



Key stage 2 English writing standardisation exercise 1

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

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

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

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

All assessments should be made using the [Teacher assessment frameworks at the end of key stage 2: English writing](#) – working towards the expected standard, working at the expected standard or working at greater depth. You should not assume that the exercise includes one collection from each of the standards. Each collection should be judged individually.

Notice

The standardisation exercise was designed to provide materials for local moderators to check their understanding of the teacher assessment framework to enable moderation of teacher assessment.

The Standards and Testing Agency (STA) may have edited the pupil scripts to generate the materials needed for the standardisation exercise process. Moderators should only use the written materials to assess their understanding against the teacher assessment framework.

Schools should not use these materials as training materials. STA produces separate guidance, training and exemplification materials for schools.

Pupil A

This collection includes:

- A) a narrative
- B) a persuasive letter
- C) a review of an attraction
- D) a self-reflection
- E) an explanation
- F) a narrative

Key stage 2

Pupil A – Piece A: a narrative

Context: Pupils studied how published authors use language choices and dialogue to support characterisation. They were presented with an imaginary scenario, in which a teacher attempts to persuade a head teacher to change their mind, and tasked to write a description of this encounter with a focus on characterisation.

She reached out her hand and wrapped it around the door handle. Taking one last deep breath, the anxious teacher opened the door.

"Hi. Erm excuse me. Erm sorry to interrupt but could I..." she said, still holding onto the door handle. In front of her a lady in a sharp suit sat typing away furiously at her laptop. The lady didn't ever look up. "Some of the children in my class have written you a letter if you have a minute to take a look?" the worried teacher asked.

"Can't you see I'm busy?" the woman at the desk snapped, still typing away.

"Yes I'm so sorry," replied the teacher who now had sweaty palms. "It's just that they are truly disappointed about the trip if you might be able to reconsider your decision," she continued, feeling like a nuisance.

"My decision is FINAL!!!!" shouted the seated woman, still not taking her eyes away from her laptop. The teacher at the door was now shaking but some bravery inside her swelled up and she decided to ask one last time for the children in her class who she utterly adored.

"They have tried really hard to change your mind. We have been working on persuasive techniques and they have tried to use them in their letters," she bravely uttered. "They are really hoping to visit Eden Camp when we had originally planned!" she stated.

This time, the head teacher stopped typing. Slowly, she looked over her shoulder and then fully turned her chair around. Her brow furrowed. She was not amused. "Get. Out. Of. My. Office... NOW!" she hissed. Miss, who's hands were now drenched in sweat, immediately turned, stepped out of the room and closed the door. Her plan had failed. How would she break the news to her beloved class?

Key stage 2

Pupil A – Piece B: a persuasive letter

Context: After studying formal letter writing, pupils received an email from their head teacher informing them of the cancellation of their school trip. They were tasked to write a formal letter to persuade the head teacher to change their mind.

Dear Ms. Greenwood,

Thank you for your email, which you sent to [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] about your opinion of changing your mind about our school visit to Eden Camp. I am writing to you to question your reasons for not going to Eden Camp this month and changing it to June. In fact, I must disagree with you, on this occasion. I have many important reasons for you to let us go in March instead of June, along with some suggestions to help you change your mind again.

First of all, I know how you said that the visit would 'disrupt our learning time', but have you considered that we are still learning about WW2, just in a different location? At Eden Camp, we will read a multitude of displays and learn about fascinating facts about the soldiers that fought in the war, including how many people unfortunately suffered during this horrible period. Everyone's stories need to be told to be remembered, and this is why it is essential we go in March while the topic is fresh in our minds and hearts. In order to catch up on what you call 'disrupted learning time', I suggest that we use opportunities for us to catch up on all of our learning when we return, such as in our lunch times or in after-school booster classes and even on the coach, there and back. I feel I am giving you some fair solutions here.

Another important reason that I am concerned about is how, in your email, you said that SATs are our priority. I have to disagree strongly with your opinion on this, and I must explain why. I think that before SATs, we should have a bit of fun and enjoy our time before we have SATs and before we leave to go to our new secondary schools. Too much intense practice will not be good for our mental health, and as a consequence, we might not do as well because we never had any down time.

Finally, I think that you should reconsider changing the date back to this month instead of June because we will have already finished our WW2 topic and will be learning about something new, so there will be no point in going in June or after; again, it should be fresh in our minds. In our final year of school, we should have visits like this, not only for us to learn but to have experiences with our friends, which we will remember with our time at [REDACTED] School.

I was really excited and looking forward to going to Eden Camp this March,

Thank you for taking time to read my response, as I know you are always busy doing the best you can as our amazing headteacher at [REDACTED] School, and it is very time-consuming. If you would like to reconsider changing the school trip to Eden Camp back to this month, do you think you would consider coming with us to experience what we are so passionate about and have a lovely day out with the 5s and 6s? Thank you for your time and consideration.

