



## 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.

### 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.

STA produces separate guidance, training and exemplification materials for schools. Should local authorities wish to use pupil scripts from standardisation exercises for training purposes when visiting schools, STA recommends making it clear that writing may have been edited to better align with the specified standard.

## Pupil A

This collection includes:

- A) a fairytale rewrite
- B) a fantasy narrative
- C) a letter
- D) a letter
- E) a biography
- F) an information text

## Key stage 2

### Pupil A – Piece A: a fairytale rewrite

Context: pupils watched 'Little Miss Take' from the Literacy Shed. Following some focused teaching on dialogue, they planned and wrote their own version of a well-known fairy tale. This pupil chose 'Thumbelina'.

**Transcription provided for clarity, due to pupil's editing in middle section. Original piece below for reference.**

#### Thumbelina's adventure

Once upon a time, in a far distant land, there was a kingdom called Roses. It was surrounded with busy streets also transparent lakes leading to the crystal clear sea. In the village all you could see for miles was swishy swashy pine trees. A few miles from the village, there was a market full of sweet treats like doughnuts, cupcakes and pancakes. Every year, for prom they moved all the carts and wagons ready for people to arrive.

One night of prom, the queen fell very ill then the Kingdom, fell into fright and dispare. Meanwhile on the other side of town, deep in the woods there was a cottage there lived a young woman and her daughter (who's grand mother was the queen) caulled Thumbelina. Everything was perfect, until one day, when Thumbelina came home she said "why does someone wants you?" "and what do you want?" Lucy (Thumbelina's mum) asked

We are here because of your daughter she stole the queen's crown!" replied the guard.

"Thumbelina what do you say?" asked Lucy.

"Sorry," moaned Thumbelina.

Then one day Lucy asked Thumbelina to take the basket full of treats (from the market.) "Go through the forest, but make sure to stick to the path, at least be safe my dear ok?" asked Lucy.

"Yes mum," moanded Thumbelina,

"Bye honey be safe!" shouted Lucy

"Yeah yeah I will" replied Thumbelina. And off she went down the path not knowing what she would encounter on the way...

A few miles from the house, Thumbelina was skipping hapily along when sudenly, she spotted a bear sobbing on a fallen dusty tree. "argh why are you crying Its so annoying so can you stop?" shouted Thumbelina.

\*

Oh I'm sorry, I'm... Just feelling realy upset. Please can I have one of your treats from the basket?" asked the bear "U gh no what makes you think you can have a treat from my basket?" questioned thumbleina. Then (when she had reached the castle) her eyes filled with terror...

she saw her grandma led on the floor coughing and whessing. Then in the corner of her eye, she saw the bear from earlier grining. Then he disappeared into the darkness. Then a miricle happened. Her grandma got on her feet and lifted Thumbelina into a tight hug. After that they all lived hapily the end.

\*The queen was a nice old lady with loucous curly silver hair. Thick grey glasses and a shiny golden crown sat on her silver hair.

Thumbelina's adventure

Once upon a time, in a far distant land, there was a Kingdom called Rores & St, was surrounded with busy streets, <sup>also</sup> transparent lakes leading to the crystal clear sea. In the village all <sup>you</sup> could see for miles was swirly gnarley pine trees. A few miles from the village, there was a market full of sweet treats like doughnuts, cupcakes and pancakes. Every year, for prom they moved all the carts and wagons ready for people to arrive.

One night of prom, <sup>they</sup> the queen fell very ill, and the Kingdom fell into grief and dispare. Meanwhile on the other side of town, deep in the woods there was a cottage, there <sup>lived</sup> a young woman and her daughter (who's grand mother was the queen) called Thumbelina. Every thing was perfect, until <sup>one</sup> day when Thumbelina came home <sup>she</sup> and said <sup>and</sup> "someone wants you?" Lucy (Thumbelina's mum) asked <sup>and</sup> "what do you want?" Lucy (Thumbelina's mum) "ugh I don't know I asked"

We are here because of your daughter she stole the queen's crown," replied the guard.  
"Thumbelina what do you say?" asked Lucy.  
"Sorry," moaned Thumbelina.

Then one day Lucy asked Thumbelina to take the basket full of treats from the market, go through the forest, but make sure to stick to the path, <sup>at</sup> least don't be sage my dear ok? asked Lucy.  
"Yes mum, moaned Thumbelina.  
"Bye honey be sage!" shouted Lucy.  
"Yeah yeah I will" replied Thumbelina. A nd off she went down the path not knowing what she would encounter on the way...

