Year 8 Module 1: Remote Learning

Oliver Twist

*Charles Dickens*

Name:

House Group:

English Teacher:

**Victorian London**

**What was Victorian London like?**

Victorian London was the largest city in the world for much of that time. London was bustling with markets and music halls, breweries, factories, theatres and department stores. Many of London’s most famous buildings and landmarks were built during the 19th century, including Trafalgar Square, the Houses of Parliament, Tower Bridge and Victoria Station. Victorian London was the largest, most spectacular city in the world. Britain was experiencing the Industrial Revolution, where factories were being built in cities to produce goods. Because of this, London was both getting the benefits and suffering the consequences. In 1800, the population of London was around 1 million. That number exploded to around 6 million by 1900. This population explosion caused poverty, squalor and filth. Rich and poor alike were thrown together in the crowded city streets. Crime, especially street robbery and pickpocketing, was common in the dark and in the crowds. Thousands of chimney pots belched coal smoke, and black soot settled everywhere. Raw sewage flowed into the River Thames. Street sellers, pickpockets, gangs, drunks and beggars roamed the streets. Many drank water from the very same parts of the Thames that the open sewers flowed into. Many poor families lived in slums and life was a constant struggle. Parents tried desperately hard to find work to feed their families. Many children had to work, while others were too sick and hungry to play.

**What were the poor laws in Victorian London?**

The Poor Laws were passed in 1834 to try to stop poverty. Relief for the poor would only be available in workhouses. The conditions of workhouses should be worse than those of the poorest worker outside the workhouse. Workhouses were to be so bad that anyone capable of coping outside them would choose not to be in one. Conditions were to be made harsh to discourage poverty and people were not paid in money, only food and shelter. The Poor Laws punished the most defenceless and helpless people in society. The idea of workhouses was that poverty was the result of laziness and that the dreadful conditions in the workhouse would inspire the poor to improve themselves.

**What did Victorian Londoners think of Jewish people?**

When Dickens wrote, he was surrounded by and affected by the prejudices of his time. In 1830s England, many poor Jewish merchants dealt in second-­‐hand goods, and in some cases they took the opportunity to mix stolen goods with their legally purchased items. Anti-­‐Semitic feeling was widespread: if a Jewish merchant was hung for some crime he committed, it seemed to Londoners that all Jewish people were criminals.

**What was the class system in Victorian London?**

The class system was very strict in Victorian England. Victorian society was split up into three classes: upper, middle, and lower. The upper class was the rich aristocracy. The middle class was rich, respectable families, such as doctors. The working class were poor, who often had dangerous jobs that they had to take because of the lack of education. Paupers were a class below the working class. They lived in slums in extreme poverty, often because of old age, unemployment, illness or lost parents.

**How did women and children become part of criminal street gangs in 1830’s Victorian London?**

The backstreets of 1830’s London were full with women and children who worked on the street. Great poverty or despair forced women, young or old, out onto the streets. Women from the higher classes who became pregnant outside of marriage were often cast out onto the streets.

**What did Victorian Londoners think of the death penalty and transportation for life?**

Capital punishment, or the death penalty, was accepted in Victorian London. The scaffold was still a public place of execution where Londoners could watch the death penalty take place. Most Londoners thought it was useful to deter and prevent the worst crimes such as murder, which were punishable by death. The penalty for was transportation for life - being permanently shipped to the other side of the world: Australia. Victorian law decided on harsh punishments to try to prevent crime.

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| Answer the questions below: | |
| Where was there squalor in London? |  |
| Why was there squalor in London? |  |
| Where was there injustice in London? |  |
| Why was there injustice in London? |  |
| Who was at the top of the social hierarchy? |  |
| Who was at the bottom of the social hierarchy? |  |

**The Life of Charles Dickens**

**Who was Charles Dickens?**

Charles Dickens, born on the 7th February 1812, was the most famous and most successful English writer of his day. He lived most of his life in the Victorian era under Queen Victoria, who was crowned in 1837 – the same year he wrote his novel *Oliver Twist*, aged 25.

**What happened in Dickens’ childhood?**

Dickens experienced prison and poverty in his own childhood. In 1824, London, his father John Dickens was locked in Marshalsea debtor’s prison for failing to pay his debts. His son, Charles, aged 12, was sent away to a blacking factory, covering and labelling pots of shoe polish in appalling conditions as well as in loneliness and despair. He lived separated from his family, as his younger sister and mother were put in prison with his father.Later, he wrote in a letter with horror: “*No words can describe the secret agony of my soul…. The sense I had of being utterly neglected and hopeless, fired with grief and humiliation, my lonely vulnerability, my hungry misery, and the knowledge they had willingly put me in this situation.”*After three years, he was returned to school, but the experience was never forgotten, especially because Dickens lived just nine doors down from the workhouse until 1831, when he was 19 years old.

