



Read the poem, which is titled '**Oliver Twist**' and answer the questions below.

Oliver Twist

Oliver Twist was an orphan. He lived a miserable life in a workhouse before being placed with an undertaker where he was badly treated. He ran away and travelled to London...

At last he reached the city. His sore feet were bleeding and his clothes were worn to shreds. He watched people jostling around market stalls and shops, so busy that no one noticed him.

He collapsed on a cold doorstep, too exhausted to beg. Delicious smells floated by from a bakery. Oliver staggered up to the window, where shelves groaned with piles of freshly-made bread, cakes, buns and pies. He stared at them longingly.

A boy about the same age, with sharp eyes and a swaggering walk, strolled over. 'Hungry?' he asked.

'Very,' gasped Oliver.

To Oliver's astonishment, the boy pulled a wad of money out of his pocket.

'I'll get you something. Wait here.'

The boy returned with a bag crammed with hot meat pies.

'I'm Dodger,' said the boy, as Oliver gobbled the food. 'You?'

'Oliver Twist.'

'Got a bed tonight, Oliver?'

'No.'

'Got any family?'

'No one at all.'





'I know a kind gentleman who'll take you in. He won't want any rent, either.'

'That's generous!' exclaimed Oliver. He followed Dodger down a maze of narrow alleys, where foul smells filled the air and swarms of ragged urchins played in slimy, oozing gutters. Men and women staggered around, cursing loudly.

It looked so dirty, Oliver almost wished he hadn't come, but he had nowhere else to go. Finally, they reached a crumbling house. Dodger led him up a rickety staircase to a dark room.

Through a cloud of sizzling fumes, Oliver spied a gnarled old man. He was wearing a grubby blue coat and frying sausages over a fire.

Behind him, a group of boys danced and dodged, playing a game. The old man's coat had lots of pockets, stuffed with hankies, wallets and pens and the boys were trying to pull them out without him noticing.

'Hey, Fagin,' yelled Dodger. 'This is Oliver.'

'Hello, Oliver.' Fagin bared his teeth in a leering grin. 'Want to play?'

'Yes sir,' said Oliver politely. He waited until Fagin bent over the frying pan, crept up ... and delicately drew out a hanky.

'You're a natural!' chuckled Fagin. 'Come near the fire. Have a sausage!'





1

At the beginning of the passage Oliver is tired and hungry.

a) How can you tell he is tired? Give **one** way.

AF2
1 mark

b) How can you tell he is hungry? Give **one** way.

AF2
1 mark

2

Oliver and Dodger are about the same age. What is **different** about them?
Describe **two** things.

AF3
1 mark

3

Look at the paragraph beginning: *'That's generous!' exclaimed Oliver.*

Find and copy a phrase that means the same as 'children wearing tattered clothes'.

AF2
1 mark





4 *Fagin bared his teeth in a leering grin.*

What impression does this sentence give of Fagin? Tick **one**.

He is friendly.

He is happy.

He is angry.

He is sly.

AF5
1 mark

5 Look at the last three lines of the text, from 'Yes sir,' to the end.

What do you find out about Oliver? Write **two** things.

1 _____

2 _____

AF2
1 mark

6 How might Oliver feel at the end of the passage? Why?

AF3
1 mark

7 What genre does this text belong to? Explain how you know, using the text to help you answer.

AF7
7 marks

8 The story is set in London in the 19th century. Think about the whole passage. What impression of 19th century London is the writer trying to create?
