



## Key stage 2 (KS2) English writing teacher assessment moderation: national training 2019/20

### Pupil scripts

### Key stage 2 English writing training exercise 1

For the purpose of this training exercise, you should assume that following the discussion with the teacher during the moderation visit, you are satisfied that the writing is independent, including the use of any source material, and that any edits are the pupil's own.

### Pupil A

This collection includes:

- A) a short story
- B) a recount
- C) a letter
- D) a short story
- E) a balanced argument
- F) a science investigation

## Key stage 2 training exercise 1

### Pupil A – Piece A: a short story

Context: following a class reading of 'Tom's Midnight Garden', pupils were asked to write a story, incorporating a time slip between the present and the past, which links the main characters. The pupil uses a significant birthday gift of a photograph as the means by which her character, Anabeth, goes back in time, just as Tom used the clock in the novel.

"Happy 13<sup>th</sup> Birthday Ana!" Anabeth's mother exclaimed loudly, while handing Anabeth her birthday present.

"Thanks mum," she grinned; "but you really didn't have to get me anything."

"Ahh, come on, I didn't!"

Suddenly, Ana tore off the blue and pink polka dot wrapping paper, and laughed.

"Wow! Thank you so much! It's just what I ~~wanted~~ <sup>needed</sup>!"

She smiled at the neon blue pumps.

"Ok... I'm going to go and try them on!" She got up and ~~walked out of the room~~ <sup>walked to the front.</sup>

"Oh... Wait dear, there's another present!" The excited mother was holding a rectangular box wrapped in brown, crusty paper.

Ana stared at the present with sadness. She knew what it was. She knew that as soon as she opened it, she would weep.

"Umm... Oh," she cried, "I always tried to forget about that!"

Her mother, now whimpering, placed it gently in Anabeth's cold peach hands.

"It's ok," she said sighing, "you don't have to open it."

Ana's mother stroked her daughter on the back.

"No," Ana murmured, while letting her tears fall like raindrops. "I'll open it."

She tore off the mud colored wrapping paper and fell to her knees.  
"Dad..." Anabeth cried.

Suddenly, everything started to shake, everything started to disappear, everything was gone, exactly, gone. Soon, it was just Anabeth and the photograph of her family; darkness...

"Mum?" she asked with bewilderment. "Mum? Where am I?"

All of a sudden, Ana fell, and fell, and fell. Then, landed on a mossy surface. The light found itself again. But she was not in her stark living room, like she was seconds ago. Anabeth found herself lying on a battlefield.

Slowly, she got up with ~~bewilderment~~ <sup>congruent</sup> in her head and gear in her eyes. She looked around, and noticed a figure; a tall figure; with dark hair and ocean blue eyes, just like hers. Soon after, there were 5 more figures, 10, 11-thousands... She turned around with gear and legs ready to run; but she couldn't run, she was planted in ~~scumby~~ <sup>squelching</sup> mud: mixed with scarlet blood. Before she knew it, there were millions of injured and bloodied soldiers lying on the muddy floor ground...

"Ahhhhhhhh!" She screamed with fright <sup>while trying</sup> and tried to move her feet, but they wouldn't budge. She needed to get out, she needed to get! But how? Suddenly, she remembered the photo, maybe that was the way back; back to home; back to ~~mean~~ her mother. She started to search around her, but she could just not find the picture, it was gone. She Anabeth, allowed her clear tears fall freely down her cheeks. Ana knew it, this was the end...

"He...hello?" She heard a voice, a voice familiar.

"Hello?" She cried, "is anyone there?"

Ana looked around with hope.

"err... look down," the voice whispered.

She peered down at the young Soldier, with bafflement.

The man had brown hair and ocean blue eyes...

"Dad?"

"Umh?" He questioned, "Do I know you?"

"Yes. Umh... come on, we need to get you to a hospital."

"Please?"

Anabeth ~~stunned~~ took a glance at the Soldier's shot-gun wound, ~~and~~ <sup>while</sup> ~~pushed~~ <sup>helping</sup> him up.

"Only one problem..." she mumbled, "I'm stuck."

"oh."

With all his power, he pulled; and pulled and finally... POP!

"Thank you. Now come on."

They hobbled and limped to the nearby hospital.

Anabeth sat next to her injured father, thinking about the picture and where it would be. All of a sudden, her knees buckled and she felt like she was leaning forward. She blacked out...

"Dear? Dear?"

Ana noticed that voice, and to her <sup>it was</sup> a relief.

"Mum?" She managed to open her eyes, "Mum?"

She threw herself at her mother.

"You've been asleep for hours!"

"I had the most craziest dream!" She noticed that she was back in the same old living room; and with a huge sigh of relief.

"Your father and I have been worried sick!"

She peered at her mother.

"Wait what?" she asked, puzzled, "dad's dead, dad's gone!"

"Oh, don't be so silly!" her mother laughed "Your father's upstairs!"

She had to see this for herself; She crept upstairs and opened the <sup>lean</sup> green wooden door...

"Dad!"

## Key stage 2 training exercise 1

### Pupil A – Piece B: a recount

Context: pupils participated in a Viking workshop as part of a history topic. They experienced a number of Viking activities, listened to Viking stories and wore traditional Viking clothing. Pupils used photographs taken during the workshop to plan and write a recount, informing parents of the day's events.

Viking Day  
When I walked into the hall, I turned my head around and saw the most peculiar sight. It was a man, dressed in linen, who had very long hair. He was very ~~pleasant~~ welcoming, of ~~course~~ <sup>course</sup>, but had a lot of weapons ~~and scarves~~ surrounding him. The first words he said were G'DAR! I didn't know what he meant but I repeated the words back. No one knew what he meant but he explained that they meant, good day. It was Viking language. I knew this by the weapons, fur, runes and by the fact that it was Viking Day.

Firstly, he told us to turn around. We saw some tunics, ropes, head scarves and hats. We had to put these on, starting with a tunic. Then we sat down again, and he told us about the Vikings and that people had completely got them wrong. The man's name was Gary, and he was really funny. Suddenly DONG!! The bell rang for playtime. During break everyone was looking at us, obviously, because we were wearing head scarves, tunics <sup>and</sup> ropes.

After break the man told us more about the Vikings and their lands and society. He also told us some Viking legends and stories, in which he included the fur skins of animals. It was really fun. After lunch we did a load of activities.



including making oil lamps out of clay, learning to fight with a spear and ~~making~~ drawing a board game on a piece of cloth with charcoal (which was really hard), and the Gary kept on blowing this really loud horn that I'm pretty much certain that the whole school heard. But then the day came to an end and we had to give Gary back our tunics and pack away. Then Gary let us ~~answer~~ <sup>ask a few</sup> some questions, some of which ~~were~~ <sup>had</sup> very interesting answers.

