Chitling. "Charley Bates and I escaped through a window, but they also arrested Bolter."

"All the other people in the gang were taken by the police," said the other criminal, who was called Kags.

At that moment there was a knock on the door. "Who can it be?" asked Toby.



"Is it Charley Bates?" asked Kags. "No one else knows we're here, do they?"

A man entered. He had a handkerchief across his mouth and a large hat. When he took these off, they saw it was not Charley Bates. It was Mr Sikes. He looked very tired.

"Is it true that they've arrested Fagin?" he asked loudly.

"Yes, it is," said Kags.

"Toby, can I stay here?" Mr Sikes asked. He looked worried.

“Yes, if you must,” replied Toby. There was another knock. This time, Charley Bates entered the room.

When he saw Mr Sikes, he looked shocked. “Not you! You’re the one who killed Nancy!” he shouted.

The criminals were amazed when young Charley Bates then jumped on Mr Sikes and they began to fight. However, Mr Sikes was far too strong for the boy, and soon Charley was lying on the floor.

Charley jumped up and shouted, “Help! The killer is here! Break down the door!”

It was an old house and the walls were thin, so soon the criminals could hear the sound of people in the street outside. These people outside had heard Charley’s calls. There seemed to be many voices, but they could also hear a horse and a man giving instructions, and then a loud knock on the door downstairs.

Mr Sikes opened the window and shouted at the crowd of people in the street below, “You’ll never take me to prison!”

The man who was giving instructions was Mr Brownlow and he asked for a ladder. At this point Mr Sikes realised that someone could climb up to the window, and he knew that he had to escape. He ran up the stairs at the back of the house which led to the top floor. Then he climbed onto the roof of the old building. The crowd of people in the street could now see him, and they all pointed.

“I will give fifty pounds to the man who takes that man alive,” cried Mr Brownlow.

Mr Sikes looked around, but he could see that there was no escape from the roof. He could try to jump into the river, but the **tide** was too low at this time of day. He realised that people were now in the house below him and were running up the stairs. There was only one thing he could do. He had no choice – he had to jump.

As Mr Sikes fell, the crowd suddenly went quiet. No one

would have the fifty pounds from Mr Brownlow. Mr Sikes was dead.

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Two days later, on a bright, sunny day, Oliver was travelling in a coach with Mrs Maylie, Rose, Mrs Bedwin and Dr Losberne. Behind them, a coach carried Mr Brownlow, Mr Grimwig and another man.

Mr Brownlow had told Oliver all about his conversation with a man named Monks, but Oliver still did not know what was going to happen. He also did not know that the other man travelling in Mr Brownlow's coach was in fact Monks, and after some time Oliver forgot about him.

The coaches were travelling towards the place where Oliver was born. He looked out of the window and thought it was amazing to see the places that he remembered from his long walk to London.

“Look, there is the field I walked through!” he told Rose. “And there is the road to the house where I lived with Mrs Mann when I was little. Perhaps my orphan friends are still there!” he said excitedly. “We can give them clothes and teach them how to read and write.”

The coach passed the Sowerberrys' house. When they passed the workhouse, Oliver became quieter. The coach continued and stopped outside a hotel that Oliver remembered. He could not believe that now he was going to stay there.

Much later that evening, when they were eating in the hotel dining room, Mr Brownlow stayed in his room with the man who had travelled with him in his coach, Monks. Dr Losberne and Mr Grimwig visited them for a time, then returned to sit with Oliver and Rose.

Finally, at nine o'clock, Mr Brownlow opened the door and came into the room. He was with a man who Oliver had seen before, a man with cruel eyes. Oliver looked at him nervously.

“This is difficult for everyone,” said Mr Brownlow, holding

some papers. “But it is important that we all hear what I have to say.”

Mr Brownlow walked up to Oliver and put his hand on his shoulder.

“This boy is your **half-brother**,” he said to Monks. “He is the son of Agnes and your father, my good friend Edwin Leeford.”

“Yes,” said Monks. “He was born in this town, in the workhouse.”

“When your father died, what did you find on his desk?” asked Mr Brownlow.

