**Jack Dawkins**

Jack Dawkins was a slightly short fourteen year old boy. Often he was called the Artful Dodger. Jack was walking down the streets with Oliver and Charlie. Fagin was waiting for them to bring something back. The pungent streets smelt like horse dung and the horse’s carts were as big as Oliver (the deathly pale boy).

The streets were awful and rubbish. Jack was just too dry to say anything about these horrible, breath taking and disgusting streets. It looked like a jungle. A putrefying smell of rotten meat hit Jacks nose, it made him gasp and cough the soot and smog in the sooky air made him choke – it was horrible.

Immediately, Jack kicked a hard stone aimlessly foot to foot still walking with Oliver and Charlie Bates.

Without warning, a fine looking and rich gentleman hit Jacks eyes. He was looking at some famous books trying to get one. Oliver and Charlie looked at Jack. Jack hugged his stomach as it betrayed him with a loud, hollowing growl. It was the only thing he could do.

A minute later, Jack Dawkins was just staring at the rich gentlemen. The rich gentleman’s name was Mr Brownlow.

This man wore a long blue waist coat with a red velvet shirt with white buttons on in. His bow tie was also white and perfect. He had a big black boot that shone as bright as the light and to top it all of Mr Brownlow had a black and grey tall hat that had a white strip on it.

As quick as a flash, Jack walked up to him. He saw the pocket watch hanging out of Mr Brownlow’s pocket. Oliver and Charlie Bates looked worried. It was what Fagin wanted that was his only choice. Jack had to get it he is a poor boy that hardly got any food he was like Oliver Twist.

Jack stretched his wrinkled hands and tried to get the golden watch. But he missed so he tried again this time he got it and put it in his pocket. Mr Brownlow turned around he noticed that his pocket watch had gone missing. Charlie and Jack stepped back and Oliver was standing there. “Give it back young boy” said Mr Brownlow. Oliver was quiet.

He ran and ran and then never stopped. Mr Brownlow was right behind him running and running. Charlie and Jack was helping saying he went different directions.

Finally Oliver got away. They went back to Fagin with the pocket watch. Jack lied and said Oliver stole the watch when Jack actually stole it. It was not a happy ending because Mr Brownlow didn’t get his golden pocket watch back to him.