Yours sincerely

Key stage 2

Pupil A – Piece C: a review of an attraction

Context: After a visit to Eden Camp as part of a WW2 History topic, pupils studied TripAdvisor reviews before compiling their own review of the attraction. This piece has been transcribed on the following page.



The image shows a screenshot of a TripAdvisor review. At the top left is the TripAdvisor logo. To its right is the title "Perfect place for everyone for a day out!". Below the title is the text "Review of Eden Camp Modern History Museum" and a 5-star rating system with 4 stars filled and 1 star empty. To the right of the rating is the text "Reviewed 6 days ago". In the top right corner, there are icons for "Helpful", "Save", and "Share". Below the title and rating is a button that says "See all 3,120 reviews". On the left side of the review, there is a small cartoon animal avatar and a "5" with a thumbs up icon. The main body of the review is enclosed in a black border and contains the following text:

Date of experience: March 2024

As a history enthusiast, a few days ago I had the absolute delight of a day from start to finish at the Eden Camp Modern History Museum!

I was so shocked by the experience and knowledge offered at this interesting attraction. Each hut offered a view of different periods of that wartime history. While being there, I thought that it felt like I had travelled back in time and experienced the history of WW1 and WW2. I was distinctly impressed by the interactive elements scattered throughout the camp. However, I really liked how there was a chapel where people could reflect and pray.

Furthermore, the layout of the camp was brilliant, with clear signs and paths guiding people through the exhibit and how all the paths and huts flowed well. I never felt lost or worried about not being able to find the huts where I wanted to be. There was always staff around wanting to help or answer my questions. The ticket price was more than justified by the quality of the experience; it was the perfect amount and there was even a discount for families. I would never ask for my money back. I left feeling enriched, enlightened, and eager to return for another visit in the future.

There was so much space inviting anyone for a nice day out, and I would definitely tell more people to come if anyone else is stuck in the house with nothing to do and wants a nice family day out to have a good time and get some fresh air. Just one thing to consider, maybe you could improve accessibility because there are no ramps or hearing loops for people who wear hearing aids, have a hearing impairment, or are disabled and have to be in a wheelchair. But other than that, I have nothing bad to say about Eden Camp and everything else was great!

Overall, my experience at Eden Camp was remarkable! I would definitely come back again and would be able to give another positive review back to the Eden Camp Modern History Museum and encourage more people to have a great day like I did! Highly recommended!

Transcription:

Perfect place for everyone for a day out!

Review of Eden Camp Modern History Museum

Date of experience: March 2024

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Key stage 2

Pupil A – Piece D: a self-reflection

Context: As part of their preparation for the transition to secondary school, pupils were tasked to write a short description of themselves for their new teacher.

Me. Who am I?

Caring and mature, that is how people describe me, but there is another part of me which I keep locked away. It is part of me that I never tell anyone. I wonder why?

Thought, love and care have been planted in my kind, warm heart since day one; this reflects outwardly daily for the whole world to see. Shyness makes me feel that all eyes are on me at all times.

Raised voices often make my tears flow into a big pool of sensitivity, while shaking, and cracks in my voice. I try to get words out but can't.

Taking over me, anxiety makes me feel sick while my heart feels like it is in my stomach most of the time. I must admit that I am a shy person, but I want to be more confident

like other people in my class and people I know. I'm too scared to be myself; I do not want to be humiliated. But this is only a problem I see, not everyone else. I will continue to be me, despite this self-doubt.

Key stage 2

Pupil A – Piece E: an explanation

Context: As part of their science learning, pupils studied the functions of different organs and the importance of exercise. They watched the dissection of a heart and were asked to write an explanation about how the heart works. They had studied explanation writing earlier in the year.

How does the heart work?

Have you ever wondered where your heart is in your body and how it works? Located slightly to the left of your chest is your heart, which is a very important organ in your body; you would die without it. The heart, which is like a hard working pump in your chest, beats continuously in your body (even when you sleep). Whilst keeping you alive, your heart pumps blood around your body in a special system called 'The Circulatory System'. The veins in your body carry oxygen (O_2), which you breathe in daily. Did you know that the human heart is roughly the size of a large fist and weighs between 9 and 12 ounces (250 and 350 grams)? Your heart beats about 100,000 times per day, about three billion beats in a life time. At night, a child's heart beats around 90 times and as for adults the heart beats around 70 times.

To begin with, blood travels through to the two main veins called the Superior vena cava and the inferior vena cava. These veins lead blood from different parts of the body straight back to the heart. After this, when the blood enters the heart, it begins to lead through to the right atrium.

Once the right atrium contracts, blood is pushed into the next chamber called the right ventricle. This movement is important due to the fact that it allows the blood to move from one side of the heart to another. After the right ventricle contracts, blood is pushed out of the heart through a large blood vessel, the pulmonary artery.

Blood travels to the lungs after leaving the heart and picks up fresh oxygen and releases carbon dioxide. The oxygen-rich blood returns back to the heart, through the pulmonary vein. It then begins to enter the left atrium.