**What did Dickens think of the law – and the poor – in England?**

When Dickens wrote in 1830s London, English law had been established for several centuries on the principle of justice and a fair trial. However, Dickens found the law did not always practise what it preached. Injustice, more often, was what Dickens experienced from the law for those in poverty.

Dickens became a lifelong champion of the poor. For example, in January 1837, a trial was held at London Marylebone workhouse, and Dickens was on the jury. The case was a servant girl accused of killing her newborn baby, with the threat of the death penalty if she was found guilty. Eliza Burgess, weak, ill and frightened, was an orphan. Her story was that her baby appeared to be dead, so she hid it under the dresser. The jury was ready to find her guilty. That night, Dickens could not sleep; he was thinking about the dead baby and the thought of the terrified, unhappy, ignorant young woman in poverty and in prison. Dickens resolved to take on those who were ready to find her guilty. He argued so firmly and forcefully that he won the argument. The verdict was returned: not guilty. Dickens fought injustice wherever he saw it.

**How did Dickens’ sister-­‐in law Mary die aged 17 in 1837?**

Dickens’ beloved sister-­‐in-­‐law, Mary Hogarth, lived with the writer and his wife. Aged only seventeen years old, she became very ill and died without warning from heart failure or stroke. Her death was a shock and Dickens carried the memory of Mary with him for the rest of his life. Dickens has his characters suffer from fever, but in his books, he can ensure they survive. Mary’s death never allowed Dickens to forget how fragile life is. On her tombstone, Dickens wrote: "*Young, beautiful, and good, God numbered her among his angels at the early age of seventeen"*. In Dickens’ stories, as in life, death is always lurking round the corner. His sister-in-law is seen as the inspiration for Rose Maylie, who is also seventeen, but whose life is spared in Oliver Twist.

**How and why did Dickens write his books?**

Dickens’ books were originally published chapter by chapter in magazines every month. These were called periodicals. His stories use cliff-hangers to keep his readers looking forward to the next instalment. He wrote professionally, for a living, and raised himself and his family out of poverty through the popularity of his writing. In *Oliver*  *Twist*, Dickens presents the everyday existence of the lowest classes of English society. He takes us beyond the workhouse, to London’s filthy streets and thieves’ dens. Dickens wrote his books to challenge injustice and expose the impact of poverty in 19th century London.

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| Answer the questions below: | |
| When did Dickens experience injustice? |  |
| When did Dickens fights injustice? |  |
| Why did Dickens want to show philanthropy? |  |
| Why would Dickens want to nurture paupers? |  |
| Why would Dickens want to promote the humane treatment of paupers? |  |
| What did Dickens think about death? |  |

**Extract 1: The Workhouse**

In a little town in England, there was a workhouse, and into the workhouse and this world of sorrow and trouble was born Oliver Twist. The pale face of a young woman was raised feebly from the pillow, and a faint voice **feebly articulated** the words: ‘Let me see the child, and die.’ The surgeon deposited it in her arms. The patient **imprinted** her cold white lips passionately on its forehead, gazed wildly around, shuddered, fell back – and died.

For the next eight years, Oliver was the victim of poverty. He was brought up hungry, alongside twenty or thirty other **juvenile** offenders against the poor laws, who grew up without much food or clothing. Oliver Twist’s ninth birthday found him a very pale, thin child, somewhat small in height, and decidedly thin about the waist. But nature or **inheritance** had implanted a sturdy spirit in Oliver’s chest.

Now, Mr Bumble the beadle was a fat and angry man. He came in to the workhouse and bellowed: ‘The child Oliver Twist is nine years old today. Despite all our supernatural efforts, we have never been able to discover who is his father, or what was his mother’s name or status.’ Mrs Mann, the lady of the house, **retorted** in astonishment: ‘How comes he to have any name at all, then?’ The beadle **drew** himself with great pride, and said, ‘I invented it.’ ‘You, Mr Bumble!’ ‘I, Mrs Mann. We name our orphans in alphabetical order. The last was a S, -­‐Swubble, I named him. This was a T, -­‐Twist, I named him. The next will be Unwin, the next Vilkins. I have got names ready made to the end of the alphabet, and all the way through it again, when we come to Z. Fetch Oliver Twist at once.’

