



## 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.

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 and/or writing from across the curriculum.

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

### Pupil C

This collection includes:

- A) a myth
- B) an informative article
- C) a formal letter
- D) a balanced argument
- E) a short horror story

## Key stage 2 training exercise 3

### Pupil C - Piece A: a myth

Context: as part of a unit of work on myths and legends, pupils explored why and how a character might embark on a quest. They discussed and made notes about the challenges to be faced, before writing a myth linked to their class topic on 'ancient cultures'.

Long ago in a small village near an ancient Maya city, a young boy named Votan was in great danger. There was drought - a big drought that had been going on for several weeks. The crops and water were cutting short; citizens were becoming ill and were complaining of thirst and hunger.

Determined to save his village, brave Votan decided to ~~save his village~~ visit the Stone temple in the centre of the village under cover of darkness to pray for help. "Oh Chac I plead for mercy," he whispered. "If it doesn't rain we will..." he gulped. "We will all starve and die."

A voice echoed around the temple. "Votan I need your help. I am Kukulchan Chac. The rain god has been captured by the Lords of Death. You will need to go down to the under world and bargain with them to set him free."

~~"Oh I'll do it but how do I get there?" Votan gathered up all the people.~~

Votan gathered up all his courage and stated, "I'll do it for my village and all the people."

"If you ever need help just pray and I will assist you!"

Votan noticed something glistening at the back of the temple. He peered over and saw a shield - a silver shield. Picking Picking it in his bag, he knew it might come be useful.

And so it was Votan entered the forest. He

stumbled through the undergrowth and around long gnarled branches, scraping his face. The Smoking moon hid in the clouds. The scent of leaves and wood rotting was very off putting but Votan knew why he was here: so he fought on. He stumbled on a stone and dropped his compass and as he looked down there were steps; stone steps. Some leaves were covering the entrance. As he parted them, a coat of black soot flooded out of the cave. Stepping down to the silent abyss Votan lost his footing. Rolling downwards Votan came to a halt at the edge of a river of glass shattered glass. Looking up Votan saw a loop in the ceiling and thinking fast he swung across. Having completed the river of glass a river of water ahead of him - no a river of acid. "Please oh great Kukul Chan" Votan prayed, "I need help." A great orb of light appeared then disappeared. Rubbing his eyes, Votan realised a pair of winged sandals. He slipped them on and immediately he started to float. As he was leaned forwards he accelerated forwards. Like that he was over. Now a valley of lava with chunks of rubble falling down - Votan managed to scorch over with great ease. After many minutes of thinking and working hard he now came face to face with the Death Lords. They had grime and dirt hanging around them but by far the most loath some thing were their collars of human eyes hanging from their nerve cords. The mere sight of one would send the bravest warrior fleeing for their life.

But Votan held his ground, as the biggest sneered at him as he wafted a skeletal hand at Votan. "What are you doin' ere? You're a filthy mortal in the yonder world," he complained.

Stepping up Votan declared, "My name is Votan and I am here to save my village."

"Oh really," one Lord said rubbing his hands. Snarling, the smallest mentioned, "You're gonna ave to complete the 'ouses of spikes, water tank and the house of snakes."

And so it was Votan was in the first house: The house of ~~snakes~~ spikes. These spikes were made to impale victims - not Votan - he held his shield out first to set off the traps so it was safe.

As he entered the second house the door slammed shut and began to rise. Votan saw a hatch in the roof, he jumped out and bashed it open and clambered out and shut the hatch.

Now Votan was in the final house. He heard the stone door grinding shut. He heard the hiss of a cobra. Quick thinking Votan grabbed the bone from his, wrapping a strip of cloth around it. He searched for his flint.

Lighting his cloth he fended himself off with his torch. Votan dived through the exit.

He had a sigh of relief that he completed the houses. The Lords stated "You will see if we kept our side of the bargain."

As he strolled home nervously he got to the suburbs of his town when a drop of rain landed on his head. He let out a cheer and all the other villagers came. They had a statue of Votan in the centre and a big party was held all over the town. That's the story of a true hero.

## Key stage 2 training exercise 3

### Pupil C - Piece B: an informative article

Context: as part of their class topic on ancient cultures, pupils learnt about the Mayan ball game, Pok-to-Pok. Pupils were tasked with writing an informative article which would capture the imagination of others wanting to know more about this brutal game.

#### The Most brutal ball game in history

Imagine a game so deadly, one match can go on for several days, so popular the city will all watch. This ~~game~~ guide will teach you everything. This is Pok-to-Pok: a Mayan Ball Game. An ancient game that is so brutal that the 3kg ball can break your bones; so horrific the winning captain gets decapitated..

#### Court and equipment required.

The All of the ball players would wear protective gear (so the ball didn't hurt them). The greatest ~~catch~~ caught court ever was the court of Chichenitza. It was 225 feet wide and 545 feet long. It was an I shaped court with no discontinue between the walls and totally open. Various courts were constructed of concrete and stone.

#### Objectives

The objective of this old game was to work together to not drop the ball using your hip, knee, right elbow or arms (not hands) - some sources suggest that the feet ~~are~~ <sup>were</sup> not allowed - at the same time trying to hit the ball through a hoop. If the ball dropped or was placed through a small hoop 20 feet high on a sloped wall, the game would end. Various games went on for several days.

## Consequences

In this treacherous sport they had consequences that were a matter of life and death. Sources suggest that the losing team were sacrificed to the gods and possibly the successful captain as it was said it was a free ticket to heaven. As a celebration the victorious participants were given a great feast.

## Religious importance and mythology.

More than just a game, Pok-to-pok was a Holy ritual that symbolized the constant battle between good and bad. A ball court was often connected to a temple and played in honour of the gods.

