



Key stage 2 English writing standardisation exercise 3

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

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

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

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

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

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 narrative in role
- B) a persuasive speech
- C) a recount and review
- D) a newspaper report
- E) a romantic narrative

Key stage 2

Pupil A – Piece A: a narrative in role

Context: taking the novel, 'Kensuke's Kingdom', by Michael Morpurgo, as their starting point, pupils wrote their own retelling of events from the point of view of the dog, Stella.

The fire burned, keeping my toes warm and drying my skin. Falling off ^{the} boat was hard work! But totally worth it, because it meant a peed by the fire, waiting for me to bathe in the heat. My chew-toys were placed strategically around me and I felt full to the brim with life. I had the finest food, the snuggliest blanket, the best family, the most amazing boat-trips (where I could growl at the ducks).

"Oh Stella! What are we going to do with you?" It was Mum, laughing at my luxurious style again. Well, I knew how to deal with this: puppy eyes, ears down in a begging pose and a little waggly tail. Easy!

"Well, you silly mutt!" she mused, "You're living the life of a lazy hound! We spoil you rotten!" Heh, as if I was spoiled! Maybe I was, but right then I needed to play! Who cares if I was still wet? I sped round the corner of the living room and up the stairs, and began to scratch on Michael's door: Scratch, Scratch!, yapping madly. "Okay, Okay girl! You wanna come with me to play football?" I couldn't think of anything better, other than going to see the ducks, but we can't have everything can we? Mischievous, that's what I was! I'll get my own way at the community park. Ducks! Look out!

A few days ^{have} passed. It wasn't a very long time, but so many things had changed. My owners were still there when I woke-up, usually they'd be long-gone: my lovely food was replaced with the cheap, meatless kind, not even the humans would touch it; I was walked by a strange, tall lady, who pulled on my lead and took me to places I didn't want to go. The house was cold; no fires were lit and

the heaters were off, no ball being thrown, no love left for me. The air was filled with voices cascading like a waterfall, saying things like, "We lost our jobs because of you!" and, "I can't we're redundant!" I had no idea what this meant, but my curiosity only led to get more screaming. Michael was the only one to communicate with me. Persuasion through puppy-eyes didn't work anymore, not even in the bargain for my dog food! Boat trips stopped, so this meant the hours rolled into days, the days into weeks, until it was almost unbearable. I knew life would never be the same again, after-all, Dad had left. But I still had hope.

It had been forever since my family was happy, but now the house was warm again, and the people weren't screaming anymore (Always a plus). It felt like a home again. So it was simple to presume that things would be replaced: food, dog-walks together, boat trips, but they weren't. Big boxes with meaningless scrolls stood proud against the door, blocking the way and filling the hall. They were nuisances in the life of a dog really, I couldn't even move them! This was so confusing! And what do you do when you're confused? Ask Mum of course! So I trotted off to her room and headbutted the threshold. Whipping her head round, she stared at me, taking in the picture of my worries. "Yes, the boxes are relevant, and yes, I know walkies are necessary! Sorry girl!" She sighed, reading my thoughts perfectly. One thing she hadn't answered was, when would Dad come home from the shops?

"I'm home!" someone shouted. And now, (I don't mean to exaggerate) I was ecstatic! My dog food! Yes! "I've got a surprise Stella!" He

whispered, ruffling my ears. "Who wants to see our new home?" Wait, what?!

We moved house! First, I was terrified, but, when I saw it, I was amazed! A white boat that glistened stood next to us, bigger, better, more extraordinary than our old one, and it was to be our new home! It took months of course for the humans to do 'training'. I thought only dogs had to be trained! I presumed the boat was called the 'Peggy Bari', but the swirls of ink still meant nothing to me.

We hopped aboard - well I did, I mean, it's not like I could hold a box! - and gaped at my surroundings, taking it all in: the birds, the fish, the sky. It was amazing! We were to be a proper family again, and, at that moment, I couldn't think of anything better!

Before it came, the days were merging; before it came, we played games, and, before it came, we were sane. We had been on the boat for weeks now, sailing all day and night. It was a pretty average life: Mum the Sk-i-e-pa (or something like that) Michael and Dad being the cleaners, and me, I was being the um... professional fish-starer?! Oh, how content was I! But that was before.

The rain was kind of fun at first, leaping about, catching it on my tongue; then the wind began to howl and the lightning began to rumble. The mast was violently cracked by the lapping waves, breaking into the floor. The humans were screaming, their voices battled the storm, crying for mercy. Beloved items toppled into the eye of the hurricane, and hours of work on the boat were shipwrecked at the bottom of the

ocean-grey. A deepening wait made my ears prick, Michael! He was gone. Making a running jump, the scruff of my neck was grasped, "Stella!" Dad roared, wind battering his hair, "We've got to abandon ship! Come on!" I had to do this. I whipped my head around, facing the sudden drop of temperature, and bit his hand. He yelped and dropped me, landing with a thump. I seized the moment and jumped, disastrous hail pelted my coat and threatened to shove me sideways. I had to resist. On impact, my body went numb all-over, and I began to sink, my lungs filling with water, my mind filled with thoughts...

