

## Chapter 5

### Betrayed

The gentleman spun around, realizing he'd been robbed. "STOP THIEF!" he yelled at Oliver.


Oliver looked for Dodger but he'd vanished. Panicking, Oliver raced off, followed by every man and woman in the street.



This week for Chapter 5 we will focus on prediction skill.

We will use the format you are familiar with:

#### Steps to success

- ★ Read the text
- ★ Underline what you already know.
- ★ Think in your brain if you have any other knowledge for this.
- ★ Use all of this to predict 

What do I already know?

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What do I predict from this?

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"STOP THIEF!" they shouted, chasing him helter-skelter through mud and puddles, throwing sticks and stones at his scrawny back.

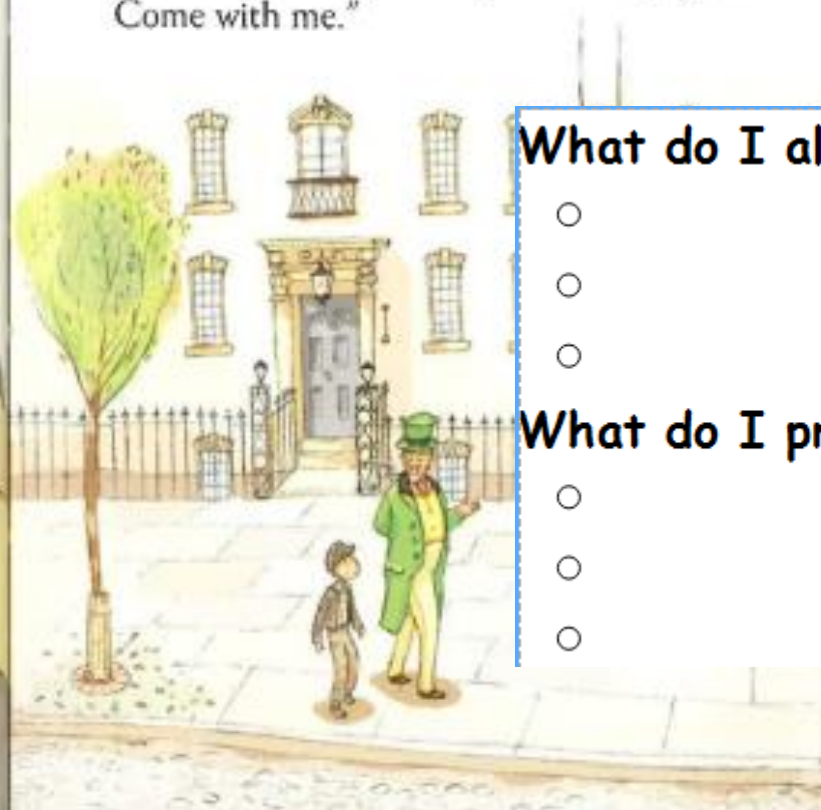
Oliver, breathless, kept running until a stone struck his head. He fell down, stunned. "Please sir," he whispered, as the gentleman reached him. "I'm not a thief."



The gentleman stared at him. "Hmm... Well, you look honest. Indeed, you look like—" He stopped, puzzled. "I'm sure I know that face," he murmured.

"Get the police," said a passer-by.

"No. He deserves a chance," replied the gentleman. "Who are you, boy? My name's Brownlow. Perhaps I can help you. Come with me."



**What do I already know?**

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**What do I predict from this?**

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Mr. Brownlow took Oliver to his grand house. In the hallway was a portrait of a beautiful girl. Oliver stopped and stared at it, drinking it in.



"That was my niece, Agnes," said Mr. Brownlow. "She had a sad life. I wish she'd come to me for help. She must be dead now, poor girl." He looked at the portrait, then at Oliver. "I can't believe it," he muttered. "The likeness is extraordinary... Where were you born?" he asked urgently.

What do I already know?

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What do I predict from this?

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"In Mr. Bumble's workhouse," Oliver replied, surprised at the sudden question.

