



## Key stage 2 English writing standardisation exercise 2

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 non-chronological report
- B) dialogue between 2 characters
- C) a narrative
- D) an argument
- E) a newspaper report
- F) a hotel brochure, a review and the hotel's response to the review

## Key stage 2

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

Context: pupils examined examples of non-chronological report writing, before selecting and researching their own animal species to report on.

#### Pandas

The giant panda is part of the bear species originally from China. Their black and white pattern makes them easy to distinguish from their cousins—the red panda. In recent years, the number of giant pandas has decreased rapidly: with only 1864 remaining in the wild and less than 600 in captivity.

#### Diet

A panda's diet consists predominantly of bamboo roots, of which they eat 26-84 pounds ~~of~~ per day. Containing many nutrients, bamboo roots are a good source rich in sustenance. Around 10% of a panda's diet is from other forms of nourishment, such as small rodents, although this ~~isn't~~ is not by choice: during the hottest summer months (July and August), bamboo roots are scarce due to drought and the panda must turn to alternatives. These black and white mammals drink an average of 5 litres of water per day and this is increasing: the effects of climate change are resulting in climbing temperatures and dehydration poses a real modern-day threat.

Cubs drink milk from ~~fr~~ their mothers, with those in captivity drinking an alternative milk mixture composed of cow and sheep milk. Since their teeth have not yet formed, a cub ~~s~~ is prohibited from

eating bamboo and instead can only supplement their milk intake with soft options such as marshmallow root and grass.

### Habitat

The panda's primary habitat is in the forests of south China. Historically, the forests found in this region have been ideal and panda populations have thrived. However, in more recent decades, the forests have become overpopulated, seeing pandas pushed to the fringes of nearby towns and villages which has angered the human inhabitants.

Consequently, this led to a culling of wild pandas in the 1990s, the overhunting of which saw a steep decline in numbers. In 2010, the Chinese government passed new laws designed to protect the panda population and since then, numbers have been rising steadily.

### Adaptions

Every panda must adapt to suit the environment surrounding them. When it is winter, the temperature drops to around  $-1^{\circ}\text{C}$  and in the summer it rises to a peak of  $40^{\circ}\text{C}$ . ~~so~~ When the weather changes the pandas have to adapt to suit it. In the winter, the bamboo hardens, so the mammals grow large molar teeth to crush the bamboo sticks. Pandas normally have thick coats of fur - in the winter their coats get even thicker as the temperature drops.

### Predators

When the panda cubs are first born, they are helpless which consequently makes them simple

prey. Most land animals living in the vicinity feast on these innocent cubs, including snow leopards, greyal dogs, yellow-throated martens and the Asian black bear. The only non-land animal who may pounce on the cubs are eagles, who pick them up in their beaks, then fly them back to their nests to devour them there.

As the pandas grow, they stop being prey and begin to be predators. Small rodents and pikas, eaten by grown pandas are caught as a result of a technique the bears use known as paw-holing. Pandas reach down into the burrow of the small mammals to retrieve them with their sharp claws, piercing them deeply and killing them almost instantly.

### Life Cycle

Baby pandas are born alive, white and helpless, also weighing very little (100g). They start to develop their black and white pattern after a month; they begin crawling at three months. At six months, their teeth are fully developed, so they can start eating bamboo roots with ease.

At 2 years, the pandas grow in independence and consequently leave their mothers at this age. They start breeding at 4 and 6 years (females 4, males 6), and their gestation period lasts 3 to 5 months.

Due to the weather being the warmest and most suitable for the cubs, their cubs are predominantly born in August.

In the wild, pandas are able to live between 15 and 20 years. Conversely in captivity they can live up to 20-30 years as there are less

dangers encountered<sup>or</sup>. At the end of their lives, they can weigh between 70-120kg.

## Key stage 2

### Pupil A – Piece B: dialogue between 2 characters

Context: pupils examined an extract containing dialogue from 'Prince Caspian' by C.S. Lewis and then selected a title of their own. They chose 2 characters and imagined an argument between them to write as a dialogue.

As the Gryffindor Quidditch team strolled onto the training field, they were stunned to find that the Slytherins were already there, flying around on their new Nimbus 2000s. Gryffindor's captain, Wood, shouted at the opposing team to get off: they had booked out the field. As they descended from the sky, Harry's enemy, Malfoy, approached him - with the snarly, sinister <sup>look</sup> that was permanently plastered on his face.

"You're still on the team?" Malfoy sneered at Harry in his usual obnoxious voice.

"At least I got in on pure talent and didn't have to use Daddy's money to buy my way in," Harry spat back, anger bubbling up inside of him.

Malfoy's smirk quickly evaporated at the statement but was soon replaced with an even more smug grin.

"So you've noticed our new rides," Malfoy chuckled, flashing off his broom. "These are far ~~more~~ better than your Nimbus 1000 or any of the brooms your little group has."

"You don't need to have expensive brooms to be a good team," Harry addressed confidently, his arms firmly folded across his chest.

"Oh really! That's your excuse," he mocked. "Why

can't you just admit the truth? Some people on your team are too broke to afford these... like the Weasleys over there."

Malfoy was referring to the Weasley family, who had less money than others.

"And what's the point of training when you're not even gonna win the Quidditch cup!" Malfoy snorted, filled with glee because he was infuriating the Gryffindors.

"Did we not win last year?" asked Harry, desperate to keep his temper down.

"That was pure luck."

"More like skill," Harry implied, then added, "which your team clearly lack."

"C'mon guys, start warming up," Wood shouted to his team.

"If you'll excuse me, I need to start training." Harry smiled to Malfoy then began walking away.

## Key stage 2

### Pupil A – Piece C: a narrative

Context: pupils read the picture book 'The Promise' by Nicola Davies in which a discovery transforms the main character's life and surroundings. They were then tasked to write a story of their own based on the model text.

#### The Commitment

Alice lived in a city deprived of colour and light. The streets were awash with tones of grey and sepia, akin to a crumpled, torn photograph from the 1900's, but this wasn't a photograph of a happy memory captured in a single moment, but real life. A plume of darkness had been cast over the city plummeting it into darkness, stripping it of hope. The city was miserable - Alice was miserable too, as were all the residents who lived there. She made a living from stealing from others, something she had watched her own mother do when she was her age. Theft was rife here: the people were desperate for what scant good and money there was available.

