

## Key stage 2 English writing standardisation exercise 3

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 balanced argument
- B) a narrative
- C) a diary entry
- D) a narrative
- E) a persuasive leaflet

## Key stage 2

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

Context: drawing on 'Jemmy Button' by Jennifer Uma, and their work on evolution, pupils explored features of discussion texts before writing their own balanced argument addressing the question: 'Was it right for the visitors to take Jemmy Button to England?'

In 1830, a 13 year old boy was taken hostage from his home island. The boy's name was Orundellico and he lived on the island of Tierra del fuego. A man named Captain Robert Fitzroy had been watching the people on the island for a long time and wanted to attempt an experiment. He traded ~~Orun~~ Orundellico for a mother of pearl button, gave him the name 'Jemmy Button' and they set sail on the HMS Beagle. Robert's experiment was going to take place as soon as they arrived in England; the captain was going to change Jemmy Button into a proper English gentleman.

Although the trip sounded like a great idea, there were many negatives for Jemmy. Firstly, he would be leaving his family and probably would not see them for a very long time. Another point is that Captain Fitzroy did not speak the same language as Jemmy Button so he did not understand a word the captain was saying. Jemmy had no clothes for the long journey ahead or any for when they reached their destination. In addition, he may have felt out of place in this bustling country or felt homesick. As well as this, it was unfair for Jemmy's family: they had no understanding of where he was going or if they could even trust Captain Robert Fitzroy. They will not know if their son will be cared for properly. Also, they would not be able to communicate to Orundellico.

However, not everybody believed that the uprooting of Jemmy Button was a negative visit. Some English people were excited to be sharing their home country with a 'wild man' and others' opinions were that he was in a better

place and belonged there. Despite Jemmy's savage ways, he was treated very well and became unbelievably popular; he even met Queen Adelaide and King William IV. The scientists were very pleased with their results: Jemmy Button was transformed into an English gentleman. As well as Jemmy learning about upper class ~~the~~ manners, Englishmen were very interested in the cultures of Tierra del Fuego and learnt many more interesting facts.

In conclusion, it seems that there are more powerful arguments against Jemmy's abduction than for. He missed his home and family, was placed in a bustling country of strangers and did not wish to be in England for as long as he was. Luckily, Jemmy was very willing to relearn his native language and ways. Do you think it was to take Jemmy Button to England?

## Key stage 2

### Pupil A – Piece B: a narrative

Context: as part of a unit of work focused on 'Star of Fear, Star of Hope' by Jo Hoestlandt, pupils were asked to recount a key episode which leads to conflict between the main characters. They drew on work relating to cohesive devices when doing this.

Yesterday's events began when the two girls had a sleep over at Helen's house. Whilst telling scary Zombie stories to see if their <sup>hair</sup> would stand on end, they heard footsteps ascending the stairs. As the footsteps grew closer, Helen got up and <sup>crept</sup> crept over to the keyhole. She was staring straight at a spiky old lady!

Moments after, the pair <sup>heard</sup> heard what sounded like scratching at the door. Confused, the birthday girl took a few steps back. Then, the lady called out, "Open up, it's Madam eleven o'clock." Helen saw that the lady was wearing a star like Lydia's. Instead of questioning it like <sup>the</sup> the girl had been doing, the lady was vigorously pulling at it. Just as Lydia crossed the room to join Helen, more footsteps were heard on the stairs and Madam eleven o'clock sped to the top floor of the building. As fast as the footsteps had started, they stopped. Helen looked through keyhole again but this time she

Saw a red face. A man cried, "Quick, open up, it's the Midnight ghost!" Lydia and Helen stood on the cold, tiled floor, shaking uncontrollably.