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| Complete the writing task below: | |
| When Oliver’s mother “imprinted her cold white lips passionately” on his forehead, we understand that… | +Maybe she is…  +It is almost as if…  +Dickens is showing Victorians… |
| Although Victorians would have expected Oliver to be…,  in fact he is… | +For example…  + His “spirit” comes from…  + Dickens might be telling Victorians that… |
| Use the words **“nurture”** and **“inheritance”** to explain what Dickens thought about paupers: | |
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| Complete the writing task below: | |
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| Dickens was outraged, disgusted and appalled at the injustice of Victorian London. For example | +More specifically…  + Perhaps he wanted to… |
| Because of his ideas about philanthropy, Dickens created Oliver Twist, a character who goes against Victorian expectations of paupers. For example…  Dickens wanted his readers to… | + in particular…  + it is almost as if… |

Once fetched, Mr Bumble gave him a tap on the head with his cane, and another on the back to make him lively, and **conducted** him to a large white room, where eight or ten fat gentlemen were sitting round a table, headed by a particularly fat gentleman with a very round, red face. ‘Bow to the board,’ said Mr Bumble.

Oliver brushed away two or three tears that were lingering in his eyes, not knowing what a board was, and seeing no board but the table, luckily bowed to that. ‘What’s your name, boy?’ said the fat gentleman. Oliver was frightened at the sight of so many gentlemen, which made him tremble and answer in a very small and hesitating voice; whereupon a gentleman in a white waistcoat said he was a fool. ‘Boy,’ said the fat gentleman, ‘listen to me. You know you’re an orphan, I suppose?’ ‘What’s that, sir?’ inquired poor Oliver.

‘The boy *is* a fool – I thought he was,’ said the gentleman in the white waistcoat. ‘I hope you say your prayers every night – and pray for the people who feed you, and take of you – like a Christian.’ And off he was sent.

Oliver Twist and his **companions** suffered the tortures of slow starvation. At last, they got so wild with hunger that one boy, who was tall for his age, hinted darkly to his companions that unless he had a bit more per day, he was afraid he would eat the boy who slept next to him, who happened to be a weakly youth of tender age. He had a wild, hungry eye: and the boys believed him. **Lots were cast** for who should walk up to the master after supper that evening and ask for more, and it fell to Oliver Twist.

The room in which the boys were fed, was a large stone hall, with a copper pot at one end: out of which thin, watery gruel was ladled at meal times. Grace was said; gruel was served out; the gruel disappeared; the boys nudged Oliver. Child as he was, he was desperate with hunger, and **reckless** with misery. He rose, and advancing to the master, basin and spoon in hand, and said, alarmed at his own nerve: ‘Please sir, I want some more.’

The master was a fat, healthy man: but he turned very pale. He gazed in **stupefied** astonishment on the small young rebel for some seconds, then clung for support to the copper pot. The assistants were **paralysed** with wonder, the boys with fear. ‘What!’ said the master at length, in a faint voice.

‘Please, sir,’ replied Oliver, ‘I want some more.’

The master aimed a blow at Oliver’s head with the ladle; **pinioned** his arms, and shrieked aloud for the beadle. Mr Bumble rushed into the board in great excitement, and addressed the fat gentleman: ‘I beg your pardon, sir! Oliver Twist has asked for more!’

There was a general start. Horror was depicted on every face.

‘For *more*!’ said the fat gentleman. ‘Compose yourself, Bumble, and answer me directly. Do I understand that he asked for more, *after* he had eaten the supper allotted?’ ‘He did, sir.’ ‘That boy will be hung,’ said the gentleman in the white waistcoat. ‘I know that boy will be hung.’

Nobody challenged this opinion. Oliver was ordered into **confinement**. A bill the next morning was pasted on the outside gate, offering a reward and five pounds to anybody who would take Oliver Twist off the parish. ‘I was never more convinced of anything in my life,’ said the gentleman in the white waistcoast, ‘I was never more convinced of anything in my life, than I am that that boy will come to be hung.’