At the very, very end Gary told us how to remember all the things we learnt about: sailors, farmers, raiders, settlers, traders and crofters - and that was the end of the day.

## Key stage 2 training exercise 1

### Pupil A – Piece C: a letter

Context: pupils participated in a Viking workshop as part of a history topic. They experienced a number of Viking activities, listened to Viking stories and wore traditional Viking clothing. Each pupil wrote a letter, thanking the workshop leader for the day, and making recommendations for future workshops. The school sent a selection of the letters to the workshop provider.

Dear Gary,

I would like ~~to~~ to thank you for teaching us a lot about the Vikings. It was really <sup>good</sup> fun. I enjoyed it because it was very entertaining.

First of all, I loved it when we were sitting on the carpet and benches, and you were telling us that story about the man and the beacons. We were all just gazing at you, when all of a sudden...Ding!! You hit the shield with a silver sword. That was one of my favourite parts ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> about the day. Another one of my favourite parts, was when you were telling us about the marriages and honey moon, because it was very interesting and intriguing.

I liked it when we were all lined up with shields and fake spears, and you told us to shout as loudly as we could, when already everyone was looking at us. I tried as hard as I could not to shout too loudly, otherwise we would have blown the roof off! I enjoyed this part because it made me feel alive. It made me feel indescribable. I also loved making the board game, although it was really challenging, but I love a challenge.

I ~~loved~~ <sup>was most intrigued</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>which enjoyed</sup> when you told us some of the Viking legends, especially when you told us about the Odin one, and that some of the days of the week were named after Viking gods. It was really, really cool.



The only improvement, I'd say would be maybe more activities because we had a little more time at the end. But apart from that I loved it. It was an amazing day. Thankyou very much for the wonderful visit. I hope you can take my idea on ~~board~~<sup>board</sup> board.

Yours sincerely

Mxxxxxx

## Key stage 2 training exercise 1

### Pupil A – Piece D: a short story

Context: pupils had become familiar with the main events of 'Macbeth' as part of their work on storytelling. They acted out the plot and explored some features of the language used in the play. They then rewrote the story in their own way, using some of the language features discussed.

## Macbeth

One spooky midnight two weary knights, who came by the names of Macbeth and Banquo, were trudging through the misty, murky moors <sup>while</sup> celebrating their late victory of defeating the Norwegians in battle. All of a sudden, three raggedy hags ~~appear~~ appeared!

"Thane of Glamis," the first witch, as that's what they were, cackled loudly.

"Thane of Cawdor!" the second haggard witch spat.

"King," the third ~~was~~ whispered creepily.

"But how can that be?" asked Macbeth with confusion, "I am nothing more than Thane of Glamis."

But the disgusting hags were no ~~hard~~ <sup>where</sup> to be seen.

Suddenly Macbeth's messenger arrived ~~excited~~ <sup>crushed</sup>, and bowed.

"Macbeth," he took a breath, "Thane of Cawdor."

Oh how he <sup>Macbeth</sup> started to scheme!

When Macbeth got back to his home, he told his wife all of that had happened, and to him that day. <sup>and</sup> how they started to plot!

"Come ~~on~~," Lady Macbeth said <sup>grinned</sup> ~~slightly~~. "You know you want to."

"But he's the king," Macbeth said, unsure of <sup>their</sup> ~~his~~ plan to kill ~~the~~ <sup>them</sup> the king. "Won't we get caught?"

"No." Lady Macbeth said giggling. "We won't, you might. But that's why I've got this," she said greedily holding up a jar of sleeping pills. "We'll ~~do~~ invite the king over for a celebration. While he's sleeping, ~~we~~ drug the guards, you sneak into his room and do the dirty work and we plant it on the guards. Just think of the power."

"Ha. Ha. Ha - ~~years~~ years."

The next night, Macbeth and Lady Macbeth invited the king <sup>to go to</sup> ~~around~~ their house; they had a glorious feast.

"Sleep now," Lady Macbeth mischievously <sup>said to the king,</sup> "you look very tired." <sup>ok</sup> The king yawned, as he slowly got into <sup>an</sup> ~~an~~ bed.

Sleepily, Duncan drifted into his final sleep.

Meanwhile, Lady ~~Macbeth~~ <sup>Macbeth</sup> was drugging the guards outside the king's <sup>wooden</sup> door. ~~Once~~ Once the guards were sleeping, Macbeth sneaked into the room. He stared at the <sup>like</sup> ~~room~~ he was about to take for <sup>four</sup> ~~two~~ seconds, and thought, is this me? Has she climbed into my mind? He had so many questions. Then

suddenly, the dagger dropped into the king's wounded body. Woosh! Squish! Drip! Quickly, Macbeth pulled the bloody blade out of the <sup>now</sup> lifeless body. He tried not to get blood everywhere but he just couldn't help it! Flesh and blood dropped everywhere, as he tip-toed out like nothing happened...

On the morning of their coronation, Lady Macbeth and Macbeth hired someone to kill Banquo, as he knew Lady Macbeth and Macbeth had killed the king. Macbeth hired someone because he couldn't take the excruciating pain of ruining Macbeth and Banquo's friendship. In fear of their own lives, King Duncan's sons ran away! After their coronation the Macbeth and Lady Macbeth trudged back to the misty murky rooms where Macbeth and the late Banquo saw the cackling witches. Suddenly three ugly hags appeared, the same ugly hags that read the prophecy.

"Beware Macduff!" the first witch cackled.

"Beware man born by no woman!" the second witch spat.

"Beware Birnam Woods!" the third hag whispered grakely.

With fear of Macduff, Macbeth <sup>and his army</sup> charged at Macduff's country mansion and killed every soul inside. Luckily for Macduff, he was on a trip and wasn't at home, but sadly, Macduff's wife and children were at the mansion



and died. When Macduff found out he was full <sup>of</sup> with rage and wanted to take revenge. While Macbeth was at Macduff's mansion, Lady Macbeth committed suicide with regret! Surprisingly when Macbeth found out he wasn't full of sorrow - he was happy! In fact, he didn't even care! He was more distracted by the fact that he kept on seeing Banquo's ghost!

Macbeth found out, by his messenger, that Macduff wasn't killed and was furious. So furious that he ~~was~~ charged - once again - to into Birnam Woods with an army, even though the witches told him to beware. So B. Seely got Macbeth, his army ran away because they were afraid. So Macbeth ran triumphantly to Macduff's country mansion. When he got to Macduff's home, Macduff and Macbeth battled, ~~each~~ each swinging a sword, throwing a punch. The goal for Macbeth was power, but the goal for Macduff was vengeance. Macbeth thought he could ~~not~~ beat Macduff but Macduff was the one who could defeat Macbeth, according to the prophecy. Suddenly, Macduff swung his sword, aimed at Macbeth's neck and 'Chop! Woosh! Squish! Dip!' Macbeth was dead! Macduff walked back to the castle with Macbeth's <sup>bloody</sup> head in his hands.

