



## Key stage 2 English writing standardisation exercise 3

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

Where handwriting seems inconsistent, you should base your judgement on the strongest piece, and assume that this is validated by further evidence in the pupil's books.

Where there is no evidence of correct spelling of words from the statutory word lists in the pupil's independent writing, you should assume that the teacher has provided evidence in the form of spelling tests or writing from across the curriculum.

This exercise does not contain any collections from pupils deemed to have a particular weakness.

All assessments should be made using the [Teacher assessment frameworks](#) at the end of key stage 2: English writing – working towards the expected standard, working at the expected standard or working at greater depth.

You should not assume that the exercise includes one collection from each of the standards. Each collection should be judged individually.

### Pupil A

This collection includes:

- A) persuasive letters
- B) an information text
- C) a narrative
- D) an explanation
- E) a narrative

There are a number of typed pieces in this collection. However, the pupil's handwriting has been verified as joined and legible from a wider sample of their work.

### Pupil A – Piece A: persuasive letters

Context: the PIXAR film 'Up' acted as the stimulus for 2 persuasive letters. Pupils were asked to write a letter from the property developer to persuade an elderly homeowner to sell his home. In order to explore both sides of the argument, pupils went on to write the homeowner's response. The pupil's original draft was handwritten and their handwriting was assessed as joined and legible. The pupil then chose to type their letters.

Dear Mr. Fredicksan,

My name is Miss. \_\_\_\_\_ and I am the Managing Director of West Town Building Company. I am dreadfully sorry to say that your house is in the centre of our building site and is stopping us from completing our project; right now we are unable to start our work. A few days ago my colleagues and I had a meeting and the issue was discussed. Consequently, we would like to offer you three life-changing opportunities – which will positively transform your life.

Firstly, we would like to offer you a place at Sandy Shores residential care home. In my opinion, at Sandy Shores, you will be taken care of, and you will live a better life. If I were you, I would be there right now. Once a week (every Sunday) you can have a roast dinner cooked by a Great British chef. Wouldn't it be great to try his food? I hope you choose this offer but if you do not, we still have two more offers to offer you.

I would like to present you with an advanced (fully modernised) bungalow. A bungalow is a better option for you because it has no stairs – ensuring your mobility. The rooms are in fair distance of each other so you do not have to do a lot of walking, and you can relax. I hope you consider this offer and enjoy your choice but, if you do not like this offer, I still have one more option for you.

Finally, if none of the options above suite you, we still have one more option for you to choose. We would like you to have a large amount of money; when you have received the money, you could spend it in any way you desire. We suggest you go on a holiday - your wife (Ellie) would love this.

Thank you for taking the time to read our letter. If you accept one of these offers, we will guarantee you happiness.

Your sincerely

Miss. \_\_\_\_\_

Dear Miss. \_\_\_\_\_

I am deeply disappointed and enraged to hear the news that there are plans to knock my house down. I'm writing this letter to persuade you to see, what a ridiculous idea that is.

Firstly, old is gold: my house is gold - should we tarnish things because they grow old? My house may be verging towards its ends, standing on its last legs, but it's still standing. What makes no sense is knocking something down that is still going strong. This is the waste of money and resources, and is the problem with you youngsters.

Secondly, I will not let you steal my house because it is full of memories. Like some thieving pirates you are sneakily aiming to rob my treasure, your proposal to knock my house down is absurd; my memories are being robbed from me. Laughs of today are memories for tomorrow, memories dance away ignoring the ticking clock. Destroy my house, destroy my memories.

Finally, my house has a sentimental value to it: you can never replace it. It is where I met my life partner - my wife - an unforgettable place and moment that you plan to mercilessly knock down. I honour it with every atom in my body and will fight for it.

For this very reason, I believe it is completely inhumane to even consider knocking my house down, I will not stand for these ludicrous thoughts!

In conclusion, I will not let you demolish my house for many reasons: I believe in repairing things, not replacing them; it holds many memories for me; the sentimental value it holds is irreplaceable.

I hope my letter is sufficient to convince you to stop harassing me and stop being such a nuisance.

Yours faithfully

Mr. Fredrickson



Pupil A – Piece B: an information text

Context: in science lessons, pupils learned about the circulatory system and the role of blood. They undertook independent research to find out more information and created an information text to teach other children all about blood.