A few minutes passed and yet another pair of footsteps were heard but they sighed a sigh of relief when they realised ~~that~~ that the noise was coming from Helen's parents. They quickly got back into their beds and pretended to be asleep. When

Helen's mum found out that they had been the telling Zombie <sup>scary stories</sup> stories, she said, "Girls, you shouldn't have ~~so~~ scared yourselves like that." The

couple couldn't believe that the girls had had such a traumatic night when Helen told them what had happened. Helen's father went out to look for the uninvited guests but he only came back with Malcolm eleven o'clock. ~~The man~~

Further into the night, Lydia announced that she wanted to go home. She looked longingly at Maria and began to drape her coat over her shoulders. As she buttoned her long, heavy coat, her body started to tremble. The worried girl turned to Helen. "I can't believe you are leaving me on my birthday," spluttered Helen. An ashamed Lydia began to storm across the hallway as Helen screamed, "Go on, go! I don't care, you are not my friend anymore." An eerie silence spread across the room and Helen stormed off.

Helen was very disappointed in her best friend when she announced that she wanted to leave. To finish off the night, Lydia gave Helen her birthday present and said, "Happy birthday. I hope you still want to be my friend."

## Key stage 2

### Pupil A – Piece C: a diary entry

Context: drawing again on 'Star of Fear, Star of Hope', pupils conveyed the experience of being taken to a concentration camp from the point of view of Lydia, one of the main characters. They explored feelings related to this before writing their piece.

Dear Diary,

I have just arrived at a Jewish prison camp. I don't understand why we were brought here; we aren't criminals. My parents are pale and shaky; I am not surprised. It is pitch-black, damp and the food here has mold growing on the original mould. The gusty aroma is drifting slowly through the cave-like camp as tears slip through the cracks in the stone. The sound of screaming echoes through the walls and rings in my ears. I wish that I could be a normal girl like Helen.

This nightmare started earlier this morning when the police knocked on our door. We had no choice but to answer, confused and anxious my father slotted the key into the door and turned it. Once inside, the policeman screamed at us and pushed us outside. We argued with him and complained that we had nothing to wear. He reasoned with us and gave us time to pack. When our time was up, he barged past us and led me and my stressed family to an impossibly long line. I could feel myself trembling as we made our way to a train station. We were in the train carriage for what felt like an age and finally we arrived at this wretched place.

All I can do now is hope. I wonder what Helen is doing right now. I hope that she is thinking of me. What I would give to see her; what I would give to see anyone that I know! I'll try to write to you tomorrow.

Lydia.

## Key stage 2

### Pupil A – Piece D: a narrative

Context: after studying the 'The Selfish Giant' by Oscar Wilde, pupils were asked to rewrite the story in the first or third person. The pupil chose to write from the point of view of a tree in the garden, drawing on classroom work focused on setting and character.

It was a regular day in the life of a tree as I stood tall and proud, watching over the joyous children. They were laughing, playing, having fun and climbing up my branches. Suddenly, that all changed. The Giant returned after a seven year long trip to see his friend in the Cornish Ogre. As soon as he determined what was happening, he exclaimed loudly, "Get out! I forbid you to ever enter my garden again!" The children scattered as quick as a flash; they ~~disse~~ disappeared into the old town where happiness left and poverty began. As soon as they left, he began to construct a colossal wall around his luxurious garden. Then he put up a sign saying, 'Tresspassers will be prosecuted!'

All was quiet without the joyful children. ~~as winter~~ Spring had left and Winter was lording his power over all of the plants and trees (like me). His icy breath wrapped round every inch of the once picturesque garden. The frost had a tight grip on every branch and the mist's shadowy spirit loomed over the bitter blades of grass. The biting north wind whisked away any trace of Spring as he ran riot around the ruined land. Judging by the ~~in~~ frozen look on the giant's face, he was appalled by Winter's shocking behaviour. I ~~he~~ overheard him questioning why Spring's arrival was so delayed. He was cursing and mumbling under his breath. A few bleak weeks passed when finally, Spring returned. The giant was ecstatic, constantly smiling! Unfortunately for the giant, the beautiful weather had come with a down side. The children were inside the garden, relishing in the wonderful weather!

