Jack Dawkins wandered down the road, with no intentions of walking normally. Oliver and Charlie trotted behind him, keeping an eye out for the rich and wealthy. Jack was well fed but still in desperate longing for more food. His blue furry coat flew in the strong breeze and his hat tumbled off, but in anger he slammed it back on. Suddenly a delicious smell wafted up his nose. He turned to see Charlie taking a long French baguette from a rich baker who was hurrying past. Oliver didn’t even notice!

Jack [jealous he didn’t do it himself and take the credit and the glory] snatched for himself and laughed at the look on Charlie’s face. Then Jack turned, sneered and carried on walking. Charlie muttered Greedy Pig under his breath.

Then jack caught a shadow at the corner of his eye and saw a fine gentleman leaning over a very interesting [according to him] book.

Jack quickly beckoned to the other two and swiftly and silently they tiptoed over to the unaware gentleman. Charlie leaned over the man’s shoulder to check he wasn’t going to turn around. He looked too engrossed in his book. Charlie nodded to Jack and then the process began. Oliver, clearly confused and dumbstruck, just helplessly followed behind. He merely thought they were just trying to get a glimpse of the man’s book.

But then Jack reached inside the man’s pocket and gently pulled out a emerald-gold incrusted watch with a rose gold chain and,[both thinking that Oliver was right behind them] Charlie and Jack ran round the corner of the bookshop and watched silently. Suddenly, Mr Brownlow [the gentleman] felt something in his pocket. In alarm he clasped his hand to his pocket and dramatically turned to see Oliver desperately searching for the two thieves.

“Young boy, I have no intention of thinking that you did it, but did you see anyone with a rather expensive pocket watch?” enquired Mr Brownlow.

Afraid of snitching on Jack and Charlie, Oliver turned on his heel and ran.

“Phew, he didn’t snitch on us!” breathed Jack, wiping a bead of sweat from his head. As Oliver ran, the suspicious Bobbies sensed something was wrong. As if it were planned they dived for Oliver but missed and landed in dirty squelching mud. Some rough boys came running past and stopped to jeer at them and taunt. Meanwhile Oliver slipped round a corner and hid in a huge pile of washing that was about to be carried by the washerwoman. Oliver peeked out of the washing and saw the dirty River Thames and the rich passing by, the poor begging for food. This made Oliver feel a mixture of anger, disgust and sorrow. Until he was whisked away into a house.

Charlie and Jack were watching this and decided it was best to not get involved and in all the commotion they slipped out of the crowd. They went to their “house” and sat down and twirled their finger round and round the table in complete bordom. Fagin entered and Jack proudly handed him the beautiful pocket watch.

“What a beauty.” He sighed longingly. “Well done Charlie, Jack [ Fagin beamed] and Oliver-“

“WHERE IS HE” Fagin roared. He desperately hurled a beautiful vase at them. Dodger ducked