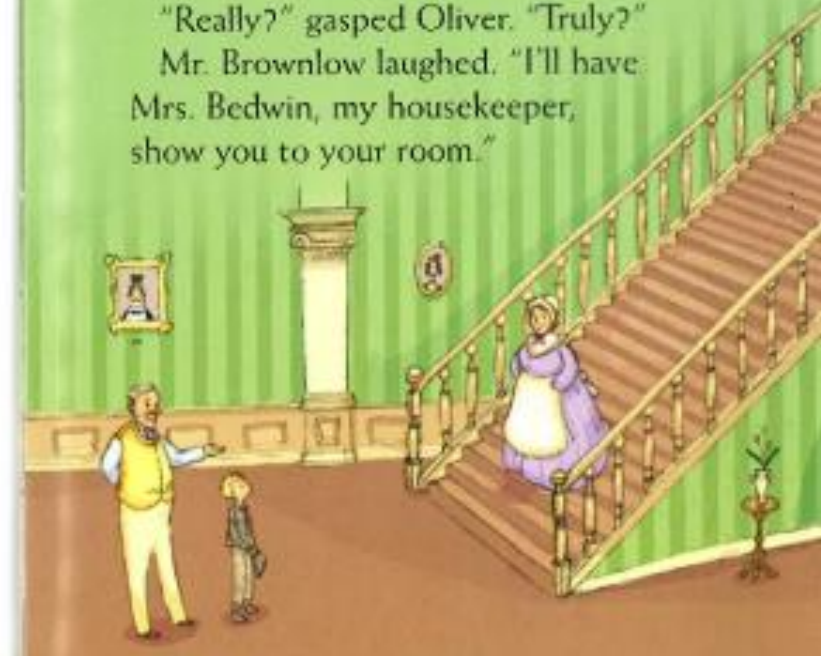
"Yes, I've heard of it," said Mr. Brownlow, nodding and looking grim. "Now, tell me about yourself."

Oliver recounted his life story, up until the moment he ran from the bookshop.

"I believe you," said Mr. Brownlow. He put his hands on Oliver's shoulders and looked down at him. "Would you like to live here and go to school?"

"Really?" gasped Oliver. "Truly?"

Mr. Brownlow laughed. "I'll have Mrs. Bedwin, my housekeeper, show you to your room."



"You poor child," sighed Mrs. Bedwin, as she took Oliver upstairs. "So dirty and ragged. Have a hot bath and I'll get you some clean clothes."



Lying in bed that night Oliver had never felt happier. And, as the weeks passed, he grew happier still. Mrs. Bedwin looked after him, from a good breakfast each morning to a hug last thing at night.

Mr. Brownlow played games with him, shared his books and taught him chess and music.



"I feel as if I'm living in a dream," thought Oliver.

A few weeks later, Mr. Brownlow summoned him to his study. "Here's five pounds and some books. Will you take them to the bookshop where we met?"

"Of course," replied Oliver. "I'll do anything for you!"

"And come straight home," Mr. Brownlow said.



What do I already know?

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What do I predict from this?

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"I'll run there and back again," Oliver promised. He ran down the front steps and waved goodbye to Mrs. Bedwin, who was watching him from the window.

"Bless him," she thought. "I can't bear to let him out of my sight."



Oliver whistled as he strolled down the street. Suddenly, a pair of arms seized him tightly around the neck.

"OW!" he yelled. "Let go."

"Oh, Oliver, you naughty boy! I've found you."



Oliver was astonished. It was Nancy, Bill Sikes' friend. "Nancy – is that you? What are you doing here?"

What do I already know?

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What do I predict from this?

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A crowd gathered, staring at them.  
"He's my little runaway brother,"  
Nancy announced in a silky, false voice.  
"But..." Oliver began.

Bill Sikes shot out of a beer shop with  
his snarling dog and grabbed Oliver.

"Watch him, Bullseye," he hissed.  
Bullseye seized Oliver's leg and hung on  
to it with his sharp teeth.



"I don't belong to these people!"  
shouted Oliver, struggling to get away.  
"I have to go back to Mr. Brownlow."

But Nancy quickly covered his mouth  
until he nearly suffocated.

Bill dragged him through the alleyways,  
Bullseye growling at Oliver's every step,  
until they reached Fagin's attic.

"Good of you to drop in, Oliver,"  
drawled Fagin sarcastically.

"Fancy clothes," laughed Dodger.

"Expensive books! We'll sell  
everything," crowed Fagin. He examined  
Oliver's pockets. "Aha! Even better.  
Here's five pounds."

"Mine," growled Bill.

"No, mine, surely," contradicted Fagin,  
but Bill snatched it away.



What do I already know?

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- ☐
- ☐

What do I predict from this?

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- ☐
- ☐

"It's Mr. Brownlow's," said Oliver bitterly. "Let me go," he begged. "Or Mr. Brownlow will think I'm a thief."

Fagin patted his head. "We'll make you one soon."

"NO!" Oliver shouted. "Why do you want me anyway?"



"So you can't tell tales," sneered Bill. "Once you're one of us, you won't dare tell the police. Now shut up."

