

Oliver Twist was born in a workhouse, a house where homeless people lived and were made to work for their food. "Oliver Twist is nine years old today," said Mr. Bumble. We've never been able to discover anything about his parents. asked Mrs. Mann. Bring him here, please. Mrs. Mann went to get him. asked Mr. Bumble when Oliver had been brought into the room. Oliver went with Mr. Bumble, glad to be leaving Mrs. Mann. But as the gate of the house closed behind him he cried. The other children in the baby farm were the only friends he had ever had. He was sorry to be leaving them. Oliver was told that he would start work at the workhouse at six o'clock the next morning. He was taken to a large room and given a hard bed. He cried himself to sleep. The boys in the workhouse ate their food in a large room made of stone. The food was served by the master of the workhouse and two women. The boys didn't get much to eat. They were given a bowl of thin soup three times a day, with a piece of bread on Sundays. The boys were always hungry. One of the boys was so hungry that he told the others he might eat the boy who slept next to him. The other boys believed him. After talking for a long time they decided that one of them should ask for more food. Oliver was chosen to do that. When the boys had eaten their soup that evening, Oliver went to the master of the workhouse. The master turned pale "What?" "I name the children in alphabetical order, the last one was "S" -- called him Swubble." "The master hit Oliver with a spoon and shouted for the beadle. Oliver cried loudly. The doctor lifted the girl's hand. "I gave it to him," said Mr. Bumble. "The next one will be "U" Unwin." "Anyway, Oliver Twist is now old enough to return to the workhouse." "Quick!"