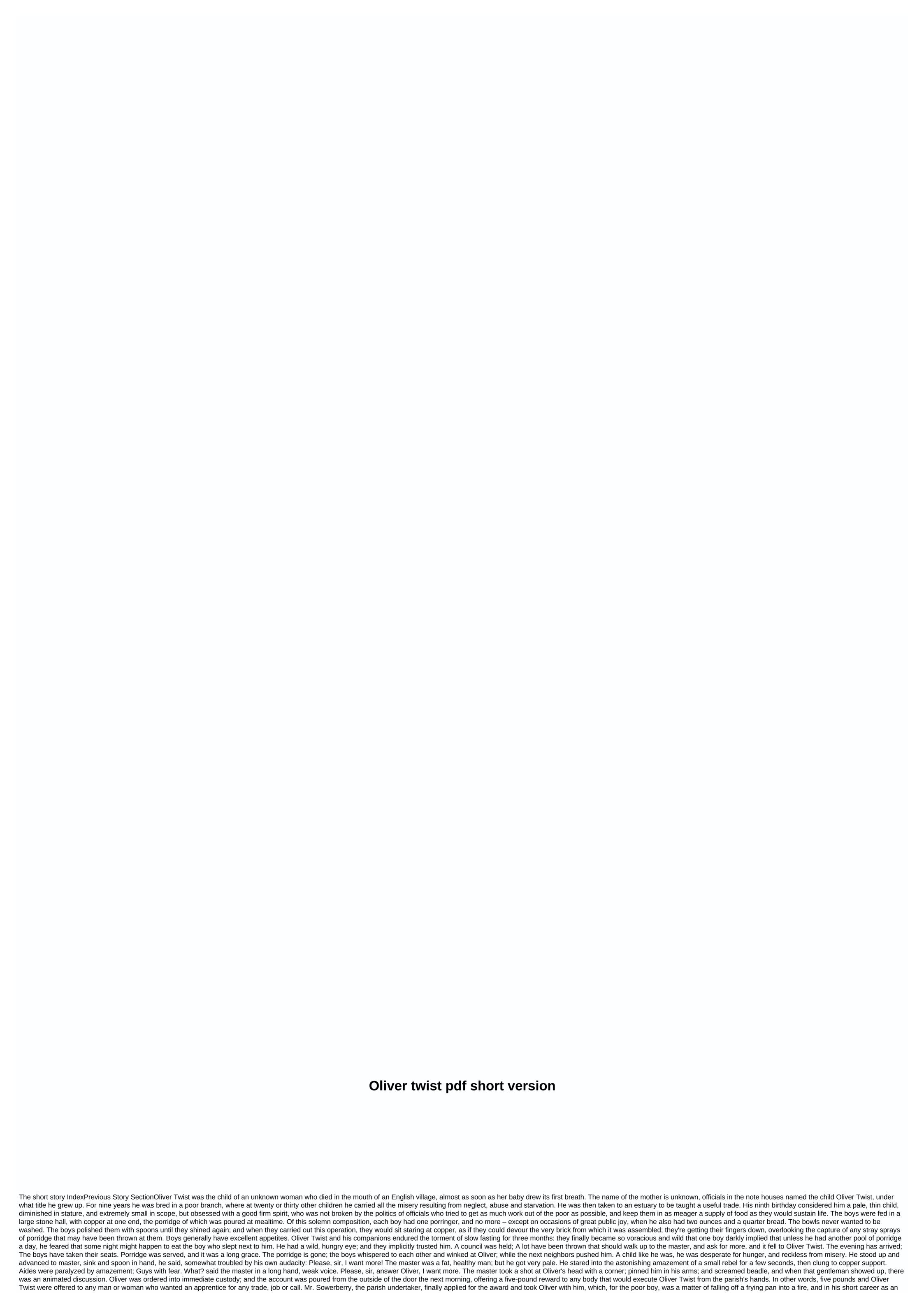
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undertaker he even signed for the mind. - as pathetic as his life was. At the undertaker's, Oliver's bed was in the store, The dent behind the counter where his mattress was pushed looked like a grave. His food was broken pieces left
over from other people's meals, and his regular companion was an older boy, Noah Claypole, who, although a charity boy himself, was not an orphan in the symuq, and therefore considered himself in a position above Oliver. He made Oliver's days disgusting with his abuse, which the
younger boy carried as guietly as he could, until the day Noah made a sneering remark about Oliver's dead mother. That was too much. Scarlet with rage, Oliver began, seizing Noah by the throat, shaking him until his teeth chattered, and then with one heavy blow fell to the ground. This led
to a violent scene, as Noah accused Oliver of trying to kill him, and Mrs Sowerberry, a maid and beadle, - who was quickly called - agreed that Oliver was a hard-core wretch, capable only of captivity, and was accordingly placed in the basement, until the undertaker arrived, when he was
dragged away again to recount the story. That Mr. Sowerberry would be content with Oliver, but because of his wife's prejudice against the boy. However, to satisfy her, he gave Oliver a sonic beating and silenced him in the back kitchen until nightfall, when, amid jeers and showing Noah
and Mrs Sowerberry, he was ordered up the stairs to his gloomy bed. Then, alone, in the silence of the gloomy workshop, Oliver ceded his feelings, wept bitterly and decided not to endure such treatment anymore. He gently unziped the door fastening and looked abroad. It was a cold night.