There was one particular alleyway that Alice had become accustomed to using as her place to rob others - narrow, limited in light, limited in onlookers. As darkness nibbled away at the remnants of the sun, Alice made her way to her hiding spot, ready to pounce on any passersby. She stood silently between the bins that littered the sides of the alleyway, ears pinned back, listening. A ha, a familiar sound. Someone was walking down the alleyway. Alice peered over the bins to catch a glimpse of her victim: a woman, mid-thirties perhaps. And, most importantly, she was



carrying a big bag. Alice's mind began to wonder, trailing off to a land of gold and riches - or more accurately, cold, hard cash.

"Concentrate..." she whispered to herself, reigning herself back in to the task at hand.

As the woman drew closer, Alice could make out her features more clearly. An aura ~~so~~ surrounded her, but it wasn't tangible enough for Alice to put her finger on what it was about her specifically that was stirring an unfamiliar emotion within her. She looked... happy?

This, concluded Alice, meant whatever was in that bag must have been worth a lot of money. Money bought happiness. Everyone, including Alice, knew that. Without another thought, Alice pounced forward, as a cheetah would launch its self upon a defenseless gazelle. Except this wasn't a defenseless gazelle: this was a woman who, to Alice's surprise, had grit and determination to rival her own.

Alice tugged at the bag; the woman tugged harder. This wasn't going to plan. "Let go of the bag!" Alice spat through her gritted teeth, her eyes fixed on those of the woman.

"If you commit to using the contents of this bag for good," the woman spoke in a calm voice despite the circumstance, "I shall let go."

Alice could sense the seriousness of the woman's tone. Like what was in the bag, was of high

importance. Whatever was in there, Alice's hunger to find out only grew stronger. "Alright, fine: I commit," she offered, her hands still tightly gripped around the bag.

Almost instantly, the woman released the bag from her grasp, smiled sweetly ~~and~~ and walked away leaving Alice feeling confused.

Alice took the bag back to the small apartment at the top of a tower block in which she lived with her mother. Spiraling her way up the maze of stairs, she vowed not to open the bag until safely in her apartment and away from any potential spying eyes.

Having firmly shut the door, tentatively she opened the bag... "You have GOT to be kidding me," she muttered as her body flooded with disappointment. Alice slumped to the floor like a sack of potatoes. A pencil. All that was in the bag was a measly pencil.

Alice tossed the useless piece of wood onto the countertop and headed for the shower. It wasn't long until the pencil had left her mind and Alice didn't touch it for the rest of the day.

The following morning, Alice's attention was drawn back to the pencil as she was preparing her breakfast. How could an inanimate object draw up so many strong feelings? It perplexed her. Without warning, Alice felt an intense urge

to pick up the pencil; she couldn't help herself from grabbing hold of it. She was compelled to go towards the wall, where the pencil, almost as if it had a mind of its own, began to draw.

As it did so, Alice watched, bemused. She was merely a spectator as the pencil guided her hand's every move. Before long, a beautiful picture had been formed before her eyes. Alice watched as the pencil changed from one colour to another, covering the wall in swashes of pink and green and blue and violet.

Alice pulled the pencil away and began to inspect the nib. It was... still grey?

"I must be imagining this," she whispered to herself, conducting her best efforts to remember if she had bumped her head recently.

Alice put the pencil back onto the wall and immediately the drawing process was reestablished. Soon, she had covered an entire wall of her home and then another. And then another.

Alice's Dad entered the living room, bleary eyed having just woken up from his post-night-shift snooze. "Alice?" he muttered, rubbing his eyes to wipe the sleep from his tear ducts. "Err, what, what's going on? Did you do this?" He traced the pencil lines on the wall nearest to him with his index finger.

"Wait, you can see it too?" she questioned. "So it's real?!"

"Alice, this is... this is amazing. How are you doing it? Where has all the colour come from? It's so... bright in here?" Alice's dad's eyes moved across the room, taking in a vision of blues and fuchsias, ochres and greens. So many shades for ~~the~~ eyes to experience.

## Key stage 2

### Pupil A – Piece D: an argument

Context: as part of a unit on 'Grimm's Fairy Tales', pupils discussed different sides of issues such as 'Are all stepmothers evil?'. They were then tasked with choosing an issue of their own to argue. Pupil A selected the real-world issue of private schooling.

Are payments for private schools justified?

Swaths of children every year attend private schools across the country before making their way on to prestigious colleges: Eton, Cambridge and Oxford. Indeed, our prime minister ~~himself~~ himself along with several other members of the government attended private school, as did many other figures of authority in a range of fields such as leading medical doctors and the country's most successful lawyers. There is no question that the achievement at private school is unparalleled to state school, but with it costing between £12,000 and £20,000 a year, is it fair? In this argument, I will be considering both sides of the argument before drawing my own conclusion.

The main barrier holding back children from attending private school is the cost incurred. The price tag for such elite education results in the vast majority of the population being unable to enrol. Children from a working or middle class background are, broadly speaking, unable to apply; frozen out due to their bank ~~balance~~ balance.

Some argue this is unfair - there are many children from lower class families whose academic achievements and aspirations are high. They ~~of~~

claim that this divide in education is at the root of inequality in the UK. From the age of 3, children's life trajectories are dependent on their parents' jobs. Only 6% of England's population get to attend private school. 95% of these children have parents who earn over £120,000; the average salary in England in 2023 is £25,971. This discrepancy creates an insular school environment where only those with money can attend, leaving bright-minded poorer children watching from the side-lines with only their hopes and dreams to console them.

Conversely, the Independent School Board argue that their pricing structure is fair and provides exceptional value for money. It is not uncommon for a private school child to have doors opened to a vast array of extracurricular activities, for example: learning to play the flute, attending ballet lessons, receiving football coaching and taking part in drama lessons performances. These activities are led by some of the most talented professionals in their respective fields; this expertise comes at a price. The class teachers themselves are hand-selected from talent pools to ensure that teaching is the finest quality and class sizes themselves are kept small. Pupils receive a broad, rich experience with regular school visits to a wide range of locations, including abroad to experience culture and broaden knowledge. This experience is what makes private schools appealing, but it is costly. The Board also argues that between 5 and 15% of

each school's intake is made up of children from less fortunate affluent background who receive places through scholarship schemes. It is therefore unjust to claim that only children from rich backgrounds can attend. Poorer children can-if they are clever enough.

