

© by Tessa Schweighofer 4b

Oliviers

Diary

DO NOT OPEN!!!

Dear Diary!

A workhouse is the pure horror. Believe me! I had to open knots for hours long and then we didn't even get much food. I don't know if I told you before. My mom and dad died last month, now I'm an orphan and yes...

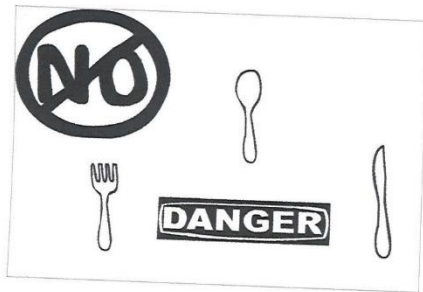
It's like you're the only man on the earth. I didn't speak for about three weeks and I can't even describe how I feel. I miss them so much but on the other side I always feel like I have to be strong. Do I really have to? Forget about that, I have to tell you what I will do tomorrow. I live in a workhouse with many boys and every half year one boy has to ask the cook for more food. At the beginning I didn't know what the problem was, I couldn't believe that the women and the men in this workhouse are monsters. One boy told me that once there was a boy that asked for more food and after that the people in this horrible workhouse have beaten him to death. The good thing is that it's by chance who has to ask, because it works like that: One boy holds like fifteen ropes in his hands. Fourteen are long and one is short. The boy that gets the short one has to ask. Have to go now, one of the boys screamed after me. Wish me luck!

Oliver

Dear Diary!

Why me? I recently lost my family and now this! AHHHHH....!! Maybe you can already imagine what happened to me! No? Then I should tell you. I pulled out the short rope. :(So I had to ask. When I asked, the one man ran after me. Then one man came who took me and wanted to sell me to a chimney sweeper. So I had to go to the judge, who decides, if I go with the spooky and dirty chimney sweeper. When I would ever go with a chimney sweeper and had to do his work I would die within a few months or years. I pleased the judge that he doesn't let me go with this horrible guy. So he didn't. The man from the workhouse was so angry that he brought me to the next family who needed someone to do their work. I'm now at a coffinmaker who seems to be very nice but his wife. She's really mean. She gave me the food the dog left over. I HATE MY LIFE:

Oliver



Dear Diary!

As I told you last week I'm living with a coffin maker and his wife. The coffin maker is really nice but his wife, as you know, is that horrible. I'm sleeping under a desk. It's hard and cold but I at least have a blanket.

Two days ago everything was alright but now... I really don't want to live here anymore. There's a boy. I think he was also an orphan. He came to the coffin maker for the same reason as me. He's that mean.

Yesterday he called my dead mom something like a bitch. Today he said it again, but today I couldn't hold it back. I couldn't hold back my anger, my sadness. I jumped on him. He shouted after the wife of the coffin maker. They pulled me off him then the wife, the boy and a other girl (an employe of the coffin maker) hit me. It hurted that much. Not only the hits my heart bled and right now I'm crying like I never did before.

But after that it was even worse. The coffin maker came and hit me with a stab on my ass. I can't even sit still now. I'm that sad! I wanna go away...RIGHT

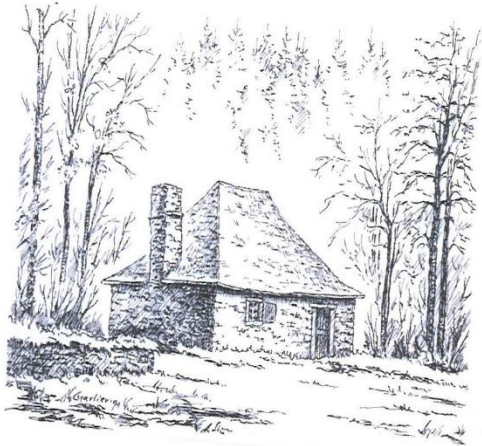
NOW!! :(

Oliver

Dear Diary!

My feet are hurting so much. I think I have walked about four days. Yesterday I slept at an old womans house. It was so warm there, she gave me good food and drink, it was so comfortable. I don't have any food left now. My feet are bleeding, because I don't have any shoes on. Oh I forgot to tell you where I'm going. I'm on the way to London. I can't write a long entry, have to go on walking. It will be a cold night today, I have to find a place to sleep so bye. Yours,

Oliver



Dear Diary!

