



Year 6

Reading and Writing

Home Learning

Hi year 6,

This is **week five** of your home learning and it includes: reading activities, writing activities and a chance for you to be creative using writing skills. You will need to complete the tasks in order. As always we want you to take care with your handwriting and presentation and are really looking forward to seeing some of the great learning we know you will complete this week so we can add this to our year 6 Star Learning page on the website.

You will recognise our reading task sheets, learning objectives and steps to success. Make sure you use these to help you when working through each of the learning tasks.

Have fun with your learning!

Mrs Davie, Mrs Booth, Mrs McQuay and Mr Richards

Year 6 - Task one – reading focus (40 minutes)

Over the last four weeks, we have explored in detail the setting of Camp Green Lake and have got to know most of the main characters including Stanley Yelnats and the adults who are in charge of the juvenile detention centre. Now we are going to investigate some of the other characters who appear in the story.

Read chapter 22 of the book *Holes* and then complete task one.



22

Stanley was the first one finished. He spat in his hole, then showered and changed into his cleaner set of clothes. It had been three days since the laundry was done, so even his clean set was dirty and smelly. Tomorrow, these would become his work clothes, and his other set would be washed.

He could think of no reason why Zero would dig his hole for him. Zero didn't even get any sunflower seeds. "I guess he likes to dig holes," Armpit had said.

"He's a mole," Zigzag had said. "I think he eats dirt."

"Moles don't eat dirt," X-Ray had pointed out. "Worms eat dirt."

"Hey, Zero?" Squid had asked. "Are you a mole or a worm?" Zero had said nothing. Stanley never even thanked him. But now he sat on his cot and waited for Zero to return from the shower room.

"Thanks," he said as Zero entered through the tent flap. Zero glanced at him, then went over to the crates, where he deposited his dirty clothes and towel. "Why'd you help me?" Stanley asked.

Zero turned around. "You didn't steal the sunflower seeds," he said.

"So, neither did you," said Stanley. Zero stared at him. His eyes seemed to expand, and it was almost as if Zero were looking right through him.

"You didn't steal the sneakers," he said. Stanley said nothing. He watched Zero walk out of the tent. If anybody had X-ray vision, it was Zero.

"Wait!" he called, then hurried out after him. Zero had stopped just outside the tent, and Stanley almost ran into him. "I'll try to teach you to read if you want," Stanley offered. "I don't know if I know how to teach, but I'm not that worn-out today, since you dug a lot of my hole." A big smile spread across Zero's face.

They returned to the tent, where they were less likely to be bothered. Stanley got his box of stationery and a pen out of his crate. They sat on the ground. "Do you know the alphabet?" Stanley asked. For a second, he thought he saw a flash of defiance in Zero's eyes, but then it passed.

"I think I know some of it," Zero said. "A, B, C, D."

"Keep going," said Stanley.

Zero's eyes looked upward. "E . . ." "F," said Stanley.

"G," said Zero. He blew some air out of the side of his mouth. "H . . . I . . . K, P."

"H, I, J, K, L," Stanley said.

"That's right," said Zero. "I've heard it before. I just don't have it memorized exactly."

"That's all right," said Stanley. "Here, I'll say the whole thing, just to kind of refresh your memory, then you can try it." He recited the alphabet for Zero, then Zero repeated it without a single mistake. Not bad for a kid who had never seen Sesame Street!

"Well, I've heard it before, somewhere," Zero said, trying to act like it was nothing, but his big smile gave him away.

The next step was harder. Stanley had to figure out how to teach him to recognize each letter. He gave Zero a piece of paper, and took a piece for himself.

"I guess we'll start with A." He printed a capital A, and then Zero copied it on his sheet of paper. The paper wasn't lined, which made it more difficult, but Zero's A wasn't bad, just a little big. Stanley told him he needed to write smaller, or else they'd run out of paper real quick. Zero printed it smaller.