“I found his will and a letter to Agnes,” said Monks quietly. “My father’s letter asked Agnes to keep the gold locket with her name on it.”

“That’s right. And the will said that some of his money should go to you,” said Mr Brownlow, looking at Monks. “But there was a lot more money. The will said half of this money should go to Agnes. The other half should go to her child, but only if the child grew up as a person with good morals. Your father did not want another bad son like you.”

“I did not want the boy to be good,” explained Monks. “I wanted to be sure that he was a thief so that he would not get the money. As he grew up, I watched Oliver carefully without him knowing it. When he ran away, I helped the Artful Dodger to find him so he could introduce him to my friend Fagin, and then Fagin helped him to be a thief.”

“What happened to the locket?” asked Mr Brownlow.

“I bought the locket from some people at the workhouse where Oliver lived,” said Monks.

“These people?” asked Mr Brownlow. He came back into the room with Mr and Mrs Bumble.

“Oliver!” cried Mr Bumble when he saw the boy. “I’m so happy to see you again. You have always been such a good boy!”



“Did you sell a locket to this man?” Mr Brownlow asked Mr Bumble.

“Of course not. I have never seen him before,” said Mr Bumble.

Mr Grimwig then came in with two servants from the workhouse.

“What can you tell us about old Nurse Sally?” Mr Grimwig asked them.

“We saw Mrs Bumble take a gold locket and some papers from Nurse Sally’s hands when she died,” said one servant.

Mrs Bumble looked down with shame. “It’s true,” she said. “I should not have taken something so important. What will you do with us?”

“I will tell people never to give you or your husband a good job again,” said Mr Brownlow.

“Now,” Mr Brownlow continued, looking at Monks, “what can you tell us about Rose?”



“Rose Maylie is Agnes’s younger sister,” continued Monks. “When Agnes’s father died, Rose was sent to live with a poor family in Wales. Years later she was adopted by Mrs Maylie. There are some papers which tell all this. Fagin has them.”

“So Rose is Oliver’s aunt,” said Mr Brownlow with **pleasure**.

At first Oliver did not know what to say. Then he smiled at Rose. “I am very happy we are relatives,” he said.

\*\*

Oliver walked down a cold, wet corridor lined with small, dark cells. It was the next day and Mr Brownlow had asked Oliver to go with him to see Fagin in the prison which was going to be Fagin’s home for the rest of his life: a life that the

magistrate had decided would not be very long because he had been sentenced to death.

Fagin was shocked to see Oliver. “Oliver! My dear Oliver!” he cried. “How are you, my boy? I want to talk to you.”

“Not now, Fagin” said Mr Brownlow. “Listen, we know that Monks gave you some papers.”

“Ah, the papers,” said Fagin. “I won’t tell you where they are. But I will tell Oliver. Come here, boy.”

He moved very close to Oliver and said quietly in his ear, “They’re in a small bag inside the chimney of my front room. Now, please get me out of here.”

“I can’t do that,” said Oliver, moving away. “I have to leave you.”

Mr Brownlow and Oliver walked out of the cold cell and watched as the guard closed the prison door behind them. They never saw Fagin again.

\*\*

This story is nearly finished, but not the lives of the people we have met.

What happened to Monks? Well, Monks went to America to start a new life and no one saw him again. Fagin’s gang were all sent to prison, but not the young Charley Bates. After Nancy died, he decided that all criminals were bad. He worked hard to get a good job on a farm. He lived a happy life. And Noah Claypole? He went on to work as an **informer**.

Rose was soon married to the man she loved, Harry, and they lived in a lovely house with Mrs Maylie.

And what of Oliver Twist?

Mr Brownlow adopted Oliver as his son and they moved to a house near to their good friends Rose, Harry and Mrs Maylie.

Oliver now had a father, a good home and an education. But although he lived a long and successful life, he could never forget the many poor children that lived in the city nearby.

THE END

## COMPREHENSION QUESTIONS

### CHAPTER ONE

#### A. Pre-reading

1. Read only the first paragraph. From that, what can you guess about the story? Where do you think *Oliver Twist* lived? What kind of person do you think he was?

