***Oliver Twist***

***By Sasha.Cr***

*Oliver felt like he could jump over the moon (not that it was night), it was his first day out in grimy London for about a month! He walked outside with the bold Jack and petite Charlie. Soon they reached the main street, Victoria Road .Oliver soon realised that he was on a street with many civilised people walking around him, and he was wearing his rag like shorts and too-long shirt.*

*Suddenly, Jack scanned around and his eyes focused on a man of great wealth, who stood by the bookshop at the end of the street. It was 9:00 in the morning and people were already rushing around, weaving in and out of shops, but Jack seemed particularly interested in this tall man with an elegant blue jacket.*

*Now Oliver was quite amazed at Jack. They were standing in the middle of a wet, dirty Victorian street and Jack was creeping toward a rich man, and out of all people why such a rich man? Oliver felt adrenaline rush through his tiny body, what was going to happen? Jack was slowly walking toward this rich man, then quick as a bolt of lightning, his greasy hand shot into the man’s pristine back pocket.*

*Out of that pocket came a shining wallet. It was over-flowing with shillings and much more .This was over and done within seconds. Suddenly, the man whipped around, but the young children were gone. Nearby, Fagin watched out the window.*

*Jack started to walk down the street and beckoned Oliver towards him. Oliver was still processing the whole of what had just happened, but understood the message. He walked briskly towards Jack Dawkins. He was suddenly overcome by a strange awkwardness. Why wouldn’t Fagin tell him? It would have been much easier to process. But now he thought back all the games, Fagin’s box of treasure, all the wallets and wipes. They all made sense now. They were pickpockets!*

*“Jack - why didn’t you tell me?” said Oliver.*

*Jack turned, “Oliver, I thought you knew!”*

*Jack panted as they entered the hideout. Suddenly Fagin appeared in the door way and grabbed Charlie and Jack inside by the ears.” You almost got him caught” bellowed Fagin.*

*“But –but!”*

*“No buts! You almost got caught!” Fagin’s voice rattled through the small basement and Oliver thought it was an appropriate time to go to bed, and so he went.*