The stars seemed to be farthest from the earth by the boy's eyes than he had ever seen before; there was no wind; and sombre shadows looked sepulchral and death-like, from being so peaceful. He gently pulled the door, and after using the expiring candle light to tie several articles into a
handkerchief about wearing the clothes he had, he sat down to wait for the morning. With first air The light, Oliver came into being, and he unziped the door again. One timid look around him—a one-minute pause of hesitation—closed it behind him. He looked right, and left, uncertainly
whither fly. He remembered seeing the waggons, as they were leaving, tormenting uphill, so he went the same way; and arriving on a footpath that he knew had gone out into the road, hit him and walked guickly on. For seven long days he bounced in the direction of London, tasting only
such leftover meals as he could pug from occasional roadside cottages. On the seventh morning he slowly limped into the steps of a public house, the boy crossed and walked near him, he said: Hullo! my covey! What's the
line? The boy who addressed this inquiry to a young wayfarer, was about his age: but one of the gueerest looks of boys Oliver has ever seen. There was a snub-nose, straight eyebrow, common face boy enough; and a filthy minor as you would like to see; But he had all the rays and
manners of a man about him. He was short, with the cims, and the little, sharp, ugly eyes. His hat got stuck on top of his head, and he wore a man who reached out to him almost to his heels. Hullo, my covey! What's the line? Said this strange young Mr. Oliver. I am very hungry and tired,
Oliver replied: tears that stood in his eves as he spoke. I walked for a long time, I've been walking these seven days, Going to London? asked the unknown boy. I do, Do you have accommodations? no. Money? no. An unknown boy whistled; and put your hands in your pockets. Do you live
in London? He asked Oliver. Yes, I work when I'm at home, the boy replied, I guess you want a place to sleep by nightfall, don't you? After Oliver answered in the affirmative, the unknown boy, whose name is Jack Dawkins, said: I have to be in London by evening; and I know 'spectable old
genelman as he lives there, wot'll give you accommodation for nothink, and never seek change - that is, if any genlman he knows you weaves. This offer of shelter was too tempting to resist, and Oliver rushed off with his new friend. They passed into the city, and through the worst and
darkest streets, whose gaze filled Oliver with alarm. They came to the door of the house for a long time, which Jack entered, drawing Oliver after him, into her dark passageway and closing the door behind them. Oliver, groping his path with one hand and the other firmly realizing his
companion, rose with much difficulty with dark and broken stairs, which his conductor mounted with an expedition that showed he was well acquainted with them. He opened the back room door and drew Oliver after him. The walls and ceiling of the room were perfectly black with age and
dirt. It was over which hung a large number of silk wipes; and a table for agreement before the fire; with candles, stuck in a bottle of ginger and beer, two or three benches, a loaf and butter and a plate. In the pan, which was on fire, some sausages were cooked, and standing over them, with
a toasting fork in hand, was a very old shrivelled Jew, whose villanous-looking and repulsive face was obscured by the amount of matted red hair. Several rough beds, made of old bags, were embraced side by side on the floor. Sitting at the table were four or five boys, none older than Jack
Dawkins, a.k.a. dodger. The boys gathered around their co-worker, as he whispered a few words to the Jew, bowing to
Oliver, took his hand and hoped he should have the honor of his intimate acquaintance. After that, young gentlemen came around him and shook his hand very much, especially the one where he kept his little bundle. We are very pleased to see you, Oliver, very much, said the Jew. Dodger
takes off the sausages; and draw a bathtub near the fire for Oliver. Ah, you're staring at pocket wipes! Eh, my dear? There's a lot of them, aren't there? We just looked ready to wash. That's it, Oliver, that's all. ha ha! ha ha! Huh! The latter part of this speech was greeted with a noisy
shout-out from the boys, who, Oliver revealed, were all disciples of the cheerful old gentleman. What they went to dinner in the middle of. Oliver ate his share, and the Jew then mixed him a glass of hot gin and water, telling him he had to drink it directly because another gentleman wanted a
tumbler. Oliver did what he wanted. Immediately afterwards, he felt himself gently lifted to one of the bags; and then he sank into a deep sleep. It was late the next morning when Oliver woke up, from a healthy, long sleep. There was no other person in the room than an old Jew, making
coffee in a pan for breakfast, and gently whistling to himself as he stirred it. Now and then he would stop to listen when there was the least noise below; and, when he satisfied himself, he would continue, whistling and stirring again, as before. When the coffee was done, the Jew drew a
saucepan, then turned around and looked at Oliver, and called him by name, but the boy didn't answer, and he was asleep for all odds. After settling for this head, the Jew gently stepped towards the door, which he attached. He then drew what it seemed to Oliver, from some trap in the floor
a small box, which he carefully placed on the table. His eves gleamed as he lifted the lid and looked in. Dragging an old chair to the table, he sat down and took it. It's a magnificent gold watch, sparkling with jewels. At least half a dozen more have been pulled out of the same box several
times, except for rings, brooches, bracelets and other items of jewelry, such magnificent materials and expensive craftsmanship, for which Oliver had no idea, even about their names. For a long time, the bright, dark eyes of the Jews, staring vacuously before him, fell on Oliver's face; the
boy's eves were fixed on his careless curiosity; and, although the confession was only for a moment, it was enough to show the man that he had been observed. He closed the lid of the box with a loud crash; and, laving his hand on the bread knife that was on the table, he started burning
furiously. what's that? Said the Jew. Why are you looking at me? Why are you awake? What did you see? Talk, boy! Fast - fast! for your life! I couldn't sleep anymore, sir, Oliver replied meekly. I'm very sorry if I upset you, sir. You weren't awake an hour ago? Said the Jew, frowning hard.