Finally I have a place to stay. Today a boy called „the Artful Dodger“ found me on the streets of London. I slept there the whole night. My feet are still hurting but I'm alright. Whatever, back to the „the Artful Dodger“. As I told you he found me on the streets. Then he brought me to an old flat in Spittlefields. There an old man called Fagin welcomed me friendly. Fagin seems to be nice but he's ugly and a little bit spooky, but he gave me a place to stay. In that flat eight other boys are living with Fagin. They showed me some really cool things, I'm totally impressed. They're specialists in stealing hankkerchiefs, food, drink. Well, it's maybe not the best way to live but yes, I think it's better than dying. Yaaaah... I've got a place to sleep. Haha.

Oliver



Dear Diary!

Today I met some friends of Fagin, two girls. I know that one girl is called Nancy, I forgot the name of the other one. I'm still not feeling like it's my home here, because I'm a little bit scared of the people around me. (I think they're real criminals). For example when I woke up Fagin held something in his hand. A big treasure. He said it would be for his old ages. But before that he had threaten me with a knife. Yes, now you can understand why I'm scared. The boys are really nice, but they're drinking alcohol and that's a little bit funny. They are behaving like they're adults. Whatever, that's not my story to think about. Have to sleep now.

Yours,
Oliver

Dear Diary!

Oh my god. You won't imagine what happened to me today. Do you know where I'm sitting right now? In a wonderful looking house. It's like my dream came true. Now you're probably interesting why I'm there, okay I'll tell you. It was like this: Me, the Artful Dodger and another boy wanted to steal a handkerchief. But the one from the book store saw us, okay the Artful Dodger was the stealer I didn't do anything. All the people thought I was the robber so they ran after me. After about thridty minutes an old man hit me so I fell on the ground. Afterwards I told the people that it wasn't me, nobody believed me. So I had to go to the judge. The men who brang me there were really angry but the judge believed me and let me go with a man called Mr. Brownlow. Now I'm at his home and it's incredible here. I'm feeling great. I hope that Fagin won't find me. Good night, I have to enjoy my warm and soft bed.

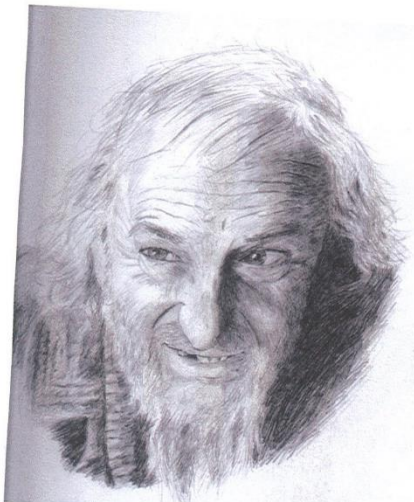
Oliver



Dear Diary!

How I hate Fagin and the boys. I had a perfect life and now, they really brought me back, because they probably think I would tell someone, but I WOULDN'T!!! Nancy and a man called Bill brought me back. I hate them too. And I thought they would be my friends. Ahhh... I'm that angry. They took my good clothes away and they took everything I had on. They're that mean. Sorry I'm to angry to write. I'll maybe draw something but, yes I can't even say in words how I feel right now. Yours,

Oliver



By the way that's Fagin.

Dear Diary!

AAAAAUUUUUTTTCCCHHHH!! My arm, my arm is hurting that much I can't even describe. :/I have the feeling that the gun is still inside me. Yes, I had a gun in my arm. I will tell you the whole story now. Well, Bill-a friend of Fagin- said that I have to break in to Mr. Brownlows house. I went there with Bill and a friend of Bill. When we were there I had to climb in over a small window, then I should go to the door and open it for Bill and his friend. When I was in there I suddenly fell over a chair. It was that loud that Mr. Brownlow and his home help (an old woman, a very nice one) woke up. Before they could even recognize something I opened the door and Bill and his friend came in. Mr Brownlow had a rifle in his hand and Bill a gun. Suddenly both shot. One shot went into my arm. After that Bill took me and we ran away. I couldn't walk. It was rainy outside and slippery. Bill ran so fast that he fell into a river. Me and Bill friend ran home. Bill is ill right now and I'm really afraid of him. I need help, from someone, I think that everything could happen right now. Can't someone shoot at me that I'm dead, and that I don't have to live this horrible life with this heartless people. :(:(

Oliver

Dear Diary!