**What do I already know?**

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- ☐
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**What do I predict from this?**

- ☐
- ☐
- ☐



Chapter 6  
A robbery

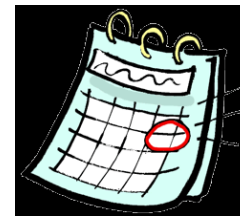


Oliver was forced to wear filthy rags again. For several days the thieves made him stay in the attic, watched over by the vicious Bullseye.

Every time Oliver went near the door, Bullseye snarled, showing his sharp fangs.

For Chapter 6 our reading skill is sequencing.

What do we need to look for to help us sequence events when we read?



After reading chapter 6, use the pictures on the last page to help you create a story board/map in your books. Add key information for each event.

Challenge: write two sentences for each event. Remember to use connectives!



"Don't set the dog on him, Bill," Nancy begged. "You've got Oliver back. You don't have to frighten him now."

"Oh don't I?" snarled Bill. He brandished a pistol. "See this, Oliver?"

Oliver nodded nervously.

"It's loaded. If you don't do what you're told, I'll fire. Understand?"

"Yes, Bill," said Oliver, trembling.



"Good. There's a job I want to do tonight. Big house, loaded with silver and jewels. They keep a small window open and I need a scrap of a boy to slip through it and undo the door locks."

"He means what he says about the gun," advised Fagin. "Don't try and cross Bill Sikes."

When night fell, Bill dragged Oliver to the house. They hid under a bush until the church clock struck midnight. It was intensely dark.



Bill hoisted Oliver up to a tiny window.  
"Get in," he hissed.

"Please don't make me steal," implored Oliver.

Sikes raised his fist. "Do it, or I'll bash your head in."

He shoved Oliver through the window, lit a lantern and handed it to him. "Open the front door," he ordered. "There's a bolt at the top you won't reach, so stand on one of the chairs. Remember, you're in my gunshot range."

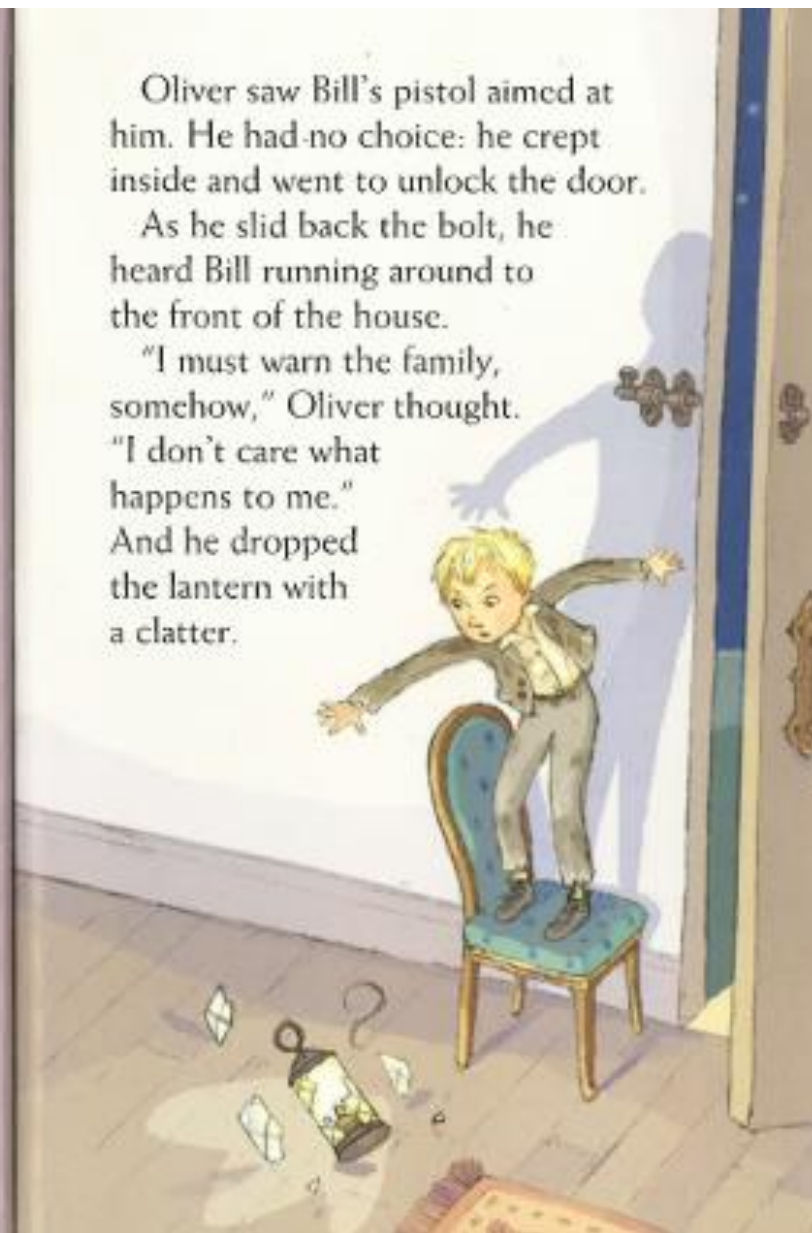


Oliver saw Bill's pistol aimed at him. He had no choice: he crept inside and went to unlock the door.