#### B. Answer the questions.

1. The *setting* of a story is the time and place where it happened. What is the *setting* of this novel? (country and time)
2. How much time passed from the beginning of the chapter until the end?
3. What three places did Oliver live in? Which one do you think was the worst? The best? Why?

#### C. Write True (T) or False (F) next to each sentence. Correct the false ones.

1. \_\_\_ Oliver was born in the orphanage.
2. \_\_\_ Oliver's mother died after she saw him.
3. \_\_\_ Mrs Mann was kinder to Oliver than to the other orphans.
4. \_\_\_ Oliver was sad to leave his friends at the orphanage.
5. \_\_\_ The boys at the workhouse got more food after Oliver asked for more.

#### D. Match the person with the description.

1. the nurse	a. took Oliver as an apprentice
2. Mr Bumble	b. was in charge of the orphanage
3. Mrs Mann	c. was an official of the workhouse
4. Mr Sowerberry	d. was present when Oliver was born
5. Noah Claypole	e. worked with Oliver
	f. was Oliver's friend

#### E. Read the following quotations and then answer the questions.

- ◆ *"You've given him too much meat, Mrs Sowerberry. You've been too kind to him. Leave him in this room without food for a few days, then feed him only soup."*

1. Who said these words?
2. Where was the speaker?
3. What had happened shortly before these words were said?

- ◆ *"Please, sir, I want some more."*

1. Who said this to whom?
2. Why did this person say it?
3. What was the result of this request?

### F. Put the events in the correct order.

- \_\_\_ Oliver runs away from Mr Sowerberry.
- \_\_\_ Oliver asks for more food.
- \_\_\_ Oliver goes to live with Mrs Mann.
- \_\_\_ Oliver works with other boys at the workhouse.
- \_\_\_ Oliver becomes an apprentice.

### G. Project

1. Use a library or the internet to learn about the Industrial Revolution. What happened at that time? What problems did people have because of the changes in society? Make a poster and share it with your class.

## CHAPTER TWO

### A. Pre-reading

1. Oliver has run away from his apprenticeship. Where do you think he will go? What do you think he will do when he gets there?

### B. Answer these questions.

1. What do Fagin and the boys do for a living?
2. Why does Fagin live in such an old dirty house if he has a box of gold watches and jewellery?
3. Why did Mr Brownlow take Oliver home? Who do you think the woman in the painting is? Might that be part of the reason that Mr Brownlow was kind to Oliver?
4. How does Fagin find out where Oliver is? Why does he want to find him?

### C. Write True (T) or False (F) next to each sentence. Correct the false ones.

1. \_\_\_ Oliver walked 70 miles to London.
2. \_\_\_ They entered London in the morning.
3. \_\_\_ London was as beautiful as Oliver had expected.
4. \_\_\_ Fagin was angry that Oliver had seen his watches and jewellery.
5. \_\_\_ Fagin and the boys lived in a dirty old house.

### D. Read the following quotations and then answer the questions.

- ◆ *"I hope you've been at work this morning, boys."*

1. Who said this to whom?
2. What kind of work were they doing?
3. What did Oliver think they had done?
- ◆ *"It wasn't that boy! It was two other boys. He was with them, but he didn't take anything."*
1. Who said this?
2. Who is "that boy" and "two other boys"?
3. What happened as a result of these words?
- ◆ *"But what is this? Look there."*
1. Who said this?                      2. Where was the speaker?
3. What was the speaker looking at?

## CHAPTER THREE

### A. Pre-reading

1. Do you think Oliver will continue to stay with Mr Brownlow?
2. What do you think Fagin's gang might do to Oliver?

### B. Answer these questions.

1. Why does Mr Grimwig think that Oliver won't return? Was he right?
2. Why did Nancy tell the people in the street that Oliver had run away from home and she was returning him to his parents?
3. What plans does Fagin have for Oliver?
4. Why did Mr Bumble talk to Mr Brownlow about Oliver? What was the result of their conversation?