"Actually, there are two ways to write each letter," Stanley said, as he realized this was going to be even harder than he thought. "That's a capital A. But usually you'll see a small a. You only have capitals at the beginning of a word, and only if it's the start of a sentence, or if it's a proper noun, like a name." Zero nodded as if he understood, but Stanley knew he had made very little sense. He printed a lowercase a, and Zero copied it.

"So there are fifty-two," said Zero. Stanley didn't know what he was talking about. "Instead of twenty-six letters. There are really fifty-two."

Stanley looked at him, surprised. "I guess that's right. How'd you figure that out?" he asked.

Zero said nothing.

"Did you add?"

Zero said nothing.

"Did you multiply?"

"That's just how many there are," said Zero. Stanley raised and lowered one shoulder. He didn't even know how Zero knew there were twenty-six in the first place. Did he count them as he recited them? He had Zero write a few more upper- and lowercase A's, and then he moved on to a capital B. This was going to take a long time, he realized.

"You can teach me ten letters a day," suggested Zero. "Five capitals and five smalls. After five days I'll know them all. Except on the last day I'll have to do twelve. Six capitals and six smalls."

Again Stanley stared at him, amazed that he was able to figure all that out. Zero must have thought he was staring for a different reason, because he said, "I'll dig part of your hole every day. I can dig for about an hour, then you can teach me for an hour. And since I'm a faster digger anyway, our holes will get done about the same time. I won't have to wait for you."

"Okay," Stanley agreed.

As Zero was printing his B's, Stanley asked him how he figured out it would take five days. "Did you multiply? Did you divide?"

"That's just what it is," Zero said.

"It's good math," said Stanley.

"I'm not stupid," Zero said. "I know everybody thinks I am. I just don't like answering their questions."

Later that night, as he lay on his cot, Stanley reconsidered the deal he had made with Zero. Getting a break every day would be a relief, but he knew X-Ray wouldn't like it. He wondered if there might be some way Zero would agree to dig part of X-Ray's hole as well. But then again, why should he? I'm the one teaching Zero. I need the break so I'll have the energy to teach him. I'm the one who took the blame for the sunflower seeds. I'm the one who Mr. Sir is mad at.

He closed his eyes, and images from the Warden's cabin floated inside his head: her red fingernails, Mr. Sir writhing on the floor, her flowered makeup kit. He opened his eyes. He suddenly realized where he'd seen the gold tube before. He'd seen it in his mother's bathroom, and he'd seen it again in the Warden's cabin. It was half of a lipstick container. KB? KB? He felt a jolt of astonishment. His mouth silently formed the name Kate Barlow, as he wondered if it really could have belonged to the kissin' outlaw.

Task one:

Throughout the chapters you have read so far, Kissin Kate Barlow has been referred to as an outlaw. But what is an outlaw? Read the link below and the PowerPoint (Outlaws in the Wild West) to find out about the meaning of this word.

https://www.ducksters.com/history/westward_expansion/famous_gunfighters.php

To gather information about a specific character

Using your knowledge about the meaning of the word 'outlaw' and information from the chapters you have read so far what can we infer about the character Kissin Kate Barlow?

Interpret



Read chapter 23 and 24 of the book Holes and then complete task one.



23

One hundred and ten years ago, Green Lake was the largest lake in Texas. It was full of clear cool water, and it sparkled like a giant emerald in the sun. It was especially beautiful in the spring, when the peach trees, which lined the shore, bloomed with pink and rose-colored blossoms.

There was always a town picnic on the Fourth of July. They'd play games, dance, sing, and swim in the lake to keep cool. Prizes were awarded for the best peach pie and peach jam. A special prize was given every year to Miss Katherine Barlow for her fabulous spiced peaches. No one else even tried to make spiced peaches, because they knew none could be as delicious as hers.

Every summer Miss Katherine would pick bushels of peaches and preserve them in jars with cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg, and other spices which she kept secret. The jarred peaches would last all winter. They probably would have lasted a lot longer than that, but they were always eaten by the end of winter. It was said that Green Lake was "heaven on earth" and that Miss Katherine's spiced peaches were "food for the angels."

