Jack Dawkings/Artful Dodger

Me Charlie and Oliver were walking down the cobbled streets of London. We could see thin washing lines above our heads, the smelly socks filled me nostrils as I coughed in disgust. I held my plump belly I was hungry again.

I was so hungry I heard me own belly rumble it was like an engine of a steam train chugging along the bumpy train tracks. I needed to steal from someone so I could have my nice warm crisp sausages and scrumptious egg.

Oliver and Charlie was just walking like ‘eddles chickens at a farm. Sneakily, Charlie put his filthy hands in a tray full of bread and took one without no one knowing I asked for some but the time I had finished my question he gulped it was like fish talking.

The filthy old beggars were asking people for money, they even tried to steal from the rich but they weren’t as good as me they got caught. We could see the marching Bobbies skipping along the streets like hectic children.

When I was walking in the narrow alleyways at the end of the street I saw a smart man, in a waistcoat buttoned up. Finally, he had someone to steal from…

Me and Charlie slowly tiptoed near the man. Cautiously, I put me hand in his pocket a carefully took his pocket watch. It was solid gold and it was gold like an ice cube. Suddenly, Mr Brownlow turned around and saw Oliver!

I saw Oliver run as Mr Brownlow said stop ‘STOP THEF!’ this two words made everyone chase Oliver

As quick as a flash a muscle man punched Oliver I felt sorry for him it must of hurt. Next we went to Fagin’s den, he was so mad he said ‘how if he snitches on us!’ ‘He will never do that he’s me friend.

‘I will send you and Charlie to fetch that little brat of yours’ said Fagin madly. So of Charlie and me went we saw a little cottage in the corner and thought Oliver was there and there he was standing In the window he finally came out me an Charlie grabbed him and took him to Fagin...