"Rejoice!" Donalbain, <sup>one of</sup> King Duncan's sons, shouted happily.

"Hail King Malcom!" ~~another~~ <sup>the oldest</sup> ~~one~~ of King Duncan's sons laughed.

Everybody was celebrating ~~as~~ <sup>because</sup> Prince Malcom became King Malcom.

"Yay!" a person dressed in green yelled.

No More Death or Murder. Justice had been done.

The End.



## Key stage 2 training exercise 1

### Pupil A – Piece E: a balanced argument

Context: pupils researched the topic of graffiti and explored different, often conflicting, views. They debated and wrote about the topic in various ways. Having learnt about the features of argument, they then wrote this piece to present their views to the local council.

#### Should Graffiti be made legal?

Some people <sup>argue</sup> say that graffiti symbolises a declined neighbourhood. Others ~~say~~ while other people believe it is an <sup>expressive</sup> ~~reasonable~~ piece of art, but ~~constantly~~ continuously, both of these opinions are being judged. There is no doubt that this is a raging argument that ~~no~~ is in desperate need of solving.

It is a fact that some graffiti can be considered a work of art yet, on the other hand, some can be spiteful and rude. Consequently, graffiti is mostly on places it shouldn't be on, however there are allocated places for graffiti, so artists can be recognised without getting into trouble.

No one can deny that <sup>some</sup> graffiti is offensive and quite scary but if perpetrators get caught writing rude and offensive things then they will be compelled to clean the vandalism off and as well as ~~over~~ get a fine or community service. Some people say it is a bad influence for younger children but, on the contrary, children can be informed that its graffiti vandalism is against the law and <sup>can</sup> be brought up in a kind but firm way to be against bad graffiti offensive material.

To conclude my balanced argument, clearly the art version of graffiti is ~~steadily~~ misunderstood unlike <sup>think</sup> unsightly vandalism which, if the artists are caught, <sup>they</sup> should get severely punished. I hope you have formed a clearer view on the matter.

# Key stage 2 training exercise 1

## Pupil A – Piece F: a science investigation

Context: pupils were asked to make predictions about whether different foods could be used to make a circuit. They then undertook a practical activity to investigate the capacity of 3 different foods to act as a cell and recorded their findings. Following a class discussion, pupils wrote up their experiment in full.

Which out of a potato, a lemon and a bread roll acts as a battery?

Method:

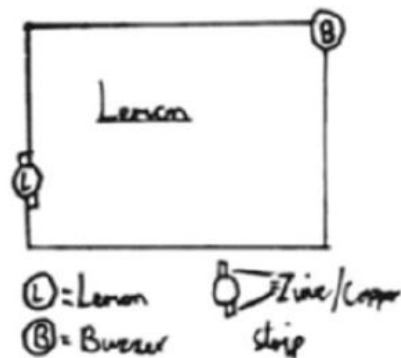
Last week, we did an experiment testing whether a potato, lemon or a bread roll acts as a cell. My prediction was that the lemon was going to work, and the others weren't. We used two pieces of metal called copper and zinc. Firstly, we would stick the two pieces of metal either side of the object. Then we would connect the red wire to the copper and the black wire to the zinc; after that, we would listen for a buzz. If it buzzed, then that would mean the object acted as a cell, <sup>and was a conductor of electricity,</sup> but if it didn't then that would mean it wouldn't <sup>conduct</sup> electricity.

Object	WHY?	x	✓	Equipment
Bread Roll	No moisture.	✓		• Zinc Strip • Copper Strip
Potato	It has moisture.		✓	• Lemon • Bread Roll
Lemon	It has moisture as well.		✓	• Potato • Wires • Buzzer

Conclusion:

It turns out that the potato and the bread roll didn't. This is because of the chemicals in the potato - they act as a low-power battery. As we wait for the buzz, the chemicals in the ~~lemon~~ <sup>lemon</sup> and potato create a negative charge in the zinc strip, then electrons move from the zinc strip and travel up the wire attached, and travel up to the copper strip, which becomes the positive end of the circuit.

lemon both worked but the citrus acid in the



## Key stage 2 English writing training exercise 2

For the purpose of this training exercise, you should assume that following the discussion with the teacher during the moderation visit, you are satisfied that the writing is independent, including the use of any source material, and that any edits are the pupil's own.

### Pupil B

This collection includes:

- A) a character description
- B) a promotional leaflet
- C) a first-person narrative
- D) a non-chronological report
- E) a legend
- F) a letter

## Key stage 2 training exercise 2

### Pupil B – Piece A: a character description

Context: having read the first few chapters of 'Charlie and the Chocolate Factory' (Roald Dahl), pupils undertook hot seating activities to explore some of the characters in the book. They considered the features of an effective character description before writing a profile about a character of their choice.

The first finder was a man called Willy Wonka, and Mr Bucket's evening newspaper carried a large picture of him on the front page.

The picture showed a crazy, dazzling man with a hilarious smile. His face was as clean as a whistle. On his head he had a fabulous top hat. On his chest there was an enormous bowtie. He had a crazy smile and a pointy nose. Mr Willy Wonka had two big eyes as big as a chocolate bar. His wonderful cane made him as happy as an elephant in water. His arms were dangling tree branches. He was a bouncing frog full of energy and power. His eyes that shone were like delicate diamonds.

Mr Willy Wonka told the reporter "Whoever has a golden ticket is aloud in my factory any time??"



## Key stage 2 training exercise 2


### Pupil B – Piece B: a promotional leaflet

Context: as part of their exploration of 'Charlie and the Chocolate Factory' (Roald Dahl), pupils were informed that a new chocolate factory was to be opened. They read reviews of local attractions before designing and writing a leaflet promoting the new factory.

Discover the magnificently wonderful, magical world of chocolate.

As you step into the world's biggest and best chocolate factory immerse yourself in the deliciously wonderful sights and smells.

Lose yourself in the greatest, latest and top secret inventions.



### The Rooms

#### 1. The Chocolate room.

The heart of the factory is where it all happens. Feast your eyes on the great brown river and uncover how chocolate is made.

#### 2. The Inventing Room.

Where Wonka's newest creations come to life!

3. Meet the fabulous, inventive Willy Wonka and the mysterious singing Oompa Loompas.

#### 4 The Great Glass Lift-

Experience how the children felt in the lift that can go anywhere.

