

better." Oliver was surprised to hear a kind voice. Mr Brownlow ordered some hot soup for Oliver. "You must be hungry," he said. The soup was thick and rich. Oliver thought that one bowl of that soup could feed a dozen orphans in the workhouse, with enough water added to it.

After Oliver had rested, he began to notice the room he was in. It was a comfortable room, full of paintings. One was the portrait of a young woman. She was very pretty, and she looked kind and loving. "But her eyes are so sad," thought Oliver, "they make me sad too." Just then, Mr Brownlow entered, and saw Oliver's face beside the face in the portrait. Oliver's eyes, head, mouth, and in fact his whole face, and even his expression, was an exact copy of the woman's face in the painting!

"Good heavens!" cried out Mr Brownlow. "What's this!"

Oliver, at these words, collapsed again. Mr Brownlow quickly went over to him.

"The boy is still very weak, and I must not worry him by asking too many questions. But I wonder what his story is," Mr Brownlow thought, as he tried to bring Oliver round. He also decided to take the painting down so as not to upset Oliver again.

As the days went by, Oliver became healthier than he had ever been. He appreciated Mr Brownlow's help and he wanted to be useful to the kind old man in any way he could. One day Mr Brownlow needed to return some books to the bookseller, and Oliver asked to be allowed to take them back, since he knew the place. Mr Brownlow didn't want to let him out of the house on his own, but he finally agreed.

Oliver happily set out with the books. As he approached the square, however, he saw a young woman walking towards him. Suddenly she cried out: "My brother! My poor, dear darling brother!" She threw her arms around him tightly and she cried, "You naughty boy! How could you run away?"

"I am not your brother!" Oliver tried to say, but he could not get out of the woman's arms. She dragged him down another street, and then into a house. In the dark, he saw his old friends waiting for him, Fagin and the Artful Dodger!

