

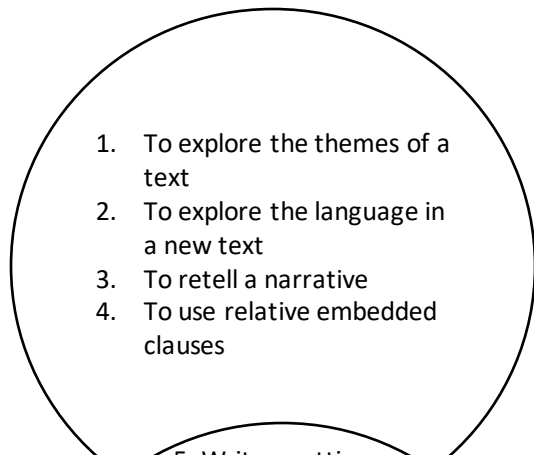
Holes

by Louis Sachar

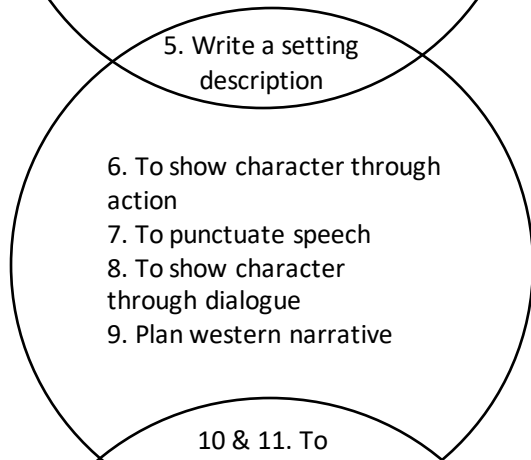
Key theme: Justice

Tier 2 words: evidence, hierarchy, severe, survive, detention

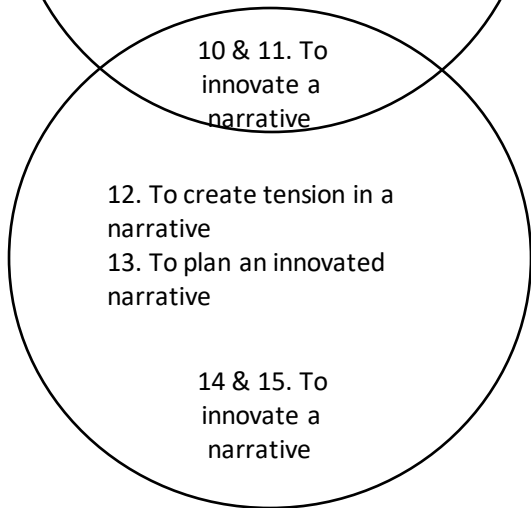
Holes



SC:
Relative embedded clauses
Create atmosphere



SC:
Relative embedded clauses
Show character through action
Show character through dialogue



SC:
Relative embedded clauses
Show character through action and dialogue
Build tension

1. Theme: Justice. Looking at different book covers and passages from the book
2. Tier 2 words: evidence, hierarchy, severe, survive, detention. Write sentences using the new language.
3. Read High Noon story. Map High Noon story and practise orally retelling it. Show Western <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oHd88WoX-JU>. Discuss how tension is created in the film and the story and put techniques on th wall.
4. Focus on identifying the subject and adding extra detail to the sentence using an embedded relative clause. Recap relative pronouns and which to use. Model for HAPs how you can omit the relative pronouns.
5. Setting description of the saloon
6. Focus on verb choices and how these impact impressions of the character. Pupils write a short piece of narrative with characters moving about in the saloon.
7. Pupils uplevel a short dialogue and punctuate it - with a cowboy/cowgirl entering a bar and ordering a drink. They then have another cowboy/girl challenge them to a duel.
8. Pupils then attempt writing their own dialogue between their character and the bar man/ another cowboy/girl.
9. Pupils plan their own western narrative following the structure:
 1. Describe the saloon and the customers inside.
 2. Cowboy/cowgirl enters the saloon
 3. Characters interact - what kind of language do they use?
 4. Fight outside? What happens in the end of your story - who survives?
- 10 & 11. To innovate the narrative – writing their own High noon story
12. Focus on creating tension through techniques. Period of calm first. Conflict – running out of time including short sentences to show this, repetition for effect. Character realising they can't fix the situation. Fear of unknown. Practise techniques.
13. Plan narrative:
 1. Describe the desert and digging the holes
 2. Magnet throws the sunflower seeds in
 3. Characters interact and Stanley's taken away

T4W text

High Noon

It was high noon. The sun baked the dusty ground as a figure, dressed in a poncho made his way into the isolated little town...

Inside the saloon, it was business as usual. The pianist played lively tunes to a bar filled with men, who were mainly cowboys, taking a break from the sweltering midday heat. Filling up their glasses with whisky, the saloon owner chatted to some good old boys about the good old days.

A dark shadow fell over the entrance – the saloon doors flung open and a huge figure, dressed completely in black, strode in.

Instantly, all the noise stopped; the musician sat with fingers quivering over the keys, not daring to play a further note. Who was the stranger?

