



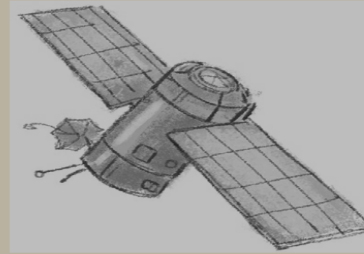
WEEK 2 DAY 1



READ CHAPTER 7 *'I AM ON HOLD'* UP TO *'IN OTHER WORDS SHE CHEATED.'*

Does this part of the text remind you of any other stories? (Hint – Roald Dahl)

I AM ON HOLD



I made the call on the bus to school next day. I remember looking out of the window at all the people: queuing outside the post office, standing at the pedestrian crossing, going in and out of 24-hour Tesco. None of them looked to me like they'd been specially selected. I was going to win. I dialled.

The woman with the friendly voice answered right away. 'Drax Communications. D'you want the opportunity to be the Greatest Dad Ever?'

'Yeah, I do. I really do. I was thinking about it all night . . .' I talked for about a minute before I realized she was a recording.

' . . . if you accept the terms and conditions of this competition, please press the star key now.'

I did.

'We'll take your call as soon as we can. In the meantime, please hold. Remember: all you have to do is get put through.'

They started playing classical music. They were still playing when the bus pulled up at the school gates half an hour later. Every now and then the music would stop and the friendly-voiced woman would say, 'Your call means a lot to us. Please hold.' There must be a lot of people in the queue. Maybe Dad was right. Maybe I wasn't that special.

I was walking in through the school gates when I got a text alert: 'Yes! We have our 1st winner!'

COSMIC

Yes!? What's 'Yes!' about that exactly?

Our first winner is Klaus from Hamburg in Germany, and his daughter Anna. Anna's two great passions are thrill rides and helping others, says her father. 'She once spent twelve hours on the Space Mountain roller coaster at Eurodisney in order to raise money for a local hospital. She hopes to get people to sponsor her to ride the Rocket and so raise money for children who were injured in wars around the world. When her school friends heard about this, they wanted to help her. We knew there might be a problem getting through to the number so they all came to school early and all called the number simultaneously. A boy got through and gave the phone to Anna immediately. She is a worthy winner.'

In other words, she cheated.

Read the rest of Chapter 7 -
How many similarities can you
find?

I was still on hold during registration. Registration's a noisy business so no one noticed the music. But first lesson was maths with Ms Jewell, and maths with Ms Jewell is always full of long silences, for instance:

Ms Jewell: Square root of sixty-four?

Class: Long silence.

Ms Jewell: Anybody? Anybody at all.

Class: More long silence.

So this morning I tried to answer all her questions, just to keep up the noise level and stop her noticing the phone. When she asked something about calculating the volume of a cylinder. I shouted, 'Miss, miss . . .'

'Liam, there is no need to shout, "Miss, miss," if no one else is offering to answer the question. There is no need to try to attract my attention if you have no competition.'

'Yes, miss. Anyway, miss, it's pi times the—'

'Thank you, Liam. I already know the answer. I already know *you* know the answer. I'm hoping to find out if anyone else knows the answer.'

'Wayne probably knows, miss. He's good at maths, miss, but he doesn't always have the confidence to put his—'

'Liam, I'm only too happy to hear your thoughts on geometry. I don't want your thoughts on your fellow pupils.'

'Just going back to the volume of the cylinder then, miss, isn't it—'

'Don't go back to it, Liam. Let someone else have a go.'

'Yes, miss.'

'So . . . volume of a cylinder. Anyone? Anyone at all?'

Long pause. But not silence. A tinny little orchestra fiddling away.

She frowned. She prowled up and down. You could see that she thought it might be in the next room. Or in her head. Finally she said, 'Can anyone else hear music? Or are the angels finally coming to carry me away?'

I laughed at this – probably too loud and definitely too long. No one else joined in but everyone did stare at me – including Ms Jewell, who stared at me and then at my pocket. 'It's Holst, isn't it?' she said.

I said, 'No, miss, it's me,' thinking, Who's Holst?

'This music was written by Gustav Holst. It's called *The Planets*. It's not the usual rubbish. Why're you playing it?'

'Well, miss, I saw a thing on the telly about how if you play classical music in the background your brain really likes it and it makes extra pathways through your synapses. You can get brainier just by listening to classical music. It definitely works, miss – look how many questions I've answered this morning . . .'

She was sort of humming along to the music now. I took the phone out so she could hear better and asked, 'Why's it called *The Planets*, miss?' I know this was cynical. But she's a teacher. She loves questions.

Ms Jewell talked non-stop for the whole lesson about music, about Greek mythology and about the solar system. At one point she tried to explain just how far away Neptune was, and everyone gasped. And then she said, 'And it's a near neighbour compared to the stars . . .'

and she did a massive calculation on the board to show how far away the nearest star was in both kilometres and light years. It was the best lesson she ever gave us.

But I was still on hold at the end of it.

I did get another text alert though:

Our second winner is Samson Two Toure from Waterloo in Sierra Leone. Samson Two is the cleverest boy in the country. Recently his class was given a geography project about irrigation. Some of the other boys got A grades. Samson Two's project was so good that the government bought it. His father says, 'It is important to push your children hard to fulfil their ambitions. Samson Two and I have fun setting achievement targets. For instance, on his tenth birthday he set himself the target of becoming president of our country. I set him the target of winning this competition and he did it by writing a computer program that bypassed the "on hold" part of the phone call and put him straight through to the operator. Although he is not interested in fairground rides, he is looking forward to this opportunity to study one of the Wonders of the World.'

