

"Holes" by Louis Sachar

The students' task was to write a paragraph from the point of view of a plant, animal, landscape or inanimate object in the novel that comments on the main characters.

Iris (Year 4)

From the perspective of Stanley's 2897th strand of hair

I have witnessed all of it... the shoe robbing, the bus ride (gosh it was boring). And of course the digging. 5 feet wide and deep. He sweats a lot. I mean A L O T. It's like a shower everyday (except a dirty shower) and when he does have showers well it doesn't even hit me! I am close to Stanley's neck, today he got hit over the head by a shovel. I almost died. It was pain. Now he has a big bruise on his neck and instead of being complained about "ugh it's that 2897th strand of hair" it's his no-good-dirty-rotten-pig stealing- great-great-grandfather. I mean I'm clean and beautiful and he is dirty and rotten.

Tristan (Year 6)

From the perspective of Stanley's left sock

The Darkness overwhelmed me as I was slowly placed on Stanley's foot. The toe fungus slowly entering my body. This was torture. The dark green sludge stained my white fluffy fabric making me a sweaty funky mess. The blood was staining me. "Stanley, keep good foot hygiene!".

Jack (Year 5)

Shirt:

Being a shirt is so disgusting and boring. We get sweaty, ripped and dirty. I can't stand my own smell! I've been seeing everything at camp, even when Stanley got hit in the neck by a shovel. I got so bloody and dirty but at least I didn't get hurt.

Flynn (Year 6)

Shovel:

The shovel, the one that gets pounded into the dirt every day, the one that stays in the heat all day and night. I see everything, I know everything, all of the boys and everyone. I'm the one that goes out every day and has no rest. At night I get chained up in case someone tries to use me as a weapon.

James (Year 3)

Dirt

I am a pile of dirt. I tossed around, spat and stepped on. I see the sweat on their faces, the heat causing pain and thirst. From my point of view it is torture.

Samir (Year 6)

Dirt

Hello, that's me a pile of dirt. Every day I get bigger and bigger until the hole I came out of is 5 feet wide and 5 feet deep. I see my brothers and sisters expanding and duplicating every day. There are these diggers who dig us up every day. Mine particularly is a kid named Stanley Yelnats.

Adam (Year 5)

Shovel

The shovel

I'm a shovel. I'm locked up with other shovels at night and slammed into the ground. One of the other shovels was slammed into the back of a neck. Every time I'm used I hear them talking. One of the guys is called Caveman. What's with these funky names? I mean I guess there is a solution, one day when I was put away I heard another guy named Zig Zag talking about sunflower seeds and then the warden came over. I knew it was time to be used.

Mikey (Year 5)

Hole

I'm a hole. As you may see I'm dug by people holding shovels. I'm a hole from Stanley and my family's number goes up. Once I was minding my own business and then I saw magnet with sunflower seeds. They went to Stanley and fall in me. I got a nice snack but it made a mess. Then Stanley filled me with dirt : (There are many animals at Camp Green Lake, like a yellow spotted lizard. I've seen many get murdered by Mr Sir and his rifle. Well that's my point of view and my cousin is a black hole.