### C. Put True (T) or False (F). Correct the false sentences.

1. \_\_\_ Oliver was taking money and books to the bookshop.
2. \_\_\_ Nancy and Charley took Oliver back to Fagin.
3. \_\_\_ Nancy told Bill to stop beating Oliver.
4. \_\_\_ Mr Bumble put an advertisement in the newspaper to ask about Oliver.
5. \_\_\_ The house that Sikes and Crackit will rob is outside London.

### D. Put these events in order.

- \_\_\_ Nancy takes Oliver to Bill Sikes.
- \_\_\_ Oliver tells Mr Brownlow about his life.
- \_\_\_ Mr Sikes and Nancy take Oliver to Fagin.
- \_\_\_ Oliver starts to go to the bookshop.
- \_\_\_ Oliver meets Toby Crackit.
- \_\_\_ Mr Brownlow puts an ad in the paper.

\_\_\_ Fagin meets with Mr Sikes to make plans for Oliver.

\_\_\_ Mr Bumble tells Mr Brownlow about Oliver.

### E. Read the following quotations and answer the questions.

◆ *“Do you really think he’ll come back?”*

1. Who said this to whom?
2. When was this said? Who is being talked about?
3. How did the listener reply? Do the speaker and the listener share the same opinion?

◆ *“Sadly, you were right. I do not want to hear his name ever again.”*

1. Who said these words and to whom?
2. Why did he say “You were right”?
3. Whose name does he not want to hear again and why? What did he learn about the person?

◆ *“I’m not happy about this either. I’ve tried to help you, but it’s no good. I’ll try and help you again, but this is not the time. Now, come with me.”*

1. Who said this to whom?
2. How did the speaker try to help the other person?
3. Where were they going and why?

## CHAPTER FOUR

### A. Pre-reading

1. At the end of the last chapter, Oliver has been shot. What do you think will happen to him? What do you think will happen to Sikes and Crackit?

### B. Answer these questions.

1. The action in this chapter takes place in three places. What are they?
2. What happened to each of these after the failed robbery attempt: Crackit, Sikes, and Oliver?
3. Describe Monks. Who do you think he is? How does he feel about Oliver being used in the robbery attempt?
4. How long did Oliver stay with Mrs Maylie? What happened when Dr Losberne took Oliver to see Mr Brownlow?

### C. Write True (T) or False (F). Correct the false sentences.

1. \_\_\_ Toby Crackit and Bill Sikes went back to London.
2. \_\_\_ Fagin was unhappy that the robbery was not successful.
3. \_\_\_ Some people found Oliver in a field.

4. \_\_\_ Monks met Fagin at Sikes's house.
5. \_\_\_ Mr Brittles called the detectives from London.
6. \_\_\_ Dr Losberne made the detectives think that Oliver was not the thief.

#### D. Put these events in order.

- \_\_\_ Oliver told them the story of his life.
- \_\_\_ Nurse Sally told Mrs Corney about a woman who had died at the workhouse.
- \_\_\_ Mr Brownlow moved to the West Indies.
- \_\_\_ Nurse Sally stole a gold locket from Oliver's mother.
- \_\_\_ Oliver knocked on the door of Mrs Maylie's house.
- \_\_\_ Blathers and Duff came to Mrs Maylie's house.
- \_\_\_ Mr Brittles called the detectives.

#### E. Read these quotations from the story and answer the questions.

- ◆ *"He looks so helpless and small. If it hadn't been for your generosity, I might be helpless like this small child!"*

1. Who said this to whom?
2. Who is the person talking about?
3. What does the person mean by "If it hadn't been for your generosity...?"

- ◆ *"You don't need to do anything. I'm lucky because I have an aunt who has enough money to help people like you."*

1. Who said this to whom?
2. What did the listener offer to do?
3. Why do you think the speaker says this?

- ◆ *"She was rich enough for a good hospital. I stole from her before she died!"*

1. Who said this to whom?
2. What did the speaker steal and from whom?
3. About how long after the theft did the speaker say this, and what happened to the speaker after saying this?

## CHAPTER FIVE

### A. Pre-reading

1. Oliver has just learned that Mr Brownlow moved away. How do you think Oliver feels? What will Mrs Maylie do with Oliver? Do you think Fagin has forgotten about Oliver?

