Oliver Twist Part 3

“Get the police!” cried the crowd of people who had gathered around Oliver.

However, the rich gentleman looked down at Oliver with concern.

“Well, you look honest to me. Actually, you look familiar too. I think you deserve a chance. My name is Mr Brownlow and perhaps I can help you.”

Mr Brownlow took Oliver to his grand house. In the hallway was the portrait of a beautiful young woman.

“She was my niece Agnes,” explained Mr Brownlow. “I am afraid she had a very sad life. I think she might be dead now. I wish she had come to me for help. Goodness... I can’t believe how much you look like her. Where were you born? Tell me all about yourself”

Oliver told Mr Brownlow all about Mr Bumble’s horrible workhouse and everything that had happened to him up until the moment he had run from the bookshop.

“I believe you, my boy,” said Mr Brownlow kindly. He patted Oliver’s shoulder. “Now, would you like to come and live here and go to school?”

“Really and truly?” asked Oliver in delight. “Oh yes please!”

Mrs Bedwin (the housekeeper) showed Oliver to his very own bedroom. She ran him a hot bath and found smart clean clothes for him to wear.

As the weeks passed, Oliver had never been happier. Mrs Bedwin fed him three huge meals a day and hugged him good morning and goodnight. Mr Brownlow played games with him and taught him chess and how to play the piano. Oliver felt as though he was living in a dream.

A few weeks later, Mr Brownlow called Oliver to his study. He gave him £5 and some books to take to the bookshop where they had first met.

“Of course. I would do anything for you, Mr Brownlow.”

“Oliver, you must come straight home afterwards,” said Mr Brownlow earnestly.

“I promise I will!” called Oliver over his shoulder as he skipped from the house.

Mrs Bedwin waved at him from the window.

“Bless that dear boy,” she whispered to herself. “I just can’t bear to let him out of my sight.”

Oliver whistled as he strolled merrily down the street. Then suddenly.....