The End (or is it?)

Key stage 2

Pupil A – Piece B: a persuasive speech

Context: drawing on 'No one is too small to make a difference', by Greta Thunberg, pupils wrote their own speech focused on climate change and the environment.

I Breathe Out


I stand in your presence today, and I breathe out. I breathe out the truth over the people who inhale your lies. You are conscious of these lies. But do you know what harm words can do? You give people false hope, make them see through rose-coloured lenses, tell them they're "fine". I think that, if this world is "fine", you are beginning to believe your mistruths. I don't think for one second that you will rise to the challenges our Earth is setting, such as halving CO² emissions by 2030. I am not here to listen to your excuses, we already have. We have listened nearly all of our lives, now you listen to us. And I don't want you to ignore us, and still have hope. None of us want it anymore. So I want you to worry, I urge you to panic, and I demand you to act. Act as if we are breathing in poison. Because we are.

The Intergovernmental Panel of Climate Change (or the IPCC) clearly states that we have less than 7 years until our mistakes are irreversible. Until the environment fights back; until you have to admit we are no longer "safe" and we never really were. That the Permafrost is meant to be permanent, but is melting, making our sea-levels rise shockingly high, drowning parts of our world. If you continue to ignore me because I have no power, listen to all of them. The scientists and the campaigners; the people whose whole countries have been submerged. Because I am not one person. I am many people in the form of one, speaking for us all. I breathe out the words of reason for unspeakable amounts of communities, because it appears you do not know how helpful words can be.

When people think about actions to save our planet, it is common

thought that they don't have enough power. I never imagined I could make a difference, but here I am. Make a change, become vegetarian or vegan; make a change, reduce your air-miles; make a change, these will reduce your carbon footprint. Recycle, walk short distances, turn out all the lights when you leave a room. This isn't drastic, it's mandatory. We can achieve this, but nobody believes it. Actually, if nobody cares, it's pointless anyway; maybe we can't. I breathe out our problems in the hope someone will listen. But, as they say, if a forest is on fire but there is nobody around, does it matter?

Do not ignore the fact that I am still a child. I am 11 years old. Do not ignore that. And I am guiding you. If I were you, I wouldn't just feel ashamed, I would feel sorrow. For your children and grandchildren, they will ask you why you didn't care. Because you don't. And it's obvious. You will die of old age and we will die of Climate Change. Actions need consequences, but sometimes the victim has to face them. As I breathe out for the first time, I no longer breathe truths, but pleas. I still do not believe you can battle this yourselves. But you are no longer alone.



Key stage 2

Pupil A – Piece C: a recount and review

Context: following a school visit to see an opera, pupils wrote their own recount of the trip and reviewed the performance, drawing on discussions of structure.

The classroom environment was bubbling with curiosity; today would be the day we were going to the Opera! A familiar rumble sounded from outside, along with a variety of honks and creaks, meaning the coach was here. Filing on, there was an uproar of sawd, Year 6 children everywhere, all strutting across the seats, joking and laughing. "Silence!" I heard a few people shout, but nobody listened. But, eventually, we all calmed down and off we went. According to the teachers, we were going for 'musical enrichment', and if we behaved, we were in for a treat! It did seem quite the privilege really, feeling the rhythm of the music in your feet, the lights dancing on the floor.

The name of the performance was La Traviata, performed by the Welsh National Opera in [redacted] and was composed by Giuseppe Verdi. Opera's definition is that it is a musical play, that originated in Italy for royalty. It usually has an Orchestra performing alongside it. They are mostly sung in foreign languages; but I really found that you didn't need to understand what they were saying - you could tell just by watching, the story needed no words.

One of my main pre-conceptions was that it would be a few people singing in a small room with costumes on. It was nothing of the sort! Gorgeous, flowing dresses and warring high notes - picturesque scenes and

discription that took you a million-miles away, to the city of Paris. Another thought was that there would be no action, nothing happening on stage; but it was very much the opposite. So much passion and feeling all in one moment. It was a marvelous experience.

I could feel my stomach churning, my thoughts spinning in my mind. Year 6 scrambled into the unexpectedly roaring environment, nearly lost! I could identify a familiar growl of speakers, and a whir and click of the lights. Dark, dimmed, begin. The auditorium hushed and the vocalists sang their hearts out. It was a stunning re-make of the original. Truly magnificent. Their voices reached as high as mountains, or as low as valleys; I felt as if the world had disappeared, it was only me; and the Opera.

