

What is happening?	How did Stanley feel?	What did Stanley think?
Stanley is the only passenger on a bus heading to Camp Green Lake after deciding to go there instead of jail.		
The bus slows down and the driver grunts welcome to Camp Green Lake to Stanley. There are no plants and no lake.		
Mr Pendanski introduces Stanley to the other children. He has a 4 minute shower and sleeps in a small, smelly cot.		
Stanley is taken into the desert to dig holes. It is very hard work and his body aches.		
Stanley finds a fossil and then an intriguing golden item. The Warden takes a keen interest in the item. Stanley believes she is looking for something.		

Task:

Imagine you are Stanley. Write a letter home to your Mom telling her about some of the main events that have happened in the story so far. Use the information above and the example letter to help structure your writing.

Challenge – Can you use some dashes in your letter?

Dear Mom,

Although I'm keeping my promise and writing to you on my first day at Camp Green Lake (as I hope to write every day), I have to admit that this is not my first attempt at this letter, but it is my first attempt where I will tell you the truth. Just remember when you read this that I love you and Dad and I am still hopeful...

In my first letters, I tried to pretend: I tried to pretend that I am having a whale of a time at Camp Green Lake; I tried to pretend that I'm at the exciting Camp Fun of my childhood dreams; I tried to pretend that the "vacancies" the judge talked about were something people want to snap up. They're not. My no-good-dirty-rotten-pig-stealing great-great-grandfather has a lot to answer for this time!

When I arrived, the warden (he's called Mr Sir and he's not got an ounce of empathy in him) showed me the camp. Seriously, it's in the middle of nowhere! You'd have to be completely and utterly bonkers to try and escape here; Mr Sir said you'd be buzzard food if you did. I think that means he thinks you'd die - I think he's probably right. It's not all bad though: we're in the middle of this remote, barren nothingness with no place to hide, so there's no need for fences. If there were a few more trees, you might even savour the view! When you sort of squint your eyes a bit, you can almost imagine that the six tents are like the ones we used to pretend were at summer camp when we played games when I was little. Not only that, but I also get to share them with other kids. Alright, so I haven't made friends with them yet, and they do seem a bit mean, but they might end up being friends. There's no reason why not, is there? There's this huge, lump-like tough fella, who the other kids all admire, that looks like he'd be useful in a brawl. I reckon I'll be fine if I get on the right side of him and make some sort of allegiance. .

Can you guess what labour they've got us doing here? I can imagine you laughing out loud as you read this – holes. They've got us digging holes. Perfectly round holes. Five foot wide, five foot deep holes. Honestly, Mum, I wish I were fitter – my whole body aches from the strain of digging. Blisters? I have blisters on my blisters! I was so perplexed when they showed me what I was going to be doing all day; I mean, holes – how are they going to rehabilitate my deviant ways? Although he's the smallest, there's this wiry kid called Zero (we've all got nicknames here – I'm Caveman; that's lots better than Barfbag the kid I replaced) who finished his hole loads quicker than anyone else. He just keeps his head down and digs. Maybe that's what I need to do.

It's nearly time for my shower now. My whole 4 minutes of precious water! I miss you so much, if I were able, I would leave and run right across the desert back to you. I just about finished this attempt at a letter. I'm not sure I can send it though: I just don't want you to worry.

All my love

Stanley