

## Pupil A – Piece B: a narrative

Context: pupils explored Shaun Tan's wordless graphic novel 'The Arrival.' After discussing themes and issues raised in the story and exploring these through drama, pupils were invited to select a small number of pictures to retell part of the story. Pupils were asked to consider the perspectives of different characters and adopt a viewpoint. This pupil chose to write from the father's viewpoint.

I have been dreading this day to come, for months, even years. I have just awoken to hear the beautiful sound of birds. That brightened my day a little. However, not a lot. Today, I will have to leave my treasured family. I am in the kitchen ~~too~~ standing up. Alone. Silence filled the room ~~as~~ while I can see ~~the~~ dawn arising through the little gaps in the curtains. As I look around, I am compelled to glance at my creased origami bird I made sitting on the mantelpiece. This special gift ~~is~~ waiting to fly away with me on this journey. ~~It~~ It was a present I gave to my daughter and wife that they would ~~we~~ never forget. We treat it like a valuable treasure to our family. It symbolises peace and hope for us. However, I ~~could~~ <sup>can</sup> not put my family at risk. There is darkness here in our little village. This is the toughest thing I have ~~to~~ <sup>had</sup> to do. As a monster is crawling around getting more and more frightening every ~~day~~ second.

The old clock is lying in the corner of the room. Tick Tock. It ~~was~~ <sup>is</sup> like a grumpy man. It didn't let me have enough time with my family. It made the days go by faster, and now, today, I have to leave this house. I hear the soft sound of footsteps coming down the stairs. It is my wife. Her warmth heals my soul and the crisp air around me. I close my eyes for a second capturing all the memories. Good and bad. Will the grass be greener on the other side? Probably not. Today is the day, I will be going to live somewhere else. Hopefully, my family will come and follow me if it is sage. My daughter has drawn a picture, it is us, as a family. As I pour a cup of tea into the teacup, I put my chapped lips on it. I feel the jagged edge touch my mouth. Softly.

My suitcase is sitting next to the door. Only one. My heart sinks - even though I know that I am going to be on this journey alone. On the top of the suitcase is my hat. I rested my hand on my <sup>battered</sup> suitcase, trying to save as many treasured seconds as possible in this house. Then I lift up my beloved hat. I gently place my hat on my head. It protects me from the horrors of life. As I pick up the photograph, I feel a warm glow inside

\* So it could remind me of my child and wife and our tattered family house.

my heart, I place the photograph inside a soft fabric material and wrap it up. As I put my tender hand on the suitcase, my wife puts her warm, precious on mine. A tear runs down my face, My wife reaches out and softly touches my tear stopping it from running down my cheek, However, not stopping the one running down my neck. I think of all the memories we had together. This might be our last moment together, In that moment, my daughter comes down the stairs looking lived. As she eats my homemade cereal, I can tell she doesn't really know what she is doing. After she finishes her breakfast, we start to get all of our scarves, hats and coats on. As I put my shoes on, I squeeze my wife's hand.

### Pupil A – Piece D: a diary

Context: pupils used drama to explore the characters and issues raised in the novel 'The Island' (Armin Greder). They then chose a key event from the story and wrote a diary entry as their chosen character. This pupil chose to write as the stranger who arrived suddenly on the island.

Dear Diary, I do not know what is going to happen to me. I have now left myself yearning for my life. I must tell you what happened yesterday.....

I felt like I had been fighting the vicious sea for months and even years, even though I ~~have~~ had only been on the rough water for a few days. The raging ocean was a ferocious monster ripping apart the corners of my poorly hand-crafted raft. Waves were crashing furiously into the jagged rocks. Am I ever going to see my family again? I was unsure when I would get to dry land.

As I uncurled my body and dragged apart my drowsy eyes, I found that I was somewhere I ~~don't~~ <sup>didn't</sup> know. How did I get here? Where was I? I came to a conclusion that I was sat on some kind of island. Fear shot through my bones. I looked down and saw I was naked. However, I remember being fully clothed when I got on the raft. Why am I naked? I was shivering with cold as I had been on the raft for days. My limbs were aching because the journey out at sea was turbulent. I thought I was going to die. The raft kept swinging back and forth while the wild waves were biting away at the rigid edges of ~~my~~ <sup>it</sup> raft. I am extremely grateful to still be alive. I hope that I can see my precious family again. To be honest, I was relieved to be on firm land.