The children had crept in through a hole in the wall and were covered in blossoms of all <sup>colours</sup> ~~colours~~. While all of the other children were content and merry, one little boy was trying to climb up my branches. He kept trying and trying but he was just not tall enough to reach my snowy branches. Luckily, the giant had noticed the ~~little~~ <sup>tiny</sup> child trying to ~~climb~~ climb the only winter tree left in the garden (that's me). The giant had finally comprehended how selfish he had been and why Spring had not visited! The sight of the boy made him hasten <sup>across</sup> ~~down~~ the garden. When he eventually reached me, he lifted the child up and up and placed him gently on top of my ~~my~~ highest branch. From then on, the giant loved, played and cared for the children. One evening as the children went over to the castle to bid the giant goodbye, I noticed his question where the boy was as he did not ~~see~~ spot him. Nobody knew where the boy had got to or what had happened to him; the giant's spirit was not as bright without the boy he loved so much. Years later, the giant had aged and had become feeble and frail. Although he could not play with me and the euphoric juniors, he was perfectly content watching us frolicking around. He seemed fine yet he never stopped worrying about his long lost friend. Every afternoon, when school was over and the children arrived at the giant's house, he would exclaim, "How I would like to see him again!" However hard I tried, I could not get the boy's grateful expression out of my head.

One winter morning, as the giant was preparing for the children's visit, he glanced out of his bedroom window and what met his eyes was such a wonderful sight that he rushed downstairs and ran across the garden to hug me. The boy had returned and was standing ~~the~~ directly underneath me! The ~~ex~~ ecstatic giant spun the boy around with joy.

"You have returned, I have longed for you to return to me," said the giant as he ecstatically spun the boy around. "I have returned for you, it is your time." the boy gently replied. The giant and the boy sat beneath me reunited, never to be separated again.

## Key stage 2

### Pupil A – Piece E: a persuasive leaflet

Context: following a residential trip to Liverpool, pupils explored examples of persuasive leaflets before writing their own leaflet to promote a visit to the city.

Would you like to put your  
knowledge of Liverpool to the test?  
Do you seek an adventure? Have you  
ever wanted to visit one of the most  
interesting cities in England? If so, put  
down your travel guide and come to  
**LIVERPOOL!**

#### The Shops

The Albert dock offers a vast variety of shops:  
including confectionaries, clothing, jewellery and  
many more. As well as the wide selection of  
products, the river-side stores have polite,  
well-mannered employees to assist you with your  
shopping.

#### The Wonders of War Museum

The Western Approaches War Museum is an educational  
experience and the perfect adventure for all ages.  
The museum has put a lot of work into the  
settings to make you believe that you are in  
1930's Liverpool. Along with the wonderful,  
realistic settings, comes hazards; the team has  
put all of their time into ensuring your  
safety.

## The Embassy theatre

The Embassy theatre is one of Liverpool's main attractions as it has a humongous selection of extremely entertaining shows for all the family. Although there is a vast range of West end plays and musicals, 'Annie' is by far the main interest, with its ability to captivate the audience.

## Escape hunt

Do you wish to challenge your brain?

If so, come to the Liverpool Escape Rooms for an hour of puzzle solving fun!

Sixty minutes of logic problems and bliss is what you'll get if you book an escape hunt at the remarkable city of Liverpool.

If this sounds like the trip for you, hop on a bus, car, train or plane and get ready for the time of your life - see you there!

## Pupil B

This collection includes:

- A) a short narrative
- B) a discursive report
- C) a formal letter
- D) a narrative
- E) a persuasive speech
- F) a short narrative including dialogue

## Key stage 2

### Pupil B – Piece A: a short narrative

Context: as part of their topic on oceans and sea voyages, pupils were presented with a black and white illustration of a 'sea monster' approaching a ship as a writing stimulus.

"Land ahoy!" shouted our captain, telescope drawn. I wasn't listening.

A large wave rippled under ship, and a feeling of dread washed over me. Doom was approaching quicker than I would have liked.

So much time had passed. Days. Weeks. Months. Years. I didn't even have a clue any longer. Many hours spent reacting to commands: "Hoist the sails!", "Climb the rigging!", "Standby!" or "Cast off!" So much of my life devoted to sailing across the salty seas and listening to the sound of the breeze whipping through the wind-swept sails. Not for much longer, as it now seemed to me.

It was formidable. Every soul that passed through these lands was destined to never return. Like it would be any different for us. We were fools for thinking it would be. I welcomed fate with open arms. "Anchor down! We rest here for tonight," said our captain. They were all clueless as to what was about to happen.