<u>Extraordinary facts about blood</u>	
<u>What is blood</u>	<u>components</u>
Blood is one of the most important part in the body: Without blood you <del>will</del> <sup>would</sup> not be able to survive, <sup>however,</sup> blood can't move on its own; it is helped by the <sup>in for giving</sup> heart (which is also one of the main <sup>components</sup> <del>parts</del> of the body).	
<u>Did you know?</u>	<u>What is blood made from?</u>
The human body contains metal atoms: <del>including</del> Iron, chromium, manganese, zinc, lead and copper. You may also be surprised to know that blood contains small parts of gold: the human body contains about 0.2 micrograms of gold, <del>that</del> <sup>which</sup> is mostly found in blood. Scientists "When you look at the blood it appears to be blue beneath your skin."	Blood is made from four main ingredients: red blood cells - these carry oxygen; white blood cells - these fight infections; <sup>these</sup> platelets - sticky cells that help stop you from bleeding; <del>last of all</del> plasma - a yellow liquid which is made from water mixed with sugar, vitamins and proteins. <u>Expert view</u> Experienced nurse: "If you don't have any platelets, you bleed to death."
<u>Not all blood is red</u>	
While humans have red colored blood other organisms have blood of a variety of colors: crustaceans, spiders, squid, octopuses and some arthropods have blue blood; some species of worms and leeches have green blood; some species of	

Marine worms have violet blood <sup>and</sup> insects including beetles and butterflies have colorless or pale-yellowish blood. The color blood is determined by the type of respiratory pigment, <sup>well</sup> to transport oxygen via <sup>the</sup> circulatory system cells.

Did you know?

Red blood cells have no nucleus

Unlike ~~the~~ other types of cells in the body, mature red blood cells do not contain a nucleus, mitochondria or ribosomes. The absence of these cell structures leaves room for the hundreds of millions of hemoglobin molecules found in red blood cells.

The adult human body contains approximately 1.25 gallons of blood, <sup>which</sup> blood makes up 7 to 8% of a person's total body weight.

Blood cells have different life spans

Matured human blood cells have varying life cycles: red blood cells circulate in the body for about ~~four~~ months; platelets for about 9 days and white blood cells range from a few hours to several days

Blood consists mostly of plasma. Blood clotting in your body is consisted of about 55% percent plasma, 40 percent red blood cells 4 percent platelets and 1% white blood cells. Of the white blood cells in blood circulation, neutrophils are most abundant.

Did you know?

In a drop of blood there are many components:

- 5,000,000 red blood cells,
- 7,000 white blood cells,
- Half a million platelets,
- Half a drop of plasma.

True or false?

Your heart beats four million times a year.



### Pupil A – Piece C: a narrative

Context: pupils watched a short video clip to support anti-bullying awareness. The class used drama to explore characters and themes and then pupils wrote their own version of the story.

On a chilly, dark day, when there was fog all around, and there was not a single ray of sunlight piercing through the clouds, a group of demon-like, rude, cold-hearted crows were soaring around the dull foggy sky looking for another victim to persecute.

"Hey! Look at the weirdo playing his flute again," said the head crow.

"He's going to get it: we will destroy him" hissed another one of them.

Poor Wing, who was sat on a log in the middle of the forest, was completely unaware of the danger that was lurking above the tall trees, which were surrounding him.

Immediately after noticing him, the crows swooped down to the ground to bully him. "Give that to me!" howled one of the crows, whilst pushing Wing to the floor as hard as he could.

"Umm... wh, wh, why did you push me? We can share," the boy stuttered. But the crows showed no sympathy. One of them grabbed his flute and passed it to another, who tried to play it. A vile, unbearable sound echoed in the forest: Wing put his hands over his ears.

Furious with themselves, the crows threw the flute, across the forest. Meanwhile, Wing took the opportunity to run while they were distracted. "Tonight I will make myself a Wing, so that I can fly away to safety before they come back again," Wing muttered to himself as he stood trembling beside the door at the front of his house. He was petrified, but more determined than ever: his brain was ticking ~~always~~ his hands were shaking; beads of sweat were trickling down his forehead. He couldn't believe what he was about to do. e e

### Pupil A – Piece D: an explanation

Context: as part of a science unit of work, the pupils learned about the circulatory system with a focus on the movement of blood around the body. Using the scientific language they had learned, pupils were asked to write an explanation for an academic journal for an older audience. The pupil's original draft was handwritten and their handwriting was assessed as joined and legible. The pupil then chose to type their explanation.

The circulatory system has a huge role to play in the human body. It is a process in which blood carries oxygen and travels around the entire body. The circulatory system is made up of the following components: the heart, blood, the lungs, veins and arteries.

First of all, the process starts with the de-oxygenated blood which is in the right chamber of the heart. The blood is oxygen-deprived, so the heart pumps the blood to the lungs. Within seconds, the blood collects oxygen –storing it in the haemoglobin of the red blood cell, and then it goes to the left chamber from which it is sent around the body to deliver oxygen. When all the oxygen from the blood has been used up, the de-oxygenated blood travels back to the heart and the process starts again.