### Key information

- Great free samples of chocolate
- Free parking
- Special events
- School visits welcome
- Mouth-watering restaurants
- Discounts for school trips

For more information  
email Wonka's  
world'@factory.co.uk

## Key stage 2 training exercise 2

### Pupil B – Piece C: a first-person narrative

Context: having read 'The Land of Neverbelieve' (Norman Messenger), pupils were asked to imagine they had visited the part of the island that most appealed to them. Using pictures from the book as a guide, they wrote a first-person narrative, describing the scenery and wildlife encountered.

In front of me I saw a beastly mountain with creepy horns but it ~~was~~ <sup>had</sup> 3 snail eyes. Puzzled I saw rocks that looked like deadly teeth that could shred you to pieces. I could smell something rotting I carried it to sea to give it a ~~wash~~ <sup>bath</sup> then I took it back. But when I came out ~~everything~~ <sup>everything</sup> started to shake. I saw something swoop at me I ran but it wouldn't stop trying to attack me but I tried climbing in the trees <sup>jumping</sup> from tree to tree.

The red mountain bleeding down like syrup on ~~pancakes~~ <sup>pancakes</sup> his beady eyes looks like it was going to threaten me. The rocks that looked like teeth were sharper than a knife. The mountain had a huge arch. The rest of the mountain had weird heads. One had a wolf shaped face but the ~~others~~ <sup>other</sup> had a ghostly snout. My face paled as I saw a rotten mountain head.

Carefully I walked ~~around~~ <sup>around</sup> Neverbelieve Island. I found a tree, it had lost its leaves and it looked <sup>like</sup> it was dying. I tried spraying it with water but nothing happened <sup>it</sup> started to decay it smelled of rotting fish but then I found a snail. It had a creepy <sup>shiny</sup> eye on ~~its~~ <sup>its</sup> shell. I could hear something that ~~sounded~~ <sup>sounded</sup> like a ~~roar~~ <sup>roar</sup>. I saw one <sup>little</sup> bloody eye but ~~when~~ <sup>when</sup> I looked back at the tree it had shrunk. On the branches I saw <sup>little</sup> hands trying to hit me. Slowly I walked away ~~but~~ <sup>but</sup> I couldn't see anyone. I walked back into the mountains. I saw a skeleton. I tried ~~swimming~~ <sup>swimming</sup> off Neverbelieve island but I kept getting ~~whor~~ <sup>whor</sup> washed back to the island. I decided to get off the island.



## Key stage 2 training exercise 2

### Pupil B – Piece D: a non-chronological report

Context: during a visit to Warner Bros. Studio, pupils observed how hybrid creatures were created for films. They later designed their own imaginary creature before writing a non-chronological report about their creation, drawing on the stimulus text 'Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them' (JK Rowling), clips from the corresponding film and a modelled text about a mantichore.

The Butter Buck, which is a combination of a butterfly, a bear and a duck, is a mythical creature that can breathe under water. It inhabits water, air and caves. It also likes hiding in trees.

It has beautiful butterfly wings which makes him fly so fast. He has a duck mouth that creates a sonic scream. He has a long snake tail like a grappling hook to hook onto anything. Interestingly, he has duck feet that allow him to swim fast underwater. Curiously his duck nose can smell blood from 500 miles away. He has a rhino's ear that can hear at great distances. When observed close up, you can see that his hands are really sticky which enables him to climb walls. The Butter Buck makes a quacking sound that shoot you backwards for miles. The eyes can see through anything and nothing can stop him. This makes him a formidable predator:

The Butter Buck has a very peculiar diet. He eats a fish whole. Also it eats pizza (he eats a slice in a second). He also eats hamburgers, waffles, hot dogs, sausages and chips. He drinks water, coke, 7up, pepsi. This creature robs all the food from fast food restaurants. Plus he eats strawberry laces. He grabs it with his feet. Because of his strange diet he has so many stomach aches.

A Butter Buck who is a very brave beast is surprisingly very fast. Smart. The Butter Buck has the magical ability to fly especially fast. The Butter Buck is very vicious so it protects itself from danger. When being attacked, a Butter Buck is threatening because it will get a knive. When the Butter Buck is grumpy don't go near me it because it will kill you! It has an aggressive personality which is very deadly. It is clear that the Butter Buck is a formidable creature.

## Key stage 2 training exercise 2

### Pupil B – Piece E: a legend

Context: pupils explored the legend 'King Krakus and the Dragon' (Janina Domanska). They then used the structure of the source stimulus to write a story based on their imaginary creature, a town of their choice and an original hero.

Not so long ago, there was a town called Hamsbury, that was a peaceful town. People enjoyed fishing, feeding ducks and shopping. As you walked through the town, you could hear the birds singing and people chatting. There were never any fights or arguments and everyone was happy all day everyday.

But one day Hamsbury was attacked again by a mysterious beast who had put his head above the ~~sewage~~ <sup>sewers</sup>. He had two long, beautiful but deadly wings and his duck mouth was so loud your ears ~~broke~~ broke. His long snake tail was a grappling hook when the people saw it they trembled in fear and ran into their homes, locked their doors and hid under the bed.

"we are the army. we will deystroy the beast he is no threat to us." "The beast shall not live. we have the best guns to deystroy it before it deystroys us." "why won't you die?" said ~~commander~~ commander Fred. It's so strong the people thought. Everyone shivered and said "we're even more scared than before." "what can we do commander Fred?" said george. "I don't know how we are going to kill them, we have nothing test to fight with he's too powerful." "we need to tell the mayor but he goe in his car and ran away <sup>on</sup> hang we put a tracker on his car."

"Everyone please come to town hall I have a plan!" said Harry "If everyone goes and hides in their houses I can trick the beast and use his weakness against him." Everyone hid in their homes. The beast came out in the dead of night. Harry got his katana and tried to kill him by the throwing it at him but he jumped out of the way. He got Kryptonite from his pocket (Kryptonite is the beast's weakness.) and threw it in his mouth. He jumped around and ~~exploded~~ exploded everywhere. He had finally killed the beast.

Harry went to the town hall and got a microphone. He announced the butler buck was no more. Because the mayor left, the people made Harry mayor and give him beer.



## Key stage 2 training exercise 2

### Pupil B – Piece F: a letter

Context: as part of their work in geography, pupils learnt about a cocoa-growing co-operative in Ghana. They explored a case study of life in Mim (a village in rural Ghana), drew inferences about the lives of local people from a series of pictures and made notes from online interviews. Pupils then wrote a letter to a friend, informing them about their daily life in Ghana.

Dear Roman

My name is Harry, I am writing to you about the life in Mim. I live in a small cottage I am ten years old. I have two older brothers, my mum and dad, is what we with.

I have a big family my mum stays at home so she does the for when we come home and my dad works as a cocoa farmer. My brother who is the <sup>oldest</sup> also works as a cocoa farmer but my mum also tries to supply of food. When me and my brother <sup>come</sup> home we <sup>help</sup> around ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> house <sup>or</sup> with the farming my mum and dad find it boring, we find it fun.