Some would argue that the results achieved in league tables by private schools are not ~~surprising~~ surprising. Children born into rich families achieving academic success ~~is~~ is not uncommon. When you have your own library and private tutor on hand from birth, the likelihood of academic success is high no matter the educational setting the child is enrolled at. Justification of fees should not be derived from exam results-it is no surprise when cherry-picking the cohorts.

On the other hand, whilst poorer children are selected based on their academic ability, independent schools would argue that a full range of educational needs can be found within their pupil numbers and it is not necessarily true that wealth equals brains. It can be argued that the small class sizes and staff expertise can lead to enhanced progress-making the fees ~~worthwhile~~ worthwhile.

Having considered both sides of this argument, and drawing on my own experience of the application process for a place at a private school, I believe the selection process to be unfair for those ~~from~~ from poorer backgrounds.

Having viewed several for myself, it is clear that the education and opportunities on offer are far more superior to those of a state school and it feels unfair that a poorer child should not be able to access such experiences. I believe a full review should take to determine whether the existence of private school and their fee structures has a place in modern-day society as to me it feels rather draconian and elitist.



## Key stage 2

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

Context: after studying broadsheet newspapers, Pupil A selected their own topic to research and write about in a 'special report'. This piece is transcribed on the next page.

# THE GREAT WAR: A YEAR LATER

A year on from the conflict that shook the world, we look back on the Great War in this special edition report.

The assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand, an Austria-Hungarian heir, and his wife, Sophie, was the catalyst that began the trajectory towards war. "The murder of the Duke was politically motivated and saw fractious rifts begin to form between Austria-Hungary and neighbouring Serbia," explains Joseph Allison, a World War analyst, commissioned by Prime Minister David Lloyd George. "This action was the demise of amicable relations between Austria-Hungary and Serbia, ultimately resulting in Austria-Hungary declaring war on Serbia."

This decision set off a chain reaction: political agreements and alliances meant that other countries were to step up and fight in support of their allies and this meant that the UK was now also at war in support of Serbia.

"I remember it well," Doris James, author of 'How The Great War Changed Our Nation' recounts. "My family were gathered around the wireless when we heard the announcement that our country was to be at war. I remember feeling numb, in shock. Even now, I can still feel the hope and pride I felt for our country - that has never wavered."

Realisation set in for our nation when our men were called up to fight. All within the 18-41 age bracket were tasked with saying goodbye to their loved ones and stepping up to protect our country. At the time, Prime Minister Herbert Asquith had addressed the nation, stating, "We Britons are strong. We are united. And we will be victorious. I am calling on all men across our nation to come forth and fight."

700,000 courageous men formed our army and moved forth into a war which brought with it a raft of challenges: hard labour constructing trenches; heinous living conditions which brought with it a plethora of illnesses and diseases such as trench foot; continuous shell fire day and night; and mental endurance above and beyond anything ever required before.

But all of the suffering was not in vain on 28<sup>th</sup> June 1919, the Treaty of Versailles was signed signalling the end of the war. "This was a great relief to all Britons," Joseph Allison explains. "The war really had sent shockwaves across the country on its announcement but the public were incredibly receptive to the demands of the Prime Minister and it is testament to all that this hard battle was won. One of the biggest issues we still face a year on from the conflict is a financial one: the war came at a huge cost to our budgets."

The Chancellor, Austen Chamberlain, has expressed expectations that the recession will last at least another year with the government needing to make cuts across services in order to pay for outgoings from the defence budget. Rationing on most items is due to stay in place for at least another six to eight months whilst stock supplies are replenished.

Our European counterparts are also feeling the damage in their own countries. With most of the conflict having taken place in France, France is having to focus a large proportion of its budget on rebuilding infrastructure torn down in the crossfire. "We are awaiting reparations from Germany in the form of money in order to support us in getting our great country back to its former glory," stated France's Prime Minister in a press conference earlier this week.

Italy meanwhile are currently (cont p.2)

**SPOTLIGHT: What was life like for soldiers in the war?**

*"When we first arrived, we first noticed how terrible the conditions were. The trenches were full of mud and had rat scurrying all around the place. These conditions caused some of the soldiers to get trench foot."*

*"We quickly made friends with each other and in the rare time we weren't fighting, we were playing games-like cards-or getting to know each other. And on Christmas Eve 1914, we all put down our weapons and met the enemy. Together all of us sang Christmas carols and enjoyed the Christmas truce. The camaradery in that moment was something I truly will never forget."*

*"Watching our friends die in battle affected our mental health drastically. We all knew that one day that could be us. We often went to sleep worried; about each other and our family's that we had to leave behind."*

**SPOTLIGHT: What was life like for wives of soldiers?**

*"When he first got called up to war I was so scared. I didn't know whether he was going to come back. When he did come back, all of the stress I was feeling quickly escaped my body."*

*"Every week I wrote him letters, letting him know how the children were, telling him we were all praying for him to safely return. Getting letters back from him helped me worry less."*

*"It was hard raising my children with little to no help. I had to write a letter to my sister to ask her to help with the children as it was very hard for me to work and look after children."*

*"I shall never forget the day my husband came back home-the children's happy faces, my whole body filled with excitement and for the first time I could remember I was feeling completely stress-free."*

**GERMANY IN TROUBLE**

Germany is now facing financial turmoil as a result of the war. "Their economy is abominable at the moment," explained analyst Sally Metcalfe. The cost of the war had been detrimental to the economy and it is forecast to fall even further in the coming months. "Having such a large proportion of the budget be spent on defence was (cont p12)

**TAX RISES DUE**

Taxes are set to rise once again by 15% as the country recovers from the war. The council shall expect those taxes paid by July 6th. These higher rates of tax due to our economy's decreased value since The Great War. "We know this is going to continue to be a hard time for families around the country, however it is a necessary step if (cont p16)

**MILK RATIONS TO END THIS WEEK**

Good news about so milk rations will end this week. Supplies are set to be back to usual capacity following a huge drive by farmers to recover milk stores. "This is a great sign that our country is on the mend! Farmers have worked incredibly hard since returning from war to get the milk stores filled once again (cont p14)

Drink  
**Coca-Cola**  
DELICIOUS and REFRESHING

You thank your lips over it, because you like its taste, its quality, its genuine gratification. It satisfies thirst.

Nobody has ever been able to successfully create Coca-Cola, because its quality is nobility registered in the laws of the American public.

THE COCA-COLA CO.  
ATLANTA, GA.

