



## Key stage 2 English writing standardisation exercise 1

For 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) a diary entry
- B) a biography
- C) a poem
- D) a non-chronological report
- E) a narrative
- F) a set of instructions

## Key stage 2

### Pupil A – Piece A: a diary entry

Context: pupils read 'The Giant's Necklace', a short story by Michael Morpurgo, and were asked to write a diary entry from the viewpoint of the main character's brother. They were able to access a word bank which included language such as: cowrie shell, cove, bay and shingle.

10<sup>th</sup> July 2018

Dear Diary,

This evening, My sister Cherry went missing and I think it's me and my brothers' fault. Here is why...

As I woke up, I got ready to go to the beach which is full of sea shells (Cherry's favourite). I saw my 3 brothers and we decided to tease her for believing in more of a giant's necklace. She didn't like the way we kept on teasing her so she went to the beach early. I felt sorry for her but at the same time I didn't care. My oldest brother asked me where his swimming goggles were. I had no clue so it took even longer than I have expected.

Eventually, Bob had found his goggles and we was read to go. The beach was 5 minutes away so we walked. We saw cherry and there wasn't that much shells today. Cherry went to different spots around the beach and she only found like 6 shells. She was upset. Me and my brothers went snorkeling and we saw a greenish-brown star fish. It was cool. Meanwhile, Cherry dugged through the sand aggressively. After a while cherry found a gold spot, she was jumping all

around the beach. Cherry saw something she has never seen before. A beautiful, huge shell. Cherry shouted "This is extraordinary!" happily.

My brother Josh thought that something bad had happened to cherry. Apparently it was a waist of his time so he stepped on cherry's shells. Cherry stayed back while every one else went home.

As I got home, me and my annoying brothers was going to play it after we all had a shower. As we was playing it I started to worry about cherry, so I asked mum when she was coming back? She said I don't know...

It was the next day. I wanted to say sorry to her for teasing her every day. I walked in her room she wasn't there. I sprinted to mum and dad to tell them that cherry isn't here. We started to over think.

A few days had past, we started to lose hope for cherry. Hopefully we will see her soon.

## Key stage 2

### Pupil A – Piece B: a biography

Context: after studying the features of biography writing, pupils watched a video about Dr Barnardo and then carried out independent research and writing.

Mr Barnardo

Thomas John Barnardo, or known Dr. Barnardo founded a charity called Barnardo's. He was born in 1895 4<sup>th</sup> July in Dublin Ireland.

Dr. Barnardo was the fourth out of five children. His dad is John Michael Barnardo. His mother is Abigail. When Thomas was a young boy he was selfish not caring for others.

He saw a deadly disease called cholera at the East end of London city. Many children became orphans. In 1867 Dr. Barnardo stopped training to be a doctor and instead he opened his first ragged school. The reason why he did that was to give free education and give food, clean clothes and homes to the poor.

One of the students was called Jim Jarvis. One day, Jim and Dr

Barnardo walked around the East end and Jim showed Dr Barnardo something he wouldn't like. On a roof there was like 20 kids sleeping. Dr Barnardo was in disbelief so he gave his life to help poor children.

1870 Dr Barnardo started his charity called Barnardo's. He has an nassary orphanage for boys on 18<sup>th</sup> Stepney Causeway. At Midway, Dr Barnardo looks for lost boys that needs somewhere to stay. He promise that no poor or needy child would ever be turned away.

## Key stage 2

### Pupil A – Piece C: a poem

Context: as part of a topic on extreme weather, pupils read 'Wind' by Ted Hughes and 'Hurricane' by Dionne Brand. They then wrote their own poems about the wind.

Hurricane Wilma

Gather your pets  
and stay inside  
people worrying  
bins are falling  
Don't go outside.

Harsh, loud wind  
cars peeping  
Signs braking  
water scattering  
Don't go outside

Traffic lights falling  
Please stay inside  
trees dancing  
Don't go outside

Traffic lights falling  
Please stay inside  
Trees dancing  
Don't go outside

The sky turning grey  
during the day  
shut down the blinds  
were losing our minds  
don't go outside.

Raging wind  
cars flipping  
people blind  
rain drops are dripping...  
Bang! THERES A HURRICANE!!!

## Key stage 2

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

Context: pupils explored the features of non-chronological reports. They then researched and reported on child labour as part of a topic on the Victorians.

#### JOBS FOR CHILDREN IN THE VICTORIAN TIMES

During the Victorian times children had been doing the same jobs that Adults had been doing. Here are some examples



#### Muddlark

Muddlarks looked for metal from ships. Copper nails on the banks of water crosses sellers- earn the pence of seeing water from baskets.