**B. Answer these questions.**

1. About how long did Oliver stay with Mrs Maylie in the countryside?
2. Who came to see Rose when she was ill?
3. What did Harry Maylie ask Oliver to do when he left?
4. What changes had happened to Mr Bumble? Who did Mr Bumble meet at an inn? What did the man want?
5. Where did Mr and Mrs Bumble meet him again? What did Mrs Bumble give him?

**C. Write True (T) or False (F). Correct the false sentences.**

1. \_\_\_ Oliver stayed with Mrs Maylie in her big house.
2. \_\_\_ Rose became very ill and Mrs Maylie thought Rose would die.
3. \_\_\_ Oliver walked into a nervous-looking man near the house.
4. \_\_\_ The man who came with Mr Giles was Dr Losberne.
5. \_\_\_ Oliver saw Fagin and another man outside his window.

**D. Put these events in order.**

(1)

- \_\_\_ Rose became very ill.
- \_\_\_ Oliver posted a letter for Mrs Maylie.
- \_\_\_ Mrs Maylie, Rose and Oliver went to stay in a holiday house.
- \_\_\_ Oliver walked into a cruel-looking man.
- \_\_\_ Oliver saw Fagin and another man in the window.
- \_\_\_ Rose became well again.

(2)

- \_\_\_ Mr and Mrs Bumble met Monks at an old factory.
- \_\_\_ Mrs Corney took a locket from Nurse Sally.
- \_\_\_ Monks met Mr Bumble at an inn.
- \_\_\_ Mrs Bumble gave Monks the gold locket.
- \_\_\_ Mr Bumble married Mrs Corney and became master of the workhouse.
- \_\_\_ Monks paid Mrs Bumble for some information.

**E. Read these quotations and answer the questions.**◆ *“Rose is so young and so good that nothing bad will happen to her.”*

1. Who said this to whom?
2. When did he or she say this?
3. What bad thing does the speaker think will not happen to Rose?

◆ *“She will sleep for a long time. Perhaps she will wake up better. But I am very worried that she will not wake up at all.”*



1. Who says this?
2. Who is the person talking about?
3. Why is the person worried?
- ◆ *“I don’t want to know about him! I want to know about his nurse. Where is she?”*
1. Who says this and where does he or she say it?
2. Who is “him” that the person doesn’t want to know about?
3. Where is the nurse?

## CHAPTER SIX

### A. Pre-reading

1. The last chapter ends, and this one opens, with Mr and Mrs Bumble looking into the cold water under the old factory where they have met Monks. Why are they horrified? What do you think Monks will do?

### B. Answer these questions.

1. What did Monks throw into the water? Why did he say they could all forget about it? Why was Mr Bumble happy to leave the old factory alive?
2. Approximately how long was Bill Sikes away from London? How long has he been ill in bed?
3. Why did Nancy go to Fagin’s house? Who did she meet there? What did she do while Fagin and that person were talking?
4. What did Nancy learn from Monks? What did she do with that information?
5. Oliver was very happy to have seen someone in London. Who was it? Where did he talk to him?
6. What important news does Fagin receive at the end of the chapter?

### C. Write True (T) or False (F). Correct the false sentences.

1. \_\_\_ Monks tries to throw Mr and Mrs Bumble into the river.
2. \_\_\_ Fagin and the boys brought Sikes food but no money.
3. \_\_\_ Monks and Fagin talked in the room where Nancy was.
4. \_\_\_ Nancy cried when she left Fagin’s house.
5. \_\_\_ Rose Maylie refused to meet Nancy.
6. \_\_\_ Oliver heard what Nancy told Rose.
7. \_\_\_ Mr Brownlow agreed to go to the police.
8. \_\_\_ Noah Claypole came to London to start a business.

**D. Put these events in order.**

- \_\_\_ Noah Claypole meets Fagin.
- \_\_\_ Bill Sikes returns to London.
- \_\_\_ Mrs Maylie, Rose and Oliver visit London.
- \_\_\_ Fagin learns that the Artful Dodger has been arrested.
- \_\_\_ Nancy listens to Fagin and Monks talking.
- \_\_\_ Rose tells Mr Brownlow about Monks.

