







## Steps to Success

Lockdown	
Date	
Subject/s	<u>English</u>
Learning Objective 	To answer questions about a story

SA	TA
	

Success Criteria 	I can use sentences to define new vocabulary		
	I can scan and skim for key words		
	I can use quotes to justify my inferences		
Support	Independent      Adult Support (    )      Group Work		

<p><b>Interpret</b> </p> <p><b>Choice</b> </p>	<p>I:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. How do you think Oliver felt when the Artful Dodger spoke to him? (2 marks)</li> <li>2. Why do you think Oliver shivered when his face was touched? (1 mark)</li> <li>3. What is Fagin getting the boys to do every day? (1 mark)</li> <li>4. What do you think Fagin means by "earn your keep"? (2 marks)</li> <li>5. How did Oliver feel when he went outside with the Artful Dodger? Give evidence to justify your opinions. (3 marks)</li> </ol> <p>C:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>6. Why was it important to the author to say that the Artful Dodger was "dressed in a grown man's clothes"? What impression does this give? (2 marks)</li> <li>7. What does the author do to show how Fagin speaks? (1 mark)</li> </ol>
<p>As you read the text, remember to add to your character notes from yesterday! You can also be creating your own glossary of new vocabulary.</p>	

Mr Bumble dragged Oliver in front of the owners of the orphanage. They decided that he was a dangerous influence, and they must get rid of him immediately.

So, Oliver was thrown from the only home he remembered and sent to work for a cruel family. The adults worked him hard and beat him, and the children bullied him. Unable to stand it any longer, Oliver ran away.



Oliver could think of only one place to go: London. For seven long and lonely days he trudged along the muddy road. He slept in ditches and had to beg for food. Weak with hunger and misery, and shivering with cold, Oliver eventually reached London, where he sank to the ground. What should he do now? He was completely without friends. Completely without hope.

'Got lodgings? Any food? Any money?' Oliver heard a voice ask.

10

Fighting back tears, Oliver replied 'No. I have been walking for seven days. I am very tired and hungry.'

The voice introduced itself. 'Dodger. The Artful Dodger's me name.'

Oliver looked up through the blur of his tearful eyes to see a strange sight. The Artful Dodger was about ten years old, small and filthy, with sharp little eyes and a snub nose. He was dressed in a grown man's clothes. A hat struggled to balance right on top of his head.



He half-smiled at Oliver, his hat wobbling.

'Come with me, me old pal,' said the Artful Dodger, holding out his hand and pulling Oliver back onto his blistered feet.



It was very dark when they arrived at their destination. The street was narrow and muddy, and the thick-smelling air was dreadful. Its stench filled Oliver's mouth and nose. Voices of men shouting, children screaming and babies crying filled his ears. Fear filled his thoughts. The Artful Dodger led Oliver up a dark, broken stairway. Oliver held his breath, partly through fear and partly because of the smell.

'Who's this then?'

A shrivelled old face, mean-looking and ugly, peered through the darkness. A cold, bony hand reached out and touched Oliver's face, making him shiver.



12

'A new pal,' answered The Dodger.

As Oliver's eyes grew used to the candlelight, he saw that the ghastly hand and face belonged to a stooped man with long, matted red hair, a sharp nose and mean, thin lips. Around the room were several rough beds made of old sacks. Four boys, as thin and filthy as the man, were sitting around a table.

'Fagin – this is Oliver Twist,' said The Dodger.

'Glad to see you, young Oliver,' sneered Fagin. 'You'll like it 'ere, won't 'e boys! Ha ha ha.' His laugh sent cold shivers down Oliver's spine.



14

The boys all laughed too as they crowded around Oliver, searching his pockets for food or money.

Although Oliver suspected that he couldn't trust his new friends, he had no choice. He ate the little food they offered and fell into an exhausted sleep.



Fagin kept Oliver locked in the room for so many days that he became used to the stench and the darkness. He noticed that the boys went out early every morning. They would return late in the evening to give things to Fagin, who then hid the items in a locked chest, cackling and rubbing his hands in delight. 'Good work, me boys, good work.' The boys played games in which they tried to take things from Fagin's pockets without him noticing. One day, Oliver joined in the game. He soon became good at it.

15



'You're making good progress, young Oliver,' praised Fagin. 'It's time for The Dodger to show you how to earn your keep. Watch him closely and learn well.'