No. no. no. no. no. no. no. no. no really! Oliver replied. Are you sure? cried Jew, with an even fiercer view than before, and a threatening attitude. I wasn't, really, sir. Uh, uh, my dear! said the Jew, abruptly continuing his old ways. Of course I know
that, my dear, I was just trying to scare you. You're a brave boy, ha ha! ha ha! You're a brave boy, Oliver! The Jew rubbed his hands with derision, but looked uneasily at the box, regardless. Have you seen any of these beautiful things, my dear? Said the Jew. Yes, sir, answer Oliver. Ah!
said Fagin, he's getting pretty pale. They are mine. Oliver: my little estate. All of everything I have to live up to in old age. People call me misery, my dear, Just the smud: That's all, Oliver thought an old gentleman had to be decided by misery to live in such a filthy place, with so many clocks:
but thinking that maybe his affection for Dodger and the other boys cost him a lot of money, he just cast a deferential look at the Jew, and asked him if he could stand up. His permission was granted, he got up, walked around the room and bent down for a moment to lift the water jug. When
he turned his head, the box was gone. Currently, Dodger is back with a friend, Charley Bates, and the foursome sat down for breakfast with coffee, and some hot buns, and ham, which Dodger brought home in the crown of his hat. Well, said Jew, I hope you were at work this morning, my
dears? Hardly, Dodger replied. Like nails, added Charley Bates. Good guys, good guys! Said the Jew. What do you have, Dodger? A couple of pocket books, the young gentleman replied. Lined up? asked the Jew, eagerly. Pretty good, Dodger replied, producing two pocket books. And
what do you have, my dear? He told Fagin Charley Bates. Wipes Lord Bates; while producing four pocket wipes. Well, said the Jew, examining them closely; they're very good, very. But you didn't mark them well, Charley; so the markings will be pin-picky, and we'll teach Oliver how to do it.
Shall we, Oliver, eh? If you like, sir, oliver said. I'd like to be able to make pocket wipes as easily as Charley Bates, wouldn't you, my dear? Said the Jew. Very much, if you'll teach me, sir, Oliver replied. Master Bates saw something so remarkably funny in this response, that he burst into
laughter: laughing, meeting the coffee he was drinking, and carrying it down some wrong channel, very interrupted very nearly in his choke. He's so cheerfully green! Said Charley, when he recovered, as an apology to the company for his rude behavior. When breakfast was cleaned, a
cheerful old gentleman and two boys played in a very curious and unorthodox match, which was performed in this way. Fagin, placing a box in one pocket of his pants, a corpse in the other, and a watch in his vest pocket, with a protective chain around his neck, and sticking a fake diamond
needle into his shirt, buttoned his coat tightly around him, and put his spectacle box and handkerchief in his pockets, trotted up and down with a stick, in imitation of the way old gentlemen walk the streets. Sometimes he stopped at the fire place and sometimes at the door, believing that
with all his powers he was staring at shop window. At such moments he would constantly look around him, out of fear of thieves, and continue to slap all pockets in return, to see that he had lost nothing, in such a very funny and natural way, that Oliver laughed until tears streamed down his
face. All the while, two boys followed him closely; getting out of sight so nimbly, it was impossible to follow their movements. Finally, Dodger accidentally stepped on his noses, while Charley Bates ran into him; and at that moment they took him, with the most unusual speed, snuff-box, note-
case, watch-quard, chain, shirt-pin, pocket-handkerchief - even spectacle-case. If the old gentleman felt his hand in one of his pockets, he cried out where he was; and then the game started all over again. When this game was played many times, several young women entered; one of
them is called Beth and the other is Nancy, and after that Oliver discovered that they were also Fagin's disciples as well as the boys. Later, the young men went out, leaving Oliver alone with the Jew, who walked up and down the room. Is there a handkerchief hanging out of my pocket, my
dear? Said the Jew, stopping briefly, in front of Oliver. Yes sir, oliver said. See if you can take it out without feeling it: like you saw it work when we in the game. Oliver held the bottom of his pocket with one hand, as he saw Dodger holding it and the other gently pulling a handkerchief out of
it. Is he missing? The Jew shouted. Here he is, sir, Oliver said, pointing it in his hand. You're a smart boy, my dear, said the playful old gentleman, patting Oliver on the head approvingly. I've never seen a sharper guy. Here's a shilling for you. If you keep this up, you'll be the greatest man of
the time. Now come here, and I'll show you how to get traces out of tissues. Oliver wondered what picking the old gentleman's pocket in the game had to do with his chances of being a great man. But, thinking that the Jew, being so much older, must know best, guietly followed him to the
table and was soon deeply involved in his new study. For many days, Oliver stayed in Jesus' room, picking up traces from pocket wipes. But at long length, he began to languish, and invited Fagin to allow him to go to work with his two companions. One morning he got permission to come
out, under the quardianship of Charley Bates and Dodger. The three boys were seeded; Dodger with his coat sleeves tucked in, and his hat cocked as usual; Master Bates sauntering along with his pockets; and Oliver between them, wondering where they were going, and what
branch of production they would be directed to, first. They were just coming out of a narrow courthouse, when Dodger abruptly stopped; and, laying his finger on his lip, he again withdrew his companions with the utmost caution. what's it? demanded oliver. be guiet! answered Dodger. Do