Some people think it is ~~always~~ <sup>always</sup> sunny but sometimes we can be horrible and wet. There is also thunder and lightning which is always the worst part of the weather and thanks as it sometimes my parents get time off. This is really bad weather but sometimes it can be good.

I go to Axxxxxxx primary school where I learn how to do sports but my brother goes to high school where he learns to write. My teacher is called Mr. Axxxxxxx and my brother's teacher is called Mrs Bxxxxxxx who is a lovely adores my big brother.

In our free time we love to play netball after school I am always in goal and he kicks the ball.

Bye. Harry

## Key stage 2 English writing training exercise 3

For the purpose of this standardisation exercise, you should assume that following the discussion with the teacher during the moderation visit, you are satisfied that the writing is independent, including the use of any source material, and that any edits are the pupil's own.

### Pupil C

This collection includes:

- A) a short story
- B) a science investigation
- C) an information text
- D) a pair of historical narratives
- E) a continuation of a chapter
- F) a formal letter

## Key stage 2 training exercise 3

### Pupil C – Piece A: a short story

Context: as part of a unit on narrative writing, pupils were asked to use their skills to build tension in a story about an assassination, particularly by hiding the identity of the perpetrator.

#### The Assassin

The gloomy silhouettes suddenly disappeared, as the crescent moon was released from its prison. The light shone weakly onto the building opposite... just enough for the killer to search the derelict alleyway below him. The assassin gave a sinister grin, his shaggy dark coat hiding him from anyone who dared to enter his domain.

"Any time now," the murderer thought to himself. He lay low in the darkness, his eyes fixed upon the street in which the unfortunate culprit would creep out onto, waiting for the moment when he would strike. Blood raced through his body, his pulse quickening with every moment that passed.

After what felt like an eternity, with his limbs aching, the building to the right of him began to shake, before long doing so more vigorously and emitting odd noises: Grack! Rackt!

"Finally," smiled the assassin, "my time to shine."

Without warning, the noises abruptly came to a halt. Tensing his body, he steadied his legs, crouching low, preparing to pounce. And then...out flew a piece of sewage.

"Dang it!" he wailed.

Now, more infuriated than he had ever been, he repositioned his body, determined to end this embarrassment of a murder.

He took a long, deep breath, cautiously scanning his surroundings, once again the gloom sweeping over him in a curtain of black. The victim suddenly appeared, oblivious to his whereabouts. Hovering above him, the assassin gave a smirk. Swoop! Rip!

"Easy as you like!" he laughed.

A dead rat lay on the cobbled street, the mud gradually oozing over the dry skin. With a sense of glee, the barn owl flew triumphantly back to its lookout, the rat dangling from his claws, as he readied for the feast ahead.



## Key stage 2 training exercise 3

### Pupil C – Piece B: a science investigation

Context: as part of their work in science, pupils were asked to create a fair test to investigate how changing one variable of a magic bean would affect the speed of its descent down a ramp. Having conducted the experiment and recorded their findings, pupils then wrote up their experiment in full.

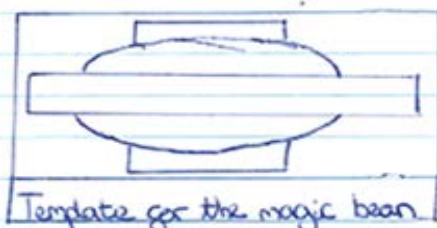
#### "Magic Bean" Investigation

Question: How does the amount of marbles in a "magic bean" affect the speed of its descent down a ramp?

Hypothesis: I think when adding more marbles the "magic bean" will gain speed to a certain extent (three marbles) and then will begin to slow. I think this is because heavier objects fall quicker than lighter ones. However, when too much weight is added, the bean will be unable to rotate, ~~make~~ therefore making it an invalid run.

#### Equipment:




- scissors
- magic bean template
- marbles
- tape
- ramp



#### Method:

1. First, carefully cut the template for the magic bean, being alert to not cutting the corners.
2. Next, fold the corners over and then cautiously tape them up to the main body.
3. This is then followed by placing marbles into the bean (any amount is fine).
4. The final step: double check that all the corners are taped up - if not, add more tape to secure them.

#### Results:

	Position they came	1	2	3
Number of marbles	Number of marbles	2	3	1
				

Labels: 'marbles' under the first diagram, '"magic bean"' under the second diagram.

**Conclusion:** From this test, I can conclude that the bean with two marbles was the quickest, for this reason, making my hypothesis incorrect. The reason for this conclusion is that  $F = M \times A$ . Using this formula (mass  $\times$  acceleration = force), I can see that when using three marbles, there is less space in the magic bean and, when using one marble, there is more space, but not much weight when turning, so it cannot propel itself at speed. However, when using two marbles, there is a good distribution of space and weight, which is why this was the fastest.

If we were to continue this test, the magic bean would get to a point where there is too much mass for it to turn. I can predict this as, even with three marbles in it, it was becoming too heavy to turn, which means it is probable that it would stop turning at about five marbles. From this test as a whole, I can conclude that when too much or little weight is added to a magic bean, it won't turn with speed.

**Evaluation:** Although this test was considered a fair one, there were a lot of features that were unreliable. Some of these were more tape on one bean, one of them misshaped and different people setting the beans off in the race. These changes limited our learning, as we were changing more than one variable - breaking a requirement for a fair test. As with any test we investigate in school, the aspect of human error played a key factor.

If we were to do this again, I would time the beans with a stopwatch, though this was unavailable in our original investigation. This would make the test much more precise as we would know the difference between the times they finished, making our test more detailed, rather than giving the beans the places they came in the race. This was not a very precise test, but we still got results. Although, to get the <sup>real</sup> optimum, we would have to be much more accurate with our testing.



## Key stage 2 training exercise 3

### Pupil C – Piece C: an information text

Context: as part of their cross-curricular topic work, pupils were asked to research 2 animals that might have the potential to form a hybrid. They then wrote an information text on this newly discovered, genetically engineered hybrid animal.

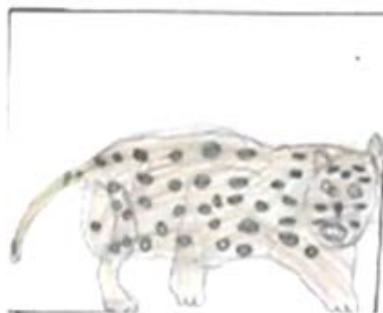
# THE COUPARD

The coupard (*Panthera concolor cougar*) is an interbreed of the African leopard – its mother – and the North American cougar – its father. These two animals bred when the leopard escaped from a North American zoo, roaming into the wild where it came across a male cougar.

