

By Edward Lincoln-Todd

Jack entered the street quietly. He walked slowly and steadily as if he was a mouse. Oliver plodded along, following Jack at a slower speed. Jack wore scruffy clothes. His hair was as dark as a pile of autumn leaves. His waistcoat had fallen around Jack’s feet.

Then suddenly, Jack spotted Charlie, his friend. Jack’s reptilian smirk spread across his sly face. Jack loved to scare his friends. He crept up on Charlie, then he shouted “BOO!”

Suddenly, Charlie yelped out “YIEOWWW!” Then, before the blink of an eye, Charlie was sent running down the street.

Jack smirked. Then, in the corner of Jack’s eye, he spotted a rich man. The man was tall and smart. His top hat was perked perfectly on top of his head. The man was peering inside a bookshop window, looking at all the beautiful books. Jack knew exactly what to do…

Jack told Oliver to wait behind the man. Oliver did as he was told. Slyly, Jack whistled. Then, from round the corner of the Great Alleyway, Charlie peeked out of the corner. He walked over quietly. Jack then peered into the man’s right pocket. He saw a wallet and a handkerchief. His hand slithered in like a snake and grabbed the wallet. The man turned around. There he saw Oliver…

Oliver stood there, looking scared and worried. “Give me my wallet boy” said the man angrily. “Didn’t you hear me boy,” repeated the man. Then as soon as the man was about to grab him, Oliver ran…

The man watched Oliver run, then the policeman came hurling past the man. Oliver ran as fast as he could, so did the police then, but unfortunately, there in his path - more policeman stood in his way. “Oh oh” thought Oliver, then he dodged the police and ran on.

Meanwhile, Jack stood in the Great Alley. Charlie was by Jack’s side. Jack sighed. He actually felt a little bit guilty. “What am I going to do?” thought Jack, “What am going to tell Fagin?” Jack thought and thought but still Jack had no ideas or excuses.

Oliver ran on, feeling exhausted. He stopped. Then he sat down on the dirty, rotten floor. A stranger walked up to Oliver. Oliver looked up. It was the man…

After a while, Jack walked up to Fagin. Jack walked in and then Charlie walked in, but no Oliver.

“Where’s Oliver?” said Fagin.

“Er he went barking up the wrong tree Fagin” replied Jack.

“You mean you let him…” Fagin was startled for a moment then he said “Boys! Search every place of the town for Oliver. Okay? You got that?”

“Yes Fagin.” replied the boys. Then every boy went running out of the house. Jack didn’t want to blow his own cover.

The man dragged Oliver. Oliver’s arms and knees were scraped. His happiness had turned into glumness. His heart was dark. Oliver could see it now - Jack and Fagin and the boys all laughing and celebrating with glee. Oliver had let himself down.

Then as soon as he got to the police station… BAM! Oliver was knocked out. After an hour or so Oliver woke up. He looked around. There was metal bars protecting him and a police officer guarding the bars. “Where am I?” thought Oliver. Then to Oliver’s surprise he was in a cell. Oliver looked out behind the bars. He knew that he was in prison for life.