Oliver was delighted at the idea of being outside again. The next day he cheerfully followed The Artful Dodger into the street, wondering where they were going. Suddenly, The Dodger pushed him into an alley.

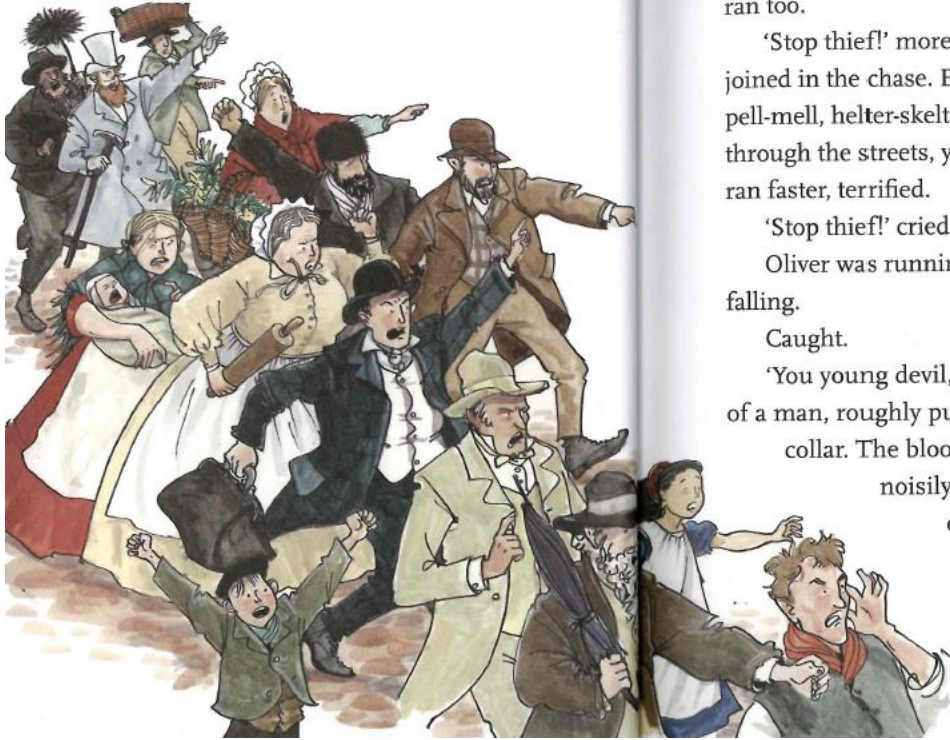
16

'Hush!' he whispered sharply. 'There's our prey.'

Oliver looked and saw a respectable-looking elderly gentleman, smartly dressed in a bottle-green coat, with a bald head and gold-rimmed glasses. He was engrossed in a book at a bookstall, completely unaware of his surroundings, completely unaware of The Artful Dodger who slid up behind him, sly as a fox, and slowly slipped a silk handkerchief from the man's pocket.



With horror and alarm, Oliver's eyes widened.  
Time stood still.  
Oliver held his breath.



The gentleman noticed that his pocket was empty.

'Stop thief!' he shouted as The Dodger sped away. Confused and frightened, Oliver ran too.

'Stop thief!' more people shouted as they joined in the chase. Everyone was running pell-mell, helter-skelter, slap-dash, tearing through the streets, yelling, swearing. Oliver ran faster, terrified.

'Stop thief!' cried a hundred angry voices. Oliver was running, panting, stumbling, falling.

Caught.

'You young devil,' roared a red-faced giant of a man, roughly pulling Oliver up by his collar. The blood-thirsty crowd gathered noisily around them like a pack of hungry wolves around a recent kill.

'Wait. Don't hurt him,' cried a lone voice from the back of the pack, just in time.

It was the elderly gentleman. He had finally caught up and could see the terror in the young boy's eyes.

They didn't hurt Oliver, not much anyway. The police arrested him and a few days later Oliver, pale, weak and frightened, found himself in court. Nobody believed that Oliver was innocent except the gentleman who had been robbed, Mr Brownlow. He felt pity for Oliver. He thought he could see something special in Oliver's face. Perhaps he saw his goodness. Perhaps Oliver reminded him of someone he had once loved.

'Poor boy, poor boy,' sighed Mr Brownlow in court. 'I fear that he is ill.' When the court failed to prove that Oliver had stolen the handkerchief, Oliver fainted. Mr Brownlow took him home with him to let him recover.

