



Oliver Twist: The Boy Who Asked for More

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On a bitter winter night in 1837, a frail young mother seeks shelter in a shadowy parish workhouse in a quiet English town. With her final breath, she cradles her newborn baby boy before passing away into the cold evening silence. The local doctor and a solemn nurse wrap the tiny infant in old woolen blankets, leaving him alone in a world that knows nothing of his name.



The stern parish beadle, Mr. Bumble, bestows the name Oliver Twist upon the motherless child according to his own mechanical alphabetical system. Oliver grows up inside the cold stone walls of the institution, managed by heartless authorities who treat the poor children as burdens. Under the watchful, arrogant eyes of Mr. Bumble, gentle words and warm smiles are completely unknown to the young boys.



By his ninth birthday, Oliver has become a pale, thin child with sad, expressive eyes and a fragile frame. Dressed in oversized, faded rags, he spends his days performing tedious chores alongside his fellow orphans in misery. The children share no toys or comforts, bonding only through their shared suffering and quiet longing for a gentle touch.



Inside the vast, chilly dining hall, the starving boys assemble each day for supper with hollow cheeks and ravenous appetites. Each child receives only a single tiny wooden bowl containing a scant serving of watery, tasteless gruel. The boys polish their bowls with their spoons until they shine, staring hungrily at the massive copper cauldron with desperate eyes.



One evening, driven mad by gnawing hunger, one of the taller boys threatens to eat the smaller boy beside him unless he gets extra food. Terrified and desperate, the boys hold a hushed council in the dark dormitory to decide who will step forward. After drawing lots on a scrap of paper, the fateful task falls upon Oliver Twist to confront the master.



When supper ends and the last drop of gruel vanishes, the eager boys nudge and force Oliver toward the front of the hall. Trembling from head to toe, the small boy rises from the long wooden table with his empty bowl held tightly in his hands. Every eye in the silent, dim room focuses on Oliver as he slowly takes his terrifying steps toward the master's station.



Oliver approaches the large, well-fed master standing beside the empty copper pot and looks up with frightened eyes. Holding out his small wooden bowl, his quiet voice quavers through the heavy silence of the hall. "Please, sir, I want some more," he asks softly, daring to request what no orphan had ever dared before.



The master turns pale with absolute astonishment, clutching his serving ladle in mid-air as if struck by lightning. Staring down at the tiny boy in complete disbelief, he strikes Oliver sharply across the head with his wooden spoon. He seizes the terrified child by the arms and bellows loudly for the parish authorities to witness this unbelievable act of defiance.



Mr. Bumble rushes into the hall in a fit of outrage, declaring that Oliver's request is an unforgivable crime against the institution. Convinced that the ungrateful boy is destined for a dark future, he drags Oliver down a cold corridor and locks him in a dark, windowless room. Left alone in the pitch black, Oliver huddles on the cold floor, weeping quietly into the night.



The following morning, a large white poster is nailed to the heavy iron gate outside the parish workhouse for all passersby to read. It offers a reward of five pounds to any man or woman willing to take young Oliver Twist off their hands. As the sunrise colors the cold sky, Oliver peers through his small barred window, wondering what unpredictable fate awaits him next.