Katherine Barlow was the town's only schoolteacher. She taught in an old one-room schoolhouse. It was old even then. The roof leaked. The windows wouldn't open. The door hung crooked on its bent hinges. She was a wonderful teacher, full of knowledge and full of life. The children loved her. She taught classes in the evening for adults, and many of the adults loved her as well. She was very pretty.

Her classes were often full of young men, who were a lot more interested in the teacher than they were in getting an education. But all they ever got was an education. One such young man was Trout Walker. His real name was Charles Walker, but everyone called him Trout because his two feet smelled like a couple of dead fish. This wasn't entirely Trout's fault. He had an incurable foot fungus. In fact, it was the same foot fungus that a hundred and ten years later would afflict the famous ballplayer Clyde Livingston. But at least Clyde Livingston showered every day. "I take a bath every Sunday morning," Trout would brag, "whether I need to or not."

Most everyone in the town of Green Lake expected Miss Katherine to marry Trout Walker. He was the son of the richest man in the county. His family owned most of the peach trees and all the land on the east side of the lake. Trout often showed up at night school but never paid attention. He talked in class and was disrespectful of the students around him. He was loud and stupid.

A lot of men in town were not educated. That didn't bother Miss Katherine. She knew they'd spent most of their lives working on farms and ranches and hadn't had much schooling. That was why she was there— to teach them. But Trout didn't want to learn. He seemed to be proud of his stupidity.

"How'd you like to take a ride on my new boat this Saturday?" he asked her one evening after class.

"No, thank you," said Miss Katherine.

"We've got a brand-new boat," he said. "You don't even have to row it."

"Yes, I know," said Miss Katherine.

Everyone in town had seen— and heard— the Walkers' new boat. It made a horrible loud noise and spewed ugly black smoke over the beautiful lake.

Trout had always gotten everything he ever wanted. He found it hard to believe that Miss Katherine had turned him down. He pointed his finger at her and said, "No one ever says 'No' to Charles Walker!"

"I believe I just did," said Katherine Barlow.

24

Stanley was half asleep as he got in line for breakfast, but the sight of Mr. Sir awakened him. The left side of Mr. Sir's face had swollen to the size of half a cantaloupe. There were three dark-purple jagged lines running down his cheek where the Warden had scratched him. The other boys in Stanley's tent had obviously seen Mr. Sir as well, but they had the good sense not to say anything. Stanley put a carton of juice and a plastic spoon on his tray. He kept his eyes down and hardly breathed as Mr. Sir ladled some oatmeal-like stuff into his bowl.

He brought his tray to the table. Behind him, a boy from one of the other tents said, "Hey, what happened to your face?" There was a crash. Stanley turned to see Mr. Sir holding the boy's head against the oatmeal pot.

"Is something wrong with my face?" The boy tried to speak but couldn't. Mr. Sir had him by the throat.

"Does anyone see anything wrong with my face?" asked Mr. Sir, as he continued to choke the boy. Nobody said anything. Mr. Sir let the boy go. His head banged against the table as he fell to the ground. Mr. Sir stood over him and asked,

"How does my face look to you now?" A gurgling sound came out of the boy's mouth, then he managed to gasp the word, "Fine."

"I'm kind of handsome, don't you think?"

"Yes, Mr. Sir."

Out on the lake, the other boys asked Stanley what he knew about Mr. Sir's face, but he just shrugged and dug his hole. If he didn't talk about it, maybe it would go away. He worked as hard and as fast as he could, not trying to pace himself. He just wanted to get off the lake and away from Mr. Sir as soon as possible. Besides, he knew he'd get a break. "Whenever you're ready, just let me know," Zero had said.