A few miles from the house, Thumbelina was skipping happily along when suddenly, she spotted a bear sitting on a ~~tree~~ fallen dusty tree. "ugh, why are you crying it's so annoying so can you stop!" shouted Thumbelina.

\*Q  
"Oh, I'm sorry, I'm ... I just feeling really upset. Please can I have one of your treats from <sup>the</sup> basket?" asked the bear.  
"Ugh so what what makes you think you can have a treat from my basket?" questioned Thumbelina. Then when she had reached the castle her eyes filled with terror...

As she saw her grandma led on the spot coughing and wheezing. Then in the corner of her eye, she saw the bear from earlier growling. Then he disappeared into the darkness. Then a miracle happened. Her grandma got on her feet and lifted Thumbelina into a tight hug. After that they all lived happily ~~THE END~~ the end.

x The queen was a nice old lady with long wavy curly grey silver hair, white thick grey glasses and a shiny golden crown sat on her silver hair.

## Key stage 2

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

Context: pupils watched the silent film 'The Eye of the Storm'. Following some teaching which focused on amplification, pupils wrote a fantasy narrative in the first person.

#### The eye of the storm

The dimly-lit craft moon rose as the tattered, ancient airship hovered in the sky. I went to look at the map that lay strewn on the table. Then I took some steel twigs and made a circle with them and steered the ship. By the time I was done, the burning, bright sun rose as the birds skittered.

Without warning, the wind increased. I offered three pats to the pegasus unicorn hybrid but lingered on the third pat. Then it ruffled my hand while purring.

From inside the craft, I turned a bottle of ominous green liquid into the furnace, the furnace sparked as it gobbled up the ominous green liquid. Then I took my friend's box and threw it off the ship. (I wanted to get rid of all the memories together so I can't feel any grief.) The weather grew worse, blowing the ship all over the place. It was hell.

As I looked through a well-used spy glass, I turned. I heard a neigh from the hybrid, as I went inside the ship to turn it to full speed; then let my hybrid friend go.

With a gloved hand I pulled the lever. Although, it was quiet the engine whined and whirred back to life (the cogs were spinning and churning.) I was there, I headed towards the eye. As I headed towards the eye the wind intensified...

The wind was really strong then, as I went through the eye the wind grew stronger. And so did the emerald green light. It smelled like a can of tuna and there were some sort of salt crystals. I had took a few of them to taste (they tasted like marshmallows) and felt hard as rock. I heard the wind getting stronger But then I saw a golden light behind the eye. What could it be?...

As I got closer, the light became clear it was as shiny as a star. It was a treasure vault! As I went through the treasure vault I heard a familiar voice it was the meowing of kittens. But not any kittens, there was a gold one, an emerald one and a diamond one. I recognised one as Emerald my old newborn cat. But then I heard a puppy cry. I ran with the kittens to the puppy. It was Lucky my old dog then I realised that I was in animal heaven so then will Lucy be here too! Lucy was my childhood dog and we would play day after day month after month year after year. Until we had to put her down. Since then I had never smiled never even brought her back. I scavenged high and low until I heard a familiar voice... it was Lucy.

## Key stage 2

### Pupil A – Piece C: a letter

Context: as part of their history learning around the subject of WW2, pupils were asked to write a letter to a monarch or Prime Minister which focused on a 'human interest' aspect of the war, for example, rationing, missing children who were away at war.

Q. Queen Elizabeth,  
London Buckingham Palace

Your Dear Majesty,

I'm so sorry I'm troubling you with this letter. But I haven't seen my son since last year, I ask for just one day with him. You see his dad's got only a few days left so I thought he would want to say goodbye to his dad.

O what I would do to see my boy <sup>again</sup>! Let alone to see Storm <sup>again</sup> smile <sup>again</sup>; to see <sup>George</sup> Midnight laugh <sup>again</sup> like she used to <sup>before</sup> <sup>George</sup> went to war. It has never been the same since. Then we are running out of food. Because Storm can't work any more and we can't afford his medicine; he's getting worse every day.

And there's no news <sup>news</sup> for Mrs. I pray every night for him to make it through this horrible war. It's <sup>news</sup> killed thousands of people already. I remember when he was young and he would be devastated if he died wouldn't you if your princess ~~Elizabeth~~ died?.

Your loyal subject, Mrs Calvin

## Key stage 2

### Pupil A – Piece D: a letter

Context: as part of their history learning around the subject of WW2, pupils were asked to write an informal letter from a WW2 soldier to a loved one back home.