A dark shadow passed under the creaking wooden floorboards. Most of the young sailors recoiled in shock, except me, and a unanimous gasp came from their mouths. And that's when it emerged.

A metal monster, the size of ten ships, rose from the watery depths, its blinding blue eyes piercing into all who dared to look too deep. Wires as long as rivers snaked all over its body, created purely of metal, heartless, soulless, yet still alive. "Prepare for battle! Ready your weapons!" We were too late. Was I dreaming? Hallucinating? Was this real? Was this the end? My question was answered as the last thing I saw was a metal hand swooping down, stealing all life from me.

Darkness. Doom. Death.

## Key stage 2

### Pupil B – Piece B: a discursive report

Context: as part of their studies on oceans and sea voyages, pupils chose to explore the Bermuda Triangle. They carried out independent research and wrote up their findings.

#### What lies in the depths of the Bermuda Triangle?

Lives lost. Ships and planes vanished into thin air. The disappearances of the Bermuda Triangle have perplexed humans for generations. Flight 19. How can 5 U.S. fighter planes and its rescue team disappear, no trace of where they were? The U.S.S. Cyclops. A massive ship and the 309 men aboard gone, no debris left, nothing. What forces are at work in the perishable outskirts of Bermuda, Puerto Rico and Miami? Its history is one of the most sinister mysteries today; what dwells in the darkness of the seabed? Hundreds of theories, but no definite answer... Will we ever find out?

Some may say that this unfathomable mystery is thanks to the work of a monster. The Lusca, said to dwell in the deepest, darkest crevices of the sea, down blue holes and where the sun doesn't shine, could be the ultimate answer to this baffling mystery. Just off the coast of the Bahamas, it devours its unsuspecting prey and is gone in an instant. But is this the most logical explanation?

On the other hand, scientists argue that a more plausible reason is methane hydrate. Methane eruptions - also known as mud volcanoes - are explosions of frothy water that are extremely rapid, providing inadequate buoyancy for ships, and, as a result, causing them to sink; furthermore, this theory is still not proven to be true. What if something slightly less likely (yet still perfectly competent of happening) was the real reason?

Other people claim that a potential conclusion is time warps. Commonly known as time travel, this far-fetched theory unbelievably does have multiple pieces of evidence to

back it up. A man took off in his plane, ~~being~~ engulfed in a gigantic cloud of fog. Minutes later, the radar from the air tower read that he had gone 100 miles away. He insists that he woke up on a beach nowhere near where he was flying, and unless he flew at an incredibly high speed and crashed, we have to assume he was telling the truth.

It could be argued that one of the most comprehensible theories is electromagnetic pull. In this area of the sea, it is phenomenally strong, and resolves many unsolved problems. Take Christopher Columbus' compass for instance. As soon as he entered the Devil's Triangle, his compass, which was his soul guide, ~~was~~ malfunctioned. This could also explain Flight 19's notorious and tragic disappearance, perhaps causing the plane's engine or the crew's compass to break, forcing them to get lost and crash.

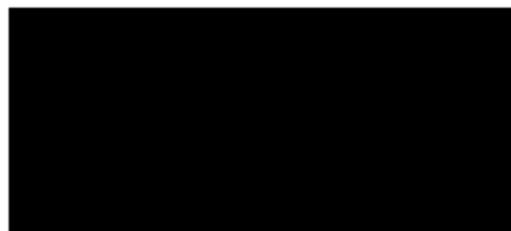
After considering the arguments on both sides, from my perspective I believe that the cause of the disappearances is the electromagnetic pull. The deadly forces of Mother Nature are unstoppable. Some mysteries we just cannot solve.

## Key stage 2

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

Context: in response to the coronation in the summer of 2023, pupils discussed how they would address the new king and were tasked to write to him using an appropriately formal register.

His Majesty The King  
Buckingham Palace  
London  
SW1A 1AA



Dear Sir,

I wish to take this opportunity to offer my heartfelt condolences and sympathy towards Your Majesty on the death of your beloved mother. The vivid memory of Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II, will remain deep within our hearts and minds forever. Her faithful service to our nation was an inspiration not just to those who lived under her reign, but all across the globe. While I was saddened to hear of her passing, I am adamant that your reign will be just as memorable.