**Sold Everywhere**

## Key stage 2

### Pupil A – Piece E: a newspaper report – transcription

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SPOTLIGHT: What was life like for soldiers in the war?

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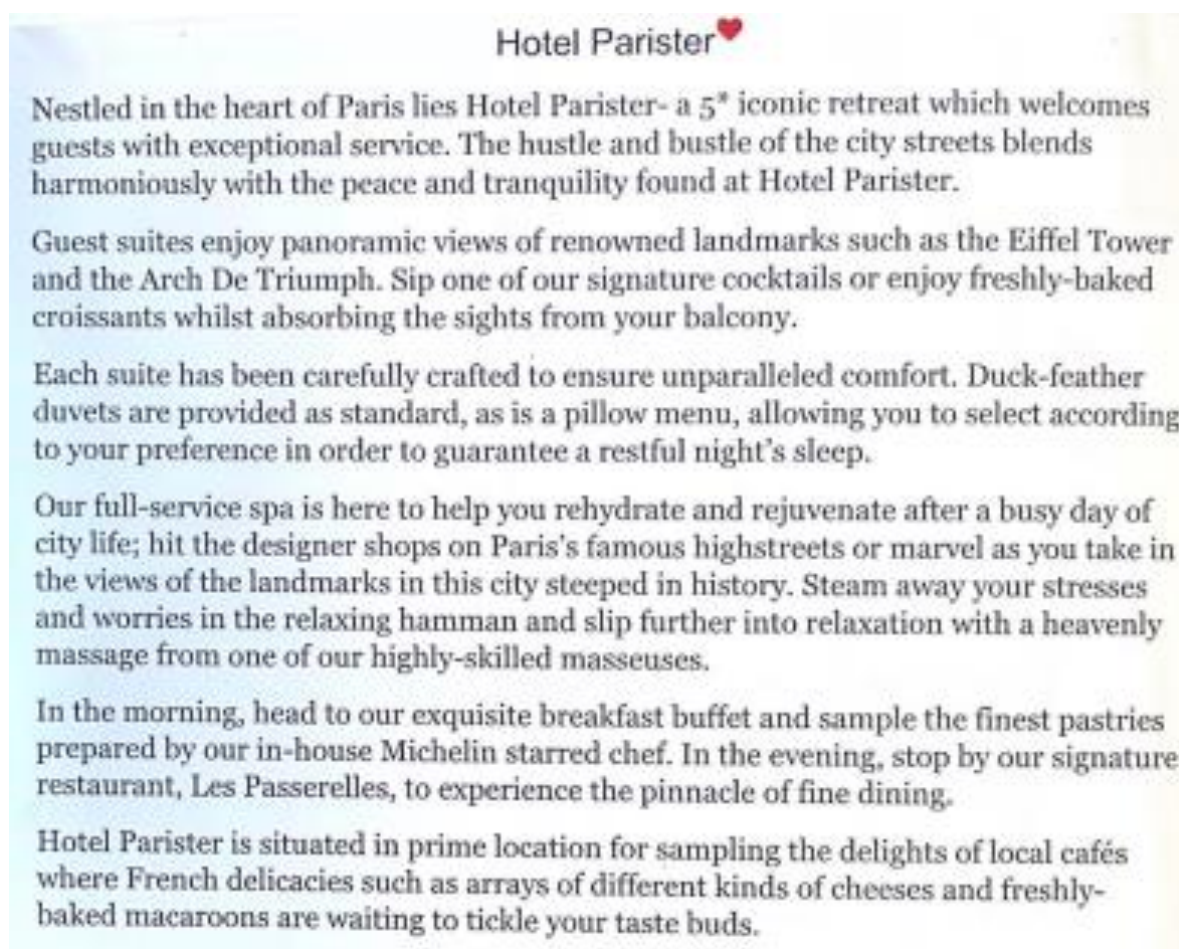
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## Key stage 2

### Pupil A – Piece F: a brochure for a hotel, a review and the hotel's response to the review

Context: pupils studied marketing literature and online reviews and responses to reviews. Pupil A wrote brochure copy for an imaginary luxury hotel, a negative online review of that hotel and the manager's response.



**Hotel Parister** 

Nestled in the heart of Paris lies Hotel Parister- a 5\* iconic retreat which welcomes guests with exceptional service. The hustle and bustle of the city streets blends harmoniously with the peace and tranquility found at Hotel Parister.

Guest suites enjoy panoramic views of renowned landmarks such as the Eiffel Tower and the Arch De Triumph. Sip one of our signature cocktails or enjoy freshly-baked croissants whilst absorbing the sights from your balcony.

Each suite has been carefully crafted to ensure unparalleled comfort. Duck-feather duvets are provided as standard, as is a pillow menu, allowing you to select according to your preference in order to guarantee a restful night's sleep.

Our full-service spa is here to help you rehydrate and rejuvenate after a busy day of city life; hit the designer shops on Paris's famous highstreets or marvel as you take in the views of the landmarks in this city steeped in history. Steam away your stresses and worries in the relaxing hamman and slip further into relaxation with a heavenly massage from one of our highly-skilled masseuses.

In the morning, head to our exquisite breakfast buffet and sample the finest pastries prepared by our in-house Michelin starred chef. In the evening, stop by our signature restaurant, Les Passerelles, to experience the pinnacle of fine dining.

Hotel Parister is situated in prime location for sampling the delights of local cafés where French delicacies such as arrays of different kinds of cheeses and freshly-baked macaroons are waiting to tickle your taste buds.

PARIS DISASTER!!! 24/5/23 by KarenSmith123

This is the WORST place I have EVER visited! We arrived to check in at around 2pm and were handed glasses of champagne- I do not drink champagne! It was far too bubbly for my liking! A butler immediately took my luggage- what if I didn't want someone to take my luggage- what if I wanted to carry it myself?! I found this quite misogynistic as I am convinced he took mine before my husband's purely because I am a woman!

At the desk, the lady began to speak to us in French. 'Bonjour' she said. 'Bonjour?!?!' What does that even mean?!?! She could at least have had the decency to speak to me in my OWN language! I said, 'sorry?' and at that point she switched to English- but first impressions count and I wasn't impressed!

After checking in, we made our way to our suite. To be honest, I thought it was a bit too big- we had a sofa in the room and another sofa in the bathroom. Who puts a sofa in a bathroom?! The room could have easily been split into three separate rooms.

