Oliver Forms an Unfavourable Notion of his New Master's Business

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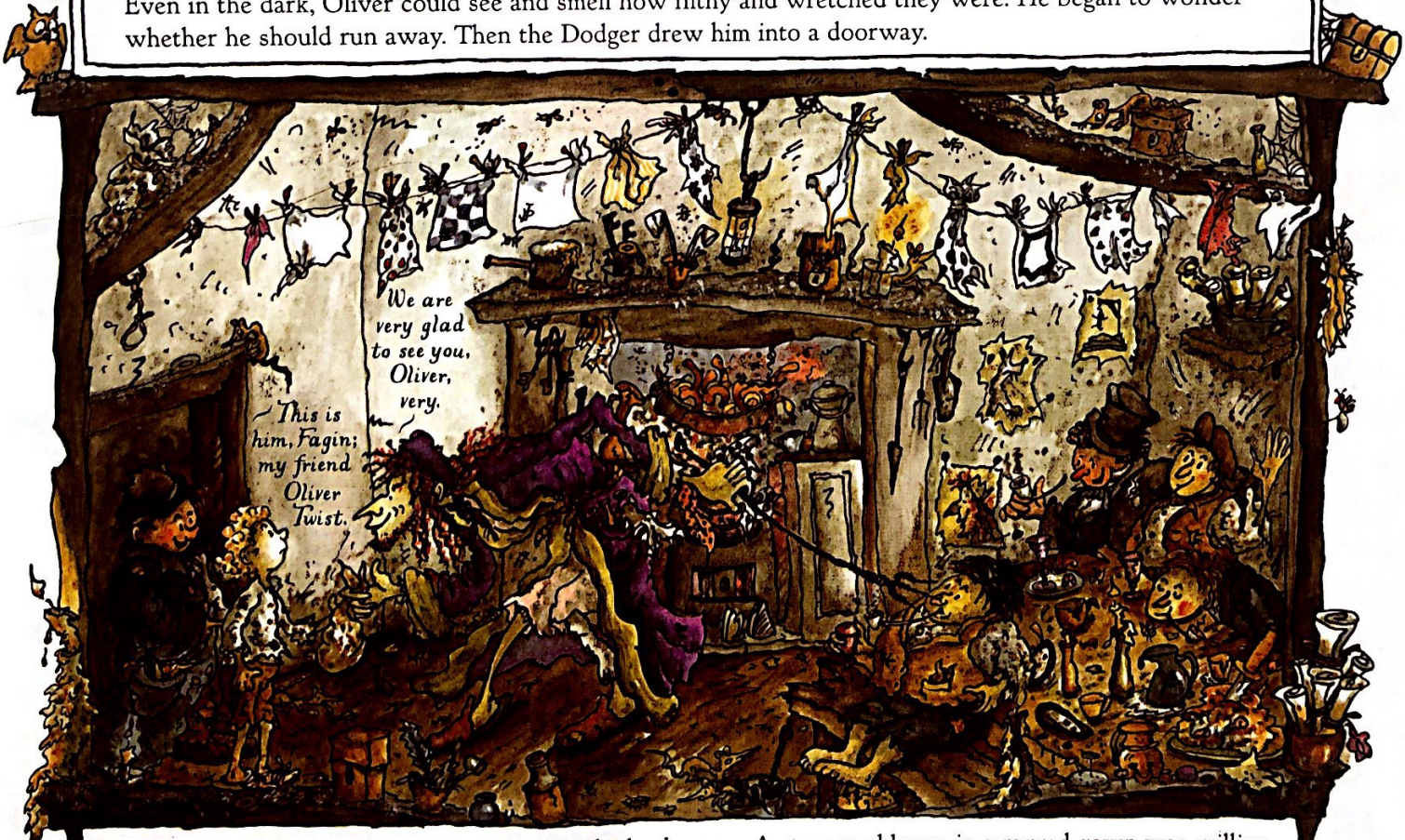
Oliver Walks to London and Encounters a Pleasant Old Gentleman

Seven days later, Oliver limped into Barnet, just outside London, and collapsed on a step. A strange boy in huge clothes came over to talk to him.

His name was Jack Dawkins, but he liked to be called "the Artful Dodger". He said he knew a man in London who would be happy to let Oliver stay with him.

The Dodger would not enter the city till after nightfall. He led Oliver through a maze of winding streets. Even in the dark, Oliver could see and smell how filthy and wretched they were. He began to wonder whether he should run away. Then the Dodger drew him into a doorway.



They mounted some broken stairs and entered a back room. A strange old man in a ragged gown was grilling sausages at the fire. Rows of silk handkerchiefs were drying nearby. Round the table some more boys were drinking spirits and smoking long, clay pipes. The old man introduced himself to Oliver as "Fagin" and bowed deeply. Exhausted, Oliver ate a share of sausages, drank a glass of gin and hot water and fell fast asleep.

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