you see that old cove at the book stand? The old gentleman across the street? Oliver said. Yes, I see him. That's the way it's going to be, Dodger said. The main plant, observed master Charley Bates. Oliver looked from one to the other, with the greatest surprise; but he couldn't ask any
questions, because the two boys were secretly walking across the road and slunk near the old gentleman. Oliver walked a few steps behind them, looking in silent wonder. The old gentleman took the book from the stand; and there he stood: reading away, perfectly absorbed, and saw
neither the book-booth, nor the street, nor the boys, nor anything but the book itself. Which was Oliver's horror and alarm to see Dodger stick his hand in the old gentleman's pocket, drawing from a handkerchief! To see him hand over the same to Charley Bates; and finally watch them, both
of them, running around the corner at full speed! In an instant, the whole mystery of handkerchiefs, and clocks, and jewels, and jewels, and jewels, and jewels, and jewels, and jewels, and frightened, he took his heels. The
moment Oliver started running, old man. putting his hand on his pocket, and missing a handkerchief, turned a sharp round. Seeing the boy flee at such a fast pace, he very naturally concluded that he was the depredator, and, shouting Stop thief! with all your power, run after him, book in
hand. Dodger and Teacher Bates, who only retreated to the first door around the corner, heard a cry before and saw Oliver running, but what they betrayed with great promptness; and yelling, Stop the thieves! Stop the thieves! also, joined in the pursuit as good citizens. Stop the thief! The
cry was taken by a hundred votes, salesman, carer, butcher, baker, milkman, schoolboy, followed in a hot chase. Away they flee, pell-mell, helter-skelter, slap-dash: tearing, shouting: screaming, knocking down passengers as they turn corners, splashing through mud and rattling on
sidewalks, following after a miserable, breathless, gasping child, getting on it every moment. Finally stopped! Smart shot! He's down on the sidewalk, covered in mud and dust, looking wildly round at the pile of faces that surround him. Yes, said the old gentleman, I'm afraid it's a boy. Poor!
He's hurt! Just then a policeman showed up and dragged the half-unconscious boy, an old gentleman walking past him, Oliver protesting his innocence as they went along. At the police station Oliver was searched in vain and then locked in a cell for a while, while an old gentleman sat
outside waiting, reading his book. Currently, the boy has been brought before a judge; Both the policeman and the old gentleman preferred their charges against him. As the case was being handled, Oliver fell to the floor unconscious, and as he lay there, the judge uttered his penance: He
stands committed for three months of hard labor. Clean the office! A couple of men were about to take the insensitive boy to his cell when an elderly man hurriedly stormed into the office. Stop, stop! He said. Don't take him! I've seen it all. I'm holding a book stand. I saw three boys hatch on
the opposite side of the road while this gentleman was reading. The robbery was committed by another boy. I saw it done; And I saw that boy was perfectly amazed and dazed by it! After recovering a little at the time, the book keeper continued to more coherently link the exact
circumstances of the robbery, which is why the explanation oliver twist was fired, and carried away, still white and unaware, in the coach, by a kind-hearted old gentleman whose name was Brownlow, who seemed responsible for the boy's condition., and decided to take care of him in his
own home. After Charley Bates and Dodger saw Oliver dragged away from the officer, they guickly fled. Stop Bates got into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. What's the matter? He asked Dodger. I can't help it, Charley said, I can't help it! To see him part at that pace, and cut behind corners,
and knock on poles, and start again as if it were made of iron, and I with a handkerchief in my pocket, singing it arter – oh, my eye! Master Bates' vivid imagination presented the scene in front of him in too strong colors, and he rolled one step to the door and laughed louder than before.
What's Fagin going to say? Asked Dodger, and the question sober up Master Bates at once, while both boys stood in great fear of the Jews. And their worst fears have been realized. Fagin was vivid with outrage at the loss of his promising student, as well as fear of revealing the information
he might make. After lengthy consultations on the subject, the band agreed to let Nancy go to the police station in a dress in disguise, to find out what had been done with Oliver, whom she should have been looking for as her dear little lost brother. Meanwhile, Oliver lay and burned for
many days with fever and unconscious surroundings, in Mr Brownlow's quietly comfortable home in Pentonville. In length, weak, and thin, and palliad, he awoke from what appeared to be a dream, and was found in his care by Mrs Bedwin, Mr. Brownlow's maternal old housekeeper, and was
constantly visited by a doctor. He was gradually getting stronger, and soon he might sit down a little bit. Those were the happy, peaceful days of his recovery, the only happy ones he had ever met. Everyone was so kind and gentle that he seemed like Heaven himself, as he sat by the fire in
the housekeeper's room. On the wall hung a portrait of a beautiful, gentle, lady with sad eyes, of which Oliver was a living copy. Each feature was the same — to Mr. Brownlow's intense amazement, as he looked from it at Oliver. Later, Oliver heard the history of the portrait and his own
connection to it. When he was strong enough to dress, Mr. Brownlow challenged for a brand new suit, and a new cap, and a new pair of shoes, to be provided for him. Oliver gave his old clothes to one of the servants who was kind to him, and she sold them to a Jew who came to the house.