If I were to recommend La Traviata, I would say it is for any one and everyone; it is a truly magical experience. ★★☆☆☆ 5 star

Reviewed by [redacted] Year 6

Key stage 2

Pupil A – Piece D: a newspaper report

Context: as part of a sequence of work, pupils wrote their own report based on a known fiction source, Disney's 'Lion King', in this case. They also drew on a journalistic word bank.

The Daily Gazelle

Lion Lunatic's Crimes Uncovered!

Yesterday at dawn, a criminal, who goes by the name 'Scar', mercilessly forced his way into the humble abode of the late king, claiming he wanted to "bond" with his nephew, Prince Simba. There was a never-ending dispute between Scar and Mufasa, after he became royalty. Simba then witnessed his father's murder at Lynx Cliff, with Scar claiming he "fell". These details are being finalised by a group of forensic scientists investigating the area. They told the press that they would prefer to remain unnamed. This malevolent murderer is still on the run from his fate and the public are urged to steer clear of any lion that fits the description on page 6, or you could be "scar-ed" for life!

Prince Simba, age 7, no occupation, remarks that, "Mum (Queen Sarabi) ain't herself. She weep'n in The Den and she don't stop, even when I speak! I ain't been able to snooze a'd I'm gett'n tired of it! There's my Dad's blimmin' murderer on the loose so sleepin' or even relaxing will be not just hard, but real tough! Innit!"

Astoundingly, some key information was unearthed by the head of the pack, Scar's faithful Hyena follower. "He was a great leader," states Bob Hyena. "He fed us and taught us everything we know. But that Simba changed things! That boy deserved what was comming for 'im!" The group are being held in custody, awaiting their trial in Otterhole Courtroom.

To move forward, the police-force has released a new programme which ensures the safety and wellbeing of our Circle of Life; late-night patrols, frequent radio updates and faster response to emergency calls. The force, who strive for a crime-free community, are determined to keep us out of harm. PC Judy Hopps, visiting our Savannah from Zootropolis, remarks, "The information was reported to me only a couple of hours ago. I have concurred that this attack has increased crime-rates significantly, by nearly 64.42%! These sorts of details shock me! We have appointed a highly esteemed officer to man our new hotline, The "Pride" and Glory! (please contact us if you have seen any suspicious activity at 07448 330 680 or at Ilovelionsandthecommunity@gmail.com.)" A group under the same name and lead by "mane" leader, Leroy-a-la-de-floofle Lion was formed alongside this. Its sole purpose is to spot crime in the community and cease its existance. For obvious reasons, their whereabouts cannot be stated here.

Key stage 2

Pupil A – Piece E: a romantic narrative

Context: pupils wrote their own narrative, continuing events depicted in the romantic, wordless Disney animation, 'Paperman'.

They stood there at the station, hearts pumping. It was an odd scene, a man, encased in crumpled paper-aeroplanes, hair-all-over-the-place, tie hanging limply to his suit, and a woman, clothes crisp and neat, with a dark-brown mass of hair slicked into a bob, and a shoe falling off one foot. They were staring at each other in amazement, and total discombobulation. And as they stepped closer to one-another, little paper-creations started dropping from the man like flies. His name was Tim, and, due to a sincere attempt to catch the woman's eye going spectacularly wrong, here he was, at a train station, having left his job for a mere sense of hope, and it had worked!!! And the other, Rosa, had followed a wish (and a plane!) across the city, after being rejected by yet-another job-interview. People bustled around them, chatting and laughing, pottering about on their daily business, young children picking up the carefully-crafted-creations, and hurling them with all their might at the near-by-passing trains. They both opened their mouths to speak at the same time, then they closed them again. Rosa broke into a laugh, then Tim joined in. They ambled off to the near-by coffee-shop, to talk about the day's events. Even though it had been awkward at the start, they seemed to have an unspoken language between them, each of them silently communicating their thoughts and feelings.

The cafe was relaxed, with barely any people, it was quiet and peaceful, the perfect place to talk. They ordered coffees, of which had a rather rich smell, and carrot cakes, then they sat down on a long sofa, and began telling the other about their day. Rosa recounted her morning; of struggling to find a job; of being fired or made redundant countless times; of a paper-plane, landing in her flowers, beckoning her onto a train, taking her to the station where she first met Tim. Tim narrated his day then; blushing when he told her about the hundreds of paper-planes, cringing when he said about storming out of his work building in a storm of files. Tentatively, she pulled out the paper she had followed to get to Tim. It had a smudge of lipstick in the centre, blood-red, shining boldly on its dull, grey, lifeless background. Rosa pointed at it, queerying how it had moved in the first place. They sat there, thoughts running through their heads, words spilling out of their mouths. Tim's watch beeped once, twice, three times. By the fourth he glanced at it: it was almost 9:00 P.M.!!! He sighed, looked up, and saw Rosa's face. She had an all-knowing expression plastered across it,

blue-green eyes shining in understanding. She quickly scribbled her phone number and contact details on a paper napkin, and handed it to him. He did the same. They said their goodbyes, both of them hoping for the future. Hearts full, they left the cafe, and went their separate ways.