Oxygen-rich blood gets pushed into the left ventricle when the left atrium contracts. The left ventricle is the most important and strongest chamber of the heart and is responsible for pumping blood to the whole body. When contracting, it pushes the blood out the heart and through another blood vessel called the aorta.

Blood is now on its way to transport oxygen and nutrients to every cell in your body. It branches into small vessels, reaching out every part of the body. Blood delivers oxygen but also picks up all of the waste such as carbon dioxide.

Once the blood has transported oxygen and nutrients to your body's cells, it returns all the way back to the heart straight through the veins once more. This cycle then starts again, due to the blood re-entering the heart and moving throughout its chambers and being sent back out to the body again.

To summarise, your heart allows blood to move through its chambers and pumps blood around your entire body. This process makes sure all of the cells, which make up of your blood, get the right amount of oxygen and nutrients so your body functions correctly. To ensure this, you have to make sure you and your body are healthy and get enough exercise which is needed to make your heart stronger. Fascinating, don't you think?

Key stage 2

Pupil A – Piece F: a narrative

Context: After completing a narrative writing unit, pupils were shown a clip from 'The Hunger Games' film and asked to rewrite it from their chosen character's point of view. Pupil A selected Katniss Everdeen. Due to its length, this piece has been transcribed.

Transcription

Hunger Games

Survive or die! I could be chosen today. After all it's reaping day. District 12, my district, the boring, dull, most isolated district out of them all. Today our fate will be decided by the Capitol's whims. I probably will not be chosen, I will in my head, hopeful that I will be lucky again. But 2 people will be selected to participate in the deadly Hunger Games. And it could be me...

Blasting out with no care of the peace, a horn sounded. It will decide our destiny. Jumping out of my skin, I move to action. Scents of coal with the damp air clogs up my lungs more than the journey of dread; making me feel uneasy. "Katniss, keep calm and keep your head down." I kept repeating to myself in order to not be affected by the situation. Everyone is best dressed making their way towards their potential death, afraid to step out of line. Standing looking at the glass bowl whilst organized into lives of gender, I gaze at the potential future. "Will I be chosen today?" I speculated.

Emerging from the side of the stage, in her lavish dress, she looked completely different from the rest of us. She was an outsider and didn't belong here.

"Now, the time has come for us to choose one courageous man and woman for the honour of participating in the 74th annual Hunger Games," Effie explained whilst the microphone echoed across the desolate landscape. Everyone's faces dropped as they knew it had only just begun. She went on, "As always ladies first." And began to walk to the large glass bowl filled with the participants names. Hovering her hand over the bowl, she paused in suspense. She dug to the bottom and snatched a piece of paper out. "It's not me; it's not me." I repeated constantly. She walked back over to the microphone with someone's name in her hand. Effie cleared her voice and announced, "Primrose Everdeen."

All eyes were on Prim, my dearest Prim. She glanced at the audience and began to walk to the stage, catching sight of our mother, she offered no comfort. I tried to run to her but the guards caught me too soon. They were too powerful and weren't letting go anytime soon, no matter how I struggled.

They held me back but that was until my voice let out a shaky screech. "I volunteer," I repeated twice, "I volunteer as tribute." It soon went quiet, quiet enough that you could hear a pin drop.

Looking vaguely amused, Effie seemed to soften her glare. "Oh we have a volunteer, how brave of you!" Effie went on, now realising the connection between Prim and I.

"Well up you come, volunteer," she indicated for my name.

"Katniss, Katniss Everdeen," I uttered with little confidence once I had firmly taken my place. With little regard, she turned and moved on as if my bravery meant nothing. "And now for the boys," she clapped with glee.

Training

Waiting in a dull, gloomy room apprehensively with Peeta, my legs shook in fear, or was it tension? "Katniss Everdeen," my name echoed from the robotic voice calling me to prove my worth. Between me and Peeta, not one word was spoken until, "Katniss, shoot straight," tumbled out of his mouth. I glanced at him, nodded my head and continued to walk out, ever though his advice was ridiculous. It must have been his nerves.

Echoes in the training room filled the air as I walked towards my equipment, familiar I thought but more modern, and waited for them to notice me. "Katniss Everdeen, District 12." I said in a clear voice. Everyone stopped chatting and stared. I'm sure they wondered who dare stop their party. I grazed my hand across the unfamiliar bow, and pulled the arrow back sharply. A loud thud struck the board as I missed the target. The room soon filled with laughter and chuckles.

The thought of humiliating myself didn't usually bother me but this time it did. Picking up another arrow, I pulled back on the string and it was a perfect hit. No one saw it. A mixture of rage and anger, at myself, started to build up within me yet they still continued to chat. I knew I could prove them wrong and show them what could do. They just had to pay attention.

Training Part 2

Gathering around a pig that they cared about more than me and my skill, Wondering what I could do to get their attention, my anger started to get the better of me, sending a burst of rage around my whole body. Picking up a new sharp arrow, I held up my bow, pulled back the string and with no hesitation, fired. Swiftly pinning the apple to the wall straight out of the pig's mouth. Bullseye!