#### Trappers

Trappers operated air doors to stop build up with poisonous gases. By keeping the fresh air flowing they prevented the build up of the gases. The children would sit in the draft cold, damp and very frightened.



#### Drawers



Drawers pulled heavy parts to surface with chairs around their waist. They ended up with pneumonia and chest infections

#### Chimney sweepers

Chimney sweeping was a job children was a pro at. Children started chimney sweeping at the age of 5 to 6 years. They would be sent scrambling up inside the chimney to brush away. They came down the chimney with their knees bleeding.

So these are some of the jobs that children had done.



## Key stage 2

### Pupil A – Piece E: a narrative

Context: pupils read part of 'Explorer' by Katherine Rundell and were asked to narrate what happened next.

It was morning and the girls barely woke up. Lila and Con had lots of mosquitoes surrounding their legs and the first thing Con saw was bugs on her legs.

Con shouted "TAKE IT OFF TAKE IT OFF!"

Lila wiped off all of the flies off. Lila thought about searching for food or water for breakfast. You can hear Max's tummy rumble. Fred thought of only taking Con with him because she is tall.

"Con and I will go." said Fred.

"Lila you stay here and take care of Max."

- Con was sure with going with Fred. They picked up a ton of sticks and rocks to keep them safe, in case anything tried to get in their way. They waded on a path that had knocked down grass.

Eventually, at the end of the path there was nothing but bushes filled with ruby, red berries. Con nor I knew if the berries were poisonous or not but Con didn't care. Con then started to pick the berries.

"What are you doing?" Fred asked

Con said aggressively "Getting some food to eat.  
What does it look like I'm doing?"

"Don't risk 'u.'" said Fred.

Of course Con didn't care and ignored Fred.  
What a fool.

## Key stage 2

### Pupil A – Piece F: a set of instructions

Context: pupils studied the features of instruction writing and then, as part of a focus on healthy eating, chose a recipe to write up.

How to make Shakshuka for your friends and family

Shakshuka is a very nice and easy recipe to make at home, lots of people would recommend it. It would only take 5-10 minutes to make for your friends and family. People in the middle East eat this for breakfast, lunch and dinner, that's how you can tell that they really enjoy it. Inside of the shakshuka is tomatoes, eggs, chillies and many more. Would you like it? If your mum asks "what you would like for dinner?" say Shakshuka. If your interested try to make it with these steps and equipment.

<u>Equipment</u>	<u>Ingredients</u>
<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• A sharp knife</li><li>• A frying pan</li><li>• chopping board</li><li>• A large spoon</li></ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• 1 tsp of olive oil</li><li>• 2 red onions</li><li>• 1 red chilli</li><li>• 1 garlic clove</li><li>• small bunch of coriander</li><li>• 2 cans of cherry tomatoes</li><li>• 1 tsp of castor sugar</li><li>• 4 eggs</li></ul>

## Method

This recipe is very easy and simple to make, It will only take 5-10 minutes to make. Be careful if anyone is allergic to something in the ingredients if they are make ~~st~~ sure not to add it in.

- 1) Firstly, wash your hands thoroughly and properly with soap.
- 2) Secondly, put the oil carefully into the pan.
- 3) Next, peel the skin off the onion and garlic then chop it up in finely pieces on your chopping board.
- 4) Then, chop one red chili and a bunch of coriander and add it to the pan.
- 5) After that, get your cherry tomatoes and sugar in the pot and stir it up until thick for 8-10 min and make sure that it bubbles.

7) After, crack your 4 eggs into each one of the dips.

8) Once that was done, put a lid on the pan for 6-8 minutes until the eggs look just how you like it.

9) Finally, sprinkle some coriander leaves and serve it with some crusty bread.

### TOP TIP

One large bowl  
could serve 4  
people!

After cooking your shakshuka it should look something like this



## Pupil B

This collection includes:

- A) a narrative
- B) a non-chronological report
- C) a speech
- D) a diary entry
- E) a persuasive report

## Key stage 2

### Pupil B – Piece A: a narrative

Context: after watching the short film 'The Present', pupils were tasked with writing the narrative to accompany it for an audience of children from years 4 and 5.

#### The Present

In a dark and gloomy room, a boy perched tensely on the edge of a faded grey sofa as the sound of gunfire punctured the stuffy air. He was completely motionless. Completely still. Even his intense, saucer-like eyes were unblinking. The only movement in the dwelling was the quivering of an ant's antenna and the rapid twitching of the boy's fingers on a controller. Suddenly, the gunfire stopped and there was an intruding *beep, beep*; the boy sighed deeply. Slowly, he took a huge, shaky breath and started the whole process again.