Today, yes today, was the most terrible day of my life. I thought the death of my family was more horrible but today. Today was horrible, terrible, awful.

Nancy is dead. Bill has beaten her to death. Bill is really...he's the badest guy ever.

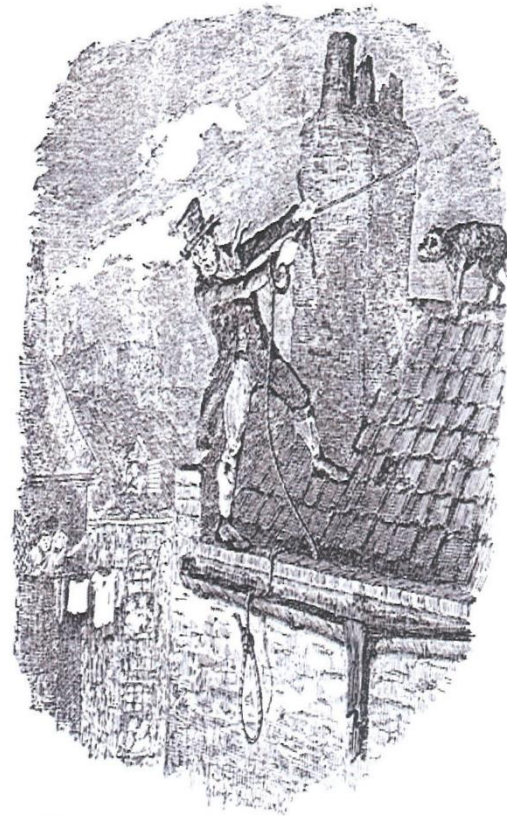
Nancy was beaten to death, because she said Mr.

Brownlow where I'am and who's Fagin. Jack (the artful dodger) heard this and told it to Bill and Fagin after that he rain out of Fagins flat and killed Nancy.

Everybody had to leave Fagins flat and had to go to the house of Toby (the friend of Bill who helped at the burglary). All the boys and Fagin were there when suddenly Bill came in. Nobody spoke to him, because nobody could understand why he murdered Nancy. Jack jumped on him and hit him so hard. He was full of anger, because Nancy was like his sister. But Bill was too stong for Jack. Bill took Jack and pulled him of himself. Then he took ME(!!) and together we went out of a window, because a angry crowd was standing infront of the house of Toby. He only wanted to get me for a hostage, that the people wouldn't follow him. We jumped over roofs and houses, I was that afraid. The crowd followed us. Does he want to kill me right now? In front of those people? Those thoughts were the only I had right there. At one point of our running was a little crossing to do. Under us was a river and we didn't wanted to fall in. We both took a rope and then we were at the other side. Suddenly Bull's- eye (Bills

dog) barked. Bill turned around and made one step. This step was enough to fall of and then to be hanged. Bill is dead and Fagin is caught. I really don't know how my life should go on. :(

Oliver



Dear Diary!

I cried the last days all the time. My life is great now, but on last Sunday me and Mr. Brownlow visited Fagin in prison. You don't know how much it ment to me. Fagin was totally crazy, he couldn't even speak to me clearly. The policemen were totally suprised that I wasn't afraid him. They said that it wouldn't be the best to see Fagin now, because he's totally messed up. But I was not afraid, it was good to see him now, I feel much better. I can't understand why the people wanted to kill him. Yes, they killed him. He was hanged last Tuesday. I try to think that everything's okay but I CAN'T. He was the one that safed me, he was the one that gave children a home, food and drink. He was a robber. Yes,.. he definately was, but at the end he was my family. He was the one that was there for me the one who was always nice. I can't believe that he's dead. I don't even want to. I don't know what happened to the other boys, but I hope they're alright. My horror life is over now. I have a chance to start a new life and I have the chance to forget about what happened in the past. And I just wanna say I'LL TAKE THIS CHANCE!! :)

Thanks for always being there for me , also if you're only a book out of paper you're my best friend. Best

wishes,

Oliver

Dear Reader!