The circulatory system is crucial to keep humans alive, because it supplies to four of the major organs: the brain, the kidneys, the liver and the intestines. Without the brain, you will not be able to think; without the kidneys, your body would not be able to clean blood; without the liver you would not be able to urinate and without the intestines you would not be able to break your food down.

### Pupil A – Piece E: a narrative

Context: whilst reading 'The Lion, The Witch and The Wardrobe' (C.S. Lewis), the class compared key scenes in the book with excerpts from the film. Pupils were then asked to select a favourite scene and retell it, aiming to capture details of the story and adopt the narrative style of C.S. Lewis.

As the door opened in to a spacious, old room, which had a towering object in the middle of it, Lucy entered the room and gazed at the object. It was covered in an off-white stained sheet and a blanket of grey dust- it looked like it hadn't been touched for years. Slowly and quietly, Lucy reached up and grabbed one of the corners of the sheet and pulled it: a cloud of dust appeared. Underneath the sheet was a wardrobe, not any old wardrobe: it was a unique wardrobe.

Lucy stared at the wardrobe with curiosity: she couldn't stop staring at it. Meanwhile, "...eighty-nine, ninety, ninety-one, ninety-two..." Peter was getting closer to one hundred: she only had eight seconds left to hide. Rapidly, without thinking, Lucy jumped in to the wardrobe that was in front of her. Inside the wardrobe were furry coats, long ones, short ones and colourful ones. "I'll move right to the back in the corner, behind all the coats, he'll never find me there," she muttered to herself.

Quickly she took a step, then another, and another and another. She didn't feel the back of the wardrobe, but instead, she felt something cold on her feet. Something ice-cold. Then she felt icy branches on her face. "What a strange wardrobe..." she muttered, but before she could say or do anything more, the dark, musty wardrobe turned to a cold, bright white foreign land. It was covered in trees which looked like a crowd of umbrellas. The floor was festooned with pure white snow. Lucy's eyes grew bigger with amazement at the marvellous land she had discovered. Cautiously, Lucy stepped forward. There was complete silence, except the gentle crunching of the snow under her feet. Then SNAP, a twig snapped under her foot and the AAARRRRGGGG! There was a scream. Lucy had bumped in to a strange-looking creature: he had two furry legs that looked more like donkey legs than human legs, a tail, two rabbit-like ears and a human-like upper body and face.

Lucy's amazement quickly turned to the opposite, Both of them hid behind trees. But when Lucy noticed that he was also scared of her, she came out and collected up the packages he had dropped. She asked him what he was. "I am a Faun," he replied. Lucy had never met a Faun before and the Faun had never seen one of Lucy's type before. "What are you, a beardless dwarf?" he asked. Lucy explained that she was a human, a girl. "Would you like to come for tea?" said the Faun instantly after discovering that she was a human...



## Key stage 2 exercise 3

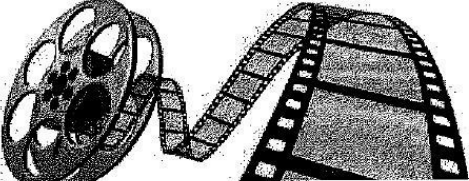
### **Pupil B**

This collection includes:

- A) a film review
- B) a narrative
- C) a theatre review
- D) a balanced argument
- E) a narrative retelling

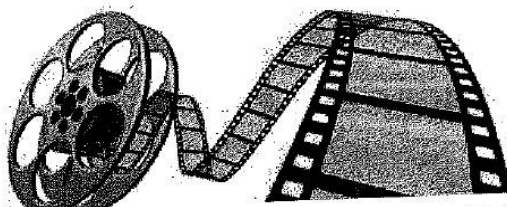
**Pupil B – Piece A: a film review**

Context: pupils watched the short, animated film 'Alma'. They studied a range of film reviews and then wrote their own, having opportunities to edit and revise their work before finally publishing it. A series of images from the film have been removed from the right-hand side of both texts.