Abruptly, the door creaked open and a woman who resembled the boy, blustered in, causing a beam of light to penetrate the gloom. Momentarily, the boy's dilated pupils flickered away from the 12 inch screen only to dash back after seeing who it was.

"Honey I'm home," the boy's mum trilled, "Sorry I'm so late. The traffic was terrible."

After bustling around for a minute, the woman headed directly for him with a substantial box. She hurriedly dumped it on the coffee table immediately in front of the boy (who was still playing his warfare game and swerved to avoid it obstructing his vision). Vffffffttt. The jarring sound of the living room blinds being hoisted open distracted the boy for a second. Instantaneously, light filled the room, rudely interrupting the murky environment and making the boy pause for a second to adjust. Twittering like an especially annoying bird, the woman, who was dressed in a white T-shirt and black tights, marched back into the kitchen.

"Aren't you going to open the present I got you?" she called.

"Whaa?!.... Huh.... Me?.....!" the boy mumbled vaguely, the word 'present' snapping him out of a haze of pixels.

His eyes fell upon the large cardboard box that was settled tantalisingly right in front of his face. Slowly and cautiously, savouring every moment, the boy raised a corner of the mysterious box and expectantly peered in, only to see a pair of inquisitive eyes peering right back at him. Ecstatic, the boy reached in and pulled out the ball of fluff, observing it adoringly.

"Sick," the boy exclaimed, scrutinising him closely, all the while trying not to get whipped by its thrashing tail. The puppy had silky golden fur, a short, stubby, energetic tail and trusting, hazel eyes. As if being tickled, the puppy playfully wriggled and writhed in the boy's hands and that's when he noticed... Where his front left paw should be, there was a stump. He only had three legs. The puppy yapped playfully and stared back up at him with his big, round eyes but the boy cruelly tossed him onto the rigid floor.

"She's got to be kidding," he growled in disgust picking up the controller and returning to his game as if nothing had happened. Undeterred, the puppy scrambled

about, got up and walked back over the boy. Suddenly, the boy lashed out, kicking the puppy in fury. "Get lost!" he shouted.

Relentlessly, the puppy got up and set off to explore his new habitat with a tsunami of enthusiasm. A second later, the sound of gunfire re-entered the room but the boy wasn't completely consumed: half of him was now focussed on the adorable puppy, who was currently attempting to run but kept tripping. With a new-found, gleaming ball in his mouth, the resolute puppy made his way back to the boy tripping and stumbling along the way. As soon as he reached the boy, the puppy dropped the red ball and nudged it with his nose towards his new friend who kicked it aggressively into the cardboard box, which was now strewn over the polished wooden floor. Oblivious to the boys anger, the puppy incessantly lurched forwards towards the ball, thereby getting himself stuck in the cardboard box and earning himself a chuckle from the boy.

Unable to concentrate on his game or refuse the ceaseless, young puppy, the boy picked up the magenta ball along with his crutches. "We'll be outside mum!" he called, while manoeuvring his single leg around the door.

## Key stage 2

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

Context: pupils explored the features of report writing and then wrote about Howard Carter as part of their work on Ancient Egypt.

#### The Discovery of a Lost Pharaoh

It is widely known to Egyptologists (historians who are interested in Ancient Egypt) that on the 17<sup>th</sup> February 1923, a major break-through into ancient history was made. It was on this date that Howard Carter, who was born in Norfolk, England, famously discovered the lost tomb of a long-gone pharaoh: the 18-year-old, King Tutankhamun. Carter's effort to persevere has influenced our knowledge of Ancient Egypt every since.

#### About Howard Carter

Howard Carter was possibly the most famous Egyptologist who ever lived; even as a child, he loved history (especially the Ancient Egyptian civilisation). He studied to be an archaeologist and at the age of 17, he got his dream job in Egypt – copying Ancient Egyptian wall paintings and inscriptions on archaeological sites. However, that's where Carter's good fortune ceases: he was not a wealthy man and if he wanted to pursue his true dreams, he needed a sponsor. Fortunately, in 1907, he found the perfect man (Lord Carnarvon) with whom he shared the same passion. Ten years later, Carter and Carnarvon embarked on their first expedition to discover King Tut.

#### The Discovery

The ground-breaking discovery of the 19-year-old pharaoh (Tutankhamun) took five years in total. Five whole years of excruciating hard work until they finally found his tomb – it was worth it! After painstakingly uncovering the annexe, the duo were able to unearth a gateway which led into King Tut's burial chamber and after that, his treasury. In the burial chamber, there were four gilded shrines; each one bigger than the one inside. Furthermore, there were over three to four thousand items – each one a priceless artefact.