One Year Passing...

Crowds gathered round, gasping in wonder at the wedding venue. Blossom trees dropped their delicate, dancing petals, and lights shone like a million stars. Tim stood there nervously, wringing his hands together and tapping his foot. A sweet symphony was dancing out of the surrounding speakers, making him even more distressed. After-all, this was it; but what if she doesn't show up?!; or she does, but she refuses his marriage?! Or... The music switched to the traditional bridal song. And out Rosa came, in a dress as white as a cloud of snow, flowers entwined into the bodice and hem, a gold veil contrasting beautifully with her brown hair. She walked down the aisle in, surprisingly, trainers (at least they were white), she looked incredible, a positive rhapsody. Reaching out for her hand, Tim gently helped her up onto the platform, and they gazed into each other's eyes. All-throughout the Sermon, the young couple were bursting with excitement. Just like on their first date, their hearts were pumping. They announced their wedding vows, and then Rosa, beaming from ear-to-ear, threw her bouquet of flowers up, up, up, high into the air, for another- very lucky one-to catch.

The after-party was wild, people here, their, and everywhere!!! Drinks were spilling on the floor and confetti shooting through the sky. And in the dark, lurking in the corner of the venue, was a man. He was grimacing at the scene in-front of him. He had a deep loathing of Tim, and he had many reasons why. It was the monstrous, malevolent, Mr. May.

Many Years Passing...

In the weak light of the early-morning-sun (before the mist had cleared), a young woman was standing with her parents at a train-station. Her name was Ellie, and she was on her way to her first job-interview. "You ready Ellie?" asked her father, Timothy, anxiously, gazing up at the sky, then at her face. Her eyes were a blue-green, just like her mother's.

Pupil B

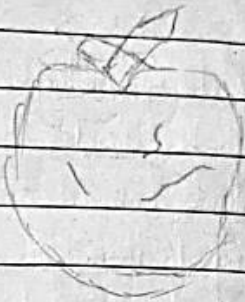
This collection includes:

- A) a newspaper article
- B) a narrative
- C) a letter
- D) a first-person narrative
- E) a narrative extract

Key stage 2

Pupil B – Piece A: a newspaper article

Context: Pupils shared 'Pig Heart Boy' by Malorie Blackman. Prior learning included understanding the features of a newspaper article in other contexts. Pupils were asked to recreate the events of the story in a newspaper format. **The piece is also transcribed for clarity.**

WEEKLY NEWS FOR YOU	
Young boy pig's heart.	
TODAY'S NEWS FOR YOU! IS ABOUT A 14 YEAR BOY WHO HAS SET A STORM ON THE MEDIA.	
CAMERON KELSEY HAS HAD A PRIVATE SURGERY ON HIS HEART DUE TO A UNKNOWN VIRUS.	Quotes
This surgery has occurred at a private surgery facility called "Private brooklyn surgery."	"Cameron is a brave he had a choice to live or die he choice to be strong by living."
This surgery is not a normal one, this surgery was a transgenic surgery which is a animal organs implanted in a humans body.	A quote has been told by a close family friend, Cameron has said to me this quote "I had a choice to live and I took it."
This event happend on the 12 of 2019.	"I'm so tired of not being able to hang out with my friends and I have the power to change that."

Transcription: Pupil B, piece A: a newspaper article

WEEKLY NEWS FOR YOU.

Young boy pig's heart.

TODAY'S NEWS FOR YOU!

IS ABOUT A 14 YEAR BOY

WHO HAS SET A STORM

ON THE MEDIA.

CAMERON KELSEY HAS

HAD A PRIVATE SURGERY

ON HIS HEART DUE TO

A UNKNOWN VIRUS.

This surgery has occurred at a private surgery facility called "Private Brooklyn Surgery."

This surgery is not a normal one, this surgery was a transgenic surgery which is a animal organs implanted in a humans body.

This event happened on the 12 of 2019.

Quotes

"Cameron is brave he had a choice to live or die he choice to be strong by living."

A quote has been told by a close family friend, "Cameron has said to me this quote.

"I had a choice to live and I took it."

"I'm so tired of not being able to hang out with my friends and I have the power to change that.