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| Complete the writing task below: |
| Dickens demonstrates that Oliver is starving and desperate; he naïvely requests “some more”. Here, he means…  Maybe Dickens wants the Victorian reader to think… |
| Oliver may even make the Victorian reader think that paupers deserve “some more” justice and humane treatment. However, the gentleman in the white waistcoat disagrees. For example…    More precisely, he is showing that some Victorians… because… |
| The strict social hierarchy was established so that… |

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**Extract 2: The Undertaker**

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| Complete the Do Now below: |
| 1. Oliver is *naïve.* For example… |
| 1. The gentleman in the white waistcoat is confident that Oliver will be “… |
| 1. Paupers were seen as *inferior to* those with wealth. In other words… |
| 1. Dickens believed in *philanthropy*. In other words… |
| **Challenge:** Use the word *humane* to explain Dickens’ attitude towards paupers. |
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| **Word** | **Definition** | **Example** | **Your example:** |
| Inevitable | **Adjective**. Definitely going to happen, unavoidable, can’t be prevented. | She worked hard so praise was **inevitable.** |  |
| Mortality | **Noun.** Being human, not living forever.  *(****Adjective*** *– mortal)* | After his grandfather died, he was aware of his own **mortality.** |  |
| Vulnerable | **Adjective.** Weak and easily hurt physically or emotionally.  *(****Noun*** *– vulnerability)* | Because he was young, he was **vulnerable** to attack.  He looked **vulnerable** because he was alone. |  |

So five pounds and Oliver Twist were offered to anyone who would take Oliver off the parish. Not long after,

a chimney sweep went his way down the high street, deeply thinking about how to pay his rent. He could not work out how he could raise the five pounds he needed, and he was **cudgelling** his brains and his donkey, when, passing the workhouse, his eyes encountered the bill on the gate.

‘This ere boy, wot the parish wants to sell,’ said the chimney sweep. ‘If the parish would like him to learn a right respectable trade in a chimney-­‐sweeping bisness,’ he said, ‘I am ready to take him.’ ‘Walk in’ said the gentleman with the white waistcoat, and showed him to the board. ‘It’s a nasty trade,’ said the fat gentleman. ‘Young boys have been smothered in chimneys.’

‘That’s all smoke, and no blaze,’ said the sweep. ‘Boys is wery obstinit, and wery lazy, gen’lmen.’

‘Well, I suppose the boy is fond of chimney sweeping?’

‘He dotes on it, your worship,’ replied the Beadle, giving Oliver a sly pinch, to tell him he had better not say he didn't. The old gentleman looked at the mingled horror and fear on Oliver’s face, and stopped.

‘My boy!’ he exclaimed, as Oliver burst into tears. ‘My boy! You look pale and alarmed. Whatever is the matter?’ Oliver fell on his knees, and clasping his hands together, prayed that they would starve him – beat him – kill him if they pleased – rather than send him away with that dreadful man.

‘Well!’ said Mr Bumble, ‘Well! Of all the artful and deceiving orphans that ever I saw, Oliver, you are the most bare-­‐faced.’

‘Hold your tongue, Beadle!’ snapped the gentleman. ‘We refuse to sign.’

The next morning, the public were once again informed that five pounds and Oliver Twist would be given to

anyone who would take possession of him.

Mr Sowerberry, a tall, **gaunt** man dressed all in black, an **undertaker** and coffin-­‐maker, now passed the bill. ‘I

think I’ll take the boy’, he thought. And so it was settled.

‘My dear,’ said Mr Sowerberry humbly to his wife, ‘this is the boy from workhouse I told you of.’

‘Dear me!’ said the Undertaker’s wife. ‘He’s very small.’

‘Why, he is rather small,’ looking at Oliver as if it was his fault that he were no bigger. ‘He is small. There’s no denying it. But he’ll grow, Mrs Sowerberry – he’ll grow.’

‘I dare say he will!’ replied the lady **pettishly**, ‘on our food and our drink. I see no saving in orphans; they always cost more to keep than they’re worth.’

‘Come with me,' said Mrs. Sowerberry: taking up a dim and dirty lamp, and leading the way upstairs; 'your bed's under the counter. You don't mind sleeping among the coffins, I suppose? But it doesn't much matter whether you do or don't, for you can't sleep anywhere else. Come; don't keep me here all night!

Oliver settled down in awe and dread for the night. Alone and lonely in a strange place, it looked so gloomy and death-­‐like that a cold tremble came over him.