It will be a privilege to witness only the second coronation ever to be televised. I was surprised to discover that Westminster Abbey has been the traditional location of coronations since the year 1066. It is truly remarkable that the ancient ceremony of crowning our monarch has been passed down through generations and is conducted today as it was hundreds of years ago.

I am honoured to send Your Majesty sincere congratulations on this historic occasion. I would like to convey my hopes and wishes that Your Majesty will have a prosperous reign in the knowledge that you will continue to contribute to the welfare of the British people and the many countries that you and Her Majesty the Queen Consort reign over.

I appreciate how much time and effort you have devoted to charitable causes during your life; I trust that you will expand on this work now that you have become King.

I have the honour to be, Sir, Your Majesty's humble and obedient servant.



## Key stage 2

### Pupil B – Piece D: a narrative

Context: after studying the ways in which different writers create tension and build suspense in their writing, pupils were tasked to write a narrative based on the silent animation 'Alma'.

#### Alma

Doom. Gloom. The only thing this city had ever known. A barren landscape, cursed with frost, the sun deep in hibernation. Towering houses rose up towards the never-ending void of snow in the sky, the snowflakes falling and leaving the grey-tiled rooftops and endless cobbled streets covered in a freezing coat. Buildings were plunged into darkness: not a single light shone from the cracked, grimy windows, thick layers of mist fogging them like a one-way mirror. A dark silhouette of a cathedral was just about visible through the sea of fog. Abandoned, deserted, desolate ... all except one shop.

I skipped across the crunching snow, past weather-beaten missing posters that had been there as long as I could remember. They sent a shiver down my spine every time I came this way and today was no exception. I darted down alleyways past the charcoal black houses, the route I knew so well, and skidded to a halt as I approached the end of the avenue.

A lonely, eroded chalkboard hung on the side of the wall. Many names, some decades old, had been scrawled in white chalk. There seemed to be a space left just for me. I scratched my name over the dirty surface, 'Alma'. I pulled my crimson scarf down from my face and smiled. But just as I was about to turn on my heel and return to the safety of shelter, something creaked behind me.

I turned, curious as to what the noise was. A figure that seemed to look just like me – wide green eyes, messy blonde hair and the same dirty clothes – stood before me in the window of the shop opposite. The hairs on the back of my neck stood up. "Strange," I thought. Was I seeing a reflection? But as I moved, it didn't. Was I hallucinating? I crept across the ice, cautiously making my way towards it. As I neared, it dawned on me that I was face-to-face with a porcelain doll. I stood there, staring in awe for what seemed like hours. It seemed as

though it was staring back at me, into my soul, my mind, searching my memories and my deepest, darkest secrets. This was a coincidence that couldn't be.

Trying to get a closer look, I wiped my mitten across the frost-covered window. What was going on? What was happening to me? Souless eyes. A lifeless body. I glanced down at my ragged clothes. Every hem, every stitch was identical to this model replica of me.

When I looked back up, the doll was gone. It was almost as if it had vanished into thin air. Maybe all of it was in my imagination. Maybe I was crazy for thinking it was real. Maybe all I am is a fanciful orphan after all. Nothing special ever happens to me.

Knowing I would regret it if I didn't, I shielded my eyes and peered through the glass. Emptiness was all I saw; emptiness was all I felt. I gathered a snowball in my trembling hands and threw it at the glass in frustration and stormed away.

An ominous creak of hinges made me stop dead in my tracks. I spun around as a rush of adrenaline flowed through my bones. The door was open just wide enough for me to slip through.

Someone was watching. *Something* was watching. My feet dragged me like a puppet on a string; like some sort of invisible force pulling me forward; like I was prey that a hunter was luring into their trap. The wind seemed to whistle louder and, as I tried to turn back, the door slammed ... I was trapped.

Wide-eyed in shock, I inspected my surroundings. Dolls, rows upon rows of them, sat glaring at me. I could've sworn that one of them blinked. But, taking pride of place in the centre of the shop, standing on a red velvet cushion, was the doll that looked like me.