One evening Mr Brownlow sent the news that Oliver had come into his workforce and seen him for a while - so Mrs Bedwin helped him prepare, and although there was also no time to distort the small steering wheel bordering his shirt-collar, he looked so gentle and handsome, she
watched him with great complacency. Mr. Brownlow read, but when he saw Oliver, he pushed the book away and told him to get closer and sit down, which Oliver did. That's when the old gentleman started talking kindly about what Oliver's future would be like. Immediately the boy became
abundant with fear, and implored Mr Brownlow to let him stay with him, as well as a servant, like anything, just so he wouldn't send him out on the streets anymore, and an old gentleman, moved by the appeal, assured the boy that if he didn't cheat on him, he'd be a faithful friend. He then
asked Oliver to connect the whole story of his life, which he began to do when Mr. Brownlow's old friend came in — Mr. Grimwig. He was an eccentric old man, and he was vocal in his shouts of distrust of this boy that Mr. Brownlow was hiding. I'm going to answer for that boy's truth with my
life! Said Mr. Brownlow, knocking down the table. And I'm sorry for his untruth with my head! Mr Grimwig rejoined, knocking down the table as well. We'il see! Said Mr Brownlow, checking out his growing anger. Want! said Mr Grimwig, with a provoking smile; Want. It was then that Mrs
Bedwin brought in some books that had been bought from an identical booth that he had already understood in this history. Mr. Brownlow was very upset that the boy who brought them in wasn't waiting, because some more books were about to come back. Send Oliver with them,
Suggested Mr Grimwig, he'll deliver them for sure, you know! Yes; Let me take them, if you like, sir, said Oliver I'll run all the way, sir. Mr Brownlow refused to let Oliver out, when Mr Grimwig's malicious cough made him change his mind and let the boy go. You can say, Mr. Brownlow said,
that you returned those books; and that you're here to pay the £4 ten I owe him. This is a five-pound note, so you're going to have ten minutes, sir, Oliver replied, impatiently, as he respectfully left the room. Mrs Bedwin looked out of sight at him,
chanting, Bless his sweet face! - while Oliver gaily looked in circles, and nodded before turning into a corner. Then Mr Brownlow pulled out his watch and waited, while Mr Grimwig claimed the boy would never come back. He has a new suit of clothing on his back; a set of valuable books
under your arm; and five kilos in your pocket. He'll join his old thief friends and laugh at you. If ever that boy comes back to this house, sir, Mr. Grimwig said, I'm going to eat my head! It got so dark that the numbers on the dial board were barely noticeable. Gas lamps are illuminated; Mrs
Bedwin waited impatiently at the open door; The servant ran down the street twenty times to see if there were any traces of Oliver; and still two old gentlemen sat, perseveringly, in a dark parlor, with a clock between them, waiting—but Oliver did not come. Meanwhile, he was walking, on the
way to the book, thinking he should feel happy and satisfied, when he was assiduous by a young woman who shouted very loudly: Oh my dear brother! – and then he was stopped by throwing a few hands tightly around his neck. do not! Oliver yelled, Let go of who it is? Why are you
stopping me? Oh my merciful! Said the young woman, I found him! Oh you naughty boy, to make me put up with sich trouble at your expense! Come home, darling, come! With these and incoherent shouts, the young woman burst into tears and told onlookers that Oliver was her brother,
who ran away from his respectable parents a month ago, joined a gang of thieves and nearly broke his mother's heart, to which Oliver, greatly troubled, replied that he was an orphan, had no sister and lived in Pentonville. Then, seeing the woman's face for the first time, he cried, Why, it's
Nancy! You can see he knows me! She yelled at Nancy. Let him come home, there are good men, or he will kill his dear mother and break my heart! With that, the man who was Nancy's accomplice, Bill Sikes by name, came to the rescue, tore the sums from Oliver's grasp and
punched him in the head. Weak and blinded by the suddenness of the attack, outgunned and helpless, what could one poor child do? Darkness is on; it was a low-key neighborhood; there was no help—the resistance was helpless. At another point he was drawn into a labyrinth of dark
narrow courts: and he was forced alongside them, at a pace that made several cries to give an excuse, incomprehensible. They had long turned into a very dirty street, stopping at the apparently unannounced house where Bill Sikes and Nancy were taking Oliver, and there were his old
friends, Charley Bates, Dodger and Fagin. They greeted Oliver with a standing ovation and immediately cut his pockets of the five-pound note and freed him from the books – although Oliver begged for the books and money to be returned to Mr Brownlow. When he discovered that all the
pleading and resistance were useless, he suddenly jumped to his feet and frantically tore out of the room, uttering screams for help that made the naked old house echo to the roof, then tried darts through the door, opened for a moment, but was immediately caught, while Sikes' dog would
grow on top of him., except for Nancy's intervention. She was struck by Oliver's pallor and great sadness and tried to protect him from violence. But that was of little success. The Jew beat him up, and then Master Bates took him to the kitchen next door to go to bed. His new clothes were
taken from him and he was given the identical old suit he so congratulated himself for after he went to Mr Brownlow, and accidental exposure to Fagin, by the Jew who bought them, was the first clue to Oliver's whereabouts. For a week the boy was imprisoned, but after that the Jew left him
free to roam around the house; which was a strange, spooky place, with rapidly closed shutters, and no evidence from the outside that it protected human creatures. Oliver was always with Bates and Dodger, who played the old game with a Jew every day. For moments, Fagin entertained
boys with stories of robberies he had committed in his younger days, which made Oliver laugh heartily and showed that he found it funny despite better feelings. In short, the cunning old Jew had a boy in his torment and hoped gradually to pour into his soul the poison that would blacken