Dear mum and Frank,

Thank you for my last letter, <sup>it</sup> really made me forget about how crazy my day was <sup>and</sup> it reminded me of when we would go camping in the summer. And going skiing in the winter and when we would have a nice warm bath before roast and then have apple crumble and strawberry cake, <sup>also</sup> <sup>sleep</sup> <sup>to in</sup> and sleeping in a comfy bed instead of a <sup>to me!</sup> towel that smells like tuna.

By now, I'm probably on my towel, but let me tell you why. Yesterday, I was caught shaving beer and was taken to sergeant Millers in there. I was as cold as ice and my leg froze but as quick as a flash, he shot up from his seat and went to his locker (instead of me...)

Without warning, he ran suddenly towards me, while his squeaky & muddy boots slid on the floor and then he froze. <sup>he</sup> <sup>then</sup> whipped like an ice berg and now I'm safe now, <sup>to</sup> take care.

Lots of hope and love Michell.



## Key stage 2

### Pupil A – Piece E: a biography

Context: after reviewing a range of biographies, pupils researched and wrote a biography on an individual who was famous for actions during WW2.

#### Ruby Bradley

#### Early life

Ruby Bradley was born in Spencer West Virginia on December 1907. Her parents<sup>th</sup> were Fred and Bertha and their jobs were farmers and she was a very famous nurse but it leads her down some unexpected paths.

#### War years

In 1934, Ruby Bradley entered the United States as a surgical nurse, but later she was captured by the Japanese (in 1941) and a little later while she was doing an interview, ~~she interviewed~~ <sup>to the other crew she said</sup> she said "you get out in a hurry, when you have someone behind you with a gun!"

Later that year, she had already earned 34 medals and was a highly decorated nurse (who was a vegetarian); <sup>she</sup> was promoted to ~~colonel~~ <sup>Colonel</sup> to learn more about nurses (which was an achievement for her).

In 1963 she retired of old age but continued for 17 years (in the field) and later died on 28 May 2002 (aged 94).

## Key stage 2

### Pupil A – Piece F: an information text

Context: as part of a geography unit on 'The Americas', pupils researched one of the States for homework, which they used to plan and write their own text to inform the reader. This pupil's research focused on the state of Texas.

#### Location

America has 50 states altogether, Texas is the second biggest state in America . Alaska is the biggest. Their territory is in the South and has a population of 29,000,000 .Texas is obviously well-known because of its size and population and can you believe that it is three times bigger than the UK !

#### Features

Although Seen as a giant,pretty,state,it has some dangerous animals,such as :Great White Sharks,Spiders and Snakes. People in Texas enjoy rodeos, where cowboys and cowgirls take part in high adrenaline sports to win prizes!The Texas flag is called the Lone star Flag and it is red, white and blue just like the Stars and Stripes.

#### Climate

Texas has many different climates, but its normal climate and weather is clear skies and warm temperatures in the summer. The Coldest months are December,January and February. December is the 1st Coldest month, January is the 2d Coldest month and February is the 3rd Coldest month.The Hottest months in Texas are September,August and April including Summer months (mostly June and July). Rainiest months are March and May.

## Pupil B

This collection includes:

- A) a fantasy narrative
- B) a persuasive speech
- C) a romantic narrative
- D) a suspense narrative
- E) a letter in role
- F) a newspaper report

## Key stage 2

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

Context: drawing on a sequence of work and shared writing from a different context, pupils wrote their own version of events from 'A Monster calls' by Patrick Ness.

Just as James was about to drop off to sleep, a noise in the eerie darkness slashed through the air and snapped James out of his dozey stance. He was camping in a cold, deathly wood and each noise from the roar of the wind to the slither of the snake, sent a blood-curdling shiver down his spine. He looked at his phone. 12:30. Half past midnight. "When all of the ghosts will be out," he thought as he wrapped his sheets even tighter around himself (if that was even possible). Unable to settle, James shuffled over to the tent door and unzipped it. The air hung around him like a shadow. He whimpered, and then suddenly, out of the darkness, a whirling wind whipped through the air like a tornado. A wind so strong James was knocked over. Bang! His head hit the ground, "Please! No, stop! I mean no harm," he called out in terrified desperation.

In a flash, a horrific monster that could crush a tree with one finger, stomped into view; its eyes spitting red like angry lava; its ugly back had spines that looked like swords and a face that looked like a boulder. As the monster prowled towards him, he stood up tall preparing to protect himself.

The inhuman creature reached forward. "You will come with me!" His voice rumbled through the air like thunder.

"What do you mean?" asked James, "Why have you come for me?" Glaring at the monster, "I won't hurt you. I'm just a normal person! I'm just a child," he said with all the confidence he could muster.