Key stage 2

Pupil B – Piece B: a narrative

Context: pupils shared 'Pig Heart Boy' by Malorie Blackman. They were asked to imagine and record the conversation between the protagonist, Cameron, and his former friend Marlon, after Cameron discovers that Marlon disclosed his secret to the press.

I slowly walked into the hall all eyes on me. Right there and then I saw him my so called best friend that betrayed me in the way I could never think of. I thought in my head I wish I could move faster until I remembered I could! I had a heart. I moved as fast as I could. By every inch I moved I went quicker than ever. I felt good. I felt great. That's when it happened... he saw me then I saw him. It seemed as if the crowd was here for us.

"MARLON, HOW COULD YOU!" I barked loudly at him. He looked around like nothing happened.

"Cameron lower your voice!" Marlon said firmly.

"NO how could you?"

I was furious over furious, I was raged.

"Cam I can explain! Just let me!"

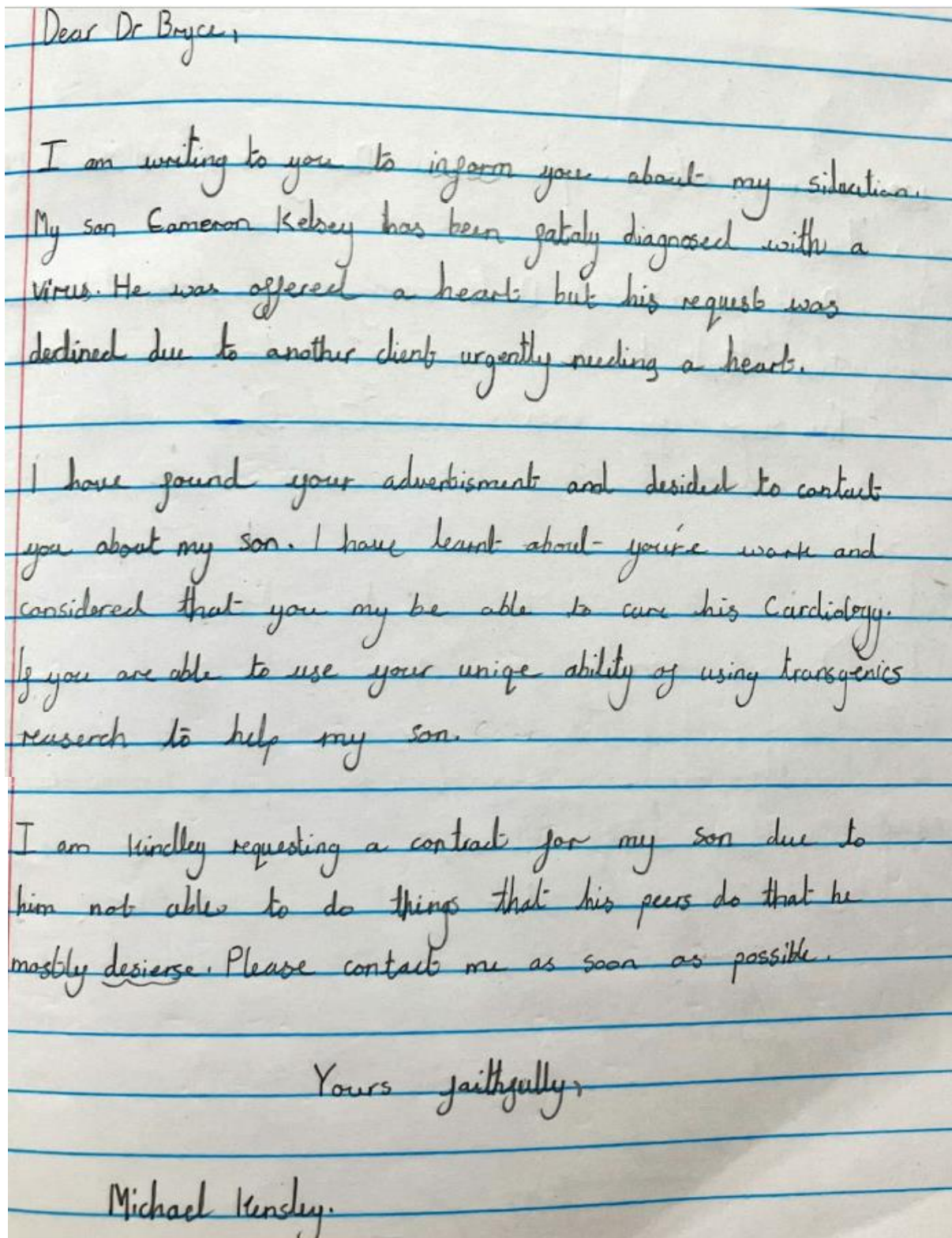
"NO, just no, you let me down!"

