***The Life of Charlie Bates***

*As I woke up, the pungent smell filled my tiny nose. I got up to Jack with the scruffy boy, Oliver. Jack wore a green dirty shirt with a stained purple jacket that went down to his knees.*

*Oliver was scrawny like a plucked chicken as always. His hair was full of dirt and random things in his hair. Oliver had dirty green clothes that camouflage. He looked like a bush. I walked through the open door just to smell the vicious smell from the polluted street. Our poor angry bellies rumbled like an earthquake. We hadn’t eaten for weeks.*

*As slow as a turtle we walked to the smelly foul smell of the street. Jack led us into the street. Oliver was full of joy when the smell of magnificent multicolour sweets filled his nostrils. Jack pulled Oliver away from the sweets. The black veil of smoke covered the poor adults. With eagle eyes, Jack spotted an unconscious target. He was wealthy, rich, skinny and tall. He wore a short red tie with a clean white shirt. His golden pocket watch shined like gleaming stars.*

*As I grabbed the stick, Jack taught Oliver how to steal. I threw the stick to him but he didn’t catch it. I whispered under my breath “This won’t go well” As Oliver slide the stick, the watch fell. Oliver pointed next to him but jack was gone.*

*“THEIF” shouted the furious man .The chase was started. The bookseller ran as quickly as his skinny legs could take him. The dirty dust came from the feet of the wicked people who don’t even know what’s happening. I tried to stop the clueless police. While, Jack told Oliver to run. Oliver was as slow as slug. His little, weak leg failed him once again.*

*Jack looked at me with a disappointing face. We walked back to the smelly place of Fagin house. It’s not even a house. We told Fagin that he was hero. He saved us all. It was shameful lie. Fagin looked angry. He looked as angry as a raging bull. I gulped. We were in trouble. Big Trouble.*