#### Appearance

This carnivorous predator has many features, all benefitting it in different ways. One of these is the black rosettes, which come from the leopard, helping it to blend in with the surrounding area. It also has crooked claws and strong hind legs, both of which assist it to climb trees: the shape of the claws also supports the grasping of prey.

Weighing in at 50kg, this mammal can run at speeds of up to 82mph and can jump 15 feet into the air, leaping onto branches of trees where it likes to settle.



The coupard waiting to pounce for prey.

#### Food and Hunting

This solitary animal has a unique way of hunting: stalk and ambush. Despite its speed, the coupard prefers to stay hidden, before pouncing and digging its claws deep into the throat of its prey. Its diet consists of beetles; rodents; birds; antelope and deer; and, incredibly, sometimes baby giraffe. To help catch their prey, these animals have world-class hearing and a highly developed sense of smell.

#### Habitat

Despite originating from North America, this cat, a member of the Felidae family, lives in the sub-Saharan desert. For reasons unknown, the coupard struggled to survive in the wilds of North America and, because of its mother, born in Africa, it was shipped to this warmer continent. Instead of struggling, the coupard thrived in the Sahara, one reason being the plentiful supply of food.

## Key stage 2 training exercise 3

### Pupil C – Piece D: a pair of historical narratives

Context: after reading a range of fiction and non-fiction texts related to World War 2, and exploring the period in their history lessons, the pupil chose to write 2 different wartime narratives depicting everyday life through the perspective of children.

#### First-person narrative: Ned's diary

August 31<sup>st</sup>, 1939

My day started off like this: "Ned get up," my mother's voice echoed through the house. Aargh! Why did I have to get up? I thought to myself... if I were king, everyone would be able to sleep in as long as they wanted.

Anyway, when I finally got my big, lazy body out of bed, Aaron (my younger brother) and I knocked on my best friend Bryan's door. Bryan, his little brother Jon, Aaron and myself walked across the road to the park. We layed our jumpers down on the slippery wet grass. I placed the ball down. From then on, we were no longer friends: we were enemies.

When we were too shattered to continue, we stopped play and headed down to Mrs Jones' corner shop to get some tasty orange tanges and strawberry dreams. Caregully, we counted our pennies before we entered the store as we didn't want to hold up the queue and have an angry old man cursing at us under his breath because we were taking so long. Amazingly we only had enough money to buy two sweets each; however, it was better than no sweets at all.

September 1<sup>st</sup>, 1939

It was hilarious. Bryan got a proper spanking at school today. He showed me his back in the playground and it is red raw. Corical. The moment we got outside, I couldn't stop commentating on when he got the spanking: "Mrs Grog, she looks like she means business ... Oh that was savage, right on the sweet spot. She goes again and I feel sympathy for young Bryan there." I repeated this until we were both rolling around on the floor, dying from laughter.

Anyway, there was a much more serious matter after school. I was reading my comic when Mum called me into the living room. The wireless was on which was strange and Mum and Dad sat lifeless, listening caregully.



caught the words, "We are now at war with Germany."

That was Neville Chamberlain's voice wasn't it? I thought quietly. I raced up into my room, ready to write in my book.

September 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1939

I woke up completely freaked out about what had happened last night. I must have been dreaming, I thought to myself - not feeling reassured. When I got downstairs, I asked Mum for a bowl of cereal. Strangely, she made me toast with jam and forgot to put butter on it. Something was not right. To add to that, Dad came down in his pyjamas which he never does. I figured that I hadn't been dreaming. We were at war with Germany.

At school, everyone was crowding around something just left of the main school building. I saw Bryan at the front of the group and I waded through the crowds of people to get to my friend. Finally, I saw what everyone was looking at. It must have been built overnight as it wasn't there yesterday. It had a large curved corrugated iron roof and a line of wooden benches within it. In class, Charlie Peer got a spanking but luckily Mrs Grog didn't see me laughing or I would have been in serious trouble.

As I passed through the garden at home, I saw Dad building something. What was it? I went over to have a look. It was like the thing at school only much smaller and with less benches inside.

I asked what it was.

"An Anderson Shelter to protect us from the bombing," Dad replied. Then he said we were at war - glumly, as though it was obvious (which it wasn't).

This was bad. This was really bad, I thought.



### Third-person narrative about a child evacuee

Grimy and disgusting, the platform - on which hundreds of forlorn and bleary-eyed mothers said their final farewells - radiated with a sadness that had never been felt before. The children fell out of their parents' grasp and staggered towards the callous demon, which would take them from their homes. Hurrying past the guard, who gave them a long stern stare, they boarded the train...

Finally, after a long nightmarish journey, John arrived - tired and exhausted. As sweat trickled down his jet-black hair, he stepped carefully out of the hot, stuggy carriage. His emerald-coloured eyes flickered nervously as he was pushed out into the sea of people, not knowing where or which direction he was heading.

"Evacuees with me!" called an urgent genuine voice to John's right. He weaved out of the current, trying desperately to navigate himself towards where the voice had come from. Very suddenly the bulging mass of people faded, and, in turn, appeared a small square room, entirely produced of tiny blood-red bricks, held together with a sticky layer of golden sand. Tip

Tiptoeing quietly towards a table, John reached out his hand to grab a slice of crumbly carrot cake. However, a strong firm grip caught his arm and dragged him back to the centre of the room.

"How dare you!" boomed a voice that belonged to a solid, square-shouldered man. But this telling egg was cut short as a short, plump woman entered the room.



"Hmm... that one's too scruffy," muttered the woman. Her silvery, silvery hair was tied in a tight bun. Dangerous and sharp, her dark eyes settled on John's body, studying him thoroughly. "I'll take you, boy. Come on," ordered the woman, sternly.

Nothing was said as they marched onward, passing large chipped pines and long precarious thorns until, finally, they arrived at a small cottage. The long-bladed grass swarmed the surrounding area with marigolds (like broods of shaggy suns) facing upward, deep in thought. Out of her trouser pocket, she produced an old bronze key that she stabbed blindly into the lock and turned. "Get in there, boy!" ...

## Key stage 2 training exercise 3

### Pupil C – Piece E: a continuation of a chapter

Context: pupils read the first chapter of 'One More River' (Lynne Reid Banks). They then continued the narrative, depicting the reactions of Lesley, a young teenage girl, who had just been told that she must leave Canada to go and live in Israel, leaving her comfortable and familiar life behind.

It was necessary to rebel. To fight it. Never to give in. The welling of tears transformed into hate: hate for her parents, for the world. "Why would God want this life for me?" Lesley thought. Her screams echoed around the valley, piercing a sense of raw bitterness into the hearts of those who patrolled the area in which she lay. The familiar chirp of birds ringing around the valley only caused her howls to become louder and, determined to block out their song, Lesley's breathing began to slow, her legs curling up as her eyes peacefully closed.