"Because I need the truth from you," it roared. "You know what you have done. You will come!"

Under its glare, James cowered back wishing the creature to retreat. "You are mistaken. I haven't done anything. Never, never will I give you what you want!" he shouted, sounding braver than he felt.

And with that, James rushed to the foldable bed and climbed under. The monster roared in annoyance and flared from its colossal mouth. The bed set on fire. James cowered amongst his sleeping bag. The monster ripped the tent like blades shredding flesh and prowled towards him. James was cornered.....

## Pupil B – Piece B: a persuasive speech

Context: pupils were learning about the impact of climate change in geography lessons and explored 'No one is too small to make a difference' by Greta Thunberg, before writing their own speech.

I am here today, to say that animals deserve to live. People are killing animals like they are rubbish. So what are you going to do about it? I want you to feel shocked. Startled. Fearful. I want you to understand the chaos. The panic. Hysteria. I need you to awaken. We are responsible for this unspoken enormity, this dreadful annihilation. A vindictation was made by the RSPCA which claims 54% of rhinos and elephants have their tusks ripped from them by us.

Furthermore, animals are captured from their natural habitat and traded. Also, thousands of species worldwide are killed! Wildlife trading on the black market has increased. The RSPCA, who know animals provide a variety of crucial tools that are relevant to our existence, claim there is an increase in animal cruelty in most parts of the world. Animals deserve to live. Even though, they only have a few heart-beats left. We can still save them!

Scientists claim that 72% of habitats are obliterated by humans. Do you think this is okay? Many uneducated people might think this is okay and that it does not

matter if a few animals are killed or tortured. Who cares about some animals? As long as I am okay, it does not matter to me! I am telling you, with zeal, that it does matter! Most importantly, educated humans are desiring us to impede animal cruelty. It does not just affect the animal they are torturing, it affects their young as well because their mother isn't <sup>there</sup> to protect or has had their tusks taken so can not fight. Creatures suffer from our actions but we will suffer from those actions too if we do not halt immediately.

This means an immediate <sup>tion</sup> reduction of products that encourage poaching and passing on this message to as many people as possible. Either you come with me and help animals or you go with the poachers and pay for your actions. So I beg you, please help the creatures; it is the right decision. We have one future ahead of us and that includes change or else our future is nothing. It is crucial that every person in the society works together. It is eminent that we all help and care for animals. I will protect every creature I can. Will you? ~~Our~~ Our future depends on us!

twinkl.com

## Key stage 2

### Pupil B – Piece C: a romantic narrative

Context: after watching a wordless video animation called 'The Invention of Love', pupils wrote a narrative, handling part of the story events.

Silent, forgotten, echoing, Dave had a full workshop of smashed inventions which used to have great potential. As the cogs turned, Dave sat lost in sadness as memories engulfed him, mourning for his loves regain. His compact workshop was barely enterable with a cornucopia of mechanical concoctions now destroyed. Hopelessly, he reached out for his glowering rose with his pallor hands. As the melancholy music flooded the workshop, he sat slumped on his mechanical chair, like practically everything he owned, the remorseful music sent horrible thoughts rushing through his head. Thoughts he would rather would just disappear.

On that gateful night, the moon shone alabaster like a glowing pearl. The clouds and the mist were bioluminescent. The sky was as dark as coal. Over the stoney track he clattered and clanged towards the dark hillside. At the top a woman stood, dressed in a black dress which swept around her like a cloud, and at her neck was a narrow white spill which shone like ivory. Her eyes were bright and as blue as violets. Out of the mist, Dave rode, he sat tall and proud on his mechanical horse. He smiled into her beautiful, grave face, dazzled by her beauty. He pushed a lever and his mechanical horse plucked a blossoming rose.

They galloped smoothly over rolling hills on Dave's mechanical horse, their hair



waning behind them in the breeze. As the mist cleared, twinkling stars were to be seen in the midnight sky. As they approached their destination, Dave climbed down off the horse and reached up a hand to gently lift her off. Down they sat next to the rushing river and shared their first kiss. In that moment, Dave's hope expanded. His love expanded. His capability expanded, he felt like he could do anything to his will. But could he? Would this work out?

## Key stage 2

### Pupil B – Piece D: a suspense narrative

Context: as part of a sequence of work exploring 'Thornhill' by Pam Smy, pupils wrote a narrative focused on key suspenseful events from the story.