Turning their heads with horror at what looked like an attack, the committee were lost for words. I could tell they were threatened by me. The silence was deafening enough to hear someone breathe from a mile away. So I took a confident bow. "Thank you, for your consideration." I announced with rightful attitude and sarcasm. Turning around, I began to walk back through the hallway knowing I got their attention.

"Erm, miss Everdeen? A word of caution," a short unusual little man stepped forward. "Although impressive, you have now ruffled feathers at the Capitol, be careful," he continued. "As I said, thank you for your consideration," I boldly stated as I swept out of the room...

Pupil B

This collection includes:

- A) a narrative extract
- B) a survival guide
- C) a newspaper article
- D) a setting description
- E) a letter
- F) a diary entry

Key stage 2

Pupil B – Piece A: a narrative extract

Context: Pupils read Katherine Rundell's adventure story 'The Explorer' as part of wider learning about the Amazon rainforest. Prior learning involved discussion of effective vocabulary choices and the use of dialogue. Pupils then wrote part of the story, being sure to include an element of setting description.

Looking around, I stepped forward, my eyelids were wals as soon as the sun pierced down. Milo screeched "Wait up!" As I waited, goosebumps ran up my body. We continued and Milo whispered, "Is this the right way?" "Yes I'm sure it is!" I replied a bit unsure. As I peered up, the trees stretched their arms. As night fell, we tiptoed forward. Then, there was eyes. I froze, Milo screeched "Max!" As I sprinted, the noises disappeared. Milo was stood at a waterfall, the water shone as clear as glass.

Key stage 2

Pupil B – Piece B: a survival guide

Context: As part of learning about the Amazon rainforest and following on from Rundell's text, pupils wrote a guide to survival to assist those who find themselves remotely stranded.

How to survive in the rainforest

So, you have crashed in the Rainforest? I'm going to make it easy for you.

How to build a den

You need to try to find a den. If you do, try to improve it with banana leaves on top to stop leaks. Check if it's good then check your stuff around you.

How to get food

If you see bees, you can try and get their honey. You can also get pineapples, bananas and apples but make sure they aren't bad!

How to make a fire

So you will start with:

- wood
- dry leaves
- dry twigs

If you follow this guide,
you will survive in the
Rainforest!

Key stage 2

Pupil B – Piece C: a newspaper article

Context: As part of learning about the Amazon rainforest and following on from reading Rundell's text, pupils wrote a newspaper article including the details of the aeroplane crash which forms the basis of the story.

LOST CHILDREN ^{26th of May 2022}

Reportedly, there was a fatal accident on the 26th of May 2022.

In the Amazon Rainforest in South America, there was a plane crash with school children on board. However, this is under control with emergency services. Police are on route and heading to the location now. Witnesses have been interviewed. The plane is believed to be on fire or has blown up so the young passengers may be in danger. Some witnesses have said: "The smoke was bursting out!"

"The plane just flew down!"

"I heard screaming!"

Police will be staying overnight for investigations. The children's families have already been informed by emergency services.

If you want more information about what is happening with the children and where their parents may be, just click on our website now.

Key stage 2

Pupil B – Piece D: a setting description

Context: Pupils were given an image of a spooky house and asked to write a setting description which would build suspense.

The gates screeched and the fence snapped unexpectedly. Suddenly, the sky was on fire as the sun burned down onto me. Trees were digging into me as the crows screamed and the owls hooted. I smelt rotten birds and flesh, which swished through my nose. I wanted to turn around but I made myself carry on. I was needed. I couldn't stop.

The stairs creaked as I walked up them to the mysterious house. I felt the goosebumps crawl up my arm and tried to ignore them because now was the time to be brave. As soon as I opened the door, the atmosphere changed. The breeze from outside slipped into the house. Then the door slammed. Totally overwhelmed, I felt apprehensive but took another step forward into the darkness...

Key stage 2

Pupil B – Piece E: a letter

Context: Pupils read Drew Daywalt's story 'The Day the Crayons Quit.' They were asked to write a letter in the voice/character of a chosen piece of classroom equipment.

To Amelia,
I can't do this! I'm done! I can't handle that you're giving the tables more attention than you give me. you treat the tables, draws and equipment nicer than you've ever treated me before. you never use me with anything nice despite being very helpful to you. I'm really frustrated with you and I'm hoping for an apology from you soon.

I have four legs not two so stop using me with two legs! You swing on me and you even know it hurts me. Then I feel like you use me like a bin and then I feel like rubbish. I am really sick of your attitude and seriously, I don't like your attitude right now.

I don't even know why you put marks on me! You know why you shouldn't do it but you still do it. You hurt me that much that I feel like I'm going to turn into dust half of the time. I am super annoyed and also one thing, YOU'RE DISGUSTING!

Key stage 2

Pupil B – Piece F: a diary entry

Context: Based on their learning around WWII and after reading Anne Frank's diary, pupils wrote a diary extract expressing Anne's anxiety at her situation.