All of this was located 3.9m (13 ft) under the tomb of King Rameses VI in the Valley of the Kings ( the traditional burial place of pharaohs).

#### The key events

It was 1918 when it all started: the dig for King Tut's tomb. But, it was the key events following this date which were equally as crucial; they commenced from the 1<sup>st</sup> November 1922. It was on this date that the final season of working in The Valley of the Kings took place. Four days later – on November 9<sup>th</sup> – the first steps leading to Tutankhamun's tomb were unearthed. These led to a door sealed with brick and plaster. Eighteen days later, Lord Carnarvon and his daughter arrived at the dig. Subsequently, on the 26<sup>th</sup> November, a second door was opened and inside, was the

antechamber of the tomb. Finally, on 17<sup>th</sup> February 1923, Tutankhamun's tomb was opened and the concealed treasure rediscovered.

#### Howard Carter ... the most famous Egyptologist ever?

By studying Howard Carter, it is clear his discoveries have influenced history as we know it but whether or not he was the most famous, that is for you to decide.

## Key stage 2

### Pupil B – Piece C: a speech

Context: as part of their work on the Romans, pupils read 'Roman Quests' by Caroline Lawrence. They were asked to write a persuasive speech in role (Calpurnia) to another character, Juba, to persuade him to exchange his baby sister in return for safe passage to Britannia. Note that purple text is the pupil's own editing.

Context: Cap. Calpurnia's proposal to Juba.

Juba, follow me to the Triclinium and seat yourself; I have a vital proposal to make.

Juba, I beg of you to consider my ~~pro~~ suggestion carefully. You are a brave and wise boy and you have done outstandingly well to get this far but you need to seize this miraculous opportunity... for Dora's sake. I believe that our fates are intertwined and leaving Dora with me would not only ensure her safety and your journey's likelihood, but it would relieve me of the dark crushing jaws of sorrow and despair. Juba, I urge you to make the decision that would ~~me~~ make your parents proud (Jupiter rest their souls).

Do you know, my brother, Quintus, is a sailor and my husband, Appius, is a highly regarded beast importer? Between them they know every every sailor, every ship and every departure and entry time in all three harbours. I am certain they will guide you on your voyage to Britannia... for ~~seis~~ quadrans. The only price in exchange for yours, Frontos and Ursula's safe travels to ~~Brit~~ Britannia, is your baby sisters, who will most likely, even if you do safely arrive, not survive the cold, hostile, ~~for~~ <sup>lonely</sup> lands. You do want to save your syblings, don't you?

Juba, as you know, Dora is a sweet and very beautiful but she is also fragile and very delicate: Britannia is a desperate

solution for you and your <sup>other</sup> sybber syblings but for Dora it is non-negotiable. Most likely, she will die <sup>from</sup> ~~for~~ the thousand mile journey, the wild wild animals, the lack of milk or the terrible, blue-faced barbarians.

Additionally, Dora will be protected and secure with me. I will love her to the tips of my fingers along with my considerate husband. Furthermore, we will take care for her, feed her, clothe her, look look out for her and educate her, which is a luxury that if she ~~was~~ went on your journey you could not provide. If you leave Dora with me, she will grow up in a safe environment and will have many friends to entertain her. Do you really want any harm to come to your youngest sister?

Juba, I am Calpurnia. I am a mater. I am your saving grace. It is not a mistake that our paths crossed, so, I beg for of you, make the ~~des~~ decision that your ~~to~~ fate decrees.

## Key stage 2

### Pupil B – Piece D: a diary entry

Context: After reading 'Roman Quests' by Caroline Lawrence, pupils were asked to write a diary entry from the viewpoint of one of the characters (Fronto). Note that purple text is the pupil's own editing.

Dear Diary

How rich and luxurious life in Britannia is! It isn't home and it's a bit smelly and dirty... but it is the closest ~~the~~ environment to home I could have ever hoped for, ~~in a mysterious land so far from Rome, such a~~ ~~lonely~~ land. Right now, <sup>lovingly</sup> ~~lovingly~~ on a <sup>leather</sup> ~~lustrous~~ ~~water~~ mattress and holding out my wax tablet, <sup>in front of my face</sup> I am contemplating the mood of my two younger siblings: Tuba is always so anxious at the moment and Ussula is suspicious of everyone we meet (she still doesn't like Uncle Pantera, ~~even~~ ~~but~~ even after all he's done for us already).