The first time the water truck came, it was driven by Mr. Pendanski. The second time, Mr. Sir was driving. No one said anything except "Thank you, Mr. Sir" as he filled each canteen. No one even dared to look at his grotesque face. As Stanley waited, he ran his tongue over the roof of his mouth and inside his cheeks. His mouth was as dry and as parched as the lake. The bright sun reflected off the side mirror of the truck, and Stanley had to shield his eyes with his hand.

"Thank you, Mr. Sir," said Magnet, as he took his canteen from him.

"You thirsty, Caveman?" Mr. Sir asked.

"Yes, Mr. Sir," Stanley said, handing his canteen to him. Mr. Sir opened the nozzle, and the water flowed out of the tank, but it did not go into Stanley's canteen. Instead, he held the canteen right next to the stream of water. Stanley watched the water splatter on the dirt, where it was quickly absorbed by the thirsty ground. Mr. Sir let the water run for about thirty seconds, then stopped.

"You want more?" he asked. Stanley didn't say anything. Mr. Sir turned the water back on, and again Stanley watched it pour onto the dirt. "There, that should be plenty." He handed Stanley his empty canteen. Stanley stared at the dark spot on the ground, which quickly shrank before his eyes.

"Thank you, Mr. Sir," he said.

Task one:

To explain the choices used by an author

After reading chapter 23, think about the choices the author has made in this chapter by answering the following questions.



1. How is this chapter different to all the other chapters you have read so far?
2. How has the author decided to describe the setting in chapter 23?
3. How has the author decided to describe what this area was used for in chapter 23?
4. How is the setting and what it is used for different to all the other chapters you have read?
5. Why has the author decided to make this change now? What clues does it give you about what might happen next in the story plot?

Read chapter 25 of the book Holes and then complete task one.



25

There was a doctor in the town of Green Lake, one hundred and ten years ago. His name was Dr. Hawthorn. And whenever people got sick, they would go see Doc Hawthorn. But they would also see Sam, the onion man.

"Onions! Sweet, fresh onions!" Sam would call, as he and his donkey, Mary Lou, walked up and down the dirt roads of Green Lake. Mary Lou pulled a cart full of onions. Sam's onion field was somewhere on the other side of the lake. Once or twice a week he would tow across the lake and pick a new batch to fill the cart. Sam had big strong arms, but it would still take all day for him to row across the lake and another day for him to return.

Most of the time he would leave Mary Lou in a shed, which the Walkers let him use at no charge, but sometimes he would take Mary Lou on his boat with him. Sam claimed that Mary Lou was almost fifty years old, which was, and still is, extraordinarily old for a donkey.

"She eats nothing but raw onions," Sam would say, holding up a white onion between his dark fingers. "It's nature's magic vegetable. If a person ate nothing but raw onions, he could live to be two hundred years old."

Sam was not much older than twenty, so nobody was quite sure that Mary Lou was really as old as he said she was. How would he know? Still, nobody ever argued with Sam. And whenever they were sick, they would go not only to Doc Hawthorn but also to Sam. Sam always gave the same advice: "Eat plenty of onions." He said that onions were good for the digestion, the liver, the stomach, the lungs, the heart, and the brain. "If you don't believe me, just look at old Mary Lou here. She's never been sick a day in her life."

He also had many different ointments, lotions, syrups, and pastes all made out of onion juice and different parts of the onion plant. This one cured asthma. That one was for warts and pimples. Another was a remedy for arthritis. He even had a special ointment which he claimed would cure baldness. "Just rub it on your husband's head every night when he's sleeping, Mrs. Collingwood, and soon his hair will be as thick and as long as Mary Lou's tail."

Doc Hawthorn did not resent Sam. The folks of Green Lake were afraid to take chances. They would get regular medicine from Doc Hawthorn and onion concoctions from Sam. After they got over their illness, no one could be sure, not even Doc Hawthorn, which of the two treatments had done the trick. Doc Hawthorn was almost completely bald, and in the morning his head often smelled like onions.