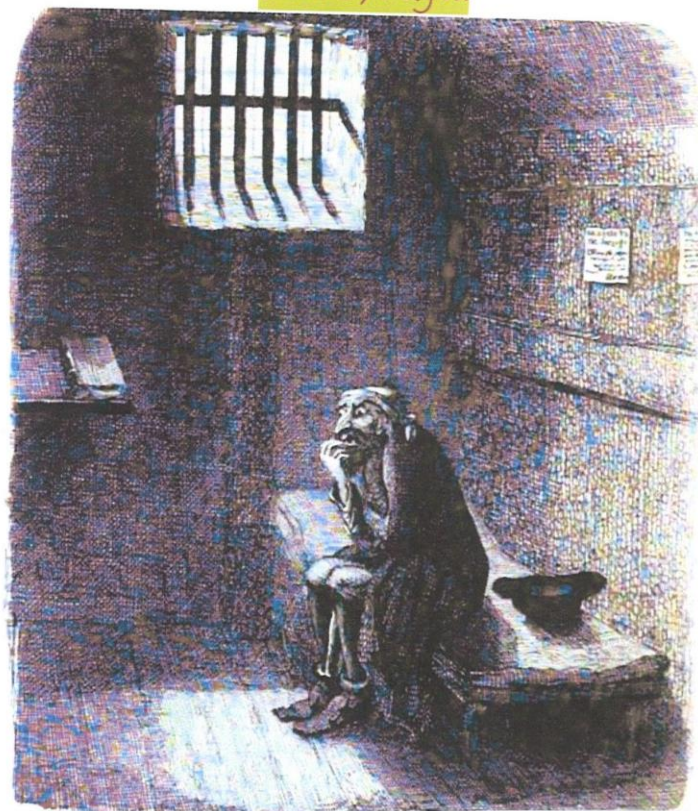
I wrote this letter, while I was waiting to be hanged. My life is over now and I just want to tell someone how and why I became such a horrible man. It started like this. When I was born in England my mom died. After the death me and my father moved to Ireland. I lived with my dad who hit me and hanged himself when I was four. After that I came into a workhouse and I lived there for about eight years. I was often hit nearly to death in that workhouse. When I was twelve years old I ran away from there. I was going about two weeks from Ireland to London. There I met some other orphans. We became good friends and I learned from them how to steal, how to survive without any money. When I was about sixteen, or something like that- I can't remember anymore, a big illness came, so called the plague. Many of my friends, including my best friend Martin who was my

family, died of plague. I nearly died too, but I was strong and so I survived. I didn't have anyone anymore. I was alone. After that I was a sad man who was never on the streets. I bought a cheap flat in Spittlefields. One day, when I was about thirtdythree, a young man stood in front of my flat. He pleased me to give him a place to stay. He was also an orphan and had nearly the same history as me. Every day some boys came to me and asked for food. I had enough so I gave them some. I felt good. I did it for years and the boys who came were my family. I was so proud when someone was really achieved. They were like my children. A few months ago a boy came to me. His name was Oliver Twist. He was one boy I would never forget. His face so peaceful. His voice so smooth and his behavior incredible. I have never met a boy that was that nice and sweet. He was an orphan too. Please, reader of this letter. Search for him an give him everything that I've

ever had. Everything that I had after my death should be then owned by him. Please do this for me Reader, I was always there for people.

Please do this last favor to me.

Yours, Fagin.



WANTED



JACK DAWKINS

a.k.a.

“The Artful Dodger“

Be aware of him. He was last seen with Fagin, a well known criminal.

Age: around 11

Height: about 5 feet

He usually wears a top hat and a long coat. He's a young boy, he has brown hair, but their often covered with a brown top hat. His clothes have usually earthy colours, they look comfortable, are unkempt, not the nicest and mostly old ones. He's wanted for robbing food, drink, handkerchiefs and many other things. Have you seen him? Please contact the police if you have. Reward is given.