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| Complete the sentence starters below: |
| Oliver is “pale and alarmed” when he is asked about “chimney sweeping” **because…** |
| Oliver is physically “very small” **because…** |
| Oliver is physically “very small” **but…** |
| Oliver has a “cold tremble” **because…** |
| Oliver has to sleep “among the coffins” **because…** |
| Dickens aims to remind the reader that… |
| Perhaps Dickens is emphasising Oliver’s vulnerability and mortality to Victorian readers **because…** |
| Oliver is both a “sturdy” and a weak character **because…** |

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| Complete the Do Now below: |
| 1. Mrs Sowerberry treats Oliver *inhumanely*. For example… |
| 1. It seems that Oliver’s death is *inevitable*. In other words… |
| 1. Dickens saw *injustice* in Victorian society. For example… |
| 1. Victorians thought paupers were *inherently* weak and immoral because… |
| **Challenge:** use the word *justice* to describe the end of Macbeth. |
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Oliver was awakened in the morning by a loud kicking outside the shop-­‐door, angrily repeated twenty-­‐five times. ‘Open the door, will yer?’ shouted a voice. ‘I spose you're the new boy, aint yer? How old are yer?’

‘Ten, sir,’ replied Oliver.

‘Then I’ll whop yer when you get in, yer just see if I don't, that’s all, work’us brat! Yer don't know who I am, I

suppose, Work’us?’ said a boy, entering. Oliver replied, trembling: ‘No, sir.’

‘I’m Mister Noah Claypole,’ said the boy, ‘and you’re under me. Take down the shutters, yer idle young ruffian!’ With this, Mr Noah Claypole kicked Oliver, and Mrs Sowerberry said, ‘Let him alone, Noah! What a rum creature you are!’

‘Let him alone!’ said Noah, ‘Let him alone? Why everybody lets him alone. Neither his mother or his father had any trouble at all, to let him alone. Heh, heh, heh!’

As the days passed, Noah Claypole could not think of a worthier purpose than **aggravating** and tantalising young Oliver Twist. Intent upon amusement, Noah told him he was a sneak and a charity-­‐boy. When this did not produce the desired effect of making Oliver cry, Noah Claypole got personal.

‘Work’Us,’ said Noah, ‘how’s your mother?’

‘She’s dead,’ replied Oliver, ‘don't you say anything about her to me!’ Oliver’s colour rose as he said this.

‘What did she die of, Work’us?’

‘A broken heart, some nurses told me,’ replied Oliver.

‘Tol de rol lol lol, right lol lairy, Work’us,’ taunted Noah, as a tear rolled down Oliver’s cheek. ‘What’s set you a snivelling now?’

‘Not *you’* replied Oliver, hastily brushing a tear away.

‘Oh, not me, eh!’ sneered Noah.

‘No, not you’, replied Oliver sharply. ‘Don't say anything more to me about her; you better not.’

‘Better not!’ exclaimed Noah. ‘Well! Better not! Now, now, Work’us, don't be impudent. Yer mother, too! Yer know, Work’Us,’ jeered Noah, ‘Yer know, Work’Us, yer must know, it cant be helped now. But yer must know, Work’Us, yer mother was a regular right-­‐down bad’un.’

‘What did you say?’ said Oliver, looking up very quickly.

‘A regular right-­‐down bad-­‐un, Work’Us,’ said Noah, ‘And it’s a great deal better, Work’Us, that she died when she did, or she’d been in prison, or transported for life, or hung, which is more likely than either, isn’t it?’ Crimson with fury, Oliver started up, overthrew the chair and table, seized Noah by the throat, shook him, in the violence of his rage, and collecting his full force into one heavy fist, felled him to the ground. His spirit was **roused**; the cruel insult to his dead mother had set his blood on fire. He stood glaring over the cowardly tormentor and defied him.

‘Murder! The new boy’s a-­‐murdering me! Help! Help! Oliver’s gone mad!’ blubbered Noah.

They all rushed in, pummelling, tearing and beating him, dragging him, struggling and shouting, and locked

Oliver in a coffin.

‘Run to Mr Bumble, Noah, and tell him to come here directly, with your black eye!’ said Mrs Sowerberry. Noah Claypole ran along the streets at his swiftest pace, pell-­‐mell, to Mr Bumble the Beadle.

‘A young boy, almost murdered by young Twist!’ muttered Mr Bumble, as he reached the Undertaker’s shop, and boomed in an impressive tone: ‘Oliver!’

‘Let me out!’ shouted Oliver from inside the coffin.

‘Do you know this here voice, Oliver?! Aint you afraid of it? Aint you a-­‐trembling while I speak?’

‘No,’ shouted Oliver, and thumped ferociously at the coffin. An answer so different from the one he was used to receiving, staggered Mr Beadle. He looked back in mute astonishment.

‘He must be mad, Mr Bumble,’ said Mrs Sowerberry. ‘No boy in half his senses could speak so to you.’