Dear Diary,
Today was the worst day.
I'm worried because I have
just been told I have just
have to go into hiding.
Soon as I was told that
I felt the butterflies that
fluttered in my tummy. I
was told that I would have
to pack later and that was even
more terrifying. Where was I going?

Since then, I watched the
news, I have bitten off all of
my fingernails. It's been a
while since the news, I have
been thinking constantly.
I have only just realized that
my dad isn't here and he has
gone to visit a friend. It's
been a bit now, and I haven't
heard from my Dad and I'm
really scared for my dad.

I haven't seen my dad and I'm worried for him. I was shaking with fear because he was unknown to me now. I have looked out of the window for him because I don't know where he is. I don't know if he is at the hospital. It has been an hour since I have heard from my dad.

Pupil C

This collection includes:

- A) a non-chronological report
- B) a newspaper report and opinion pieces
- C) a dialogue
- D) a balanced argument
- E) a narrative

Key stage 2

Pupil C – Piece A: a non-chronological report

Context: After exploring examples of non-chronological reports, pupils chose an animal to research before writing their own report.

Draft

Cheetah

The world's fastest land mammal, the cheetah, is characterized by its distinctive spotted pelt and slim-framed body. Agile and nimble, the cheetah is able to run at speeds of up to 130 km/h. This majestic cat is Africa's most endangered: sightings are becoming rarer and rarer. Numbers are in rapid decline due to over-hunting and destruction of their habitat. ①

Cheetahs are carnivorous and feed on a wide variety of animals including antelope, gazelle, warthogs and zebras. Generally, cheetahs will instinctively select animals to hunt where there will be a chase involved. Having to use their powerful muscles to outrun prey keeps the cheetah fit and healthy and prevents them from becoming too large. While a cheetah can outrun all other land mammals, they are only able to sustain such a speed for a short period of time and so they must first plan their attack before ambushing the unsuspecting mammal if they are to be successful.

The Asiatic Cheetah lives on the periphery of farming land and has adapted its diet to include sheep and goats.

① The growth of the human population and an increase in the farming of land are the predominant factors that have been contributed to habitat loss.

much to the indignation of the farming community.

A cheetah's digestive system is able to easily break down large ^{quantities} of meat enabling the cheetah to gorge on its kill. In doing so, the cheetahs hunt alone and the hierarchical system means that the pack leader has the privilege of priority over food in periods of scarcity.

Like all cats, females feed their young milk and in the case of the cheetah, this happens for a duration of 3 months. At around 6-7 weeks old, the kitten joins its mother on hunts in preparation for being responsible for its own diet.

Cheetahs usually dwell in grasslands or savannahs. The long grass and reeds provides an ideal location to stalk ^{potential} prey, as well as providing the animal with much needed shade from the mid-day sun. When ^{pregnant} pregnant, the female cheetah retreats to caves which offer protection from hunting dogs, hyenas and lions who may otherwise attack: heavily pregnant cheetahs are unable to outrun such animals and become susceptible.

The cheetah is well-adapted to running at speed: their waist is in contrast to their wide rib cage which encases larger than average lungs to take in vast amounts of oxygen; their prolonged legs enable them

them to cover long distances more easily; and their lightweight frame allows movement to be energy efficient.

Camouflage
Camouflage is an evolutionary phenomenon that is necessary to survive. A cheetah's ochre undercoat and black spots blend seamlessly with the grasslands which they inhabit, which prevents them from being detected by potential prey.

Key stage 2

Pupil C – Piece B: a newspaper report and opinion pieces

Context: Drawing on a humorous newspaper report of a real-life motorway incident, pupils developed an idea for their own report. Broadsheet newspaper styles were also explored, and Pupil C used their original idea as the basis for related opinion pieces.

THE TELEGRAM

Beavers Cause Mayhem on the M19

Beavers caused chaos on the M19 yesterday evening when they gnawed through several tree trunks, resulting in them falling onto the carriageway.

At around 8.30pm last night, the group of rodents, who local residents say have been causing havoc for months, felled three conifers on the M19 between junctions 15 and 16 resulting in all three lanes being blocked. Long tailbacks ensued as motorists waited for the Highways Agency to organise the removal of the 34ft trees.

One witness, who saw the beavers as they were nibbling their way through the trees, explained how it looked as though the animals were using the pieces of gnawed wood to build a dam at the nearby Briscoe River, located on the border of Newton Heath and Ashton.

Another added, "I saw the little critter that took the last bite before the first tree fell. Obviously, those driving had no idea what was about to happen and one swerved as it hit the tarmac, crashing into the safety barrier and ending up veering onto the hard shoulder. It was a few moments later that the other two trees fell."

Luckily, no serious injuries were obtained by the man driving the vehicle.

The mass clean-up operation, orchestrated by the Manchester Highways Agency, took several hours, leaving many motorists stuck. The felled trees needed to be cut into smaller pieces before they could be taken away. "It was a logistical nightmare," explained Jack Johnson, area manager at the Highways Agency. "These trees are over nine metres in height and the trunks can be very difficult to saw through. The team have worked tirelessly throughout the night to remove the trees and debris and to get the motorway reopened as soon

as possible."