<h1>Alma</h1> <h2>Film Review</h2> 	
<p>Viewers are initially presented with a vast cityscape: pearl-white snow and gushing wind, accompanied by music from a tinkling piano, reassures the audience, leading them to believe that this is an everyday animation of playfulness and adventure, when in reality, it is anything but. The camera pans down into the narrow street, making viewers feel claustrophobic. The audience feel a hint of danger for the first time.</p>	
<p>When audiences first watch the film, they bypass the "missing" posters on the wall, and the ominous, mouth-shaped window. As the camera pans <del>on</del> round facing the window, it captures the girl's form in its reflection, looking almost as if it had already swallowed Alma.</p>	
<p>As Alma crosses the division</p>	

# Alma

## Film Review



between the two very different worlds, audiences can see how the director plays with the colour to emphasise the two very opposite worlds: light for Alma; dark for the doll. The music becomes unsettling as Alma realises the resemblance between the doll and herself. The juxtaposition between Alma and the doll emphasises the difference between the words 'life' and 'lifeless'.



## Pupil B – Piece B: a narrative

Context: pupils watched the short, animated film 'Alma'. After considering techniques to create suspense, they wrote a narrative to accompany the clip. Pupils were given opportunities to edit and revise their work before finally publishing it. An image of Alma has been removed from the top of the text.

# Alma

Behind her rose what appeared to be a miniature doll. Alma couldn't help but feel like she was being watched: however, there was nobody there! She glanced back, finally realising that a doll, very lifeless and still, was staring at her. Alma darted across the street and was wiping the frost off the window, when it finally dawned on her that the doll bore a remarkable resemblance to her. The more Alma stared at the doll, the more she wanted to hold her close. Alma peered back through the window, but the doll had vanished without a trace. She frantically ran to the door, but it wouldn't budge. Petulant, she folded her arms and stomped away. Creaking, the door slid open. Alma

As

Alma stepped in, the bell rang as if to announce her arrival. However, the shop was empty. She was felt an overwhelming sense of emptiness as she smelt the stale air. Alma gasped as she realised that the shop was filled with dolls. She ignored the increasingly insistent voice in her head warning her to leave; it seemed almost as if the dolls were staring at her. Once again, she spotted the doll on the table in the middle of an intricate red mosaic tiled floor. So keen to reach the doll, Alma hardly noticed the small, pedalling boy, until she tripped. Bewildered, Alma jumped back. She righted the doll and turned round only to find that her doll had once again disappeared.

Frantically searching for the doll, Alma's eyes finally locked on a high shelf containing hundreds of other dolls. Alma ignored the sense of foreboding closing in around her and pushed past the other dolls in her way. Desperate, Alma reached for the doll...

Alma's fingers connected with the cool porcelain. She felt dizzy as she tumbled into the portal taking her, or rather, making her the doll. Alma breathed in heavily. What had happened? Several seconds passed before she finally realised where she actually was: inside the doll. She was the doll. It was as if her soul was being ripped from her body into a strange and unfamiliar new one. Alma was just another soul added to the collection and would now spend eternity regretting curiosity. Any hopes of freedom were defeated as she saw the next victim's doll rise up in the frosty window. If only she had not been so curious, if only she had noticed the small pedalling boy trying to escape, if only they had been able to move, then her life would be very different today.

Pupil B – Piece C: a theatre review

Context: following a 2-week unit on Greek myths, pupils attended a modern retelling of the Greek myth 'Icarus'. They read several theatre reviews and then wrote their own, analysing the performance they had seen.

# UNICORN ICARUS

Icarus by the Unicorn theatre is a true first rate contemporary parable. Being a 2000 years-old classic, the ~~the~~ Unicorn theatre has made this production with a modern twist. Originally written in German by Kathrine Lange, Icarus was translated into English for British audiences. ~~This is~~ <sup>I definitely do not</sup> ~~fo~~ <sup>recommend this to you if</sup> ~~for you if your expect~~ <sup>you're</sup> expecting the original story of Icarus. No tale is as old as the tale of Icarus; no show is more fresh and action-packed than Icarus at the Unicorn theatre. This is a fine example of what Unicorn does best: engage, excite and entertain.

As the show begins, sofa wars and sibling squabbles immediately hook-the audience in. Nyanhete expertly portrays Icarus, creating a deep connection with the audience. His father Daedalus (played by Selva Rasalingam) had travelled away on a mysterious ~~constur~~ construction job for the tyrannical king Minos - a man who rules with an iron fist. Slight disappointment comes with the female characters, particularly in contrast to the central relationship between Daedalus and Icarus. Despite this, the show is clearly not



# UNICORN ICARUS

one to miss.

The show's set is without a doubt the 'star of the show'. Lucy Sierra - the show's very own 'master builder' - along with Ziggy Jacobs for the lighting and John McLeod for the sound, have created a truly wonderful set. Beginning with only expansive concrete slabs, they morphed into the inevitable labyrinth to the king's palace and even a familiar urban family home. Jaw-dropping scenery and colour changing neon lights mesmerise the young audiences.