I inched towards it warily, wondering if my eyes were deceiving me. As I was reaching out my hands to grasp it, something whirred beneath me. At my feet, a small boy-doll on a bike was lying on his side, pedalling desperately. When I stood him up, he steered straight towards the door, trying in vain to escape.

When I turned to face my doll again, it was gone. Was I mistaken or was this thing alive? It couldn't be. It couldn't. I frantically searched

all of the shelves, paying extra care not to miss out any of the figures as I skimmed them with my eyes. And there, just like that, my doll was sitting on the top shelf.

I clambered onto a musty sofa, pulling off one of my mittens and chucking it aside. I reached up. Up, up, up...

My fingertips brushed its skin and in that moment, my fate was sealed. Suddenly, it was as if my soul had been swallowed up into this figure, this thing, consuming every last breath from my body. I moved my eyes left and right, up and down. I wanted to shout, to run away, but I couldn't. My feet were glued to the shelf.

...

An auburn-haired girl came joyfully skipping down the street, pulling chalk out of her patched-up pocket, ready to write her name on the chalkboard at the end of the avenue.

Little did she know, she wasn't just writing her name. She was writing her fate.

## Key stage 2

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

Context: after exploring techniques used in persuasive speech writing, pupils decided to use information from a David Attenborough documentary as a springboard for writing their own speech.

Have you ever witnessed a majestic macaw glide through the tree-tops of the rainforest? Have you ever watched a dolphin diving elegantly into the shimmering, sapphire ocean? Have you ever wondered how much longer these awe-inspiring marvels have left to thrive? Every day, more and more of these wonders are heartlessly destroyed. Ruining this planet has been our greatest mistake, every tree chopped down, every plastic bottle dropped ~~adding up to~~ sending our planet more and more into decline. We need to stop. We need to make a change.

\*Even now, there are only 28% of the rainforests in the world are left.

1/3 of the whole human population is dependent on forests, yet we still continue to ruthlessly wreck them. Scientists predict that in 76 years (if they ~~are~~ continued to be killed at the rate that they are) rainforests will be completely wiped out, completely extinct, completely demolished. But it has more than one effect. It affects millions of species of animals, many species of plants, trees and wildlife. It has an effect on us. So please, stand up not just for our environment, ~~our future~~ but for ourselves as well. In this unique stage of our history, everyday choices add up. We need to learn to work with nature rather than against it.

There are many deadly threats out there, but there is one that endlessly poisons Earth: climate change. Global warming increases the risk of more frequent - and heavier - rainfall, snowfall, and other precipitation. And as that risk increases, so too does the risk of flooding. Rising sea levels could impact 1 billion people by the year 2050, and experts think that by the end of

\* great  
devastation

the century, the ocean's waters could have risen up to 2 metres. This decade is the hottest the planet has seen in 125,000 years. In a mere 27 years the Arctic Ocean is expected to be ice-free. I imagine the ~~extinction~~ exhaustion of the walrus, polar bears and many other animals as they observe their habitat slowly melting, their only rest after never-ending hours of ~~strain~~ swimming gone forever. How would you feel watching your home disappear in front of your very own eyes?

In just under a decade, our actions will be irreversible. That may seem a colossal amount of time to you; really, it isn't. Even if you are small you can make a massive difference, even if it is just swapping a piece of plastic for a more sustainable choice.

## Key stage 2

### Pupil B – Piece F: a short narrative including dialogue

Context: pupils examined how writers use dialogue to advance plot and describe character and were tasked to write their own piece using dialogue. Pupil B wrote a short narrative which uses dialogue to provide the 'back story' to Piece A, explaining the context of the voyage and the narrator's motivation.

I left my lodgings at dusk, making my way down the cobbled street towards the harbour. One last look before nightfall. Her mast stood tall against the darkening sky. My ship. A feeling of joy washed over me. My ship!

Pushing my way into the inn, I was greeted warmly.

"Here he is at last!" shouted the captain, glass raised. "Let's drink to his first voyage!"

"To his first voyage!" cried my crewmates.

"Now lads," said the captain, "Drink up! We sail at dawn."

The first mate passed me a steaming bowl of stew.

"Eat up! It'll be your last meal on dry land for a long long while." He patted my shoulder kindly and turned to leave with the others.