Diversions were put in place, with one lane reopening at around mid-night. The other two lanes remained blocked off for a further hour whilst the last of the wreckage was cleared away.

Despite the best efforts of the Highways Agency, some motorists were disgruntled. "They've known about these beavers and the chaos caused by them in the local area for months and nothing has been done about it. I'm not surprised this has happened, it was only a matter of time," shared Lisa Samson, a member of the public caught up in the tailbacks. "I had a really important appointment booked and was on my way to drop my kids off at their uncle's house when this happened. It had taken months to get the appointment and now I'll have to go back onto the waiting list!"

Others saw the lighter side of the situation, sharing jokes and memes on their social media accounts.

@Precious2020

I'll be DAM-ED if I'm not getting home tonight! #beavers #M19 #stuck

@Sj654

Hahahaha, as if the M19 is closed because of.... beavers 😂 That's the best dam thing I've ever heard 😂

A petition has been penned by local residents who are calling on the support of the nation to help them in their plight to rid the area of the animals. They are putting pressure on the government to announce a cull of the critters who are currently rampant throughout the area. The petition can be found here:

change.org/nomorebeavers.

Should beavers be culled in the UK?

We asked two experts for their views about what should be done regarding the increase in beaver-related issues that have been sweeping the nation in recent months.

YES says Sarah Jones, CEO of ExterminateUK

“The recent increase in beaver populations across the UK can be attributed to local councils’ failure to put into place robust procedures for granting beaver control licences. Farmers in particular have been impacted by this inaction, causing a loss in valuable crops and infrastructure. As the rights of people are eroded away by woke groups who believe animals should have rights to the point where human lives are impacted, it is no surprise that incidents such as the carnage that took place on the M19 this week occur. Twenty-six beaver-related incidents, which have put human lives in direct danger, have been recorded so far this year. The economic and environmental damage caused means action must be taken. Culling is a quick and effective solution; it is painless for the animals and councils already have government permission to grant licences without bureaucratic red tape stalling proceedings.”

NO says Flower Love, Leader of Animal Love Ltd

“I feel incredibly upset for the people involved in the incident above. This is a direct example of how the marginalisation of beavers is now coming back to bite. We have campaigned for years for rivers and forests to be left alone in order to provide safe places for beavers and other animals to live safely. The felling of trees in order to build residential areas and retail parks is directly to blame for pushing local wildlife to the periphery and indeed, to the bankings of motorways. Culling beavers is inhumane and placing blame on animals when in fact we should be lobbying the government to bring back green spaces so humans and animals can once again live in harmony.”

Key stage 2

Pupil C – Piece C: a dialogue

Context: After exploring dialogue in a shared class novel, pupils selected a familiar story and developed a scenario in which the characters were involved in a disagreement.

Arriving at Lucretia Cutter's mansion, adrenaline running through the three, a sweat of nervousness streamed down Darkus's face. The pressure was on. With the mission nearly accomplished, one frightening question jumped into their minds: who goes in?

"Well clearly Darkus should go, I mean it's YOUR dad who mysteriously disappeared a few days ago, right?" Virginia questioned firmly, emphasising her point with hands on hip.

Darkus frowned. It was his idea. Ever since they were friends all he would chat about was his dad.

"Why should I go? I've done the most risky things while YOU and Ber-tolt," Darkus spat, lengthening Bertolt's name to annoy him, "are there chilling. Well newsflash, I'm the leader not you so YOU'RE going!"

The tension was high and thick enough to be cut by a knife. Bertolt kindly told the both of them to shut up: the result was not what he was expecting. "SHUT IT BERTOLT!" they both screamed at the top of their lungs. Scheming with a plan, Darkus whispered to Virginia smiling a sly grin.

"Guys... what are you talking about?" Bertolt requested, shaking.

"We were thinking, Bertolt..." explained Darkus.