‘It’s not madness, ma’am,’ replied Mr Bumble, with stern emphasis. ‘It’s meat.’

‘Meat?’ exclaimed Mrs Sowerberry.

‘Meat, ma’a,m, meat,’ replied Mr Bumble. ‘You’ve over-­‐fed him. You’ve raised an artificial spirit in him. What have paupers got to do with spirit? If you’d kept the boy on gruel, this would never have happened.’

‘Dear, dear,’ exclaimed Mrs Sowerberry. ‘This comes of being liberal!’

Mr Sowerberry returned at this instant. Oliver’s offences explained to him, with such exaggerations as thought best to **rouse** his anger, he unlocked the coffin and dragged the rebellious orphan out, by the collar. Oliver’s clothes had been torn in the beating he had received; his face was bruised and scratched; the angry flush had not disappeared, nor had the scowl: ‘He called my mother names,’ he shouted, **undismayed**.

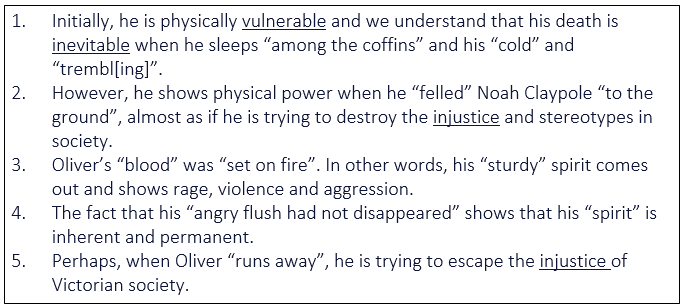
‘Well, and what and if he did, you ungrateful little wretch?’ said Mrs Sowerberry, ‘She deserved what he said, and worse.’ ‘She didn't!’ shouted Oliver.

‘She did!’ said Mrs Sowerberry.

‘It’s a lie,’ shouted Oliver. And in a flash, he rushed out through the shutters, and into the open street. Oliver had run away.

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| Complete the writing task below: | |
| Oliver is taunted by Noah Claypole because… | +for example  +more specifically  +perhaps |
| Oliver’s “spirit was roused” and his blood was set “on fire” because… | +In particular  +it is almost as if  +A Victorian reader might…because… |
| When we call something “artificial”, we mean that it is not natural. Mr Bumble says that Oliver has an “artificial spirit” because… | +In other words…  +it is almost as if…  +A Victorian reader might… because… |
| Why did Dickens include this violent scene in the novel? Well… |  |

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| Complete the Do Now below: |
| 1. Oliver’s “spirit was roused”. In other words… |
| 1. Victorian society was *inherently unjust* because… |
| 1. Oliver had to sleep “among the coffins”. In other words… |
| 1. Victorian London was unhygienic because… |
| 1. Dickens was *philanthropic* because… |
| 1. Dickens wrote a lot about morality because… |
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| **Continue the topic sentences below into paragraphs.**  **+for example +more specifically +in othe words** |
| Dickens emphasises Oliver’s physical vulnerability to create sympathy and encourage Victorian philanthropy. |
| Oliver becomes defiant when faced with the injustice and aggression of Noah Claypole. |
| At the end of the extract, Dickens shows us Oliver’s inherently “sturdy spirit” when he attempts to escape. |

**Extract 3: The Artful Dodger**

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| Complete the Do Now below: |
| 1. It was difficult for paupers to escape the workhouse because… |
| 1. Dickens got sent to the blackening factory when… |
| 1. The Poor Laws were… |
| 1. *Anti-Semitic* means… |
| 1. During the Industrial Revolution,… |
| 1. Children had to work during the Victorian era because… |

It was eight o'clock now. Though he was nearly five miles away from the town, he ran, and hid behind the hedges, by turns, till noon: fearing that he might be **pursued**. Then he sat down to rest by the side of the milestone, and began to think, for the first time, where he had better go and try and live.

The stone by which he was seated read that it was just seventy miles from that spot to London. The name awakened a new train of ideas in the boy's mind. London!-­‐ that great large place!-­‐ nobody-­‐ not even Mr. Bumble-­‐ could ever find him there! As these things passed through his thoughts, he jumped upon his feet, and again walked forward.