The Uncle Pantera's Villa is out-of-this-world. There's a new, priceless surprise at every turn and even after ~~two~~ <sup>two</sup> weeks of exploring the labyrinth of its ~~depths~~ <sup>corridors and gardens</sup> I still don't know half of the secrets it holds. In the atrium alone, there's a marble path way ~~it~~ flanked on both sides by impecible <sup>emerald</sup> emerald grass and ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~Italian~~ ~~and~~ the Roman tree Eucalis. Dark, slender, ~~but~~ towering, Roman trees: the legendary Eucalitis. Further into the majestic ~~courtyard~~ <sup>you</sup>, temple-like courtyard you will spot marvellous, black and white, <sup>diamond</sup> diamond-shaped mosaics draped around an exuberant fountain draped.

which spued crystal-clear, sparkling water. It was just like the one they had had back in Rome only bigger, ~~and~~

Once we had been showed through the garden by one of Uncle Pantera's many many, fair-haired slaves, I found myself face-to-face with an interact <sup>sculpture</sup> sculpture. Automatically, I reached out - right, left, right - but there was no doorframe to reach out to so I ended up tapping my chest on muscular ~~as~~ chest ~~was~~ instead.

Suddenly I realised ~~for~~ ~~my~~ it wasn't a statue, it was my athletic Uncle: the rich ~~and~~ Mr Pantera.

Uncle is the kindest person I have ever met but he's a bit different to ~~at~~ what I ~~was~~ ~~imagined~~ ~~him~~ to be: He reminds me of the photos Pater used to show me of himself a younger, ~~and~~ fitter, more athletic handsome version of himself. So far, he has granted us with delicious food, the finest feather beds and a roof over our head, but mood is so formal ~~has~~ here and I miss the laughter of the family meals back ~~at home~~ ~~at~~ in Rome.

~~After~~ In the evening of every day, Albinus (Uncle Pantera's servant) directs us to a trellised area in the back directly behind the ~~main~~ our <sup>accommodation</sup> accommodation for a banquet. After we ~~are~~ <sup>sit</sup> ~~seat~~ on the lustourous coaches Albinus serves us britannia most luxurious dishes: cheese patina pies, roast hog with a plum in its jaws, watered wine and ~~at~~ my personal favourite suffered song but I miss the basic food of home.

So Bye: for now diary (I need to rest my eyes) until tomorrow

Fronto,

## Key stage 2

### Pupil B – Piece E: a persuasive report

Context: following the year 6 residential camp, pupils were asked to write a formal report stating the advantages of this trip in order to secure funding and support for future trips from governors and parents.

It has long been deliberated that year-six residential are beneficial for the development of core values: determination, collaboration, independence and trust. And having just spent five days at Charterhouse, I know that to be true. All students who attended will have forged a plethora of memories which will be cherished and reflected upon long into the future. Although all students had a fluctuating time, every single one of them advanced their personal attributes. Evidently, you must continue these outstanding and marvellous residential, must you not?

Determination is an attribute which all children will have obtained throughout the week. They may have acquired this essential skill during caving: ~~where~~ they had to proceed, even though they were anxious. Or they might have achieved it in climbing where they kept ascending the rock face even though they yearned to capitulate. Taking oneself out of one's comfort zone is surely something all children should do regularly, is it not?

Collaboration is ~~another~~ another constructable quality pupils will have developed as in every task there was no 'I' only team. For example, having no nights ~~to~~ we had to all work together and make

them immaculate (in the hope our teachers would give us ten out of ten). The next value is independence. Independence is another vital attribute ~~to~~ as it ~~allows~~ ~~allows~~ ~~allows~~ you to pack your own bag, keep your things together and be ~~red red~~ ready and on time for all your activities. This will greatly assist children in later life; they will be ~~able~~ capable to complete actions solitary and ~~unaccompanied~~ <sup>unaccompanied</sup> by an adult.

Trust is another was also a crucial quality at Charterhouse as, during climbing, we had to whole-heartedly trust our belayers (people who fix you and the equipment to the wall) to secure the equipment and keep oneself safe. This skill will help the children in future to trust relatives and loved ones.

~~so many~~ If residential trips were to be discontinued, so many children would definitely miss out on this ~~once-in-a-lifetime~~ opportunity. After all, all students should have the privilege of experiencing these stupendous and exclusive residential camps, should they not?

## Pupil C

This collection includes:

- A) a letter of complaint
- B) a narrative describing a single episode
- C) a narrative describing a series of events
- D) an explanation text
- E) a persuasive letter
- F) a diary entry

## Key stage 2

### Pupil C – Piece A: a letter of complaint

Context: pupils had read half of 'The Boy in the Striped Pyjamas' by John Boyne and collected ideas about characters who might like to write a formal letter of complaint.

Pupil C chose to write a letter from Bruno to his tutor Herr Liszt.