**E. Read the quotations and answer the questions.**

◆ *“Now we can all forget all about this story, can’t we?”*

1. Who said this to whom?
2. Where were they and what had the speaker just done?
3. What does he want them to forget and why?

◆ *“He said that the only thing that could explain who the boy really is lies at the bottom of the river.”*

1. Who said this to whom?
2. Whose speech is the person reporting?
3. What is it that lies at the bottom of the river?

◆ *“It was easy to take money from Mr Sowerberry. So we can also take things from other people. I think I would be a good thief.”*

1. Who said this to whom?
2. Where were they when he or she said this?
3. Who overheard these words and what was the result?

## CHAPTER SEVEN

**A. Pre-reading questions**

1. Mr Brownlow and his friends are going to try to find Monks. Do you think they will succeed? What do you think they will do to him?

**B. Answer these questions.**

1. What two jobs did Noah Claypole (Morris Bolter) do for Fagin?
2. Where did Nancy talk to Rose and Mr Brownlow? Did anyone hear their conversation?
3. Why did Fagin send someone to follow Nancy?
4. What did Nancy tell Rose and Mr Brownlow? What did Mr Brownlow try to do for Nancy? Did she accept his offer?
5. What did Sikes do to Nancy when Fagin told him that she had told someone about the gang? Where did Sikes go after that?

**C. Write True (T) or False (F). Correct the false sentences.**

1. \_\_\_ The magistrate sent the Artful Dodger to prison.
2. \_\_\_ Nancy did not meet Rose on the first Sunday after their meeting in the hotel.
3. \_\_\_ Mr Brownlow and Mrs Maylie talked with Nancy on London Bridge.
4. \_\_\_ Fagin and Noah told Sikes what had happened at the bridge.
5. \_\_\_ Sikes killed Nancy because she had told others about the gang.
6. \_\_\_ Mr Brownlow was the oldest friend of Monks's father.
7. \_\_\_ Mr Brownlow was married to Monks's aunt.

**D. Put these events in order.**

- \_\_\_ Mr Leeford died in Italy.
- \_\_\_ Sikes killed Nancy and ran away.
- \_\_\_ Mr Leeford married Agnes.
- \_\_\_ Nancy told Mr Brownlow about Monks.
- \_\_\_ Mr Leeford gave Mr Brownlow a painting of Agnes.
- \_\_\_ Mr Brownlow tried to find Monks in the West Indies.
- \_\_\_ Nancy's murderer returned to London.

**E. Read these quotations and answer the questions.**

- ◆ *"Find out where she goes, who she sees and what she says. Can you do that?"*

1. Who says this to whom?
2. Who is the person talking about?
3. Why does the speaker want the person followed?

- ◆ *"Thank you for helping us. Now let us help you. Come with us, away from your old life."*

1. Who said this to whom and where was it?
2. How had the person helped the speaker?
3. Did the listener accept the offer? What was the result?

- ◆ *"I did not think my father's oldest friend would be so unkind to me."*

1. Who says this to whom?
2. Where was this?
3. How was the person being unkind to the speaker?

**A. Pre-reading**

1. At the end of the last chapter we learn who Monks is. What do you think will happen to Oliver now?

**B. Answer these questions.**

1. Name the people who were in the house with Sikes before he tried to escape.
2. Where did Mr Brownlow take Oliver two days later? Who else was there?
3. Why did Monks want Oliver to become a thief? What did he do to try to make that happen?
4. What did Mr and Mrs Bumble say about the locket? How did the others know that they were lying?
5. What do we learn about Rose Maylie's identity? Who is she?
6. Why did Oliver and Mr Brownlow visit Fagin in prison?

**C. Write True (T) or False (F). Correct the false sentences.**

1. \_\_\_ The police arrested Fagin and Bolter.
2. \_\_\_ Chitling and Bates escaped from the police through the back door.
3. \_\_\_ Sikes wanted to stay with Toby Crackit.
4. \_\_\_ Mr Brownlow paid fifty pounds to someone for catching Sikes.
5. \_\_\_ Rose is the aunt of Oliver and Monks.
6. \_\_\_ The father of Monks and Oliver was Edwin Leeford.