One thing I usually love about going on holiday is that by the end of it, you can't wait to get back to your own bed. I was disappointed to find that here, the bed was so comfy that I had no desire to go back to my own at all. Since returning, I have not slept properly due to my own mattress being nowhere near the standard found in your hotel. This is really disheartening.

We decided to order room service. No surprise that the menu was in French! I didn't see why I should be required to ask for an English version, so we decided to order at random. I went for the escargot with lemon and sea-salt. At the time, they tasted beautiful but since returning home I have conducted an online search which revealed the following...

W Wikipedia  
[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Snails\\_as\\_food](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Snails_as_food)

## Snails as food

In American English, edible land snails are also called escargot, taken from the French word for 'snail,' and the production of snails for consumption is called ...

I have been violently ill ever since and I know it is related to the snails I unwillingly ingested.

There were swaths of other issues encountered during our stay: in the hamman I felt it was far too steamy- it would be much more enjoyable for guests if you were to install air conditioning; the pool was heated and I prefer the sensation of shivering in cold water; there were far too many pastries to select from at the breakfast buffet, making it impossible to choose; and finally the cheese selections at the local cafés were so delicious that I spent way over my holiday budget.

All in all, a total disaster and I demand a refund!

## MANAGEMENT RESPONSE

Dear Mrs Smith,

May I first thank you for taking the time to review our hotel. Hotel Parister is the top-rated hotel in all of Paris and we take customer experience and satisfaction seriously. It is of our utmost importance that our valued guests feel they received a first-class service whilst staying with us so it was disheartening to see you felt our services equated to a 1 star review- the first 1 star review within a raft of 5 star reviews since we opened our doors to the public in the summer of 2018.

You raise several points within your complaint which I would like to take the opportunity to address directly. It is customary at Hotel Parister that our guests experience high levels of customer service from the moment they walk through their doors. All guests, regardless of their gender, are relieved of their luggage upon arrival by our attentive porters. We serve premium champagne, produced from Chardonnay grapes, hand-picked in local vineyards found right here in Paris. Had you asked for an alternative beverage, our on-hand customer service team would have been more than happy to assist you without hesitation.

French is the language spoken widely throughout France. We want our guests to experience authenticity and feel enveloped in Parisian culture whilst staying with us, and as a small part of that experience, all guests are greeted in French. Following this, our reception team adapt to speak the language of the guest. Our staff are fluent in over 50 languages, including English.

Our suites are spacious by design- the light, airy feel is well-liked by the vast majority of our guests. The sofa you mention in the bathroom is a chaise longue, adding style and glamour as well as somewhere to rest once our guests have slipped into their luxury gowns and slippers.

Formed from luxury foam, our mattresses are the centre-point of our suites, and we are proud that they provide guests with a peaceful nights' sleep during their stay. Had you contacted reception, we do stock firmer mattresses and these may have suited your needs.

In terms of our room service menu, I would like to highlight that within our suites, we provide menus in a range of languages, allowing guests from around the world to peruse the dishes on offer easily. The escargot you selected is a delicacy frequently served here in Paris. I am pleased to hear that it was delectable; our chefs are highly-skilled and many of their creations, including the escargot dish, are award-winning. I am sorry to read that several days later you became unwell, however I respectfully question the association of your illness to the snails you consumed which appears to be the conclusion you are making.

In reference to your further complaints, we find them to be unfounded as the elements being raised are fundamental parts of a luxury experience. It may be more to your liking if you were to try a hotel with a lower star rating to Hotel Parister if you wish to experience faulty hammans, cold pools and a more restricted breakfast offer.

On this occasion, we will not be able to issue a refund as your complaint does not meet the criteria documented within our terms and conditions.

Yours Sincerely,

Holly Jones

Hotel Manager

## Pupil B

This collection includes:

- A) a fact file
- B) a radio advert
- C) a narrative
- D) a narrative
- E) a balanced argument



## Key stage 2

### Pupil B – Piece A: a fact file

Context: as part of their classroom topic 'exploring the Amazon Rainforest', pupils were asked to write a fact file page about a rainforest animal for other year 5 or 6 pupils to read. They used a range of websites and information texts to gather material before writing their own fact file.

#### Bush-Baby

**Common Name:** Bush baby

**Scientific name:** Galilaeae

**Type:** Small Mammal

**Group Name:** Family Galilaeae

**Average life span in the wild:** 16 years

**Size:** 773mm

**Weight:** 57 ounces

#### **Introduction:**

Bush babies are known as Galagos and are small primates that live in trees. There are at least 20 species of galago. They are also known as nagapies or 'night monkey' because they sleep in the day and are awake at night.

#### **Habitat:**

Bush babies are found in forests and like to hang out in the trees in bat-like positions.

#### **Diet:**

They eat: fruit, insects and gum trickling from certain trees.

#### **Appearance:**

They are quite good-looking animals with long ears, brown, yellowish to reddish-brown or grey-coloured soft, woolly fur, along with large eyes, long hind legs, and long tails.

#### **Interesting Facts:**

They get their name from their loud calls as they sound like a human baby crying.

They sleep in hollow trees and old bird's nests.

They become aggressive if kept alone.

#### **Would they make a good pet?**

They are not at all harmful or dangerous and due to their small structure, they can fit in a large cage.

## Key stage 2

### Pupil B – Piece B: a radio advert

Context: as part of their work on the Second World War, pupils explored propaganda posters and the features of radio adverts, going on to choose their own audience and focus for a radio advert, with the aim of persuading, informing or a combination of these. They then wrote a script and edited this before recording the advert itself.

Families

~~Families~~ of Britain. Do you want to support your country in the war? Could you provide a loving home for a helpless child? There are thousands of children. In dangerous London, who need you-Now! They are innocent, vulnerable citizens that need safety.

If you choose to foster, your evacuee will come with their own clothes, suitcase and anything they might need. They could provide an extra pair of hands to help you around your house. When the evacuee comes to ~~comes~~ you, he needs to get used to you because he might be scared or terrified.

The kid will be glad if he got a home. <sup>Support</sup>~~Support~~ your country before its too late and foster him. The child that has come to live with our family has brought some happiness to our home.

## Key stage 2

### Pupil B – Piece C: a narrative

Context: after reading the opening chapters of 'Gorilla Dawn' by Gill Lewis, pupils focused on the viewpoint of one character, Imara, writing a narrative episode following her journey through the rainforest.