The Main House  
Out-with  
Poland

Dear Herr Liszt,

Tuesday 19<sup>th</sup> March 1942

I regret to inform you, that your lessons are boring and pointless. During my time in your teaching space, I have come to realise how selfish you are. You only pick certain subjects, you do not listen to my opinions and you most certainly do not care about the insults that slip out of your mouth. Also, did I mention the 'bone-shaker'? It is noisy and very interrupting. All these issues should be changed before your next arrival at Out-with.

Over the past few days, it has come to my attention that the variety of your lessons have been ~~history~~ and history and geography, which is unacceptable as I should be taught a wide variety of lessons. When I have complained to you about this, I have been told that they are the most important subjects and should be taught more often. I disagree with that. I believe that art and reading should be taught more because they allow me to be creative and use my imagination ~~more~~. Now don't think think this is the only complaint letter I ~~write~~ <sup>have written</sup>, because it is not. I have already complained to Mother and Father so if I were you, I would sort your lesson plan out.

Now, have you heard how noisy your bike is? I will take that as a no. That 'bone-shaker' is loud and interrupts my only time to read my adventure books that include a series of explorers. I am not the only person to complain <sup>about</sup> your bicycle, yet I am the first to bring it to your attention. Allow me to give you some recommendations of what you could do; set it on fire; crash it into a wall or just get it repaired. I hope my recommendations have made you realise how rackety your bike is, as something should be changed about it.

Recently, your attitude has been an utter disgrace to listen to. You better think about those insults that are flying out of your mouth as they are affecting me mentally. Also, I don't understand why you disrespect me and not my sister (Gretel). I am still a person who is no different to Gretel. You also think of me as an older child which I do not like, as I am a child who does not want to read giant history books in their spare time. Your attitude should be fixed immediately!

You should of now realised how disgusted I am with your behaviour. Due to my multitude of complaints, I expect you to be able to fix your bike and your attitude ~~etc.~~ to be completely honest, you are lucky I still want to come to your lessons.

Yours faithfully,

## Key stage 2

### Pupil C – Piece B: a narrative describing a single episode

Context: pupils had read 'Holes' by Louis Sachar and chosen to write their own suspenseful version of Stanley's encounter with The Warden.

He climbed out of his hole. The journey wasn't that bad, as the cool breeze from the open window landed on Stanley's hot, sweaty face. He could imagine his "friends" laughing. He could imagine them stuffing their faces with stolen sunflower seeds. But, he honestly didn't care, he was more concerned for Mr Sir, who had been chewing on the sunflower seeds to help stop his addiction to smoking.

Stanley stepped out of the truck. Mr Sir was ~~chewing~~ <sup>chomping</sup> crunching on sunflower seeds whilst Stanley ~~took~~ looked out into the distance. The other boys had told him that the cabin was engulfed in shade (one thing he had missed). The truck had stopped a few yards away from the cabin so they had to walk. The walk wasn't that bad as she owned the shade. Stanley had met her before and she seemed fairly nice, but that was when he wasn't in trouble.

The warden opened the door. She was wearing shorts and a t-shirt and her hair was glowing down her shoulders.

"Well, if it isn't Caveman!" she started, "<sup>Simon</sup> ~~please enter~~" Stanley didn't know if she was happy to see him or <sup>if</sup> she was angry and putting on a smile.

"Ma'am I am so sorry I had to interrupt you, but Stanley here claims he stole my sunflower seeds but I think he is covering up for X-ray or Magnet," explained Mr Sir grabbing the empty bag of sunflower seeds out of Stanley's hands. Stanley ~~just~~ stayed silent.

"Alright, Stanley do me a favour and go and wait in that room," she said pointing to a door. ~~in the~~ Stanley did as he was told.

The room was filled with boxes and shelves. He could hear the muffled voices of the warden and Mr Sir talking outside. Stanley walked around peeking into each box. One box caught Stanley's eye. It was slightly smaller than the other boxes and had holes poked into it. The door opened.

"What are you looking at?" shouted the warden walking over to Stanley, who was now holding the box. Stanley wanted to say something, but couldn't. "Get out now!" her voice boomed. Stanley ran out of the cabin and into the truck. ~~Mr Sir's face was full of fear. He had three~~

Mr Sir's face was full of fear. He had three bulging marks on his left cheek. <sup>all being different heights.</sup> Whatever had happened, he clearly didn't want to talk about it. The deafening silence was too much for Stanley.

"I can walk if you want?" spoke Stanley in a quiet voice. Mr Sir sighed.

"What a great idea," said Mr Sir sarcastically, as he stopped the truck allowing Stanley to get out. Stanley clambered out and Mr Sir left in a ~~cloud~~ <sup>cloud</sup> of dust.

