

Parallel Poem From Page 127 of Holes by Louis Sachar

Passage from Novel:

There was a change in the weather.
For the worse.
The air became unbearably humid. Stanley was drenched
in sweat. Beads of moisture ran down the handle of his
shovel. It was almost as if the temperature had gotten
so hot that the air itself was sweating.
A loud boom of thunder echoed across the empty lake.
A storm was way off to the west, beyond the mountains.
Stanley could count more than thirty seconds between
The flash of lightning and the clap of thunder. That was
how far away the storm was. Sound travels a great
distance across a barren wasteland.

Found Poem:

There was a change
For the worse.
The air became humid
Beads of moisture ran down
The handle of his shovel
It was almost as if
The air itself was sweating
Thunder echoed across the empty lake
A storm beyond the mountains.
Thirty seconds between the flash
And the thunder
Sound travels a great distance
Across a barren wasteland

Parallel Poem:

There was a change
For the team
The crowd grew restless
Beads of moisture pooled
In the corners of his eyes
It was almost the same
As the time he blew the touchdown
Thunder grew in the crowded stands
Anger building on the sidelines
Thirty seconds on the game clock
And he kicked
Sound exploded as the ball flew
Across the end zone
And through the uprights