Imara squinted as the sunlight rays reflected from clear water ripping down the stream. Resting on the moss <sup>covered</sup> rocks, she listened to chirping birds <sup>sounds</sup> echo like a choir throughout the trees. Although she was weary, she waded <sup>through</sup> the cool water, hoping to smooth her feet. Damp fingers mist coiled around moss - <sup>covered</sup> vines that intertwined up towards the canopy.

"Keep up spirit child!" Rat instructed. Imara clambered over the low-hanging branches, her stomach churning at the thought of where the group were heading up ahead, leading the group was the blackmamba. His rifle hung over his shoulder as he used a knife to chop away the vines creating a path. All of a sudden the blackmamba signalled for the rebels to stop." spirit

child, I need you," His voice travelled statically to the back of the group. Imara hesitated but knew she had to speak.

## Key stage 2

### Pupil B – Piece D: a narrative

Context: drawing on 'Goodnight Mr Tom' by Michelle Magorian, pupils explored wartime experiences using drama and viewing clips from a film version of the story. They adopted a specific point of view, such as that of a child evacuee, and wrote their own narrative.

The day had finally arrived. The day I ~~day~~ I had been dreading... it was time to leave London. As I stood there on that cold, <sup>platform</sup> and there was Hundreds of children clinging onto their mother's skirts. Out of no where the conductors piercing whistle sounded around the crowd. And people say good bye to my mum but I was a bit confused. Where I was going? Suddenly I was worried, <sup>where</sup> where was my mum and the other people? When I set off away from London and my home and my friends. After the depressing train had pulled away from the station and my sobbing had subsided, I began to stare out of the windows with embarrassment and apprehensiveness.

After a few moments, A lonely bird caught my eyes. It was just like me leaving my home. Blue skies and green grass started to flash before my eyes and the sun glistened over clear water. Despite the beautiful view, an awkward silence filled the train carriage, <sup>but</sup> as we all <sup>filled our bodies,</sup> ~~apprehensiveness~~ <sup>were</sup> ~~wondered~~ <sup>where</sup> we <sup>were going</sup> ~~went~~, would we be <sup>wanted</sup> ~~wanted~~ when I got there?

And will I be safe?

Faster than I had imagined, we arrived at <sup>our</sup> new destination. Apprehensively, I <sup>stepped</sup> down off the train and felt a gentle breeze brush against my rosy cheeks. Beyond the platform, <sup>there were</sup> quiet houses with clear windows glistening in the sun.

From there, <sup>we</sup> were all funnelled into the village hall where the local women had gathered. This was it. Would anyone <sup>would</sup> want me? With my heart beating out of my chest, I took a deep breath, stepped forward and...

## Key stage 2

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

Context: using 'Goodnight Mr Tom' once more as a stimulus and drawing on information from their study of the Second World War, pupils explored arguments for and against evacuation. They learned about some features of formal language and drew on these when writing their own balanced argument about the issue.

Was evacuating children during World War Two the right or wrong thing to do?

During World War Two, many parents were faced with the difficult decision to send their children away. Although society accepts this was the correct choice, critics argue that there were many negative effects on the population, Let's look at the facts.

Firstly, it was clear that many people needed to keep their children safe.

During 1941, London was suffering heavy damages due to the bombing in the Blitz; citizens were at risk, therefore evacuating <sup>vulnerable</sup> ~~unvulnerable~~ children <sup>to</sup> the safety of the <sup>countryside</sup> ~~countryside~~ was an obvious solution. In addition, <sup>their</sup> ~~these~~ children benefited from crisp, fresh air and a better <sup>quality</sup> ~~quantity~~ of life.

On the other hand critics argue, there were multiple negative issues that went <sup>separated</sup> with evacuation. Evidence suggests that families were <sup>separated</sup> (including young sibling), this resulted in loss of sleep, frustration and anxiety.

In addition some families forced caracues to complete hard labour.

For <sup>example</sup> ~~example~~, children had to clean, cook their own food and get up before the sun ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> help with farming. contrary to popular <sup>the</sup> beliefs, childrens well-being declined. This was due to <sup>the</sup> impact on their mental health. Many people have proved that homesickness and isolation led to depression, which no child should have.

In conclusion, on the other hand, children <sup>separated</sup> ~~separated~~ from <sup>their</sup> ~~their~~ parents and not to visit <sup>their</sup> ~~their~~ family, because the <sup>government</sup> ~~Government~~ had to decided to take the measure on suffering of mental health.

## Pupil C

This collection includes:

- A) a persuasive leaflet
- B) a narrative
- C) a non-chronological report
- D) a diary entry
- E) a short narrative
- F) a diary entry



## Key stage 2

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

Context: as part of their topic on natural disasters, pupils were asked to design a survival suit and write a persuasive leaflet encouraging people to buy one. This piece is transcribed on the next page.

Attention everyone! Are you tired of always being in danger? Are you sick of always mourning lost loved ones? Well don't be scared, be prepared with **SOBOS**, the all inclusive natural disaster protection suit. We will save lives across the globe for only a small price. Landslide? Too easy! Hurricane? Sorted! Tsunami? You betcha! Every natural disaster you can think of will be no match for our **SOBOS**.

Now lets get talking. What can **SOBOS** do? Well, **SOBOS** has a wide range of features to keep you safe & sound. **SOBOS** is built with special shock absorption, grip boots. These boots will keep your feet nice and warm and make sure your toes don't over-heat! The soles of the boots are made of elasticated neagen leather so you can run away at top speed! This suit has an ingrateable feature, perfect for non-swimmers. Worried about falling off a broken plane? Not to worry! **SOBOS** has neagan sails built in for the arms and legs. **SOBOS** is built in with

# Super Suitie

Key  
 AO = over 18  
 A = All  
 O10 = over 10  
 U10 = under ten

This Suit is AO

Features!

- + Night Vision/Ski goggles
- + a GPS O10
- + temperature control A
- + radio O10
- + flashlight A
- + water O2 tank A
- + first aid kit O10
- + food pouch A
- + bag A
- + grappling hook/gun AO
- + a rope A
- + waste bag A
- + grip pads A
- + pockets A
- + bike O10
- + back pack lead U10

Get swept away with our Summer Sales!

People are erupting to get their hand on a SOBOS

Come today! Don't risk Survival!