New Paragraph

To summarise, if you would like your children to be entertained, but also educated, Icarus by the Unicorn Theatre is sprinkled with educational opportunities. If you decide to visit, then I can guarantee that you will not be disappointed.

★★★★★ 5 stars

### Pupil B – Piece D: a balanced argument

Context: pupils read and analysed an article about the advantages and disadvantages of safari parks. They identified key arguments for and against zoos and collated evidence to support them as the basis for their own writing. An image has been removed from each page.

## Zoos: Educational or Entertaining?

From concrete floors and metal bars, to man-made yet natural habitats, zoos have been around for more than a century, causing a controversy over the years. Are zoos really educational or are animals only kept in zoos for the purposes of entertainment? This report will cover the pros and cons of keeping animals in captivity.

As we all know, keeping animals in a replica of their natural habitats has helped scientists study them and their natural behaviours. This, of course, has helped prevent extinction.

In the wild, animals can be hunted and eaten by a predator that could threaten their existence. The more scientists study animals, the more they

can guarantee safety  
for them.

On the other hand, many people believe that zoos are morally wrong and should be closed down. Current figures suggest that 80% of animals suffer from zoochosis: the disturbing or aggressive behaviour of animals when they are forced into an unnatural environment. Zoos are meant to help them, particularly endangered species. However 98% of animals in zoos aren't endangered.

Having carefully ~~got~~ considered both sides of the argument, I have concluded that zoos should not be kept open. No-one can deny that many zoos do not provide a



good home for animals.  
- They are prison-like places where the owner is only worried about making money and the creatures have no freedom. In addition, these places are not educational because we do not see animals in natural environment so we can't witness their natural behaviours.

### Pupil B – Piece E: a narrative retelling

Context: pupils were familiar with the picture book 'Where the Wild Things Are' (Maurice Sendak). They were invited to select an episode from within the story for inclusion in a new edition of the book aimed at older children. Pupils were asked to develop their section, adopting the narrative style of the original picture book. Two images have been removed from the bottom of the text.

The further Max sailed, the closer he got to the rocky ~~grey~~ coastline of the island. At last he had arrived, after what seemed like years to him of voyaging across the sea of rolling waves. He was furious: furious because his mother sent him up without his supper. As he approached the island, a sea of monsters 'welcomed' him with their dreadful jaws, their terrible claws, but worst of all their deafening roars. These weren't just any monsters - these were Wild Things.

"Be quiet!" Max bellowed, "be still!" he stared right into the Wild Things' saffron, moon-lit eyes. The wild things' growls slowly slid into silence. They stared back at him in awe.

"You are the wildest of Wild Things, in fact you shall be our king!"

"And now," Max smiled, "let the wild rumpus begin!"

They partied all day and celebrated all night.

"Enough!" Max yelled beginning to tire.  
"Off to bed at once!" he roared and sent  
the beasts to bed. How he longed to be  
home in his warm cosy bed.



## **Pupil C**

This collection includes:

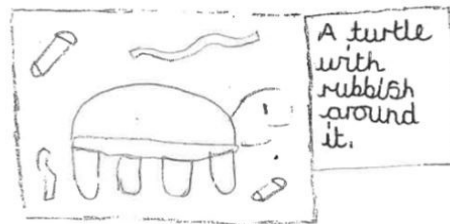
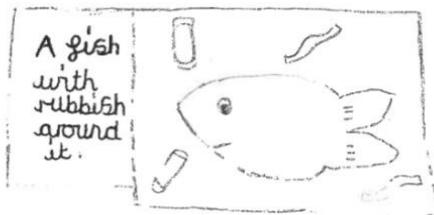
- A) a leaflet
- B) a narrative
- C) a formal persuasive letter
- D) a diary
- E) a story ending

### Pupil C – Piece A: a leaflet

Context: after studying the effects of plastic pollution using information texts, a range of websites, newspaper reports and David Attenborough's 'Blue Planet', the pupils were asked to collect information, statistics and facts to construct a piece of writing. The purpose could be to persuade, inform, discuss or a combination of these. They were also asked to choose the audience for the writing from a list drawn up by the class. This pupil chose to target families.

## Plastic - Friend or Foe?

Can you imagine a world without plastic? Plastic has been in use for over seventy years. It is used in our every-day lives. Our wonder material, plastic, can be used to make almost any thing. However, this is killing animals and harming the environment. Every minute, a truck load of plastic enters the ocean. Take a minute to think... is plastic our friend or our foe?