him and change his nuance forever. Meanwhile, Fagin, Bill Sikes and Nancy were arranging a conspiracy in which poor Oliver was to play a significant role. One morning to his surprise, a pair of new shoes by his bedside, and at breakfast Fagin told him he would be taken to Bill Sikes'
residence that night, but no reason was given. Fagin then left him and at the moment Nancy walked in, looking pale and sick. She came from Sikes to take Oliver to him. Her reckoning was agitated and trembling. I saved you from bad use once, and I will again; And now I'm doing it, she
said, for those who would have caught you if I hadn't, it would be far rougher than me. Remember this, and don't let me suffer any more for you right now. If I could help you, I would. But I don't have the power. I promised you you'd keep your mouth shut; If you're not, you'll hurt yourself and
maybe be my death. be quiet! Give me your hand! Make a hein! Deflating the light, she quickly drew Oliver after her, out, and into a hackney-cabriolet. The driver didn't want directions, but hit the horse at full speed, and they were currently in a strange house. There, with Nancy and Sikes,
Oliver stayed until the early hours of the morning the next morning, when the three of them set off, whither or for what Oliver didn't know, but before they started Sikes pulled out a gun, and holding him near Oliver's temple he said, If you speak the word while you're out the door, with me,
except when I'm nausing you., that loading will be in your head without notice! And Oliver had no doubts about the statement. In the gray dawn of a cheerful morning the trio set off, and by constant vagrants, and by occasionally rising from carter came to a whoad where they lingered for
several hours, then continued again until the following night. They did not turn into a house in Shepperton, as a tired boy expected; but they still walked on, in mud and darkness, until they came to the sight of the light of the city. They then stopped for a while in a lonely, run-down house,
where they were greeted by other men. The party then crossed the bridge and they soon fell in the small town of Chertsey. There was no one abroad. They cleaned up the city when the church bell hit two. After walking for about a quarter of a mile, they stopped in front of a walled house: on
whose top one of the men, Toby Crackit, climbed in the cherry. Boy next! Said Toby. Pick it up; I'm going to get him. Before Oliver had time to look Sikes caught him under arms; and he and Toby were lying on the grass, on the other side of the wall. Sikes followed and they stole to the
house. Oliver first realized that robbery, if not murder, was the subject of an expedition. He begged in vain to be released—only oaths answered, while the robbers were busy opening a small window not far from the ground in the back of the house, which was big enough to receive Oliver
Toby planted himself firmly with his head against the wall under the window, and then Sikes, mounting on top of him, first put Oliver out the window with his feet, and without leaving his collar, safely planted him on the floor from the inside. Take this lantern, whispered Sikes, looking at the
room: You see the stairs up you; go up gently and unfastened at the street door. Oliver, more dead than alive exhales, yes. Sikes then advised him to notice that he had been inside the frame all the way; and that if he resused, he would fall dead at that moment. It was done in a minute,
Sikes said. I'm leaving you directly, doing your job. Mr. Hark! What is that? whispered another man. In the short time he had to collect, Oliver decided that whether he died trying or not, he would make one effort to get up the stairs and upset the family. Filled with this idea, he thrived at once,
but inauded. come back! suddenly Sikes cried out loud. Back! Back! Frightened by the sudden break in calm and the loud cry that followed, Oliver let his lantern fall and didn't know if he would thrive or fly. The scream repeated itself—the light appeared—the vision of two terrified half-
decorated men at the top of the stairs swam before his eyes—a flash—smoke—a crash somewhere—and he staggered back. Sikes disappeared for a moment; But he got up again, and he had Oliver by the collar before the smoke cleared. He fired a gun at the men and dragged the boy
upstairs. Tighten your hand, Sikes said as he dragged him out the window. Give me a scarf here. They hit him. Quickly! How the boy bleeds! Then came the loud ringing of the bell, tangled with the noise of fiery hands, the shouts of men and the feeling that they were being carried over
uneven ground at high speed. Then the sounds got confused in the distance; and the boy never saw or heard from him again. Bill Sikes had it on his back snorting like the wind. Oliver's head was hanging and he was cold. The stalkers were near Sikes' heel. He threw the boy into a ditch
and ran away. A few hours after that Oliver came to, and found his left hand cheekily bandaged hanging uselessly beside him. He was so weak, he could barely move. Shirking from the cold and exhaustion he made an effort to stand tall, but fell back, groaning in pain. Then he was run over
by a crawling stupor. that if he's lying there, he must die. So he got back on his feet, and tripped, giddy and half unconscious, drawn close to the house itself, causing him to tremble in horror at the memory of last night's horrific scene. In the kitchen, all the servants gathered around the fire
discussing the attempted burglary. As Mr Giles, the butler, gave his version of the affair, there was a skittish knock. They cautiously opened the door and memorized poor little Oliver Twist, speechless and exhausted, who raised his heavy eyes and carelessly sought their compassion. There
was an outing immediately, and Oliver was seized by one leg and one arm, dipped in the hall and laid on the floor. There he is! he seeded Giles up the stairs; Here's one of the thieves, ma'am! Here's the thief, miss! Wounded, miss. I shot him, I missed him; And Brittles held the light! Then
there was a great deal of confusion, all the servants were speaking at once, but the sound of a sweet voice from above stifled the commodus. He learned that the wounded thief was lying in the house, a voice instructing him to be carried up the stairs to Mr Giles' room immediately, and