Clutching her side, Ella walked steadily forward, she was with her friend, Emily. Emily<sup>She</sup> had promised an adventure, so far, this had not come to light. It felt like they had been walking for miles. Randomly, they came across a toxic waste site next to a murky lake. The water in the centre of the lake was gurgling. The smell stung her nose, made her eyes stream and her head throb but she could not keep going, she had to stop. Stubbornly, Ella demanded to rest. They sat down and gulped down some water and then rested for quite some time.

As the light dimmed and the water rippled, they turned for home. "That lake is thought to be haunted," Ella grinned bravely. Emily, who was gazing thoughtfully at the lake, was slightly behind, called out, "Please wait," Ella walked a few more steps and turned to see, **Nothing**. Alone. Abandoned. Apprehensive. The dreadful situation dawned on her. In that moment, everything seemed scarier. The tree trunks looked like coffins and the lake looked like a smirk of death. Everything about the place seemed eerie and forgotten: the murky water, the dumped litter and the rusting machinery. It felt like she was actually sorry for the dumpyard. She knew how it felt to be doomed.

Suddenly, Emily burst from behind some bushes, pulling a skeleton with her, "Help!" She cried desperately at Ella. The skeleton yanked her by her wrist, pulling her to an abrupt halt. Ella started running, running to get help. "Stop, or the girl is dead!" The skeleton growled at Ella, sending a chill down her spine. She skidded to a halt turning to see her friend being dragged towards the lake. "NO," she screamed in desperation. "Please don't," she begged.

But it was too late. There was nothing she could do. All was lost. She squeezed her eyes tightly shut as the loud splash echoed through the air, she felt a rush of hopelessness wash over her which made her blood run cold.

In the snap of a dead man's finger, a skeleton's bony hands were clasp<sup>ing</sup> her shoulder. She stood frozen to the spots trapped in horror. Pain. Dread. He rose a knife, that was as dark as the ominous glow in a devil's eye, until it reached her throat ready to strike. He gave her a huge shove and then everything went black.

As she hit the icy cold water, she was flung back into consciousness. Hopelessly sinking into the caliginous depths of the water. As hope was disappearing, she hit something hard. With trepidation, she floated towards an open door of a rotten, decaying shack, she felt a rush of desperation and determination wash over her and took her opportunity. Whilst still very confused.

She saw a bright light shine through the inky black water, enticed, she floated towards it to find an air bubble in the top crevis of the shack. Her eyes staggered in disbelief. She found something! A head! A skull! In the haunting corner of the shack was unmistakably a skull; was this a coincident or an omen? The skull was destroyed, damaged, decayed.

Behind her a mysterious figure moved out of the ebony water, into the light. Ella felt her nerves crackle. She felt something tight around her neck and then everything was gone forever!

Weeks later, she was found bobbing on top of the water unmoving. Dead. Strangled. Beyond hope.

## Key stage 2

### Pupil B – Piece E: a letter in role

Context: drawing on shared writing from a different context, pupils wrote their own letter in role as Jack, from 'Jack and the Beanstalk'.

Alrig't Ma,

You won't 'ave a clue w'o I met - you'll never guess - I met the Giant from the BFG - and guess what 'e was as big as my beanstalk. Last night, I crept out of bed to go and see if I could get some Beans and I met the Giant I stole from, who was visiting. He was funny 'e tried to rip me 'ead off. Me plan of action on Wednesday (as part of my rehabilitation), is to sign up for salesman training - maybe I will do a better sale next time!

T'ere are loads of people 'ere

Voldemort keeps torturing people and Cruella keeps chasing the guard dogs with dinner knives - of course this was before they were dragged into solitary confinement and taken to the questioning room. Are you coming to visit me? Have you even thought about your handsome Prince? Just one favour - would you care to remember some beans? See you soon!

Bye,  
Jack

PS. Please tell the Judge I'm innocent!

## Key stage 2

### Pupil B – Piece F: a newspaper report

Context: as part of a sequence of work, pupils drew on the story of 'Peter Pan' by J M Barrie to write a front-page newspaper report.

Once Upon A Crime	
Peter Pan gets metaled up for good!	
	The police are still flying planes, jets and all sorts of aircraft. They are also hunting down Tinkabell to interrogate her for information on whether or she is being forced to <del>work</del> <sup>work</sup> for the criminal or is carrying out her actions on her own accord. Have you seen children being
Concused Mother discovers pirate gold.	hauled from a house? Have you heard screams in the night? Are people mysteriously
Catastrophic crime committed by a perilous Peter. Around 6.30am two days ago, an assailant, who we now know is a flying boy named Peter Pan, coldly kidnapped a group of children. The violent and demonic devil is still flying without a license. Police have warned people to lock their windows and doors also to guard their children.	disappearing? The Mother of the kidnapped children, aged 39, explained how horrible this kidnap had been on her family, "I twas 'eant broken, mi 'usband had steam coming from 'is ears an' 'e los' 'is job 'e was so sad, 'e twas gamin' an' mi twas in 'ospital ag'er they wen' missin' cause I had a 'eant attack