Whenever Katherine Barlow bought onions, she always bought an extra one or two and would let Mary Lou eat them out of her hand.

"Is something wrong?" Sam asked her one day as she was feeding Mary Lou. "You seem distracted."

"Oh, just the weather," said Miss Katherine. "It looks like rain clouds moving in."

"Me and Mary Lou, we like the rain," said Sam.

"Oh, I like it fine," said Miss Katherine, as she rubbed the donkey's rough hair on top of its head. "It's just that the roof leaks in the schoolhouse."

"I can fix that," said Sam.

"What are you going to do?" Katherine joked. "Fill the holes with onion paste?"

Sam laughed. "I'm good with my hands," he told her. "I built my own boat. If it leaked, I'd be in big trouble."

Katherine couldn't help but notice his strong, firm hands. They made a deal. He agreed to fix the leaky roof in exchange for six jars of spiced peaches.

It took Sam a week to fix the roof, because he could only work in the afternoons, after school let out and before night classes began. Sam wasn't allowed to attend classes because he was a Negro, but they let him fix the building. Miss Katherine usually stayed in the schoolhouse, grading papers and such, while Sam worked on the roof. She enjoyed what little conversation they were able to have, shouting up and down to each other. She was surprised by his interest in poetry.

When he took a break, she would sometimes read a poem to him. On more than one occasion, she would start to read a poem by Poe or Longfellow, only to hear him finish it for her, from memory. She was sad when the roof was finished.

"Is something wrong?" he asked.

"No, you did a wonderful job," she said. "It's just that . . . the windows won't open. The children and I would enjoy a breeze now and then."

"I can fix that," said Sam. She gave him two more jars of peaches and Sam fixed the windows.

It was easier to talk to him when he was working on the windows. He told her about his secret onion field on the other side of the lake, "where the onions grow all year round, and the water runs uphill."

When the windows were fixed, she complained that her desk wobbled. "I can fix that," said Sam. The next time she saw him, she mentioned that "the door doesn't hang straight," and she got to spend another afternoon with him while he fixed the door.

Task one:

Throughout chapter 23 and 25 we have been introduced to three new characters:

Katherine Barlow,

Sam the Onion man,

Trout Walker,

1. Select **one** of the new characters to investigate further.
2. Read back through chapter 23 and 25 and focus on the character you have selected. Try to answer the following questions:

- What can you retrieve about this character's personality, appearance, role in the story?
 - What can you infer about this character's personality, appearance, role in the story?
3. Use the information you have gathered to create a character synopsis. During our wolves project you all wrote a character synopsis about your main character and below is an example based upon Stanley.



Stanley Yelnats - The novel's protagonist, Stanley is an overweight kid with a lot of bad luck. He is convicted of a crime he did not commit and is sent to the Camp Green Lake juvenile detention centre. Non-violent and generally kind, Stanley has a difficult time in school and at the camp. Through his experience at the hellish Camp Green Lake he becomes physically stronger and more self-confident. He befriends Zero, another boy at the camp and through this friendship he succeeds in eradicating his family curse.

Year 6 - Task four – reading (1 hour)

Read the rest of chapter 25 of the book Holes and then complete task one.



25 continued.....

By the end of the first semester, Onion Sam had turned the old run-down schoolhouse into a well-crafted, freshly painted jewel of a building that the whole town was proud of. People passing by would stop and admire it. "That's our schoolhouse. It shows how much we value education here in Green Lake." The only person who wasn't happy with it was Miss Katherine. She'd run out of things needing to be fixed.

She sat at her desk one afternoon, listening to the pitter-patter of the rain on the roof. No water leaked into the classroom, except for the few drops that came from her eyes.

"Onions! Hot sweet onions!" Sam called, out on the street. She ran to him. She wanted to throw her arms around him but couldn't bring herself to do it. Instead she hugged Mary Lou's neck.

"Is something wrong?" he asked her.

"Oh, Sam," she said. "My heart is breaking."

"I can fix that," said Sam.