The event could have a religious significance and featured in episodes of Meso American mythology. The game is important in the Mayan myth, The Hero Twins.

Having read my text, you might have considered playing the ball game. Would you have the skills, endurance and the brute strength? This is Pok-to-pok: A Mayan ball game.

## Key stage 2 training exercise 3

### Pupil C - Piece C: a formal letter

Context: having revisited the features of formal writing, a scenario was provided in which a visit to a local cinema failed to go to plan. Pupils role-played ways in which they might react to failings by both staff and management, and were then asked to write a formal letter of complaint to the manager.

Dear Mr Manager

I am unfortunately compelled to alert you of your appalling standard of service at the Films-for-Us cinema. I became aware of this on the 30<sup>th</sup> April whilst celebrating my younger brother's 4<sup>th</sup> birthday.

My first problem I encountered was when I asked a member of staff where the screening of *Coco* was. I was horrified to be replied to with "go ask someone else." How rude was that? Having found the film with no help from the staff the adverts had finished and the introduction had begun. My younger brother was worried we had missed it and erupted into an uncontrollable howling outburst.

As soon we had settled down to enjoy the movie that we had been expecting, to my surprise, an 18 certificate horror movie with flashing images and profanity not suitable for a 4 year old was screened. Consequently, my brother clambered under the seats in front while quivering and shrieking. As a result, I had to spend 15 minutes prising him out so neither me or my brother knew the plot. In addition to this, my Mum and Dad were appalled for my brother using unacceptable language while on school property and worse still while in public grounds, where my parents received several complaints.

Finally, when we started to consume our 'thought to be' salted popcorn, my dad started to regurgitate chilli popcorn all over the seats in front as he has a severe allergy to chilli. Due to this, my father had to be taken to hospital for a week as his throat was closing up. As a result, neither him or mother received full salary and could not afford a present for my brother's birthday. If I were you I would train your staff with more care. Do you also expect people with extreme sensitivity not to visit your establishment?

Consequently, I would like you to cover the full cost of the therapist treatment my sibling is receiving due to the dreadful nightmares he is experiencing in his sleep. I would also like a complete refund for our popcorn as well as £225 to pay for the hospital bills for our father. If you do not reimburse my requests, I shall be seeking legal advice. I look forward to hearing from you within the next seven days.

Yours sincerely



## Key stage 2 training exercise 3

### Pupil C - Piece D: a balanced argument

Context: as part of a project on art in the community, pupils explored the growing popularity of graffiti. Pupils were divided in their views as to whether graffiti artists should be allowed to deface public buildings with their art and, following a class debate, wrote their own balanced arguments for and against the motion.

#### Should graffiti be legal?

Since the hippy movement - in the 1960s - when graffiti became more wide spread, there has been much debate about whether this unique art form is a valid art technique or an utter eye sore. This raging discussion is of vital importance because many street artists are being jailed while others are being paid to create this criminal art or unique genre in galleries. I'll let you decide.

Many people can argue that graffiti should be a legitimate art form that deserves respect and should be legalised; these are a few examples of why they believe this. Firstly it can brighten up the duller places if they put time into it. This form of art can attract tourists that bring money into the towns or cities. Next it can be a memorial like the Grenfell Tower had a place of respect for the victims that died during the tragic fire. Also it can be environmentally friendly by using street furniture instead of paper from the trees that were animal's habitats so less trees will be destroyed.

On the other hand some people can argue the opposite side and it's just an act of vandalism and is stated by many that it should not be legalised - here's why. If it was legal people would spray everywhere and damage property. Another reason is the toxic fumes that are given off which results in global warming. A final argument is the money that gets wasted on cleaning it up when this money - from tax payers - could be spent on hospitals, schools and charities.

Having debated this issue; the world remains divided. I believe that despite the obvious benefits, we should not legalise graffiti. In particular, the fumes that are given off can create more pollution and I also feel strongly that the money used to make spray cans could be spent on better things like hospitals and charity.

## Key stage 2 training exercise 3

### Pupil C - Piece E: a short horror story

Context: as part of a unit of work on storytelling, pupils discussed the attributes of a good short suspense story. Having read *The Hook* (Roger Hurn), they used the title as a stimulus for their own short, chilling tale.

#### A short horror story

If only Jake had listened to Ben's warning, if only he had heeded the warnings they'd been given, if only he didn't take Kellik Alley. Then his story would be different, so different.

It was the same most evenings. Except this time an emergency assembly was called due to a murderer escaping from Black Forest Prison... "He is known to be extremely dangerous... he has a hook instead of a hand," droned the teacher.

"Let's go quick," urged Ben, "faster the better right."

"Yeah, we should," agreed Jake.

"I don't want to get caught up with a murderer," panicked Ben.

"He won't get us," reassured Jake, "We could out-run him anyway."

"I guess this is my stop, bye," called Ben. "Oh and remember, don't go down RELLIK Alley."

"Ok bye," replied Jake.

"He's such a wus," thought Jake to himself, heading for Rellik Alley. "There's no way I'm going the long way home."

An uneasy mist came over swallowing everything in its path. The overgrown weeds snagged at his ankles; below was a carpet of decaying leaves. As he ~~tumped~~ journeyed through the mysterious lane he stumbled on a twig... no it's... silver? A strike of lightning pierced the <sup>jet</sup> sky, illuminating a ghostly figure behind him. The end was right in front of him: he ran, tripping on the undergrowth. He was out but ~~he~~ Jake felt a strange feeling that someone was watching him. He burst through the doors, put down the shutters and locked up for the night. Relief washed over him.

That very night there came a crash from the basement. Jake went to investigate, there... right there advancing towards him out of the shadows was a figure with long wet hair and a ~~piece~~ piercing in his lip - but worst of all; a large steel... hoo...