called a doctor: and so for the second time in his brief, tragic existence Oliver fell into beautiful hands at a moment when all hope had left his chest. He was now at Mrs Maylia's home, a finely preserved, cheerful, elderly lady and her rather young adopted niece Rose. The attempted break-
in greatly shocked them both, and the fact that one of the robbers was in the house was further contributed by their nervousness. When Dr. Losberne came and begged them to accompany him to the patient's room, they were afraid to comply with the request, but finally relented to his
request. What was their amazement when the bed curtains were drawn on the side, instead of the black-visa fold, to see an ordinary child, carried from pain, and sunk into a deep sleep. His wounded hand tied and fragmented was crossed at his chest. His head leaned on the other hand,
which was half hidden by his long hair, as it flowed over the pillow. The boy smiled in his sleep as if in a pleasant dream, when Rose gently leaned over him, while the elderly lady and doctor discussed the likelihood that the child was a tool of the robber. Fearing that the doctor might
influence her aunt to send the boy, Rose begged to be held and belied; it was finally decided that when Oliver woke up he should be questioned about his past life, and if the result seems satisfactory, he should stay. But it wasn't until the evening that he could be questioned. Then he told
them all his simple history. It was solemn to hear the faint voice of a sick child recount the tired catalogue of regrets and misfortunes brought to him by difficult people, and his listeners were deeply moved by the recital. His pillow was smoothed with tender hands that night and he was
asleep. sleep peacefully and happily. The next day, officers who heard about the burglary, and that the thief was a prisoner at Maylia's house, came from London to arrest him, but Dr. Losberne and Mrs. Maylie protected him, and their joint bail was accepted for the boy's court appearance if
necessary. With Maylies Oliver stayed, and thanks to their gentle care, gradual throves and progressed, although it was many weeks before he was quite himself again. Many times he spoke to two sweet ladies of his gratitude to them, saying that he just wanted to serve them always. To this
they responded that he should go with them to the country, and there he can serve them in a hundred ways. There was only one cloud in Oliver's sky. He longed to go to Mr Brownlow and tell him the true story of his seemingly insudguishment. As soon as he recovered enough, Dr.
Losberne drove him to the place where he said Mr. Brownlow lived. They sped up to the house, but unfortunately! It was empty. There was a Let Go account in the window and after inquiries they discovered that Mr Brownlow, Mr Grimwig and Mrs Bedwin had gone to the West Indies. The
disappointment was cruel, because through all his illness Oliver predicted the joy of seeing his first benefactor, and cleanse himself of guilt, but now it was impossible. In two weeks, the Maylies went to the country, and Oliver, whose life he spent in miserable crowds, seemed to be entering
a new existence there. Heaven and balm air, forests and shining water, rose and sea bream were his daily joy. Every morning he went to a white-haired old gentleman who taught him to read and write better, then he would walk and talk to Rose and Mrs. Maylie, and so three happy months
slipped. In the summer, Rose was taken off with a terrible fever, and the anxiety hung like a cloud above the cottage where she was so dear, but for a long time the danger passed and loving hearts became easier again. Meanwhile, a man named Monks, a friend of Fagin's, happened to see
Oliver, he was strangely excited and angry when he saw him, and after carefully learning some details of the boy's history, he went to the beadle in the set where Oliver began his life, and with a dino of myth, extorted information about Oliver's mother, which only one person knew. Satisfied
with what he had learned, Monks consulted With Fagin, telling some facts about Oliver which is why Nancy, who accidentally eroded them, became plagued by terror. As soon as she could, she stole from her companions, towards the West End of London, to the hotel where the Maylies
then boarded, and who heard Monks mention. Nancy was such a tacky subject that it was difficult for her to carry her name to Rose Maylia, but she succeeded for a long time, and was introduced to cute youngsters. where it is quickly connected by what he came to say. That the monks
happened to see Oliver and found out where he lived, and with whom;— that a bargain had been reached with Fagin that he should have a certain amount of money if Oliver was returned, and an even higher amount if the boy could be doing a thief. Nancy then said monks knew about Oliver
as his younger brother and boasted that evidence of the boy's identity lay at the bottom of the river — that he, the monks, had money that was rightly to be shared with Oliver, and that his one wish was to take the boy's life. These revelations made Rose Maylie pale and ask many questions.
from which she revealed that Nancy's confession was actuated on by real sympathy for Oliver and a fierce hatred of the monks man. Her story ended, and refusing money, or help of any kind, Nancy left as quickly as she came, and when she left, Rose sank into a chair completely overcome
by what she heard. Of course the matter was too serious to get over, and the next day, as Rose tried to decide the course of action, Oliver handled it for her, rushing in breathlessly and chanting, I saw a gentleman—a gentleman who was so good to me—Mr. Brownlow! Where? He asked
Rose. Going to the house, Oliver replied. And Giles asked, for me, if he lived there, and they said he was. Look here, producing a piece of paper, here it is; Here's where he lives – I'm going there directly! OH, DEAR ME! DEAR ME! What am I supposed to do when I come to hear him speak
again! With her attention not slightly distracted by these shouts of joy, Rose came up with the idea, and she decided after turning this discovery to account. Quickly! She said, tell them to bring a hackney coach, and they're ready to come with me. They take you to see Mr. Brownlow directly.