“N-N-Now lookee here, Sir,” stammered the saloon owner. “We don’t want no trouble he...”

Before he could finish his sentence, a bullet whistled past his ear, shattering the bottles behind him, before ricocheting off the back wall and hitting the spittoon with a dull ping.

“Where is he?” the stranger growled.

“We ... we... don’t rightly know,” replied one of the men in the bar, whose trembling voice was at odds with the proud ‘Sheriff’ badge on his waistcoat.

The stranger glowered. “High Noon,” he snarled. “I said we’d meet at High Noon.”

“And so we do,” said a voice behind him.

The stranger whirled around to see the foolhardy man who had dared to challenge him. His poncho was whipped by the hot wind that blew in from the street.

The stranger looked him up and down with a sneer of derision on his face. He gestured to the empty, dusty street – the two men left.

Fascinated but too scared to venture outside, the men in the bar rushed to the saloon window. From there, they saw the men strut to either end of the main street, saw them turn, saw them fire. They heard the thud as one body fell lifeless into the dust.

LO: Write a setting description

Outside, **it was blisteringly hot**. The sun scorched the thorny trees which ran alongside the highway towards **the isolated town**. The road was **empty except for a single figure, who was riding a sleek black horse**, headed for the saloon.

SC:
Relative embedded clauses
Create atmosphere

Inside the building, groups of men, **who were sheltering from the merciless heat**, sat around playing cards and drinking whisky. Others, **cramped** together at the bar, pushed one another to order their next drink. The doors, **which were hanging off ancient hinges**, occasionally swung in the wind. The men turned and looked as they heard banging, always wondering if an outlaw was approaching.

SC:

Relative embedded clauses

Show character through action

Show character through dialogue

Inside the saloon, it was business as usual. Outlaws, **who were sheltering from the crimson sun**, sat around playing cards. The barman, **humming along to the pianist's tune**, poured a glass of whisky for the Sheriff. In front of him, men jostled with each other. They were all trying to be next to order a drink. A few older cowboys, **who were sitting by the window**, chatted fondly about the good old days.

Suddenly, a leather boot kicked open the saloon door. A dark shadow fell over the merriment. Kissing Kate was here. **Everyone froze**. She **strode** in, clutching a revolver in each hand. The pianist, **who was now shaking**, **slunk down under her piano stool** for she had heard many a terrifying tale about Kissing Kate. The men, **who had been singing and clapping along to the music boisterously**, hung their heads and shuffled backwards, trying to avoid catching Kate's eye.

"N-N-Now lookee here, Maam," **stammered** the saloon owner. "We don't want no trouble he..."

Before he could finish, he was silenced by a bullet.

"Where is Larry?" Kate **demanded**.

"We ... we... we're not sure," replied a waitress, who was now the only one brave enough to speak out.

"He owes me money," Kate said, **training one of her guns on the white collar of the girl's shirt**. "Nobody forgets to pay Kissing Kate."

"Or maybe they do," came Larry's voice from behind her.

Kate whirled around to see the foolhardy man who had dared to challenge her. **She looked him up and down with a sneer of derision on her face**. Then she gestured to the empty, dusty street.

Too frightened to venture outside, the crowd in the bar rushed to the saloon window. From there, they saw Kate and the man **strut** to either end of the main street, saw them turn, saw them fire. The man shook violently then his body fell with a thud onto the scorched sand. **Kate nodded her head knowingly at the onlookers**. Then she untied the nearest stallion, jumped on and spurred him forward, back out of the sorry little town.

SC:

Relative embedded clauses

Show character through
action and dialogue

Build tension

The shovel, **which already felt heavy**, blistered the skin on Stanley's soft hands. As he banged it against the hard earth, the vibrations made his bones rattle. It was still dark. The only light came from the stars, more stars than Stanley had ever seen before. It seemed he had only just gotten to sleep when Mr Pedanski had told them they must start digging holes again. The lake, **which was so full of holes and mounds**, reminded Stanley of pictures he'd seen of the moon.

Then, all of a sudden, Magnet called out, "Anybody want some sunflower seeds?" **Stanley didn't. He desperately didn't.** He knew it would mean trouble. Mr Sir, **who had a formidable temper**, was sure to come and check **any moment now**. Stanley didn't reply but the next thing he knew, the sack of sunflower seeds was tumbling into his hole and the seeds were spilling across the dirt. **He felt the panic rising.** He looked up at the **approaching** dust cloud, then back down at the spilled seeds. **Mr Sir's truck was coming. It would be here any minute. There was no time.** It would look like he'd stolen them. Once again, he was in the wrong place at the wrong time. He quickly tried to turn over the dirt and cover them up.

"You Girl Scouts having a good time?" asked Mr Sir as he walked across, **kicking sand towards the holes**. Stanley looked up nervously.

"Keep your head down. You're digging to build character," Mr Sir **shouted** as he came **closer** for his inspection. Then he paused, noticing the corner of the sunflower bag in Stanley's hole. "Well, what do you know?" he said **sneering**. "It looks like you've found something."

"N..N..No, that's not anything," Stanley said, trying to cover the corner of the bag with his spade and accidentally revealing more of it.

Mr Sir grimaced. "I think you better get in the truck, boy," he ordered.