so I was a nervous wreck!"  
In addition, the severity of this crime was underlined by PC Bobby Badger. "It is of deep allegations from the vast majority of the general public that they consider that he was purposeful in his actions and I heavily guide a reinforcement in the security of your properties. I am proud to state that you have publically adopted the crisis reasonably calmly which is normally a big help. I will try my best to engage as many police officers as possible to collaborate a larger force, against this violent child."

Where we stand.  
Since Peter committed his terrible crime, guilty stalkers, committing horrendous assaults has increased by 63%. These misdemeanours have taken huge forms, trespassing, gold theft and criminal damage are

some of the latest. In our opinion, inadequate parenting and disastrous moral education in schools / colleges / universities and academies is the root of this hideousness. Lingering jobs are a menace to the local society. It is strongly recommended that you remain vigilant what ever happens and you put CCTV cameras up around juveniles bedrooms, until the perpetrator ~~perpatatore~~ has been incarcerated if you have any additional information, regarding the abduction, please contact PC Bobby Badger, on 01566 784545.

Moving forward, the police have released a statement, promising the following:

- More undercover officers
- Extra Surveillance in the wood he lives in
- Police on air machines
- Getting magic proof cages

to transport

• Armed officers

After the latest disasters, a group of volunteers - who are extremely passionate about protecting the children - has been set up to keep a watch on the neighbourhood by day and a task force of disgruntled otters - who can see in the dark and can fly - have promised surveillance at night. Poppy Cross, the doctor of most of the criminals, made the following quote, "I am very depressed to comment that lots of children have accedic<sup>form</sup> difficulties and most of the children never get the treatment they deserve, as most parents will not give consent and now look what damage it has caused and still parents deny all knowledge of these problems so will still not give permission for

medical attention."



## Pupil C

This collection includes:

- A) a newspaper report
- B) a narrative
- C) a descriptive narrative
- D) a biography
- E) a suspense narrative
- F) an adventure narrative

## Key stage 2

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

Context: after studying the structure and style of newspaper reporting, pupils were tasked to write their own report about the attack on Pearl Harbour.

HAWAIIAN EVENING GAZETTE	
JAPAN ATTACKS!	
reporter	
Sunday 7 <sup>th</sup> December.	Noise was unbearable.
It started at 7:55am	Jon Barland (age 5)
At 7:55am, <sup>Japanese</sup> Japanese fighters planes started	was shocked when she announced that
to attack the United States Navy. The	there were huge clouds of smoke.
<sup>Japanese</sup> Japanese killed over 2,280 Americans and 68 civilians were killed.	Over 1,000 homes, buildings and streets were destroyed. The Japanese dropped
109 <sup>soldiers</sup> soldiers were wounded, 8 battleships damaged and 5 sank. The attack took place on Pearl	hundreds of bombs putting many people in danger. Tom Barland, age 11, claimed
Harbour on the Island of Hawaii. This happened very early in the morning	"It was like a bunch of fire on my feet." The attack was outrageous!
When the Americans were resting. They thought it was practice drill. Davis	Thousands of people's homes and lives
Mayer (radioman on USS Utah) said, "The	to not be in danger, be protected and not harmed or in danger

Some one here is here  
To keep you  
homes, children and  
friends' lives safe  
the on more to  
find out more.

## Key stage 2

### Pupil C – Piece B: a narrative

Context: following a series of lessons on the features of effective story writing, pupils were asked to write their own stories based on their class book, 'Goodnight Mr Tom' by Michelle Magorian.

As the train approached little Weirwood, the dark clouds began turning lighter. Willie was a little upset to arrive at little Weirwood because he really loved his dear mother. Willie was wondering what was in the <sup>Country</sup> Country - side.

Willie hopped off the train and arrived at little Weirwood. As Willie was walking to the house with the billeting officer, many towering trees <sup>were</sup> ~~was~~ cawing his way.

As ~~he~~ Willie was walking to the house with the billeting officer, many towering trees were crashing in his face. For some reason, Willie looked as thin <sup>as a skeleton</sup> as a skeleton. Willie had greasy hair as dirty as mud. Willie had thousands of bruises all over his arms, hands, and legs. Tom cowered down at Willie as he came to the door. He was shaking like a tree losing its leaves.