### The wonder material:

Since this material is versatile and easy to manufacture, it is used regularly. If we took all the plastic we use away we would struggle to live our daily lives. Just think... how many things do you use that contain plastic? A lot isn't it? How many plastic toys do you have at your house? This material can be reused and constructed to make more objects. Plastic saves lives in many medicines and machines.

### What are the down sides?:

Plastic takes a long time to decompose. Surprisingly, plastic

does not actually decompose gully, it only breaks down into little particles called micro-plastics, How do you think this affects the sealife and its habitat? Firstly, birds are mistaking plastic for food and then they are feeding their young plastic. Secondly, ~~there~~<sup>their</sup> young are dying as this is going into their blood stream. Think about a world with no birds. I bet you can't, can you? Did you know, over sixteen million single-use plastic bottles are used every day alone in the UK? That is lots isn't it! Plastic can be found in some unexpected places: in your food, in your clothes and in hospitals. Enjoy chewing gum? Some chewing gums contain plastic! Would you believe, over 90% of a beach is plastic, however only 10% is sand, rocks and pebbles, We need to stop this.

How can we combat this huge problem?

How can we help prevent this problematic material from ruining our planet? How about encouraging other people to use less plastic? I think that would be a great idea. We would write like a team and try to combat this from happening. There are lots of ways we can help: recycle; put paper, card and clean plastics in a recycling bin;



try to put produce in paper, canvas and other healthy-gibre bags, use pens that refill and attempt to not put your rubbish in the gutter.

Could you imagine a world without sea creatures? I bet you **can't**. If we continue at this rate all of our sea life will die then there will be no beautiful creatures left. If we can all make an effort to make a difference we could save our sea creatures.

## Pupil C – Piece B: a narrative

Context: pupils explored Shaun Tan's wordless graphic novel 'The Arrival.' After discussing themes and issues raised in the story and exploring these through drama, pupils were invited to select a small number of pictures to retell part of the story. Pupils were asked to consider the perspectives of different characters and adopt a viewpoint. This pupil chose to write from the father's viewpoint.

I have been dreading this day to come, for months, even years, I have just awoken to hear the beautiful sound of birds, That brightened my day a little. However, not a lot. Today, I will have to leave my treasured family. I am in the kitchen ~~also~~ standing up, Alone. Silence <sup>fills</sup> ~~filled~~ the room ~~as~~ while I can see ~~the~~ dawn arising through the little gaps in the curtains. As I look around, I am compelled to glance at my creased origami bird I made sitting on the mantelpiece. This special gift ~~was~~ <sup>is</sup> waiting to fly away with me on this journey\*. ~~At~~ It was a present I gave to my daughter and wife that they would ~~we~~ never forget. We treat it like a valuable treasure to our family. It symbolises peace and hope for us. However, I ~~could~~ <sup>can</sup> not put my family at risk. There is darkness here in our little village. This is the toughest thing I have ~~to~~ <sup>had</sup> to do. As a monster is crawling around getting more and more frightening every ~~day~~ second.

The old clock is lying in the corner of the room, tick tick. It ~~was~~ <sup>is</sup> like a grumpy man. It didn't let me have enough time with my family. It made the days go by faster, and now, today, I have to leave this house. I hear the soft sound of footsteps coming down the stairs. It is my wife. Her warmth heals my soul and the crisp air around me. I close my eyes for a second capturing all the memories, Good and bad. Will the grass be greener on the other side? Probably not. Today is the day, I will be going to live somewhere else. Hopefully, my family will come and follow me if it is safe. My daughter has drawn a picture, it is us, as a family. As I pour a cup of tea into the teacup, I put my chapped lips on it. I feel the jagged edge touch my mouth. Softly,

My suitcase is sitting next to the door, Only one. My heart sinks - even though I know that I am going to be on this journey alone. On the top of the suitcase is my hat. I rested my hand on my <sup>battered</sup> suitcase, trying to save as many treasured seconds as possible in this house. Then I lift up my beloved hat. I gently place my hat on my head. It protects me from the horrors of life. As I pick up the photograph, I feel a warm glow inside

\* So it could remind me of my child and wife and our tattered family house.

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my heart, I place the photograph inside a soft fabric material and wrap it up. As I put my tender hand on the suitcase, my wife puts her warm, precious on mine. A tear runs down my face. My wife reaches out and softly touches my tear stopping it from running down my cheek. However, not stopping the one running down my neck. I think of all the memories we had together. This might be our last moment together. In that moment, my daughter comes down the stairs looking tired. As she eats my homemade cereal, I can tell she doesn't really know what she is doing. After she finishes her breakfast, we start to get all of our scarves, hats and coats on. As I put my shoes on, I squeeze my wife's hand.