As he slid back the bolt, he heard Bill running around to the front of the house.

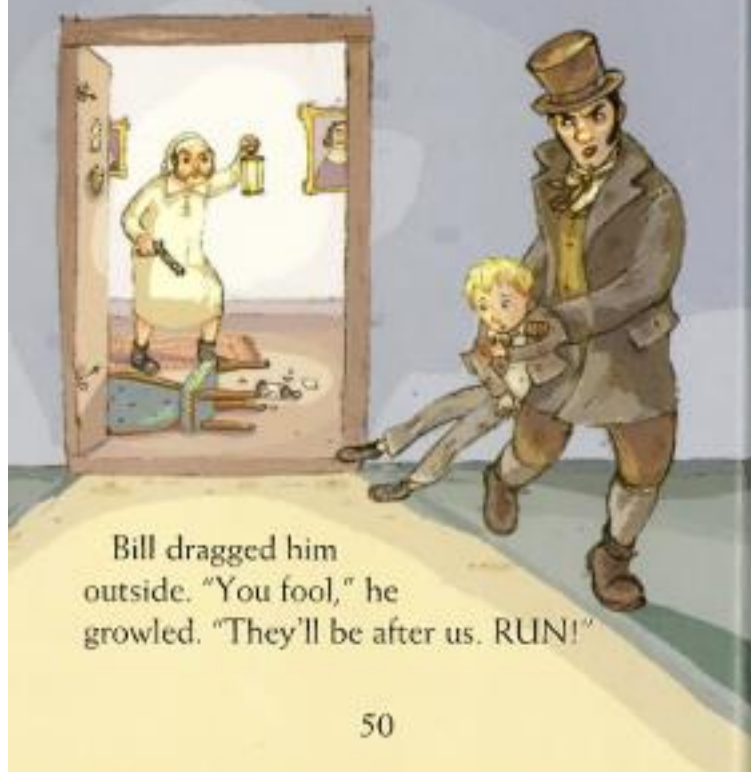
"I must warn the family, somehow," Oliver thought.

"I don't care what happens to me." And he dropped the lantern with a clatter.



After that, everything seemed to happen at once. Bill burst in to grab Oliver, a man appeared with a gun, and both men fired.

Oliver screamed, caught in the crossfire. He clutched his arm and saw his sleeve turn red.



Bill dragged him outside. "You fool," he growled. "They'll be after us. RUN!"

But Oliver, his arm throbbing, lagged behind. Bill flung him into a ditch. "You're too slow," he yelled down at him. "You can die here."



When Bill finally reached Fagin's house, Nancy rushed up to him.

"How did it go?" she asked.

"Disaster," said Bill curtly. "Get me a drink."

"Where's the boy, Bill?"

"Dying in a ditch somewhere."





"You can't leave him there," Nancy cried. "I'll go and find him."

Bill lurched to his feet. "Don't you dare, Nancy!" But Nancy had already grabbed her cloak and was running through the door. A crafty look spread over Bill's face.

"After her, Bullseye," he ordered. "She won't get away with this."



Nancy ran to the house Bill had tried to rob and searched everywhere for Oliver. At last she found him, weak and shivering.



"Thank you for coming," he muttered.

She quickly bandaged his bleeding arm with her shawl. "I found your friend Mr. Brownlow. I'll take you to him," she whispered. "He'll be waiting for us on London Bridge."

"I don't believe you," Oliver said.  
"It's a trick."

"It isn't, Oliver, I promise. I met Mr. Brownlow yesterday. It's all arranged."

"Why are you doing this?"

"I've worked for Fagin since I was little. I don't want you to suffer like me."

"Stay with me," Oliver urged her.

"Mr. Brownlow will look after you too. We could both start a new life."

"I can't leave Bill," Nancy shrugged.

"I know he's bad, but I love him."

Besides," she added, "I've been a thief all my life. It's too late to change now."

"It's never too late," said Oliver.



They hurried through the dark streets where flickering gas lamps shone eerie shafts of light on the cobbles.

Neither of them saw the dog following them — a dog with a scratched torn face and an eager snarling mouth. And behind the dog, a man, who moved with silent, stealthy footsteps through the shadows.





## Pictures for sequencing