I'm sorry, but if you already live in the Waterloo in Sierra Leone, instead of the Waterloo near Bootle, then you really don't need to go and see the Wonders of the World. Because you already are one of the Wonders of the World – you've got jungles and rivers instead of gasometers and bypasses. It's like the Grand Canyon wanting to come and look at the crack in my bedroom ceiling.

Still two lucky winners left to go. During the kerfuffle between lessons the next one was announced:

Our third winner is Max Martinet of Lille in France. Max's father believes in discipline. 'So many children today are allowed to run wild,' he says. 'Not Max. I insist that he does exactly what he is told to do. If children are bad, you must punish them. If they are good, you must reward them. Max does as he is told. I told him to win this competition and he did.'

See? All these other kids are getting help from their parents. What's my dad doing? Valeting the taxi.

The next lesson was media studies with Mr Middleton, who blatantly hates me. We watched a DVD about the history of washing-powder adverts. No one noticed my phone playing in the background. I wondered how my credit was holding up. I'd now been on hold for three hours. Did it make me want to give up? No. What made me want to give up was the next text message. There were only going to be four winners in the competition, and this was the fourth:

We have a new winner: Hasan Xanadu from Bosnia. Hasan's father, Edhem, says, 'Childhood is a happy time, and how can we be happy if we don't have the things we want? So I give Hasan everything he wants. After all, it's only money. And I can always get more money. For instance, he really loves thrill rides and he wanted to be the first ever to ride the Rocket. So I found the number of the girl who won it for charity. I phoned her and I offered to give the charity twice as much money as she could raise with sponsors. Simple! Everyone has their price!'

If the competition was over, then the music should stop and the lines should be closed. But the music was still playing. Then I realized that if he'd bought the German girl's place, then he wasn't the fourth winner.

He was a replacement first winner.

There was still one chance left.

And now the music had stopped and there was a ringing sound. I was being put through! I pulled the phone out of my pocket and got ready to speak.

A hand snatched the phone out of my hand. It was Mr Middleton.

I pleaded with him not to hang up. 'I'm in a queue, sir. I have been since eight o'clock this morning.'

'No mobiles in class – an invariable rule and basic good manners. You should know that.'

'Please don't hang up.'

I could hear a friendly woman's voice talking on the phone. I was through!

He snapped the phone shut and smiled. 'Tell me,' he said, 'what was important about the new ideas that Omo used to promote their washing powder in the 1960s?'

'What was important about them?'

'I'll give you a clue. Suds. Longer-lasting suds. Now then. Anything? No. You weren't listening to me, were you? What were you listening to? Little voices in your head? Or on your mobile? Maybe you'd like to tell the rest of us what they were saying.'

It was a Level Seventy Monster Question, the kind you're supposed to walk away from. But I Engaged instead. I said, 'Recent studies have shown that the chances of an asteroid hitting Earth any time in the next hundred years are five thousand to one. Blatantly the odds get stronger with every day that passes. A big enough asteroid could cause total global extinction. And therefore, it doesn't matter how long your suds last. And it doesn't matter if you've been specially selected or not.'

Sometimes you don't need to take the Elixir of the Mages first. Sometimes if you simply step up to the monster, the elixir just comes.

He sent me out of the class.











USE THE PROVIDED RESOURCE AND THE LINK BELOW TO THINK ABOUT WHAT HAPPENS IN CHARLIE AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY

(POWERPOINT NEEDS TO BE IN PRESENTATION MODE FOR THE LINK BELOW TO WORK.)

Focus on the golden tickets and how each family win them.

The four rotten children

How is this similar to Klaus and Anna in Cosmic and how they win their ticket?

 <p>Charlie Bucket</p> <p>This is Charlie. How d'you do? And how d'you do? And how d'you do again? He is pleased to meet you.</p>	 <p>Willy Wonka</p> <p>'Mr Willy Wonka is the most amazing, the most fantastic, the most extraordinary chocolate maker the world has ever seen!'</p>	 <p>The Oompa-Loompas</p> <p>'Of course they're real people,' Mr Wonka answered. 'They're Oompa-Loompas.'</p>	 <p>Grandpa Joe</p> <p>Grandpa Joe was the oldest of the four grandparents. He was ninety-six and a half, and that is just about as old as anybody can be.</p>	 <p>Augustus Gloop</p> <p>The picture showed a nine-year-old boy who was so enormously fat he looked as though he had been blown up with a powerful pump.</p>
 <p>Veruca Salt</p> <p>The lucky person was a small girl called Veruca Salt who lived with her rich parents in a great city far away.</p>	 <p>Violet Beauregarde</p> <p>'I'm a gum chewer, normally,' she shouted, 'but when I heard about these ticket things of Mr Wonka's, I gave up gum and started on chocolate bars in the hope of striking lucky.'</p>	 <p>Mike Teavee</p> <p>Mike Teavee himself had no less than eighteen toy pistols of various sizes hanging from belts around his body...</p>	 <p>Mr Bucket</p> <p>Mr Bucket was the only person in the family with a job. He worked in a toothpaste factory, where he sat all day long at a bench and screwed the little caps on to the tops of the tubes of toothpaste after the tubes had been filled.</p>	 <p>Mrs Bucket</p> <p>Mr and Mrs Bucket have a small boy whose name is Charlie...</p>

MAIN TASK - COMPLETE THE COMPARISON TABLE IN YOUR BOOKS OR ON THE SHEET.

Which characters are similar? How? What about the setting? The problems and solutions that characters face?

Title	Characters	Setting	Problem	Solution
Cosmic by Frank Cottrell Boyce				
Charlie and the Chocolate Factory by Roald Dahl				

Plenary

Which parts of each story are similar? What parts are different?