Oliver didn't need persuasion and soon they were on their way to Craven Street. When they arrived, Rose left Oliver on the bus, and sent her card, asked to see Mr. Brownlow on business. She is shown up the stairs and presented to Mr Brownlow, an elderly well-meaning gentleman, in a
green coat, and with him was his friend, Mr Grimwig. Rose immediately began her mission, much to the amazement of the two old gentlemen. Several natural words described everything that had befallen Oliver since he left Mr Brownlow's house, concluding with conviction that his only
sadness for many months was not being judged by meeting a former benefactor and friend. Thank God! Mr. Brownlow said. This is great happiness for me; It's very lucky! But why didn't you bring him in? He's waiting at the coach's door, Rose replied. At this door! Mr. Brownlow yelled. With
whom he hurried down the stairs, without another word, and returned with Oliver. Then Mrs. Bedwin was sent to pick up. God was to me! she cried, hugging him; That's my innocent boyfriend! He would come back - I knew he would! How good he looks and how he's dressed again as a
gentleman's son! Where have you been, for a long, long time? Running so on — now holding Oliver away from her, now holding him to her and running his fingers through his hair, the good soul laughed and cried at his neck in turns. Leaving Oliver with her, Mr. Brownlow took Rose to
another room, at her request, and recounted her interview with Nancy, who showed Mr. Brownlow a small amount of confusion and surprise. After a lengthy consultation they decided to take Mrs Maylie and Dr Losberne into their trust, also Mr Grimwig, thus forming a committee for the
purpose of keeping young men from further interference in the plots of villains. Through Nancy, with whom Rose had another interview, the monks man was tracked down, and eventually captured by Mr. Brownlow, who revealed to his grief that the villain was the goithy son of his oldest
friend, and his name monks only assumed. Confronting him in the room of his own house, to which the monks were brought, Mr Brownlow accused the man of one crime after another. The father of the monk had two children who were half-brother, monks and Oliver Twist. The father died
suddenly, leaving at Mr Brownlow's house a portrait of Oliver's mother, hanging in the housekeeper's room. The striking similarity between this portrait and Oliver led Mr Brownlow to recognise the boy as the child of his dear old friend. Then, just as he decided to adopt Oliver, the boy
disappeared, and all efforts to find him proved inaccessible. Mr. Brownlow knew that while his mother and father were dead, the older brother was alive, and immediately began a search for him. Now he has discovered it in the monks man, a friend of thieves and murderers, and
coincidentally the clue he found also that there was a will, dividing the property between the two brothers. It was destroyed, along with all the evidence of Oliver's parenting, so the monks could have the entire estate. Fearful of discovery, the Monks bargained with Fagin to hold the child a
thief or kill him directly. This revelation of his crime in all its grim detail, told in clear cutting tones by Mr Brownlow, while his eyes never left the man's face, overwhelmed the cowardly monks. He was convicted and pleaded guilty. Because he was the son of his old friend, Mr. Brownlow was
merciful. Will you perpendicular to the statement of truth and facts and repeat it in front of witnesses?, he asked. I promise that, Monks said. Stay quietly here until such a document is drafted, and proceed with me to such a place that I find recommended, to darken it? That's what Monks
agreed to. You have to do more than that, Mr. Brownlow said; Make a return to Oliver. You're he hasn't forgotten the will provisions. Wear them to execution as far as your brother is concerned, then go where you want. In this world, you don't have to meet anymore. On this too, at length
monks gave fear of swearing. A few days later Oliver found himself in a travelling carriage rolling fast towards his hometown, with the Maylies, Mrs Bedwin, Dr Losberne and Mr Grimwig, while Mr Brownlow followed post-chaise with monks. Oliver was very excited, because they told him
about discovering the monks, which, along with the journey along the road he last travelled on foot, the poor callous, wandering boy, without a friend or roof obscured his head, caused a violent beating of the heart and his breath came in quick gasps. You see there, there! he cried, it's the
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styles I came in; There are hedges I crawled in behind, out of fear anyone should overtake me and force me back! As they approached the city and drove through its narrow streets, it became a matter of little difficulty to restrain ten the boy with in reasonable limits. There's an undertaker just like he used to be, just less imposing in appearance than he remembered it. There was a narrow house, a dreary prison of his youthful days; There was the same skinny porter standing at the door. It was almost everything like he left him, but yesterday, and his whole recent life was a happy dream. They drove suddenly to the hotel where Mr Brownlow joined them with Monks, and there in the presence of the entire party, the wretched man pleaded guilty and handed half of the property - around £3,000 - to his half-brother, to whom, even as he spoke, he cast hatful glances so violently that Oliver trembled. It was also revealed from some details of his confession that Rose Maylie, who was only Mrs Maylia's adopted niece, was the sister of Oliver's mother, and was therefore the boy's aunt, the first blood relationship, apart from Monks, he ever owned. No auntie, Oliver yelled, throwing his hands at her neck: I'll never call her Auntie. Sister, my dear sister, that something taught my heart that I love so much from the first, Rosel dear, dear Rose's close embrace, the boy found compensation for all his past grief. The only connection to his old life that remained was soon severed. Fagin was also captured, sentenced to death, and was in prison awaiting the fulfillment of his doom. In his possession he had papers relating to Oliver's parenting, and the boy went with Mrs Brownlow parent p

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