She turned to him. He took hold of both of her hands, and kissed her. Because of the rain, there was nobody else out on the street. Even if there was, Katherine and Sam wouldn't have noticed. They were lost in their own world.

At that moment, however, Hattie Parker stepped out of the general store. They didn't see her, but she saw them. She pointed her quivering finger in their direction and whispered, "God will punish you!"

Task one:

1. Read the information included in the PDF file – A short history of America.
2. It is clear from the text that Sam was treated differently in Camp Green Lake 100 years ago because of the colour of his skin. This quote proves that Sam did not have the same rights as white people did: *Sam wasn't allowed to attend classes because he was a Negro, but they let him fix the building.*
3. At the end of this chapter, one person in the town, Hattie Parker, says 'God will punish you!' Do you think that her opinions are justified?



'God will punish you'

Are Hattie Parker's views justified?

4. Write down your own views about her opinion, use the following questions to help you.
 - Why would Hattie Parker make this comment?
 - Is she right to have this opinion? Think about the time and place she is living in.
 - Would this opinion be appropriate to have now?
 - What do you think she will do next with the information she has?

Read chapter 26 of the book Holes.



26

There were no telephones, but word spread quickly through the small town. By the end of the day, everyone in Green Lake had heard that the schoolteacher had kissed the onion picker.

Not one child showed up for school the next morning. Miss Katherine sat alone in the classroom and wondered if she had lost track of the day of the week. Perhaps it was Saturday. It wouldn't have surprised her. Her brain and heart had been spinning ever since Sam kissed her. She heard a noise outside the door, then suddenly a mob of men and women came storming into the school building. They were led by Trout Walker.

"There she is!" Trout shouted.

"The Devil Woman!" The mob was turning over desks and ripping down bulletin boards.

"She's been poisoning your children's brains with books," Trout declared. They began piling all the books in the center of the room.

"Think about what you are doing!" cried Miss Katherine. Someone made a grab for her, tearing her dress, but she managed to get out of the building. She ran to the sheriff's office.

The sheriff had his feet up on his desk and was drinking from a bottle of whiskey. "Mornin', Miss Katherine," he said.

"They're destroying the schoolhouse," she said, gasping for breath. "They'll burn it to the ground if someone doesn't stop them!"

"Just calm your pretty self down a second," the sheriff said in a slow drawl. "And tell me what you're talking about." He got up from his desk and walked over to her.

"Trout Walker has— "

"Now don't go saying nothing bad about Charles Walker," said the sheriff.

"We don't have much time!" urged Katherine. "You've got to stop them."

"You're sure pretty," said the sheriff. Miss Katherine stared at him in horror. "Kiss me," said the sheriff. She slapped him across the face. He laughed. "You kissed the onion picker. Why won't you kiss me?" She tried to slap him again, but he caught her by the hand. She tried to wriggle free.

"You're drunk!" she yelled.

"I always get drunk before a hanging."

"A hanging? Who— "

"It's against the law for a Negro to kiss a white woman."

"Well, then you'll have to hang me, too," said Katherine. "Because I kissed him back."

"It ain't against the law for you to kiss him," the sheriff explained. "Just for him to kiss you."

"We're all equal under the eyes of God," she declared. The sheriff laughed. "Then if Sam and I are equal, why won't you kiss me?" He laughed again.

"I'll make you a deal. One sweet kiss, and I won't hang your boyfriend. I'll just run him out of town." Miss Katherine jerked her hand free. As she hurried to the door, she heard the sheriff say, "The law will punish Sam. And God will punish you."

She stepped back into the street and saw smoke rising from the schoolhouse. She ran down to the lakefront, where Sam was hitching Mary Lou to the onion cart. "Thank God, I found you," she sighed, hugging him. "We've got to get out of here. Now!"

"What— "

"Someone must have seen us kissing yesterday," she said. "They set fire to the schoolhouse. The sheriff said he's going to hang you!" Sam hesitated for a moment, as if he couldn't quite believe it. He didn't want to believe it.