Willie said, "Where <sup>where</sup> am I?"

Tom was so shocked by how much dirt Willie had.

As Tom showed Willie inside his house, Willie was still shaking. "This is your home." Tom said. He showed Willie to his room in the attic. As Tom

looked at ~~his~~ at his dirty coat, Tom remembered that Willie needed a peg. "Right william, I am going to put a mark on wall so I know were to put your peg."

Tom realised that it was 10:30 in the the ~~morning~~ <sup>morning</sup> and Willie had not had breakfast.

"What would you like william"? Said Tom. ~~ok~~

"Egg and bacon please!"

Tom started to prepare Willie ~~breakfast~~ <sup>breakfast</sup>.

## Key stage 2

### Pupil C – Piece C: a descriptive narrative

Context: a short, silent film, 'The Piano' was used as a stimulus for this narrative. Pupils were tasked to write in the first person and capture the different moods conveyed in the film.

#### The piano.

I sit down at my piano. It has been a while since my fingers touched the keys. The memories that come back to me are unbearable but it is time. I start to ~~reamber~~<sup>remember</sup> all the beautiful times we had....

I watch watch as my love's hands play the perfect harmony with my own. I close my eyes and can feel her soft warm lips touching my cheek. As I close my eyes, I watch my love ~~to~~ go.

I suddenly ~~feel~~<sup>feel</sup> something heavy fall onto my head. I am transported to Dunkirk where my best friend stands. I rush to his aid as he takes his last breath and falls into my arms. I finally say goodbye.

It is Christmas day and I am kneeling down waiting for my present as my granddad gives me it. I open it. It is a

hobby horse! I ~~was~~ love it. After that, I ~~start~~ to <sup>gallop</sup> gallop around the room happily. As I watch myself galloping around the room, I am teleported back to the present. That child looks familiar... Is that my grandson? The shape of the galloping horse is familiar too. That's ~~that's~~ the toy my grandfather gave me!

After he has finished playing with the hobby horse, he comes running to me and jumps onto the chair next to me. We then finish the final melody together. I hope my grandson stays with me unlike the others who I have cared for.

## Key stage 2

### Pupil C – Piece D: a biography

Context: pupils studied the characteristics of effective biographies before independently writing a biography of Malala Yousafzai.

In this piece of writing you will be learning about Malala's life and how she lived it.

#### Malala's childhood

Malala was born on the 12<sup>th</sup> July 1997. She grew up in Mingora (Pakistan). She has two brothers and a father who works as a teacher. Malala had a happy and peaceful childhood. Malala enjoyed school and looked forward to it.

#### The attack

Around the time Malala was ten years old, the ~~the~~ Taliban were taking over the region where she lived. It was awful. The Taliban were extremely strict to Muslims who demanded the girls to stay at home.

One day, Malala was taking a bus home from school on the 9<sup>th</sup> October 2012. Suddenly, a strange man got onto the bus and said "Where is Malala? If you do not tell me I will kill you." Then he shot Malala.

## Becoming an inspiration

Getting shot did not stop Malala. On her 16<sup>th</sup> birthday, Malala gave a speech to the United Nations. In the speech she talked about children ~~in~~ <sup>educating</sup> needing to be educated and learn new things. Malala only wanted peace; she did not want revenge or violence. Malala's fame <sup>spread</sup> spreads! She ~~going~~ won many awards. She won the Nobel Peace Prize in 2014. She also wrote a book, in 2013 called 'I am Malala'. Malala <sup>decided</sup> decided to continue to study. In 2020, she graduated from Oxford. Anything is possible.



## Key stage 2

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

Context: pupils studied the ways in which authors build suspense. They were then tasked to write their own suspenseful narratives based on Richard Hickey's animated version of 'Francis', a short story by Dave Eggers.

Francis was 17 at the time with long, black hair and blue eyes like the sea. She wanted some <sup>peace</sup> ~~piece~~ and quiet. So she went on an adventure, well, that is what she <sup>thought</sup> ~~1~~. But before Francis left the campsite, she wanted to look up at the beautiful ~~wide majestic~~ <sup>majestical</sup> stars. After 5 minutes, she was ready to take off, then quickly put on her thick heavy boots.

As Francis escaped the supervision of her family, she went into the quite <sup>quiet</sup> forest. As Francis walked closer towards the woods, she felt tall towering trees watching over. Francis heard a sudden noise. She wondered what it could be. She felt as though she was being watched. She heard the noise again; a shiver went down her spine. She didn't know what to do....

She stood there as still as a statue.  
It was so dark that she could not  
see a thing - it was pitch-black.