## Key stage 2

### Pupil C – Piece C: a narrative describing a series of events

Context: pupils had been reading 'Night Bus Hero' by Onjali Rauf and discussing the pranks played by the main character, Hector. They made up and wrote about a new prank carried out by Hector and his friends.

Stood outside the gates, were the school's most geared tricksters. Scanning the perimeter, their eyes ~~was~~ looked onto the door they had previously left open. "They will give me a boost and I'll pull youse over," spoke Katie, as she walked towards the gates. They all climbed over and began to approach the door.

"Alright, di' yas ~~no~~ know the plan?" Hector asked, opening his backpack to check he had everything. His friends nodded and they entered the school.

They sprinted down hallways <sup>and</sup> ducked when they saw the cleaner. Before they knew it they were stood outside the main office; the trophy cabinet reflecting the moonlight. Hector ~~pushed down~~ lighted his back pack off his shoulders, as Will and Katie left to get the ladder from the caretaker's office.

"This is my moment. I'll show them not to mess with me," muttered Hector, as he pulled a bag of goldfish from his bag. ~~straight~~

"We're back with the ladder! Now all three off us need to get the hose," spoke Will, helping Katie set the ladder up. (She was always useless <sup>at this</sup>) "Alright let me finish sorting the fish out," said Hector, pulling another bag out, before standing up and following his friends down the corridor. Hector had never been in the caretaker's office, but he had a pretty good idea of what to expect. He entered the room. It looked alot like a garden shed - full of gardening tools and confiscated items he had stolen from children at breaktime. He thought: I might use this stuff <sup>one day</sup>. "Hello, earth to Hector?" started Katie snapping him out of ~~day~~ his daydream. "Me and Will were just saying how you will stay here to turn the hose on and we will ~~make~~ <sup>it</sup> the hose down." Will and Katie carried the hose down and Hector turned the tap on, gilling the tank up.

Once the 'tank' was full they one by one released the gish into their new home. <sup>men</sup> they ~~tegs~~ made their exit.

"Good morning Mr. Lancaster!" Spote greeted Mrs. Vegara, as she exited her car making her way up towards the main office.

"Good morning Mrs. Vegara," replied Mr. Lancaster. They both entered the building. One thing Mr. Lancaster did everyday was check the notice board; so he obviously checked it today. ~~Everything looked~~

"No notices, how strange. Oh wait what's this?" questioned Mr. Lancaster, picking up a bright yellow post-it note. Written on the post note in scribbled handwriting was "remember to feed the gish!"

"Fish? What gish?" said ~~Mr~~ Mr. Lancaster confused.

"Sir, you might want to turn around," whispered Mrs. Vegara.

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Hector and his friends walked down the corridor.

"You don't think this assembly is about the gish?" asked Will. The three of them were in a line; Katie at the front, Will in the middle and Hector at the back. Hector and Katie shrugged.

"It's probably one of Mr. Lancaster's boring assemblies, where we have to sit and listen to all the dribble he has to talk about," spat Katie, whilst rolling her eyes. The two boys nodded and entered the hall.

"Good morning everyone!" spoke Mr. Lancaster. He was stood at the front in his usual spot. Hector could sense the anger in his voice.

"Now last night me and Mrs. Vegara think that a pupil broke or pupil's broke into ~~school~~ <sup>the building</sup> and played a malicious act on the school."

He started, as he pulled something out of his pocket, "They left this note and so we ask throughout the day each and everyone of you will write this out so we ~~know~~ <sup>have an idea on</sup> who did it, otherwise this will be taken up with the police." The three troublemakers stared at each other.

"Oh no!" the three of them said together.

## Key stage 2

### Pupil C – Piece D: an explanation text

Context: while reading 'Night Bus Hero' by Onjali Rauf, the pupils noticed that the thief was using a special device to make light disappear. They created their own piece of equipment and wrote an explanation of how it worked.

#### How can the Fomo Port change your life?

If you are lucky enough to get your hands on this illegal piece of science technology, known as the Fomo Port, you are probably wondering how to use such a dangerous device without causing a worldwide powercut. This simple guide will give you all the information on how to use this contraption so you won't be stuck in hospital because you accidentally electrocuted yourself. (again).

#### How to use this high-quality piece of technology.

To activate your Fomo port, connect the device to your phone by inserting it into your charging port. Once the screen on the machine lights up, click the switch labelled: 'on/off' and a green light should appear - letting you know that the light will be stolen shortly. The device then connects to your WIFI and personal documents before hacking into the main source of light. The Fomo Port sends powerful viruses to the main circuit board, which enables power to reach the light with ease and traps the light within your appliance.