**D. Put these events in order.**

(a)

- \_\_\_ Bill Sikes comes to Toby's place.
- \_\_\_ Monks finds his father's will.
- \_\_\_ The police arrest Fagin and the gang.
- \_\_\_ Mr Brownlow and others travel to Oliver's birth place.
- \_\_\_ Monks helps the Artful Dodger find Oliver.
- \_\_\_ A servant says that she had seen Mrs Bumble take something from Nurse Sally.
- \_\_\_ Charley Bates comes to Toby's place.
- \_\_\_ Mrs Bumble sells the locket to Monks.
- \_\_\_ Mr Brownlow explains everything to Oliver and friends.

**E. Read these quotations and answer the questions.**

- ◆ *"I will give fifty pounds to the man who takes that man alive."*

1. Who said this?
2. Who was the person talking about?
3. When and where was this said?
  - ◆ *“And there is the road to the house where I lived with Mrs Mann when I was little. Perhaps my orphan friends are still there!”*
1. Who said this?
2. Where was the person?
3. What did the person hope to do for the orphan friends?
  - ◆ *“When he ran away, I helped the Artful Dodger to find him so he could introduce him to my friend Fagin, and then Fagin helped him to be a thief.”*
1. Who said this and who is he talking about?
2. Why did the speaker want the other person to be a thief?
3. Where did the speaker say this?

## Characters in order of mention

- Oliver Twist** /ɒlɪvə twɪst/, an orphan born at the workhouse
- Nurse Sally** /nɜːs sæli/, an old nurse at the workhouse
- Mrs Mann** /mɪsɪz mæn /, a woman who looked after the young orphans from the workhouse
- Mr Bumble** /mɪstə bʌmbəl/, an official from the workhouse
- Mr Sowerberry** /mɪstə saʊwəbrɪ/, Oliver's employer
- Mrs Sowerberry** /mɪsɪz saʊwəbrɪ/, Mr Sowerberry's wife
- Noah Claypole** /nəʊə kleɪpəl/, Mr Sowerberry's employee
- Jack Dawkins, The Artful Dodger** /dʒæk dɔːkɪnz/ or /ðə ɑːtful dɒdʒə/, a boy in Fagin's gang of thieves
- Fagin** /feɪɡən/, leader of a gang of thieves
- Charley Bates** /tʃɑːli beɪts/, a boy in Fagin's gang of thieves
- Mr Brownlow** /mɪstə braʊnləʊ/, a kind gentleman
- Mrs Bedwin** /mɪsɪz bɛdwɪn/, a woman who looks after Mr Brownlow's house
- Mr Bill Sikes** /mɪstə bɪl saɪks/, a thief and friend of Fagin's
- Nancy** /nænsɪ/, a young woman who works for Mr Sikes
- Mr Grimwig** /mɪstə grɪmwɪɡ/, a friend of Mr Brownlow's
- Toby Crackit** /təʊbi krækɪt/, a thief
- Monks** /mʌŋks/, a friend of Fagin's and Oliver's half-brother
- Mr Brittles** /mɪstə brɪtəlz/, a servant in Mrs Maylie's house
- Mr Giles** /mɪstə dʒaɪlz/, a servant in Mrs Maylie's house
- Mrs Maylie** /mɪsɪz meɪli/, a kind woman