"C'mon, Mary Lou."

"We have to leave Mary Lou behind," said Katherine. Sam stared at her a moment. There were tears in his eyes.

"Okay."

Sam's boat was in the water, tied to a tree by a long rope. He untied it, and they waded through the water and climbed aboard. His powerful arms rowed them away from the shore. But his powerful arms were no match for Trout Walker's motorized boat. They were little more than halfway across the lake when Miss Katherine heard the loud roar of the engine. Then she saw the ugly black smoke . . .

These are the facts: The Walker boat smashed into Sam's boat. Sam was shot and killed in the water. Katherine Barlow was rescued against her wishes. When they returned to the shore, she saw Mary Lou's body lying on the ground. The donkey had been shot in the head. That all happened one hundred and ten years ago. Since then, not one drop of rain has fallen on Green Lake. You make the decision: Whom did God punish?

Three days after Sam's death, Miss Katherine shot the sheriff while he was sitting in his chair drinking a cup of coffee. Then she carefully applied a fresh coat of red lipstick and gave him the kiss he had asked for. For the next twenty years Kissin' Kate Barlow was one of the most feared outlaws in all the West.

Year 6 - Task six – writing focus (30 minutes)

Inspired by chapter 26, you are going to write your own version of Sam's murder.

To write a narrative inspired by the events in a text.

Purpose: To entertain	Audience: Year 6 children
Write the full version of Sam's murder – what actually happened.	
Steps to success: <ul style="list-style-type: none">- Have I written in 3rd person?- Have I written in past tense?- Have I thought about all the characters' emotions – used show not tell?- Have I described the setting during the event?- Have I used all the senses to create vivid and realistic description?- Have I used a range of sentence types to make my writing interesting and build tension?- Have I used a range of punctuation?- Have I carefully selected language?	
My personal target for this piece of writing:	

The text only gives us a few details about what happened on the lake that night.

These are the facts: The Walker boat smashed into Sam's boat. Sam was shot and killed in the water. Katherine Barlow was rescued against her wishes. When they returned to the shore, she saw Mary Lou's body lying on the ground. The donkey had been shot in the head. That all happened one hundred and ten years ago. Since then, not one drop of rain has fallen on Green Lake. You make the decision: Whom did God punish?

To help get you started I have written the first part of the story.

All you need to do is continue with the story, adding a lot more detail about the events.

It is up to you when you finish the story. You could finish when Sam is shot on the boat or you could finish when Katherine kills the sheriff, it is up to you!

Here is your opening paragraph:

Katherine Barlow always looked forward to Sam the onion man's visits to Green Lake. After he had provided his words of wisdom to the people of the town, Sam would always stop by the school house to buy his favourite spiced peaches from his favourite person Katherine. Katherine Barlow was the town's only school teacher. She enjoyed spending time with Sam; chatting about the weather and stroking and feeding Mary-Lou (Sam's loyal donkey) her weekly onion treat.

It was during one of these meetings that Katherine happened to mention the school houses ill state of repair. "The rainy season is coming soon and we have an awful leak in the roof of the school house."

"I can fix that!" Sam replied without hesitation.

For the next week, Sam visited every day. He spent all afternoon, after school hours, hammering, nailing and painting the roof until it was as good as new. Katherine enjoyed spending time with Sam and she soon found herself thinking of reasons for him to visit her everyday.

As the weeks went by, Sam fixed the windows, Sam fixed the door and finally Sam fixed Katherine's desk. It was only then that Katherine revealed her true feelings for Sam the onion man and one night as the rain poured down on them they kissed for the very first time.

Please send your version of Sam's murder to Y6teachers@shirleyschools.co.uk we would love to read them.

Next week we will be completing some reading and writing activities inspired by a short film.

If you have enjoyed reading Holes we will add the rest of the chapters to our website so you can continue to read it. Thank you for all your home learning based around this text.