#### How to maintain and care for your <sup>Fomo</sup> ~~Foto~~ Port.

When getting to know your 'new technology, you could consider reading the instruction manual. You might be worried about

damaging it or using it in the wrong way. If you inadvertently press the emergency eeg button, the screen will flash red giving you five seconds to unplug the gadget from your mobile. You will then need to discard the device before it self-destructs, leaving no trace of its activities. Because damaging property is something everyone worries about, the Fomo Port can be easily fixed; all you need is a screwdriver and it is more than likely that you will find the broken part at a local shop or online. Additionally, because you can never predict the British weather, you can buy a waterproof spray to keep water out of your equipment.

Now that you have some form of understanding of your new contraption, you should be able to look after it properly. Being the proud owner of a device like this is a big responsibility. This guide should have answered all of your questions and taken some of the weight off of your back. If you have any further questions, use a popular online browser to answer them.

## Key stage 2

### Pupil C – Piece E: a persuasive letter

Context: as part of their topic work on climate change, pupils wrote persuasive letters to their local authority to ask them to help.

Dear

I am a year 6 student who attends

The main reason I am writing to you is to share my concerns for climate change and how it is negatively impacting our planet. I have plenty of reasons on how we can make a difference and plenty of reasons on why you should listen to me. I just wish I can share my worries with you so not only me but many people amongst our local communities can have a brighter and better future.

As a class, we have been studying in depth about climate change. One of our tasks was to contact our grandparents to ask about their way of life / since then we have realised the difference between our carbon footprint. I believe that if we cut our carbon emissions in half, our lives can be somewhat a more modern version <sup>of our</sup> grandparents lives. That might be difficult for some people to make a change, but we can put policies into place to reduce emissions today.

Global climate change has already had observable effects on the environment. Glaciers have shrunk; ice on rivers and lakes is breaking up earlier; plant and animal ranges have shifted and trees are flowering sooner. All of these natural occurrences are happening alot sooner because of climate change and global warming.



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As the earth continues to warm, crucial habitats may no longer be hospitable for certain animals or plants. This puts a variety of species at risk, depending on whether they can adapt or move. The land that we stand on isn't just getting warmer, there are changes to the water causing algae to leave coral reefs, turning the coral white and vulnerable to disease and death - a phenomenon known as coral bleaching.

Finally, I would like to thank you for taking the time to read about my ~~concerns~~<sup>worries</sup> and I would <sup>like</sup> to leave you with one final thought. ~~Without a thriving natural world, humans will die. We~~<sup>we should be changing our life style, not the planet.</sup> we must protect our planet before it's too late!

Yours sincerely,

## Key stage 2

### Pupil C – Piece F: a diary entry

Context: following a history topic examining the Peterloo Massacre, pupils were given the option to choose from whose perspective they would like to write about it. Pupil C chose to write as one of the horses.

Dear diary,

What I did today makes me want to tussle my hair with pride. This morning I woke up and thought it was going to be another boring day in the Stables, until he came into my room with a tall man, who was wearing one of the most magnificent uniforms I had ever seen. Being an off-duty member of Service, I rarely see people like this, but fast forward to a few minutes later and I was slap bang in the middle of a warzone.

I was positioned down the <sup>side</sup> of a tall building; a building that I had watched many people enter earlier that day. As the day went on, more and more people gathered around a wooden platform about two hundred yards away from me. If I'm honest with myself, I found it rather intimidating. Finally, after what felt like forever watching a field crowded with people, a man appeared on the platform. I couldn't hear what he was saying properly but the humans who had gathered seemed to of found it entertaining due to the loud cheers that stopped me from fully focussing. Despite wearing my finery, the jeers from the crowd continued to deafen my ears. Although I was continuously moving forward, my legs ached. That's when everything went downhill - and I don't mean literally because that's my favourite type of turning.

I felt a sharp pain in my side and saw my friend edge closer to me walking forward as they did; I followed. Me and many of my kind moved gracefully along a cobbled street in some kind of formation. I was nervously close to the crowd, which unfortunately made me knock a smaller being out of a person's arms. Others behind me crushed the body as we carried on. Once we reached the end of the path I turned to face the herd of people with my back to the building I was previously stood next to. After one swift kick in the side, I had no choice but to charge forward.

I pushed past many people, making my way to the platform. All around me people collapsed to the floor as they tried to run from me and my companions. From the corner of my eye, I could see thousands of people rushing to a side street, making me jolt in that direction. I continued charging through the crowd until the field had cleared. I don't know what came over me; the adrenaline was rushing through my entire body.

I fought with the heavy lump on my back. He wanted me to continue fighting even though I had nothing left to give. What I look part in today makes me long for a permanent position in the field. After a good grooming, I think my comrades would agree that I am definitely a strong candidate should the opportunity arrive.