Come to our website to order one now! Reduced from £1000 to £500!!!!

the air tubes and a water tube so you don't have to worry about air in a tsunami. Are you worried this is all too heavy for the run? Not to worry! Everything on this suit is light-weight and neagan, plus this suit comes with a lightweight, compactable electric bike. Worried the bike will run out of juice? Don't worry! This suit is built with a charging point. We also make a special, customisable suit for kids, which additionally comes with a gadget toy for stressed kids and a phone to distract children, with age friendly apps.

**L** Lux (age 12) says:  
 I loved the addition of the gadget toy. It really helped me calm down.

Alice (age 42) quoted:  
 This suit is brilliant at keeping me and my family safe.

**B** Ben (age 5) says:  
 The ingrateable thing helped me in the big wave, cause I can't swim.

## Key stage 2

### Pupil C – Piece A: a persuasive leaflet - transcription

Super Sutie

Attention everyone! Are you tired of always being in danger? Are you sick of always mourning lost love ones? Well don't be scared, be prepared with Sutie, the all inclusive natural disaster protection suit. We will save lives across the globe for only a small price. Landslide? Too easy! Hurricane? Sorted! Tsunami? You betcha! Every natural disaster you can think of will be no match for our Super Sutie.

Now let's get talking, what can Sutie do? Well Sutie has a wide range of features to keep you safe & sound. Sutie is built with special shock absorption, grip boots. These boots will keep your feet nice and warm and make sure your toes don't over-heat! The soles of the boots are made of elasticated veagen leather so you can run away at top speed! This Suit has an inflatable feature, perfect for non-swimmers. Worried about falling off a broken plane? Not to worry! Sutie has veagan sails built in for the arms and legs. Sutie is built in with air tubs and a water tube so you don't have to worry about air in a tsunami. Are you worried this is all too heavy for the run? Not to worry! Everything on this suit is light-weight and veagan, plus this suit comes with a lightweight, compactable electric bike. Worried the bike will run out of juice? Don't worry! This suit is built with a charging point. We also make a special customisable suit for kids, which additionally comes with a fidget toy for stressed kids and a phone to distract children, with age friendly apps.

Lux (age 12) says:

I loved the addition of the fidget toy. It really helped me calm down.

Alice (age 42) quoted:

This suit is brilliant at keeping me and my family safe.

Ben (age 5) says:

The inflatable thing helped me in the big waves cause I can't swim.

#### Features!

+ Night Vision/ Ski goggles A

+ a GPS O10

- + temperature control A
- + radio's O10
- + flashlight A
- + water/O<sup>2</sup> tank A
- + first aid kit O10
- + food pouch A
- + flare AO
- + grappling hook/gun AO
- + a rope A
- + waste bag A
- + grip pads A
- + pockets A
- + bike O10
- + back pack lead U10

**Key**

AO = Over 18

A = All

O10= over 10

U10= under ten

This suit is AO

Come to our website to order one now! Reduced from £1000 to £500!!!!

Get swept away with our summer sales!

People are erupting to get their hands on a Sutie

Come today! Don't risk survival!

## Key stage 2

### Pupil C – Piece B: a narrative

Context: as part of their 'Victorians' topic, pupils read 'Wild Boy' by Rob Lloyd Jones. After reading a chapter opening, pupils were asked to predict what they thought would happen next and to write the next part of the story in the style of the model text.

Chapter 9

Wild Boy awoke in a musty foreboding darkness. A deep rumbling alerted his ears. Discomfort rose up in his throat. He felt rotting panels underneath his grimy palms, straw littered the floor coated in... was that...? Realisation dawned on him in waves of panic. The taste of blood and the rancid <sup>smell</sup> of manure overwhelmed his senses and he fell to the floor. He felt a soft, silky... paw. He started panic-ringing and frantically started rattling the rusty iron bars.

"Please..." He moaned, "let me out of here..."

A growl broke the stale silence and a huge head came into view, <sup>adorned</sup> with a matted, sandy mane, deep hazel eyes you could swim in; sad, sharp and lonely. Teeth yellow, plaque laden, but sharp and fierce...

The lion growled, padded closer, his legs illuminated in the small shard of ghostly light.

"Please... don't hurt m-m ee..." Stuttered Wild Boy.

The lion spat on the ground, and rolled over and fell asleep in the manurey straw. Wild Boy gasped, had the lion stayed him? Was it their similarity in appearance?

Or was the lion not willing to kill, because he was lonely?

What seemed like an eternity passed before the damp rag covering the cage was pulled back, and a ghostly face loomed into view. The pasty makeup had crusted on her face, her eyes bloodshot and swollen.

Mary Everet spoke,

"How did you kill him?!" Mary Everet spat.

"I need answers!"

Her husky voice dimmed until it was a threatening whisper.

"If you don't tell me, I'll ring your ugly neck or I'll feed you to old Daisy over here," her breath stank like cigarettes and lard, but still Wild Boy stayed muted.

"Well then I guess Daisy will handle you,"

she spat, "Daisy! Get up you moth eaten flea bag!"

Daisy, the lion, rose magnificently and bore ~~her~~ his bangs...

Suddenly, a cry broke out in the tent, that distracted Daisy, Mary Everet and Wild Boy, what or who was it? Then Mary Everet slumped to the ground and behind her stood Clarissa:

"Stay absolutely silent while I bust you out!" Hissed Clarissa, drawing out a rusty key from her leopard. She slipped it into the lock and, click! The door slid open and Clarissa stood there tapping her foot. Daisy promptly fell asleep, disgusted by

the Slushy reunion.

"Come on," hissed Clarissa, "the wagon's departing in 2 minutes, so if you don't want to rot in the Grease Show for the rest of your short life, I suggest you come with me."

They took off and made it to the wagon just as it took off. A new life, Wild Boy thought, with a murder to solve...

## Key stage 2

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

Context: pupils were asked to research child labour during the Victorian era and to write a non-chronological report on the topic.

#### Victorian Child Labour

During the Victorian Era, children from poorer households were expected to work long, tireless and sometimes dangerous hours in places such as mines and factories for a pitiful sum of money. Others had to work as chimney sweeps, sellers or mud larks to name but a few. Life was very difficult for these children and many died as a result of the poor conditions children were expected to work in.



#### FACTORY WORKERS

Factory work for young children was perilous and could result in severe injury or even death. Children had to work for at least 12 hours a day. There were no health and safety regulations and children were expected to clean the machines while they were still running.