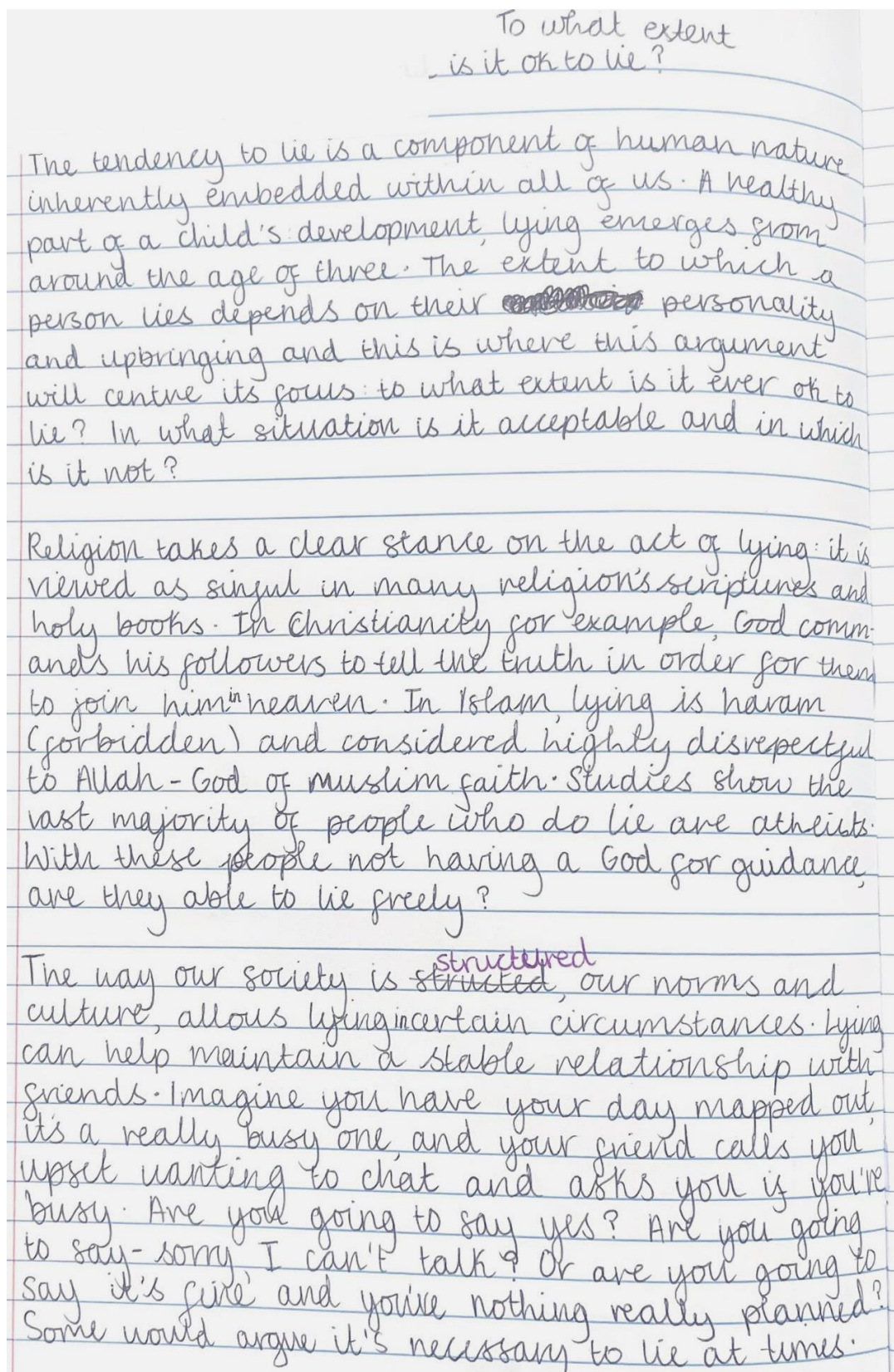
"Since you're that guy who rarely does anything and just cheers us on, maybe YOU should do something, so when we get named as heroes you'll be at least mentioned," interrupted Virginia, showing a face that Bertolt was afraid of.

"Oh no that's the 'if you don't accept, you're dead' face!" Bertolt muttered to himself. With that being said, Bertolt accepted the challenge, hoping he'd get extra credit. The three of them knew that wasn't going to happen but it was worth a try.

Key stage 2

Pupil C – Piece D: a balanced argument

Context: After exploring a range of moral and ethical issues in stories, pupils identified a broad issue to discuss in the form of an argument.



Telling the truth can sometimes hurt people mentally.

It can be argued that lying is also important for providing ourselves with protection. If we find ourselves in a precarious situation - say for example a bank robber asks us if we witnessed the crime whilst waving a gun in our face - we are likely to lie. "No, I don't know what you're talking about," is definitely what you're talking about, rather than "Yes - I'm afraid it is likely I will be the prosecutor's star witness."

On the other hand, lying can also lead to trouble. It is expected that when being interviewed, for example you tell the truth. At a job interview lying about qualifications would be likely to lead to you being ~~dismissed~~ ~~dismissed~~ ~~dismissed~~ ~~dismissed~~ ~~dismissed~~. Doing so may find your record tarnished with a charge of perverting the course of justice.

Lying does not feel nice. Aside from the religious and societal obligations, morally it can often feel innately wrong. Lying long-term can lead to stress-related disorders, anxiety and isolation from others. The toll it takes on the human body is often under-recognised. It is not a healthy way to live one's life.

In my opinion there are times of threats when telling lies is favourable. In situations where not

lying would hurt another's feeling or in times of threat or danger, a lie can be harmless and even provide protection. However, when lies are spawned from malice and ill-intent, they become objectionable and it is here I draw the line.

① sacked very quickly. The truth has a way of finding itself out. If in a court of law or being interviewed by the police, it is a criminal offence to lie.

Key stage 2

Pupil C – Piece E: a narrative

Context: Drawing on the picture book 'The Promise' by Nicola Davies, pupils wrote their own story focused on transformation.