She awoke suddenly to the gushing of water, her clothes a heap of rags. Lesley's eyes glittered open, her vision all hazy. For the first time since waking up by the riverbank, she thought of her parents. "How could they betray me?" she thought, "I'm Canadian and I never won't be!" Saying this convinced her she would not leave the dream world she was living in - with Sonia, with Lee - and what about the prom dance with him? She could still make it, she convinced herself, but first she had to visit him.

After being pestered by a dozen peculiar stares, she arrived at the house belonging to Lee and his family. Lesley pounded on the door, preparing for Lee's disgust at her appearance. The door opened suddenly, Lee gazing at Lesley's face, his dark eyes blending perfectly alongside his fair, sandy hair, before he blurted, "Where've you been?" She stood silent, trying desperately not to fall into a welling of tears once again. Then, after an age of gulping, she finally regained her composure and began to tell Lee about her parents' plan to split them apart forever.



She mumbled on, her voice muffled as she repeated words such as "terrible" and "awful" to describe her parents' cruelty. Weeping and bleary-eyed, she finished her story, stamping her foot down hard at the end. Lee looked thoughtfully at the stone steps leading up to the grant door. He then looked at Lesley and said... "Could be worse."

"Could be worse!" Lesley roared. "How could anything be worse than it is now?" She glared from Lee, her rooped dress flying out behind her, leaving her boyfriend dumbstruck, his eyes raised in utter shock.

## Key stage 2 training exercise 3

### Pupil C – Piece F: a formal letter

Context: towards the end of year 6, pupils were asked to reflect on an issue that they felt strongly about. Having discussed mental health as a class, the pupil decided to write to the headteacher, expressing their opinion on homework.

Thursday 17<sup>th</sup> May, 2018.

Dear Headteacher,

As a child currently having to complete large amounts of homework, I have chosen to write to you to share my personal views on what, I believe, is unnecessary pressure for results that do not value a child's true learning.

First of all, children at the age of eleven are not equipped with the required strategies to cope with the pressures that homework brings. Although I have personally coped quite well with the pressures, I have seen some of my friends and classmates struggle – their anxiety during difficult work has caused them to consequently misbehave and feel worthless about what they can and cannot do. Fortunately, I have family who are quite open at home when talking to me about the impact on mental health. From our discussions, I am deeply worried about what these pressures are doing to us at such a young age. Surely we have a life ahead of us for plenty of other important worries.

I am also concerned for the decisions of some of the parents of my friends. A number of them have found tutors and halted clubs for 'the time being' so that their children can put in the extra work. How do they release their stress now without their free time and clubs to let off steam? Of course, the parents want them to do well but it seems to me that this is a spiralling effect of the real problem: too much homework.

Another thing that I have noticed during the build-up of homework has been the amount of work for the teachers. The coincidence of the snappiness in an otherwise laid-back teacher has certainly been caused by the pressure of this additional workload affecting his free time. Surely the quality of his teaching and the way he gets the best out of us is more important. Is homework really a valuable measure of how we are doing?

In conclusion, I believe that homework is adding to our country's poor mental health and at an age where children are unable to manage the situation that is thrust upon them. There must be another way to get your progress and attainment measures and I implore you to find them before we have even greater numbers of people in our society struggling to fit socially because of their mental well-being.

Yours sincerely,

## Key stage 2 English writing training exercise 4

For the purpose of this standardisation exercise, you should assume that following the discussion with the teacher during the moderation visit, you are satisfied that the writing is independent, including the use of any source material, and that any edits are the pupil's own.

### Pupil D

This collection includes:

- A) a short adventure story
- B) a manifesto
- C) a modern-day version of 'Macbeth'
- D) an information text
- E) a formal letter



## Key stage 2 training exercise 4

### Pupil D – Piece A: a short adventure story

Context: after reading and exploring 'Percy Jackson and the Lightning Thief' (Rick Riordan), pupils wrote a short adventure story, focusing on the chapter where Percy meets Medusa. The pupils drew on their prior knowledge of Greek mythology to explore the idea of a journey where suspense is created and the characters meet something unexpected.

Deep in the middle of a dark, gloomy jungle, I found myself stranded with my best friend - Jonny. The smell of poisonous smoke brushed past my nose which sent shivers down my spine. The sound of loud echoing sticks cracking gave me the terrifying sensation that we were alone.

Staring at Jonny's petrified expression we had the same idea - run! AS we ran for <sup>our</sup> lives, I tripped over a tree root. Jonny kept running without realising I was no longer by his side. I was alone. AS I sat up, pinned with fear to a damp tree, I saw some flashing lights through the ever-densifying mist. Thinking this could be an escape from the unknown ~~tooth~~ creatures lurking between the jungle leaves I crawled cautiously towards the light.

Peering into the lit jungle clearing, I suddenly heard someone say quietly, "They have fallen for the trick; let's get prepared!" Scanning the area for any sign of hope, I noticed a dark shadow hiding on the other side of the clearing. It was Jonny. Trying not to alert the mysterious voice of our

location, I carefully crept over to him. "We need to get out of here," I whispered frantically. "They want to kill us!" Jonny let out a piercing scream. I stopped him as quick as I could but it was too late. The sound of a slamming door and a reloading gun vibrated through our bodies. The quickly approaching feet made us realise that our time was running out. All of a sudden it became silent. There they were. Two broad, overgrown men staring aggressively at us. "Run!" I shouted loudly. I darted through one of the man's legs. But did Jonny make it?

## Key stage 2 training exercise 4

### Pupil D – Piece B: a manifesto

Context: having studied the Ancient Greeks as part of their work in history, pupils learnt about democracy and the political system prior to debating topical issues. They explored the language of manifestos from pupils in another school before writing their own manifesto about the main policies they would adopt if they were to become prime minister.

If the Turtle party was ~~in charge~~ <sup>in charge</sup> of the country we would include every citizen in the UK. May I be so bold as to develop a new and safer government to give help to all of our different communities.

#### Environment

I request that all plastic items be abolished because sea creatures are ~~soon~~ becoming extinct as a result of plastic. Every year, over 100,000 ~~innocent~~ <sup>innocent</sup> sea creatures die from suffocating on the plastic that we have disposed on the beach. What have they done to suffer this fate?

#### NHS

Additionally, I urge that the NHS be given more funding to provide necessary care to people in need; far too many patients <sup>are</sup> being left to wait for hours in A+E, for example a 10 year old boy, who was bleeding from a gash in his leg, was left to wait nearly 2 hours. May I also request that more mental health nurses <sup>NHS</sup> be trained. Mental health is an increasing problem in the UK. Some individuals are in desperate need of support

but have been on a waiting list for months. This has to improve.

### Conclusion

To conclude, you can make all this come true by voting for the Turtle Party. We will do everything in our power to make these necessary changes for you.