Pupil C – Piece C: a formal persuasive letter

Context: after reading a newspaper report about the use of macaque monkeys for the purpose of 'entertainment' in Indonesia, pupils researched the topic. They then wrote a formal letter with the purpose of persuading the Governor of Indonesia to stop the practice.

R \_\_\_\_\_ school \_\_\_\_\_  
R \_\_\_\_\_  
H \_\_\_\_\_  
L \_\_\_\_\_  
ENGLAND

Dear Mr Widodo,

I would be extremely grateful if you took the time to read this letter, as I know you are a very busy man. During a lesson, our class came across a newspaper report about the baby macaques, which shocked us. I would like to inform you that I am a year six student at a school in H. \_\_\_\_\_ . ~~The monkeys are being badly~~

Could I tell you a little bit about monkeys and their natural habitat? Monkeys are beautiful, intelligent creatures. They are sociable animals and like being around other monkeys. Their ~~own~~ <sup>spacious</sup> home is in the beautiful forests of Sumatra. They enjoy the freedom and space around them, ~~exploring~~ <sup>exploring</sup> Within the forest, these monkeys ~~enjoy~~ <sup>love</sup> ~~to climb~~ <sup>to climb</sup> the leafy, green trees and ~~playing~~ <sup>play</sup> with each other. However, this is not the life they are experiencing in your country. Monkeys are living a life of hell. Do you want your monkeys to be in a barbaric environment? Is this ~~to~~ <sup>would like</sup> what you ~~would like~~ <sup>would like</sup> got these cheeky ~~animals?~~ <sup>animals?</sup>

This ~~long~~ <sup>horrifying</sup> process starts in the ~~forests~~ <sup>emerald</sup> of Sumatra. Teams of poachers use ~~appalling~~ <sup>appalling</sup> ways to trap them. The most popular method is to shoot the mother and prise the clinging baby from her. These adventurous creatures are being taken away from their forest home then unfortunately sold to 'entertainers'. These innocent baby macaques are now endangered. Baby macaques are ~~prized~~ <sup>prized</sup> as they have a longer life. The poachers are paid two pounds for each monkey by dealers who sell them onto street 'entertainers' in Jakarta for five pounds each. Do you think this is acceptable, Mr Widodo? Five pounds for a life?

Furthermore, these innocent creatures are hung upside down so they ~~can~~ <sup>learn</sup> how to walk upright. I get ~~feel~~ <sup>feel</sup> shocked and disgusted by what your citizens are doing to these animals. This practise is sickening. If that was not enough,

they <sup>next</sup> put <sup>piercing</sup> metal chains around their neck as the chain bites in. This is unacceptable. If they do not obey their <sup>master's</sup> they are punished. Mr Widodo, how is this fair on the baby macaques? ~~\*\*\*~~ This terrible practice is killing more and more monkeys and if nothing happens they could become extinct. With all due respect, if you are letting this happen in your country you are as bad as the poachers. The monkeys are then trapped in isolation as they are forced to <sup>it</sup> live inside little cramped boxes. This is a life of hell for the baby macaques. This is <sup>an</sup> un-natural <sup>process</sup>. Do you want this for the monkeys in your country? I am really ~~horrified~~ <sup>horrified</sup>! Unfortunately, these animals are starved and only fed when they obey their masters orders. I have been deeply affected by this.

May I share some of my ideas to combat this horrifying problem? Firstly, I think ~~we~~ <sup>you</sup> should create jobs and pay people to protect them in their natural habitat. If you put <sup>your</sup> people in these jobs ~~they~~ <sup>poachers</sup> would not have any ~~access~~ access to these special creatures. Just to remind you this behaviour is illegal. Why are these evil people still torturing them if it is illegal? If the poachers are caught hunting for these fragile animals, they should be <sup>highly</sup> ~~and~~ ~~pay~~ ~~highly~~. As for the entertainers, ~~they should~~ if they are caught they should have <sup>a</sup> long prison sentence. I think this will make the poachers and entertainers ~~stop~~ <sup>stop</sup> if they know the harsh <sup>enforced</sup> punishment. Secondly, I think you should set up a <sup>sanctuary</sup> for the monkeys to be rescued and then rehabilitated. These <sup>trapped</sup> monkeys will not act like a normal monkey if they have been through this <sup>process</sup>. I think they can hopefully come back to their natural habitat after this <sup>treatment</sup>. ~~People of your own country can be paid highly if they do this.~~ ~~we I want~~

Thank you for reading this letter, Mr Widodo. I will <sup>be</sup> looking forward to hearing your reply. I know you are a decent man so ~~you~~ I look forward to ~~hearing~~ ~~seeing~~ what you will do to help these helpless creatures.