I sat down by the warm fire to eat. And that's where he found me. The old sailor who warned me. The warning I ignored. Sitting heavily in the chair opposite, he fixed me with his haunted eyes and told me a tale that made my blood run cold. The story of the monster of the deep.

"So don't you go there lad. Save yourself. Pack your bags and return to your mother," he growled.

"B... b... but sir, I must," I stuttered. "I've wanted this for as long as I can remember. My mother needs me to go..."

"Then you are like the rest of those fools," he snarled, "destined to never return. Never to be heard of again."

"No sir," I got up from my chair. "I will go. I must go."

"Boy!" I heard him cry as I left the inn. But I didn't turn back. I would not listen. I wanted to sail. I needed to sail.

I should have listened. I know that now.

## Pupil C

This collection includes:

- A) a retelling of a myth
- B) a diary entry
- C) a balanced argument
- D) a letter
- E) a newspaper report

## Key stage 2

### Pupil C – Piece A: a retelling of a myth

Context: drawing on 'Greek Myths' by Marcia Williams, pupils wrote their own version of a myth, with the pupil choosing 'Orpheus and Eurydice' in this case.

As Orpheus approached the barbarous, gloomy land, he began to quiver and tremble. He started to doubt himself but the thought of getting his beloved Eurydice back made him go on. The Asphodel fields had a glacial gust of wind as he entered the land of the dead. It was so desolate and devoid; all the vibrant colours had faded away. Orpheus crept tentively as he heard echoes of ear-piercing shrieks. His knees were trembling. Goose bumps raced up his arm as he began to sprint and try to dodge and weave all of the horrifying, translucent ghosts. His feet felt like ice, since there was precarious ice beneath his feet. He lifted up his linen Chiton and ran for his life...

When Orpheus entered the palace, he knelt before the king and Queen. As he placed his golden lyre at their feet, he began to speak, "Please forgive me for trespassing without permission from you. I am here to ask you if I can get my beloved Eurydice back."

"I can't believe you have made it all the way to the land of the dead." Queen Persophone beckoned him. Orpheus began to play his song for his love and the Queen smiled.

"You may free Eurydice but on one condition - on your journey back you cannot look round at her. If you do, she will disappear forever," said Queen Persephone

After he heard those positive words, his body was full of joy and he set off. First, he came to the land of Tartarus where the evil were tortured. Secondly, he came to the Asphodel fields where ghosts and ghouls confronted him. He did not look round.

Finally, Orpheus appeared at the river styx. He had a tingly feeling in his stomach... At that moment he began to think that Pluto and Persophone were lying, so he took one fleeting glance behind him. Eurydice was there! He was elated. But all of a sudden, she disappeared! Now she was gone forever.

## Key stage 2

### Pupil C – Piece B: a diary entry

Context: after reading part of the novel 'The Explorer' by Katherine Rundell, pupils explored a jungle setting and wrote their own diary entry, following a crash landing.

Dear Diary,

As I sit here in the scorching sunlight, looking back at what's happened to me gives me the shivers. If I could choose at least 3 feelings out of a million, these are the three: distraught, petrified, fearful... I am brave and I will survive ~~is~~ this monstrosity... or, will I? Blood is dripping down my leg, cut from cut.

Early yesterday morning, as I boarded the plane I was vibrating and packed with joy. A\* I couldn't believe what I was seeing whether my eyes were widening or I was... falling...

All of a sudden, all I could hear was screams. It was almost like the plane was diving into water, like people dive into pools. But it wasn't, we were falling... "We're gonna die!" I thought to myself. It seemed like the pilot was dead.

\* We fell

through the air, like a meteorite, and crash landed into the ground with a thud. I touched my eyebrow and it was so singed that it all crumbled into my hand; that really perturbed me! There was a mammoth, bloody cut molded onto my leg...

Next came the most perplexing part of my day. I was so elated and thankful because I wasn't the only one who had survived! (not that I was gonna cry like a baby! - totally not!)

God I don't know if you will be reading this but I can't say how thankful I am.

Fred

## Key stage 2

### Pupil C – Piece C: a balanced argument

Context: following classroom exploration of discussion texts and a focus on gaming, pupils wrote their own text exploring the issue.