All eyes on us the crowd of student just increased by the minute. I slammed down the newspaper into his hands. I held back tears.

Key stage 2

Pupil B – Piece C: a letter

Context: as part of their work on Malorie Blackman's 'Pig Heart Boy,' pupils analysed formal letters, focusing on tone and language. Pupils were asked to write a letter in the role of Cameron's father to Dr Bryce, an experimental and controversial medical researcher, requesting his help.

A photograph of a handwritten letter on blue-lined paper. The letter is written in cursive and is addressed to Dr Bryce. It describes a medical situation involving a child named Cameron Kelsey who has been diagnosed with a virus and has been offered a heart, but the offer was declined because another child urgently needed it. The writer asks Dr Bryce to use his expertise in transgenics to help the child. The letter concludes with a request for a contract and a prompt to contact the writer as soon as possible. The letter is signed 'Yours faithfully, Michael Kelsey.'

Key stage 2

Pupil B – Piece D: a first-person narrative

Context: within their history learning, pupils focused on the Antarctic explorer Ernest Shackleton. They were asked to write a narrative recount in the role of a crew member of his ship, 'Endurance' as it sank.

After being trapped in pack ice for so long: We watched in
grief as the Endurance sunk. Constantly hearing my crew cry was
my worst nightmare. Our home, our ship is gone. I was trying to lighten
the mood for my crew, but we were just in pain. I felt more
pain for our leader, Sir Shackleton, he tried his best. I smiled and
said "It's gonna be fine" (inside, however, I was paniced.) "What
shall we do?"

We watched the ship break, it looked like the wooden parts
of the ship were being crushed into bits, Looking around ^{there was} barely
any good supplies or water "how are we going to survive?"

In the early time of April the ice moved. Me, Shackleton and my
crew were very excited for this new journey. "Are we going
to be stuck here?" "Are we going to remain remain stuck for ever?"
"This was just a question for us all." Our clothes were all shabby
and turn to bits.

Key stage 2

Pupil B – Piece E: a narrative extract

Context: as part of their history unit on Mayan culture, pupils watched a video about the Hero Twins myth, in which the twins undertake various tasks in order to defeat the Lords of Death. The twins are skilled players of the Maya ball game 'Pok-ta-Pok' and in this piece, Pupil B has chosen to focus on this element of the myth in their re-write of the story. The piece has been transcribed for clarity.

"Hello and welcome ladies and gentlemen. I am pleased to present to you they amazing game of Pok-ta-Pok".

"It is indeed a very good day for another live or give your life game".

"Wow guys it's a heck of a crowd today. What a day. Right let's get onto the rules first. The most important rule is you can ONLY use your elbows and hips." "Okay I think it's time boys, let's start the game. First we have on my left side! the lightning ground team". The crowd raved with exitment and love to the team of lightning.

"Okay jerry isn't a great crowd? handing it over to you jerry."

"Thank you Tom appreciate it, Right on my right hand here we have him self the one and only god of rain chac". Boom I felt the wind of fear in the atmosphere, I could sense my souls with fear why? I'll tell you why. Imaigane you are with a team of friends in a football game then the best person at football was aganaist you.

"Ookay! Tom let us begin ok 1....2....3.....go"! The ball flew up in seconds the crowds faces went up. We have begen.

Pupil C

This collection includes:

- A) a narrative
- B) a newspaper article
- C) a narrative
- D) a letter
- E) a motivational speech
- F) a non-chronological report

Key stage 2

Pupil C – Piece A: a narrative

Context: pupils watched the silent film 'Wing' from The Literacy Shed. In this fantasy story, the protagonist is harassed by a group of oppressive human-like crows for being weaker than them. Pupils were asked to compose a written version of the film.

The blanket of fog was slowly strangling the vast mountains and the sun cast a spotlight over the eerie forest. It had been a peaceful day. The world seemed to become its very own sanctuary and the never-ending silence appeared to be lost in the hazy air. It was only broken by the soothing sounds of a glute and this was where they came.

"Ho! Look at that! This'll be easy; he's right under us" it stated, "the punk"

A murder of skeletal crows, if you could call the hooded creatures crows, were hovering above and their victim was top of the menu.

"I can even see the glute; he won't know what hit him," another one cackled.

They started to manoeuvre closer and closer until they were swooping over him - WHOOOSH! Suddenly, the boy was clung to the ground. He was splattered on the moist forest floor.

"Pathetic - we can have some fun here boys," one of them snarled, as the beaked monsters jeered towards him.

"But I didn't even - who are -" this time it was something else not letting him speak.