#### CHIMNEY SWEEPS

Chimney sweeping was a common job for boys of about 5 or 6 during the Victorian times. They were forced up chimneys which in some cases were only 30cm wide. When the children came down they were often bleeding so their masters rubbed their wounds with salt water and then booted them back up another. In some cases the children got stuck up inside the chimneys and suffocated from the coal dust and lack of space.

#### STREET SELLERS

A popular job in the cities was to sell a variety of food and other products. Children sold herbs, shellfish, flowers, matches, buttons and ribbons on the streets to passers by. Some children hunted for 'Pure' (dog poo) to sell to people to clean the leather to make products such as gloves. Life as a seller was tough because people didn't pay a lot and they were usually scared away by the police or gangs.

#### MINERS

A number of children worked in the coal mines from a very young age. They were either trappers or drawers. The trappers sat for long hours by themselves in the dark opening and closing the traps as the carts travelled along the tracks. The drawers were children who had a cart tied to them with a chain and they had to crawl through the endless tunnels with a cart full of coal. Most of the time the tunnels were damp and when they emerged they were wet and covered in coal dust.

## Key stage 2

### Pupil C – Piece D: a diary entry

Context: as part of Black History Month, pupils took part in a workshop about the Bristol Bus Boycott. After the workshop, they were asked to write a diary entry in the role of a child of someone wanting to drive the buses but not allowed to due to their race.

5<sup>th</sup> June 1963

Dear Diary,

09:00

The Bristol Bus Boycott has been going on for almost two whole months now! I so wish the bus company would just let Dad work on one of their fine buses, it's not fair! We have been walking everywhere and it's exhausting - if only the bus company would give in.

We have been going on marches through Bristol with students, businessmen, children, black people, Asian people and white people but they still won't budge! Daddy has organised another march which will take place later today. He is so upset and angry and says that this race-based discrimination has to end. I don't really understand everything he says but I know he wants a better world for me growing up. Me and mummy and my friends have been making banners all week!

I do hope daddy does get a job on a bus like he's always dreamed of! I though, would not like to work for a company who is racist and horrible to people who are not white and English, but he has always dreamed of it since he was a tiny boy so I'm not going to say anything and question his dreams.

Hopefully the men at headquarters will rethink their policies and realise that prejudice is not helping them. I really hate the way they treat immigrants in this country but I want to be able to go on the buses soon because I'm getting blisters from walking around non-stop. I feel awful writing this down as it sounds so trivial in the grand scheme of things and it makes me awfully guilty when Daddy is putting himself on the line. I get so scared that he will get hurt or be arrested - what will we do then?

Got to now, write later!

20:00

I'm back! The march was huge; loads of people showed up but still no luck! There was a police line waiting for us today - more than I have seen before. There were some people scuffling with them but most people were marching peacefully. I tried to keep my eye on my dad to make sure he was ok, but Mummy and I got separated from him early on in the march. Luckily, we caught up with him again down by the harbour.

This is so annoying! I hope they give in in the next two weeks, otherwise I shall march into town and scream at the mayor myself. That will show the lot of them!

I'll Write again tomorrow,

Lila



## Key stage 2

### Pupil C – Piece E: a short narrative

Context: after a whole-class writing workshop on the football World Cup, pupils were asked to write an imaginary narrative about taking a penalty kick in the World Cup final.

#### World Cup Wonder

The roar from the crowd of onlookers filled my ears; their desperate cries like vultures about to pounce on a decaying carcass. The ball just sat there on the grass - so harmless looking and yet so deadly.

The pitch was silent. The stadium was silent. The world was silent. A lump formed in my throat like a hot, dense coal. Fear curled in my soul like twisting tendrils, gripping my heart. The crowd's eyes widened, waiting for the whistle. The goalkeeper flexed her muscles and stared me down.

My shirt stuck to my neck, the pressure grew, and pounded in my ears like a drum. Boom! Boom! Boom! The piercing whistle howled in my ears. I ran. My foot made contact with the ball, and the ground shifted beneath my feet...

The ball flew through the air, all eyes trailing the comet of the soaring ball. Tension gathered on the pitch and the stadium hummed with pent up energy – everyone wanted to see the final result. My eyes were glued to the destructive arrow which is called a ball that bring nations together and wrenches them apart. Everything that mattered to me in life was forgotten when the golden ball bit the back of the net.

The crowd erupted - some in joy, some in sorrow - as I basked in my glory. Fans came flooding onto the pitch, my team mates lifting me up in celebration.

I had done it. I had won the World Cup.

## Key stage 2

### Pupil C – Piece F: a diary entry

Context: pupils were asked to write a diary entry in the role of the grandchild from the 'The Long Walk' by George Layton, in the style of the model text.



I put on my mason windmasher, said goodbye to mum, kissed Grandad on the cheek and we headed out.

Grandad said we would be taking the "trackless" (the bus, but he liked to call it that) to a "secret" destination. As I ran up to the top deck of the trackless, I started to worry about Grandad, who was still shuffling up the ever so steep stairs. When he reached the top we took front seats and waited for the conductor to come over.

Grandad asked for 2 tickets to Basin and shakily dropped a few coins into the conductor's hand. Basin? Where was that? Where were we going?

57 minutes and 22 seconds later the conductor yelled "Basin!" And we got off and watched the trackless chug out of sight. We were standing in a little street filled with tightly packed houses, washing lines were strung with a variety of bright, colourful clothing hanging across the cobbled street.

We came across a cul-de-sac and Grandad revealed a narrow passage with his stick. He urged me to go forward, I was apprehensive, but I squared my shoulders and went through.

I appeared by the edge of a shallow but beautiful canal. Grandad came out a few moments later and slowly sat down. We unwrapped our sandwiches and we chatted about barges and boats. I told Grandad it was probably time to start heading back, but he said he had one more thing to show me.

He led me to some stairs. There were 115 in total. We walked down them, Grandad hobnobbing behind me. I was really worried about him. He led me into a grave yard and my stomach plummeted into an icy ocean. He led me to a small pot. In a raspy voice he told me he was going to be buried here. I fought back tears. I told him not to leave me, but he told me his time was up.

We caught the train back home, we sat in sodden silence. When we got home, I waved goodbye to him in the drive and watched him shuffle out of sight.

So that is my day in a nutshell, wonderful but sad. I hope I can say goodbye to him one more time before he dies. Promise to write again soon,

Jacob