When I was young, I lived in a city filled to the brim with sorrow. Its miserable citizens spent their lives tentatively balancing on the deep edge of despair. Deprived of love, swallowed in darkness, enveloped by pain and suffering: no one ever smiled. I was no exception. Like an infection, the rot had seeped into my own heart and penetrated my bones. I too was hollow.

I had dragged myself up into my teenage years. A lonely, grey island. Sure, I lived with my mother, but the stress and depression which loomed over the city had been too much for her and ^{psychosis} ~~physic~~ had set in. My mother ~~was~~ sadly suffered from chronic memory loss each day and I could see more of her slipping through my fingers like sand.

Some days, she didn't even recognise my face which would burn in my stomach, clench like a vice around my chest, ~~allow grief to rot itself~~ ^{allow grief to rot itself} into my gut. She was here, yet she was already gone. What sort of cruel disease was this? The vast majority of the people who live here suffered from some sort of mental illness: depression, anxiety, memory loss or stress disorders. It felt like we were all living in a fish bowl filled with toxicity - it was going to nestle and grow deep within the skin of all of us one way or another.

As a result of this, I would steal. I know what you're thinking: stealing from other is a crime for the lowest of the low. Well, I was as low as I could

get. There was nothing, no circumstance big or small that could make me feel any worse than I already did. Hurt people hurt people. For others, stealing is an action that sprouts from greed; I do it out of love. The one way out the one plan the one ^{list} ~~ending right to the end of the road~~ ~~giving the right to the right of the road~~ ~~to the right of the road~~.

The night my fate changed course, I had been walking home from college. Then the wind howled wickedly and a thick curtain of cold, icy rain trickled down heavily, lashing down onto the grey concrete.

In front of me, stood proudly, the silhouette of a figure, hunching onto an umbrella sheltering under the awning of a brick-a-brack store.

As I approached, I realised it was a young girl, helpless girl. Her features came into view through the downpour of tears above. Her complexion was warm brown, healthy and full of life. Her soft braids framed her face and her deep hazelnut ~~th~~ irises were a marked contrast to the bright white of her eyes. In her hands she held a small maroon bag with a drawstring top. What was inside of it? My intrigue rose and I knew whatever was in that bag ~~to be mine~~ needed to be mine.

Without warning, like a viper launches at his prey, I sprang into action and extended my arm, clutching onto the bag in an effort to steal it - but to my surprise the young girl held onto it with the strength of 10,000 men (or women - it is 2023 after all).

"Use what is within this bag wisely. Agree to do good. Agree to open your wild imaginations to opportunity. Seek and follow its wisdom and the bag is yours" she spoke, staring deep within my soul as she did so.

Huh, what did she mean? Confused, baffled but compelled to do as she asked, I agreed and she released her grip on the bag.

Feeling a swirl of emotions, I walked home curious as to what miracle could be inside that seemingly precious bag. As I approached home with my head held up high, the dreadful, grey clouds grey and grim and spat out tears of rain. Nothing unusual there. For some reason, I had been reluctant to open the bag, but as the evening drew in, my curiosity peaked, overtaking any anxiety and I took hold of its drawstring, ready to finally reveal what was inside after observing the bag for far too long. I opened the golden string, unfolded the silk cloth and within it ~~inside~~ was a blue gem. Now reader, at this point, I don't want you to become too excited. You're probably thinking of a dazzling, sparkling jewel, exquisite and costly: this was not that. Think instead of one of those plastic fakes you find in the kids' toy section worth £10 at most.

I couldn't believe it. I had fallen for a hoax by that little girl who I believed was a trustworthy person. How invidious. Annoyed and irritated by what was inside, I loudly stomped downstairs, alerting my mother to my ~~presence~~ presence.

"Oh, Fletcher!" She spoke, eyes glared over. Physically, she looked the same but mentally it was like she was no longer with us. She was a shell.

"Mum supper is ready!" It stings when she calls me that because it's not my name: I'm Felix. Was she ~~forgetting who I was?~~ forgetting who I was?

"Mum I wish you never were diagnosed with chronic memory," I muttered under my breath clutching onto the plastic gem like a child gripping their mum. I spent the next 20 minutes moving food around my plate, my stomach too full of anger and disappointment for there to be any room for good. †

I slouched back upstairs, dejected, and placed the gem under my pillow. I slipped into bed and soon, a deep slumber.

The next morning arrived and I was awoken early by a strange sight. The bright, glistening sun beams penetrated my curtains and so I lept up and pulled them open. The gloomy clouds disappeared and the plants were ^{blooming} ~~bush~~ and ^{blossoming} ~~bloomed~~: an explosion of colour. What was this? Did God give us a miracle? Rubbing my teary, blurry eyes in disbelief, I stumbled downstairs, perplexed.

"Hey mum what's for breakfast today?" I asked with a smile on my face, happy the sun had shown itself.

"Felix, there you are! It's full English breakfast" she sang as she slipped the sausage over in the pan.

① ~~one~~ shining light I had was the idea that, if I could find enough money, I could send my mother to a private hospital for the treatment and care she deserved.



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