Yours sincerely,

T \_\_\_\_\_

### Pupil C – Piece D: a diary

Context: pupils used drama to explore the characters and issues raised in the novel 'The Island' (Armin Greder). They then chose a key event from the story and wrote a diary entry as their chosen character. This pupil chose to write as the stranger who arrived suddenly on the island.

Dear Diary, I do not know what is going to happen to me. I have now lost myself yearning for my life. I must tell you what happened yesterday.....

I felt like I had been fighting the vicious sea for months and even years, even though I ~~have~~ had only been on the rough water for a few days. The raging ocean was a ferocious monster ripping apart the corners of my poorly hand-crafted raft. Waves were crashing furiously into the jagged rocks. Am I ever going to see my family again? I was unsure when I would get to dry land.

As I uncurled my body and dragged apart my drowsy eyes, I found that I was somewhere I ~~don't~~ <sup>didn't</sup> know. How did I get here? Where was I? I came to a conclusion that I was sat on some kind of island. Fear shot through my bones. I looked down and saw I was naked. However, I remember being fully clothed when I got on the raft. Why am I naked? I was shivering with cold as I had been on the raft for days. My limbs were aching because the journey out at sea was turbulent. I thought I was going to die. The raft kept swinging back and forth while the wild waves were biting away at the rigid edges of ~~my raft~~ <sup>it</sup>. I am extremely grateful to still be alive. I hope that I can see my precious family again. To be honest, I was relieved to be on firm land.

Trying to cover myself up from all the elements, I quickly snapped out of my thought when an angry gang of men appeared marching towards me. I thought to myself, are they nice? How many of them are there? How long will I be stuck here? I stood up, struggling. I tried to pull myself up because they had pitch forks in their hands. Will I actually get fed here? They took one look at me and turned back to the mob, disgusted; They made me feel unwelcome.

After a few moments of stunned silence, they seized me and tied my hands together. A shiver went down my spine. After, they led me to some kind of

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uninhabited goat pen. Will I get food again? Will I be stuck in here forever? Unfortunately, they forced me to go in even though I really didn't want to go in. Next, they showed me where I could sleep on some straw. I huddled into a little, cramped space in the corner of this goat pen, because I was freezing. While I was trying to keep warm in this tight space, the gate banged shut. They locked me out from the outside world. Questions started to race in my mind. Will I be able to escape? Where had they gone? I feel alone, isolated. A feeling I have felt many times before.



### Pupil C – Piece E: a story ending

Context: using Armin Greder's 'The Island,' pupils were asked to write an ending to the stranger's story, a scene untold in the book as we never find out in any detail what happens to him. Drama was used to explore character, action and speech. The only rule for writing was that dialogue must be included.

"We are going to seize him," exclaimed the leader of the mob. Just outside of the goat pen, the mob were plotting and planning what they should do to the innocent man. It was the dead of night, voices softly echoed from every corner of the island. Only slight murmurs could be heard;

"We have to do something, he has to go."

"He is not one of us, he isn't our problem."

"He is a stranger, he doesn't belong."

"Stop, don't do this to the blameless man, he hasn't done anything wrong," said the fisherman,

Glaring at the fisherman with their angry eyes, the mob shoved through the door like ~~an~~ <sup>ferocious</sup> bull. Charging into the goat pen at full speed, they grabbed the man by his fragile hand, their nails were gnawing into his brittle skin. "What are you doing, stop please!" However, this did not change ~~any~~ of their decision. The leader of the mob shouted at the other members of the gang,

"Put these ropes on his wrists and feet and tighten them, tighten them now." They marched the man right up to the raft. The mob then took revenge on the fisherman for trying to help the man and put fire to his precious boat. The blazing fire was like the anger raging in the inside of the fisherman. They threw the poor man onto the raft.

"Push him out, that's it." Now <sup>that was</sup> he ~~to~~ cast adrift, again, fearing for his life, maybe ~~that~~ <sup>he'd</sup> never be seen again. ~~All that time that the fisherman was worried, that the stranger couldn't go back, the mob, just threw him out to sea.~~ In the ~~tempest~~ <sup>tempestuous</sup> water, the fisherman's boat lay there moving up and down, still burning and still ripping apart. His livelihood and best friend had just been taken away from him. <sup>Unfortunately,</sup> the fisherman failed to help the man. Guilt was enveloping his body. He watched his boat burn before his eyes. The disease looked into the fisherman's eyes. It was like he was <sup>saying</sup> ~~saying~~ thank you; the fisherman looked at him too, a feeling of pure guilt ~~inside~~ inside.