She found her way to the boat. But  
before she could <sup>get</sup> to the boat, Francis  
<sup>realised</sup> realised that she had to get past the  
creaky <sup>broken</sup> broken floor boards. As Francis  
walked the planks, there was a sudden  
noise: creeeeeek. She sighed in <sup>relief</sup> relief  
that she was at the boat.

When she felt satisfied that she was  
in the deepest point, she looked up  
at the beautiful yellow crystal stars, had  
a cigarette and while she was at it, she  
~~had~~ drew a smiley face on her leg. But  
all of a sudden she heard a noise. She  
convinced her self it could be a number  
of things: a rock or stick that drifted  
under the boat. But then there was  
another knock. She was confused.

She took a deep breath and tried to calm her self down. She was so scared that she held on to both sides the boat. Francis held on. Tricked herself that she imagined it all. <sup>for</sup> 20 minutes, 30 minutes and there was <sup>NO</sup> noise. She was so <sup>convinced</sup> ~~convinced~~ that it was all in her head, she <sup>lowered</sup> <sup>to check</sup> lowered one of the oars in the water to see if there was anything but crystal blue water. Francis lay~~ed~~ down and relaxed but then there was a knock knock. She didn't know what to do. She froze in midair. She was as still as statue. Francis had to get out of there. Francis was rowing about <sup>and</sup> rowing but nothing was <sup>happening</sup> happening. She realised she was not moving. She just sat hoping that she would drift to shore. But she was never seen again...

## Key stage 2

### Pupil C – Piece F: an adventure narrative

Context: after reading 'The Giant's Necklace' by Michael Morpurgo, pupils rewrote an exciting episode from the book, incorporating dialogue into their narratives.

As I awoke, I could taste the relentless salty water. The stench of the grey ocean poisoned the helpless beach. The vicious water snarled at me like a tiger waiting to attack me. I instantly gasped for air.

I tried to escape but the ocean was <sup>swallowing</sup> scattering me up like a <sup>tornado</sup> tornado. AS I <sup>attempted</sup> attempted to climb the <sup>enormous</sup> enormous cliff, A shiver went down my spine. I started whispering to my self "Should I do this?"

<sup>when I had</sup> AS I climbed the tall grey <sup>cliff</sup> cliff face, I realised I was in front of a cave entrance. I wondered what to do <sup>immediately</sup> immediately. I ran into the cave <sup>hoping</sup> hoping I could escape the ocean. // I could hear <sup>hammering</sup> hammering though the darkness and <sup>wanted</sup> try to find my way out. I felt butterflies in my stomach fluttering.

I could hear voices they <sup>were</sup> are older <sup>than me</sup> voices. I <sup>could</sup> can hear one <sup>is</sup> is younger and one <sup>is</sup> is much older. what <sup>am</sup> am I going to? I <sup>am</sup> am hiding in the shadows waiting for them to vanish....

I was <sup>hiding</sup> hiding in the shadows waiting for the people to leave. I did not know how long I would be <sup>here</sup> here. I could not wait; any longer I was <sup>not been hiding</sup> hiding for 3 hours.

I decided to step out from behind the wall "Err. H-He-hello," I whispered, whilst fiddling with my fingers.

"Er hello who's this then?" muttered the older man, "Another one of em' travellin' throughs types I reckon."

I whispered to my self, "I want to go home and see my loving family. But how can I escape? They know I am here!"

I brought myself more to the light. I recognised that there was something unmistakably similar - they must be father and son.

I took ~~my~~ a deep breath "would you please help me out of this mire so I can find my family? I beg you?..."

© Crown copyright 2024

This publication (not including logos) is licensed under the terms of the Open Government Licence v3.0 except where otherwise stated. Where we have identified any third party copyright information you will need to obtain permission from the copyright holders concerned.

To view this licence:

visit [www.nationalarchives.gov.uk/doc/open-government-licence/version/3](http://www.nationalarchives.gov.uk/doc/open-government-licence/version/3)

email [psi@nationalarchives.gsi.gov.uk](mailto:psi@nationalarchives.gsi.gov.uk)

write to Information Policy Team, The National Archives, Kew, London, TW9 4DU

About this publication:

enquiries [www.education.gov.uk/contactus](http://www.education.gov.uk/contactus)

download [www.gov.uk/government/publications](http://www.gov.uk/government/publications)

Reference: [000-000-000]



Follow us on Twitter:  
[@educationgovuk](https://twitter.com/educationgovuk)



Like us on Facebook:  
[facebook.com/educationgovuk](https://facebook.com/educationgovuk)