The crows turned around instantaneously. This was his chance. Tearing through the forest, the young lad tripped and stumbled like a clumsy elf. His heart was

pounding, thudding like thunder and the discontorted branches were scratching his face like razor blades. There was no going back, not even for his piccolo. It would be best to consider it. The rows were now far out of sight. He was now close to home. It couldn't be far could it? And the boy was right. Without knowing, he had stumbled into the clearing, the clearing next to his treetop sanctuary, the clearing next to home.

SLAM! He shut the door violently, pulled the lock and collapsed onto his bed, not even thinking about those grotesque creatures, not even thinking about their deep croaky voices and especially not thinking about the nightmares he would certainly have that night.

Unsurprisingly, he couldn't get to sleep. They seemed to have scared him and instead of drifting away to dreamland, the boy spent the night working. He had been inventing something for the past few weeks now and he was just finishing it off.

"Done!" the lad exclaimed with joy and before he even started celebrating, he heard the project out of the door.

He clambered inside a dome-like dish and fixed something onto his wingless arm.

"3..." he called, counting down confidently "2..." he geared up a long stick attached to it "1..." time for lift off, "GO!"

It was a terrible idea, maybe that was why he liked it. The only thing good about it was that it worked - well, for a bit. The hundred wing suddenly ripped off his arm and, ungracefully, he fell.

THUD!

Luckily, the ground was soft and he didn't gain any more scars. The only thing was, when he opened his eyes, they were there - they were back. He gulped. Running as fast as his legs would take him, he could barely see, and without thinking, he ran into something, or rather someone.

Startled, the girl turned around and exploded with questions.

"Who are you?"

Out of breath, all he could say was, "They're coming."

The girl's mouth dropped, but suddenly, a light appeared. His eyes slowly drifted to her wing-wing, not wings and so did hers.

"Let's go" they cried in unison.

Key stage 2

Pupil C – Piece B: a newspaper article

Context: pupils studied the story of Macbeth as part of a six-week unit of work. They used various versions of the play to become familiar with it, for example: Leon Garfield's 'Shakespeare Stories', BBC Teach 'Macbeth rap' and 'Macbeth' by William Shakespeare. Pupils wrote a newspaper article to represent key elements of the story, following a brief review of the features of this genre.

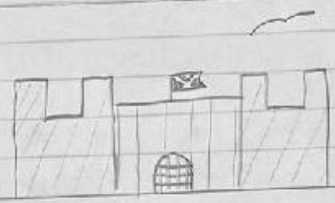
THE SCOTTISH TIMES

Wednesday 7th February 1504
3 shillings

The King's Death

By [redacted]

At yesterday's dawn, King Duncan was found dead in his sleep by the noble knight Macduff.



Dunsinane Castle,
Scotland

The previous day had seen him celebrating Macbeth's promotion by feasting on a banquet they had laid out for him. Mr

kindest man I knew!"

If you have any more information on the matter, please try and contact either the Thane of Fife, Macbeth or Lady Macbeth. It would really help us to have this information

Most reports say that the doing was done by two unsuspecting culprits (his soldiers). Two daggers were found beside either one of them, giving themselves away. The two servants were also found dead, giving assumptions that they killed each other through guilt.

Lady Macbeth, who was at the scene says, "Oh it really is terrible, the king has been murdered. I can't believe it, he was one of the

Key stage 2

Pupil C – Piece C: a narrative

Context: pupils shared 'Shackleton's Journey' by William Gill and 'Ice Trap!' By Meredith Hooper. As part of the unit, pupils took on the role of a crew member and spent time researching, interviewing and carrying out their 'jobs' on the ship. Children story mapped key events from the text and created their own word banks. They wrote a narrative to tell part of the story.

"Speare? Speare! What you got?" ~~she~~ Shackleton enquired.

The dog was squealing, panting with excitement. His eyes were sparkling like diamonds and he was close to flipping the box over.

"Are the bananas ~~egg~~?" a distant voice echoed.

"No, something seems to be..." but before he could finish SMASH!!

Suddenly, the once-closed crate exploded as an avalanche of broken wood plummeted overboard. The peaceful waves were now crashing against the bow; the splinters of wood were slowly disappearing under the deep, blue Atlantic ocean and then... The figure appeared.

"You? What on EARTH are you doing on my ship?" You've got no idea what you've got yourself into!"

"Shuck? I'm coming!" the distant voice exclaimed. It was Worsely.

"Oh-another dog. Why did you drag me along again?"

"It's Percy." Ernest spat solemnly.

"Not that kid, he didn't even have any skills!" Frank sarcastically stated.

Percy slumped back onto the remaining shards of crate.

A single droplet of sweat made its way down his trembling spine. This was not good.

"Kid, I want you to know, we're not gonna last with the food we have, and if we do, you'll be a lucky little boy," Blackbottum was now getting the jist, well nearly, "And if we run out, two words: Percy pie," Worsely drooled.

He had taken a while to think of that but he was proud.