Are video games good or bad for children?

Video games are games that can be played on numerous electronic devices. However, 93% of children in the United Kingdom get attached to video games and are frequently playing them. Video games are games that can be played on screens only and can be bad <sup>for your health.</sup> ~~for your health.~~ Parents have been complaining because of how much they're spending <sup>on screens.</sup> Some parents have started to worry about their children's health.) In this discussion, we will explore both sides of the argument.

No-one can deny, video games can be educational as well as having loads of fun. Some video games have been designed to be educational; for example TTRockstars is a times table game to help children learn their Maths and ABC

Mouse is another <sup>game</sup> ~~one~~ where it is age-rated for younger children. It is a game for children who can be home-schooled as well as going to school. Where-as, some games can teach you about the real world (flight simulator). It can improve hand and eye coordination as well as making learning fun!

On the other hand, many people believe that most children are spending too much time on screens and get addicted to them, which can be bad for your health. It is claimed that, children are missing out on the real world and not getting enough fresh-air, which is called health-obesity (not enough exercise and fresh air.) less time with their family and friends; not using or increasing their social skills either.

However, some games are linked to fitness for example Just dances, tennis and bowling. In online games children can meet new people and make new friends especially during covid-19 in the Pandemic, the online world is everywhere now - there's no escaping it now.

On the contrary, many people feel strongly that some children are not supervised when playing online games; children can be bullied and can be

offended and upset about what has been said to them on a game. Some may believe that, parents need to be supervised a lot more by an adult or carer.

In conclusion, numerous people agree on both sides of the argument; but what do you think, are video games good or bad for children?

## Key stage 2

### Pupil C – Piece D: a letter

Context: drawing on 'The Day the Crayons Quit' by Drew Daywalt, pupils wrote letters to the classroom chairs in response to a stimulus letter created by the teacher, declaring the chairs' decision to quit their role.

Dear the beloved chairs of Otters' class,

I am writing to you in response to your letter that I have witnessed yesterday. I would like to apologise on behalf of everyone in the Otters' class. As we read your letter, our eyes were bursting with tears; life is difficult without you. It is your duty to use your muscles and let us children sit on you. Please return immediately; we're on our knees and begging day in and day out.

Firstly, I am sorry to hear that you have been mistreated. (By Otters' class-including me). The behaviour of my class deteriorated drastically; our handwriting was so disastrous! You wouldn't want us to get

told off by Mr [ ] because of our  
handwriting, would you?

Furthermore, I am astonished to hear  
that you believe that I'm the one  
releasing deadly, bodily gasses. It's not me!  
We're all trying to eat more healthy; it's  
natural to release a little wind. I can  
ask Mr [ ] to buy a fart chair protector  
cover.

I hope you choose to stay at  
our primary school.

Yours Sincerely,

[ ]

## Key stage 2

### Pupil C – Piece E: a newspaper report

Context: after exploring the picture book 'Tuesday' by David Wiesner, pupils drew on classroom work on the features of newspaper reports to write their own report, focussing on key events in the book.

Terrorising Tuesday

Yesterday morning, Tuesday, 21<sup>st</sup> of March, residents of Brook Haven witnessed lily pads scattered all over town. Several citizens are complaining about strange happenings throughout the evening into very early morning.

Police received complaints and recorded mysterious happenings on Wednesday at mid-day. In the South-West of the town, the police responded to a call from a man complaining about the fact that there were strange tapping noises on his window, while he was trying to eat a late-night snack.

An hour or two later, the police received another call from another who lives in Bonfire Road. She had complained about her washing that was moving around frantically and independently.

A little bit further up Bonfire road, there was an elderly lady who was complaining about her television miraculously changing channels.

Eye witness Sarah Corn, 10, has some thoughts of how the lily pads got into town: "Well... I was trying to

talk to my dad when he was eating his snack and that's when me' dad dropped his spoon in shock... he heard the noise; I heard it the second time."

In the mean-time, to solve this case, the resolution is to keep an eye out and are ~~for~~ to stay ~~outside~~ inside unless of a severe emergency. If you have any more information please contact the police, ASAP, : if so, call 0115473,2946.