After days and nights of endless walking, begging in villages and sleeping in the cold, Oliver arrived in London. Upon arriving he met a young boy of his own age. He was a snub-­‐nosed, flat-­‐browed, common-­‐faced boy enough; and as dirty a juvenile as one would wish to see; but he had about him all the airs and manners of a man. He was short of his age: with rather bowlegs, and little, sharp, ugly eyes. His hat was stuck on the top of his head so lightly, that it threatened to fall off every moment-­‐ and would have done so, very often, if the wearer had not had a knack of every now and then giving his head a sudden twitch, which brought it back to its old place again. He wore a man's coat, which reached nearly to his heels. He had turned the cuffs back, half-­‐way up his arm, to get his hands out of the sleeves: apparently with the ultimate view of thrusting them into the pockets of his corduroy trousers; for there he kept them. He was, altogether, as **roystering** and swaggering a young gentleman as ever stood four feet six, or something less, in his **bluchers**.

"Hullo, my covey! What's the row?" said this strange young gentleman to Oliver.

"I am very hungry and tired," replied Oliver: the tears standing in his eyes as he spoke. "I have walked a long way. I have been walking these seven days."

"Walking for sivin days!" said the young gentleman. "Oh, I see. Come on! You want grub, and you shall have

it. Up with you, on your pins. There!”

The boy took Oliver to an inn and fed him **handsomely**. He offered him lodgings for the remainder of his stay in London, an offer that Oliver could not resist. He soon learned that his new friend was a young Mr Jack Dawkins, and furthermore avowed that among his **intimate** friends he was better known by the "The Artful Dodger."

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| Complete the writing task below: | |
| Despite the Artful Dodger’s “dirty” and “ugly” appearance, we notice that the Artful Dodger seems mature and confident. For example… | +It is as thought…  +Victorian readers may have… |
| It seems that the Artful Dodger is trying to create a civilised façade. For example… | +it is almost as if…  +Maybe Dickens is trying to show… |
| I think he is called Artful Dodger because…  I think he might be dodging…. |  |

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| Complete the Do Now below: |
| 1. Victorian society was *patriarchal.* In other words… |
| 1. Dickens was *philanthropic* because… |
| 1. Conditions in workhouses were harsh because… |
| 1. London was overcrowded because… |
| **Challenge:** use the words *squalor* and *hierarchy* to describe Victorian London: |

Later, they arrived at the lodgings at Islington. A dirtier or more **wretched** place Oliver had never seen. The street was very narrow and muddy, and the air was **impregnated** with filthy odours. There were a good many small shops; but the only stock in trade appeared to be heaps of children, who, even at that time of night, were crawling in and out at the doors, or screaming from the inside.

Oliver was just considering whether he hadn't better run away, when they reached the bottom of the hill. His **conductor**, catching him by the arm, pushed open the door of a house near Field Lane; and, drawing him into the passage, closed it behind them. They entered the house and made their way upstairs. In the kitchen they found a very old **shrivelled** Jew, whose **villainous**-­‐looking and repulsive face was **obscured** by a quantity of matted red hair. He was dressed in a greasy flannel gown, with his throat bare; and seemed to be dividing his attention between the frying-­‐pan and a clothes-­‐horse, over which a great number of silk handkerchiefs were hanging. Several rough beds made of old sacks, were huddled side by side on the floor. Seated round the table were four or five boys, none older than the Dodger, smoking long clay pipes, and drinking spirits with the air of middle-­‐aged men. These all crowded about their associate as he whispered a few words to the Jew; and then turned round and grinned at Oliver. So did the Jew himself, toasting-­‐fork in hand.

"This is him, Fagin," said Jack Dawkins; "my friend Oliver Twist."

"We are very glad to see you, Oliver, very," said the Jew. "Dodger, take off the sausages; and draw a tub near the fire for Oliver. Ah, you're a-­‐staring at the pocket-­‐handkerchiefs! eh, my dear! There are a good many of

'em, ain't there? We've just looked 'em out, ready for the wash; that's all, Oliver; that's all. Ha! ha! ha!" Oliver ate his share, and the Jew then mixed him a glass of hot gin and water; telling him he must drink it off **directly**, because another gentleman wanted the tumbler. Oliver did as he was desired. Immediately afterwards he felt himself gently lifted on to one of the sacks; and then he sunk into a deep sleep.