"I'll do you good 'n'ap!"

"Oh Blackbottum, you sure will," he continued.

The boy was now trying to play out the scenario of being eaten, it didn't last long, and he started to look forward to that step at South Georgia.

"Get to work now," commanded Shackleton. And with that, Percy Blackbottum was a certified member of the Endurance and top of the Emergency menu.

Key stage 2

Pupil C – Piece D: a letter

Context: pupils studied the story of Macbeth as part of a six-week unit of work. They adopted the role of Macbeth to write a letter to his love, Lady Macbeth, following a brief review of the features of letter writing.

Inverness Castle
Inverness
IN10 4NS
19th January 1304

To my darling love,

I'm writing to tell you that I bear news - a lot of news. Firstly and importantly, it's safe. Secondly, King Duncan has bestowed the title of Thane of Cawdor on me. I can't wait to tell you how excited I am! It's crazy to think of! Celebrations shall take place at our castle. Even Duncan is coming, aren't you gilled with joy?

And oh how I've missed you. It's not easy out there in war. I had my mind on you the whole time, which brings me to another point.

A few days after that rank battle, Banquo and I were strolling down the battlefield. We were heading home but, almost immediately we could see something in the distance, the heath, and as we walked closer, a shape appeared. It appeared to be three old hags. Their backs were hooped like question marks and they were as shrivelled as raisins. As we started to approach the sisters, their shape ^{became} got clearer and clearer. When we both arrived, the odd ladies started to speak. They spoke of prophecies including me becoming king and of statements I shan't try and understand, but when I heard of king, my heart stopped. Do you understand what this means, my love. I will become king of Scotland. Thus, you shall be queen and as for the banquet, well, you must find a suitable bed chamber and get the feast ready. I love you my darling!

Yours Sincerely,
Macbeth

Key stage 2

Pupil C – Piece E: a motivational speech

Context: pupils shared 'Shackleton's Journey' by William Gill and 'Ice Trap!' By Meredith Hooper and independently researched the history of Antarctic explorations. Pupils were tasked to write in role and in this imagined morale-raising speech, Pupil C writes from the perspective of Ernest Shackleton.

Good evening,

Let's be honest - it's been tough. I know what you're feeling. These are not easy times at all, they could even be described as - well - indescribable. Who agrees with me? But, when we get home, and even already, we will wear that badge of pride, we'll wear it with honour.

This is not the time for demotivation though; these past ^{few} months have given us the opportunity for new beginnings. You ^{can} either try your hardest or you don't - and I wouldn't go down the rabbit hole of the latter if I were you. But, it is your choice! As Captain Scott once said, "It's the work that matter, not the applause afterwards," so try, and success will come.

I am aware, as well, that the rations are decreasing at an alarming rate and so is the fuel, but there is one thing that is urgent to keep ^{at}: perseverance. I know it may be difficult, and sounds impossible, but hear me out, we all have to do it, we have to pull together, go through this disaster, and work as a team. Please bear in mind: summer will come, the sun will appear and we will finally escape this Hellhole! With hope and determination on our side, we will return home.

Key stage 2

Pupil C – Piece F: a non-chronological report

Context: as part of their unit of work on William Gill's 'Shackleton's Journey', pupils researched animals of the Antarctic. After a brief review of the features of reports, pupils wrote a non-chronological report on a species of their choice.

Emperor Penguins

Introduction

Emperor Penguins, the largest of the penguin family, are fascinating creatures. They are one of the only birds that can swim. Especially at speeds up to about 15 mph. Emperors are also known for their massive ^{invertebrate} groupings, reaching up to hundreds of them at a time; just on one bay!

Diet

One of their routines is in fact fishing. These slippery birds are made for it, and they're extremely used to doing it. The fish they catch is: krill, squid and really anything that these penguins find. They also eat the crustaceans found on the land rock. They really are pescetarians!

Habitat

Penguins can be found on the bays of Antarctica, islands in the Southern Ocean and even the bottom of Argentina. Emperor habitats are very widely ranged and their most common place to be found, Antarctica, can experience -6°C! That's pretty cold!

Features

Similar to the king penguin, emperors are mainly black with a white stomach and patches of vivid orange on each cheek. Their height can vary from 1.1m-1.3m for adults, but for kids, it would be three times smaller. In addition to this, their weight changes a lot too. They can weigh up to 88 pounds! And there's also the fact that they cuddle together to stay warm. This is really effective as they live in such tough conditions.

Lige Span

The average penguin's lige span goes up to around 20 years and in captivity, 30! Their mating season lasts one month, giving them thirty days to find a partner. This may sound like a lot but it's not very long from the penguin's view. Especially with that many to choose from!

Antarctica

Emperor Penguins

Lige Span



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