## Key stage 2 training exercise 4

### Pupil D – Piece C: a modern-day version of 'Macbeth'

Context: the class read 'Macbeth' (William Shakespeare) and took part in a range of drama activities, including hot seating, before writing a modern-day version of the story.

"Finally we are back where we belong," exclaimed Zak happily to Daniel.

"Aggaristan is in the past," said Daniel, "look on to the future." His voice echoed down the ~~the~~ tunnels of the London underground. They heard whispers coming from behind them and <sup>they</sup> turned. Suddenly from the dark entrance, came four homeless men out men. They slowly swaggered towards Daniel and Zak begging for money. After giving them some money, Zak saw <sup>something</sup> shiny. Thinking it was a gun, Zak pulled this out in defence and held it out at them. The ~~men~~ homeless men spoke as one, "It is an ~~old~~ form of fortune telling, they are fortune telling crystals. If you hold the crystal, we will tell you your future."

Zak cautiously reached out to touch the crystals. "You have a bright future - you will be General in the army and King. Daniel, your daughter and son will be second commanders of war."

Shocked, they got on the train and went home. As Zak entered his house, Belle his daughter, came running over to him. "I received a letter today," said Zak's wife, "the queen has given you the General's medal for your bravery and to honour the previous reigning General who sadly died. The queen has invited you to go for tea."

"O... kay," replied Zak aghast. Zak and his wife made a plan to poison the queen's wine so that Zak could become king. They would

go to dinner and sneak some poison into her wine.

Later that night, they went to Buckingham Palace. Zak's wife managed to drop some poison in the wine while Zak distracted the Queen with tales of Afghanistan.

As she took a sip of her wine, Zak sat up in his chair abruptly. In his mind, he could feel the golden crown on his head already. Within minutes the queen fell off her chair. Zak ran over to her in sarcastic sobs of joy.

"The guards have killed the Queen - poison is in their pockets," screamed one of the guests.

That night, Zak had a hideous dream filled with guilt. The next morning, Zak's wife found him with a knife through his heart.

## Key stage 2 training exercise 4

### Pupil D – Piece D: an information text

Context: having watched some episodes of David Attenborough's 'Blue Planet' as part of their work in science, pupils conducted their own independent research before writing an information text for a national geographical magazine.

Blue Whale

Do you view Blue Whales as in the same way as I do? According to common opinion, they are dangerous mammals but I see consider them as the majestic creatures that they really are. These creatures are the royalty of the great blue sea and need to be treated accordingly. Read on for more information on this magnificent creature.

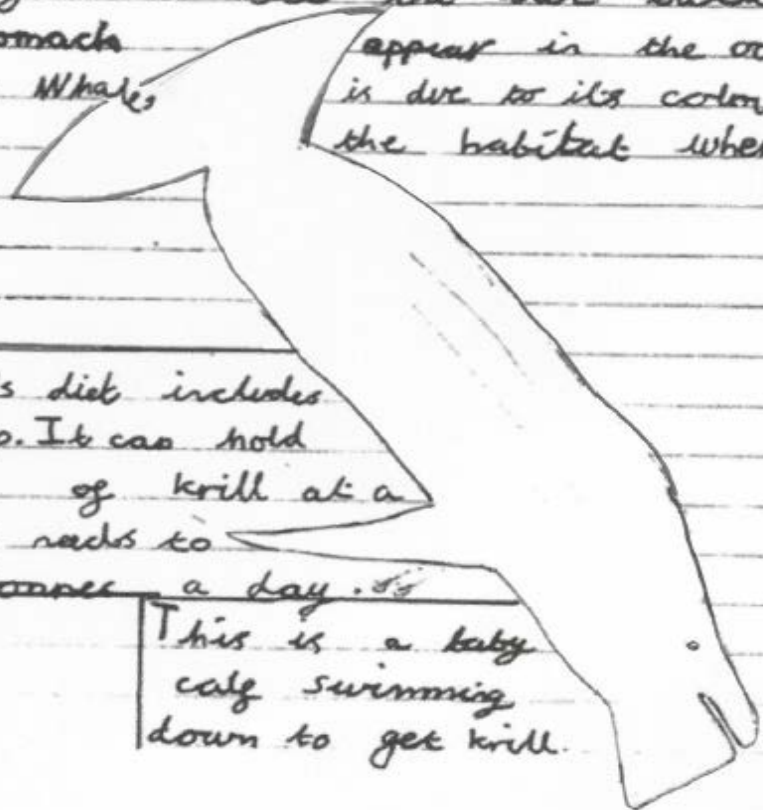
Appearance

As the largest animal on Earth, it is a spectacular sight to see the blue back and white stomach appear in the ocean. The name, Blue Whales, which matches they live.

Diet

The Blue whale's diet includes krill, and shrimp. It can hold around a tonne of krill at a time, however, it needs to consume four tonnes a day.

This is a baby calf swimming down to get krill.



## Environment

The large Blue whale's habitat is the Indian, Pacific and Atlantic Ocean which is the

perfect place for a whale because the average ~~individual~~ whale needs space to roam freely and search for food.

## Did you know:

- The Blue whale's heart is the same size as a car.

- Its lungs hold around 500,000 litres of air at a time

Having read this information you will agree that the Blue whale is a marvellously majestic creature ~~and~~ and its existence should be protected.



## Key stage 2 training exercise 4

### Pupil D – Piece E: a formal letter

Context: as part of their work in personal, social, health and economic (PSHE) education, pupils considered how to keep their bodies and minds healthy. They worked in groups to research a particular health concern in society today and discussed what might be done about it. They then planned and wrote a letter to a government minister.

House of Commons,  
London

Dear Sir,

I am writing to express my deep concerns towards the lack of support towards mental health in our community.

Firstly, it has been reported (by NHS mental health nurses) that one in seven young people will suffer from mental illness: depression, anxiety, eating disorders and self harming. Although we recognise that money is being spent to decrease the numbers of people suffering with mental health people do not feel this is enough.

To resolve this ongoing issue I implore you to dedicate more money to help people improve their fitness. It has been scientifically proven that exercise is an excellent way to reduce stress levels, increase people's sense of well-being and provide opportunities for social interaction. By providing free gym / leisure passes, access to both group and personal trainers and gym equipment (including clothing) the mental health of the country would be significantly improved.

After interviewing members of the public who have previously experienced mental health difficulties, they reported that social interaction (particularly outside in organised groups) was extremely beneficial. One group member, Bob, said, "My group experience transformed the way I deal with my difficulties."

If the government organised more regular groups, with a variety of activities, there would be a huge improvement in the mental health of the nation.

As a government minister, you have the power to change others' lives. We hope you take these views into consideration – I look forward to hearing your reply.

Yours sincerely,