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| Complete the writing task below: | |
| The streets were full of squalor and injustice. For example… | +In particular…  +It is almost as if… |
| When we say someone has been dehumanised, we mean… | +For example…  +More specifically…  +Perhaps Dickens aims to… |
| Inside the house, Oliver sees a different view of children than the dehumanised “heaps” in the streets. For example… | +In particular…  +Dickens demonstrates… |
| Why is Dickens showing us these two images of children? | |

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| **Year 8 Module 2: Oliver Twist**  **Mid-unit analytical writing assessment** |
| Read the following extract from the middle of the novel and then answer the question that follows.  At this point, Oliver is in court after being accused of stealing Mr Brownlow’s handkerchief. In fact, it was the Artful Dodger and Charley Bates who committed the crime but Oliver has been blamed for it. |
| ‘Now,’ said Fang, ‘what’s the charge against this boy? What have you got to say, sir?’  ‘I was standing at a book-­‐stall –‘  ‘Hold your tongue, sir,’ said Mr Fang. ‘Policeman! Where’s the policeman? Swear this man. Now, what’s this?’ The policeman related how he had searched Oliver, and found nothing on his person.  ‘Are there any witnesses?’ inquired Mr Fang.  ‘None, your worship,’ replied the policeman.  Mr Fang sat still for some minutes, then turning to the prosecutor, said in a towering passion: ‘Well, do you mean to state what your complaint against this boy is, man, or do you not? You have been sworn. If you  stand there, refusing to give evidence, I’ll punish you for disrespect; I will. Now, what’s your name, you young scoundrel?’ Oliver tried to reply, but his tongue failed him. He was deadly pale, and the whole place seemed turning round and round. ‘What’s your name, you hardened scoundrel?’ demanded Fang. ‘Officer, what’s his name?’ He bent over Oliver, and repeated the inquiry; but finding him really incapable of understanding the question; and knowing that his not replying would only infuriate the magistrate the more, and add to the severity of his sentence; he hazarded a guess.  ‘He says his name’s Tom White, your worship,’ said the police officer.  ‘Has he any parents?’ asked Fang.  ‘He says they died in infancy, your worship,’ replied the police officer.  ‘Oh! Yes, I dare say!’ sneered Mr Fang. ‘Come, none of your tricks here, you young vagabond.’  ‘No, I think he really is ill, your worship.’  ‘Stuff and nonsense!’ said Mr Fang. ‘Don't try to make a fool of me.’ At which point, Oliver fainted. |
| Does Dickens present Oliver as a victim?  Write about:   * How Dickens presents Oliver in this extract * How Dickens presents Oliver in what you have read of the whole novel. |

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| **Year 8 Module 2: Oliver Twist**  **Post-unit analytical writing assessment** |
| Read the following extract from towards the end of the novel and then answer the question that follows.  At this point, Oliver has been abandoned by Sikes and Toby Crackit after they forced him to try to rob a house. He has been shot. |
| Trembling in every joint, from cold and exhaustion, urged by a creeping sickness at his heart, which warned him that if he lay there, he would surely die, he got to his feet, and dizzily tried to walk. Staggering and stumbling on, he knew not where, hosts of bewildering and confused ideas came crowding in on his mind. He seemed still to be walking with Sikes, angrily cursing, and felt the robber’s grasp on his wrist. Uneasily, painfully, tormented, he staggered on, til he reached a road and a house. They might take pity on him, and if they did not, it would be better, he thought, to die near human beings, than in the lonely open fields. He summoned all his strength for one last trial, and faltered to the wall. That garden wall! It was the very house they attempted to rob. Oliver felt such fear, that he forgot the agony of his wound, and tottered.  Brittles and Giles came out. ‘A boy!’ exclaimed Mr Giles. ‘Brittles, look here! One of the thieves! Here’s a thief! Wounded, miss! I shot him, and Brittles held the light!’  ‘Is the poor creature hurt?’ asked a young lady.  ‘Wounded desperate, miss,’ said Brittles.  ‘Treat him kindly, Giles, for my sake!’ And so old Giles helped to carefully carry Oliver up the stairs.  ‘He doesn't look very ferocious,’ said the doctor in a whisper.  Instead of a dogged ruffian, there lay a mere child, worn with pain and exhaustion, and sunk in a deep sleep.  ‘This poor child can never have been the pupil of robbers!’ cried the lady.  ‘Crime,’ sighed the surgeon, ‘like death, Miss Maylie, is not confined to adults alone.’  ‘But can you really believe that this delicate boy has been the associate of the worst outcasts in society?’ said Rose. ‘But even if he has been wicked, think how young he is: think he may have never known a mother’s love, or comfort of a home, that ill-­‐usage has driven him to men who forced guilt on him.’ |
| Explain how Dickens presents poverty in Oliver Twist.  Write about:   * How Dickens presents poverty in this extract * How Dickens presents poverty in the whole of the novel |