**Rose Maylie** /rəʊz meɪli/, a seventeen-year-old girl who was raised by Mrs Maylie

**Dr Losberne** /dɒktə lɒzbɜːn/, a kind doctor who is a friend of Mrs Maylie

**Detective Blathers** /dɪtektɪv blæðəz/, a detective from London

**Detective Duff** /dɪtektɪv dʌf/, a detective from London

**Mrs Corney (later Mrs Bumble)** /mɪsɪz kɔːni/, matron in charge of the workhouse who later marries Mr Bumble

**Harry Maylie** /hæri meɪli/, Mrs Maylie's son

**Charlotte Claypole (also Mrs Bolter)** /ʃɑːlət kleɪpəʊl/ (/mɪsɪz bɒltə/), the wife of Noah Claypole

**Morris Bolter** /mɔːrɪs bɒltə/, the name Noah Claypole gives himself when he joins Fagin's gang

**Agnes** /æɡnes/, a young woman and Oliver's mother

**Edward Leeford** /ɛdwəd liːfəd/, the name of Oliver and Monks's father

**Chitling** /tʃɪtlɪŋ/, a thief in Fagin's gang

**Kags** /kægz/, a thief in Fagin's gang

**Edwin Leeford** /ɛdwɪn liːfəd/, the original name of Monks

# Glossary

- apprentice** someone who works for an employer for an agreed amount of time in order to learn a skill
- arrest** if a police officer arrests someone, he or she takes them away because they are believed to be guilty of a crime
- beat** to hit someone many times with your hand, a stick, etc.
- break into** enter a building using force to steal something
- broken heart** when you are very sad, especially because someone you love has died or left you
- cautiously** carefully
- cell** a small room in a police station or prison where prisoners are kept
- cellar** a room under a house
- coach** a closed vehicle with four wheels pulled by horses that people in past times travelled in
- complain** to say that you are annoyed or not satisfied about something
- corridor** a long narrow area between two rows of rooms
- creep** (*past and past part.: crept*) to move very carefully and quietly so that no one will notice you
- criminal** someone who is proved guilty of a crime
- cruel** deliberately making people feel pain or sadness
- destitute** having no money, no home, no food, etc.
- disappear** to become impossible to see or find
- employer** a person or company that pays people to work for them



- events** things that happen, especially something important, interesting or unusual
- furious** very angry
- generosity** when you are happy to give money, time etc to help someone
- gentleman** a man who is polite and behaves well towards other people; a respectful way to talk about a man
- half-brother** a brother who is the child of only one of your parents
- handkerchief** a small piece of cloth used for drying your nose or eyes
- horrified** very shocked
- in charge of** a position of having control or being responsible for something
- indeed** used to add more information to support a statement
- Industrial Revolution** in England, the time from 1750 to 1850 when the way people lived and worked changed greatly because of new machines and industries
- informer** someone who gives information to the police or other government organisations about people who are involved in illegal activities
- inn** a small hotel, especially one in the countryside
- interrupt** to stop someone while they are speaking or doing something by suddenly saying something or doing something yourself
- kidnap** to take someone away by force and keep them as your prisoner until people give you money or things you want
- lady** a woman who is polite and behaves well towards other people; a respectful way to talk about a woman
- locket** a piece of jewellery like a small round box, worn on a chain around your neck
- mad** mentally ill

- magistrate** someone who decides if people are guilty of less serious crimes in a court of law
- master** an old-fashioned word for a man who is in charge of a place
- menacing** making you expect something dangerous or bad
- miser** someone who hates spending money and likes to have a lot of it
- nervous** worried or frightened about something, and unable to relax
- opportunity** a chance to do something
- orphan** a child whose parents are dead
- painting** a painted picture
- patient** (n) someone who is being treated by a doctor, nurse, etc
- patiently** in a manner that shows that you are able to wait calmly for a long time or deal with difficult situations without becoming angry
- persuade** to make someone decide to do something by explaining to them why it is a good idea
- pleasure** a feeling of happiness
- poverty** when people have very little money
- pretend** to behave as if something is true when you know it is not
- puzzled** confused and unable to understand something
- sensible** showing good judgement
- shawl** a large piece of cloth that a woman wears around her shoulders or head
- shocked** very surprised
- silk** a soft cloth made from the threads produced by a silkworm

- slums** an area of a city with old buildings in very bad condition, where many poor people live
- sob** to cry noisily and breathe quickly and noisily at the same time
- soup** a hot liquid food that usually has pieces of meat or vegetables in it
- starving** describing someone who has not had enough food for a long time and will die soon if they do not eat
- tide** the movement of the level of the sea up and down the shore
- ugly** very unattractive or unpleasant to look at
- unbearable** too painful, unpleasant etc for you to accept or deal with
- West Indies** a group of islands off the east coast of America
- will** a legal document in which you say who you want to give your money and property to after you die
- workhouse** a place where very poor people could live and work
- wretched** very unhappy, unlucky etc

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