Trying to cover myself up from all the elements, I quickly snapped out of my thought when an angry gang of men appeared marching towards me. I thought to myself, are they nice? How many of them are there? How long will I be stuck here? I stood up, struggling. I tried to pull myself up because they had pitch forks in their hands. Will I actually get fed here? They took one look at me and turned back to the mob, disgusted; They made me feel unwelcome.

After a few moments of stunned silence, they seized me and tied my hands together. A shiver went down my spine. After, they led me to some kind of

uninhabited goat pen. Will I get food again? Will I be stuck in here forever? Unfortunately, they forced me to go in even though I really didn't want to go in. Next, they showed me where I could sleep on some straw. I huddled into a little, cramped space in the corner of this goat pen, because I was freezing. While I was trying to keep warm in this tight space, the gate banged shut. They locked me out from the outside world. Questions started to race in my mind. Will I be able to escape? Where had they gone? I feel alone, isolated. A feeling I have felt many times before.

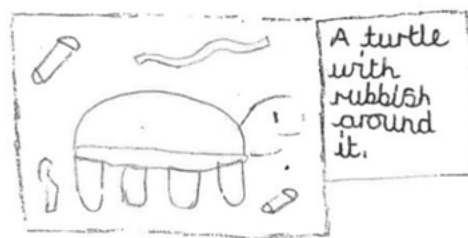
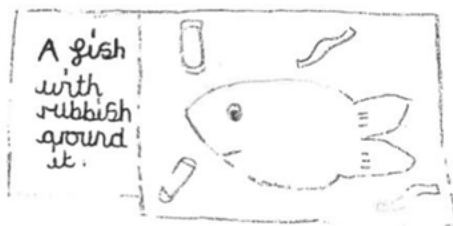
### **Pupil A – Piece A: a leaflet**

Context: after studying the effects of plastic pollution using information texts, a range of websites, newspaper reports and David Attenborough's 'Blue Planet', the pupils were asked to collect information, statistics and facts to construct a piece of writing. The purpose could be to persuade, inform, discuss or a combination of these. They were also asked to choose the audience for the writing from a list drawn up by the class. This pupil chose to target families.



## Plastic - Friend or Foe?

Can you imagine a world without plastic? Plastic has been in use for over seventy years. It is used in our every-day lives. Our wonder material, plastic, can be used to make almost any thing. However, this is killing animals and harming the environment. Every minute, a truck load of plastic enters the ocean. Take a minute to think... is plastic our friend or our foe?



### The wonder material:

Since this material is versatile and easy to manufacture, it is used regularly. If we took all the plastic we use away we would struggle to live our daily lives. Just think... how many things do you use that contain plastic? A lot isn't it? How many plastic toys do you have at your house? This material can be reused and constructed to make more objects. Plastic saves lives in many medicines and machines.

### What are the down sides?:

Plastic takes a long time to decompose. Surprisingly, plastic

does not actually decompose gully, it only breaks down into little particles called micro-plastics, How do you think this affects the sealife and its habitat? Firstly, birds are mistaking plastic for food and then they are feeding their young plastic, Secondly, <sup>their</sup> there young are dying as this is going into their blood stream. Think about a world with no birds. I bet you can't, can you? Did you know, over sixteen million single-use plastic bottles are used every day alone in the UK? That is lots isn't it! Plastic can be found in some unexpected places: in your food, in your clothes and in hospitals. Enjoy chewing gum? Some chewing gums contain plastic! Would you believe, over 90% of a beach is plastic, however only 10% is sand, rocks and pebbles, We need to stop this.

### How can we combat this huge problem?

How can we help prevent this problematic material from ruining our planet? How about encouraging other people to use less plastic? I think that would be a great idea, We would write like a team and try to combat this from happening. There are lots of ways we can help: recycle; put paper, card and clear plastics in a recycling bin,

try to put produce in paper, canvas and other healthy-fibre bags, use pens that refill and attempt to not put your rubbish in the gutter.

Could you imagine a world without sea creatures? I bet you *can't*. If we continue at this rate all of our sea life will die then there will be no beautiful creatures left. If we can all make an effort to make a difference we could save our sea creatures.

## Pupil A – Piece C: a formal persuasive letter

Context: after reading a newspaper report about the use of macaque monkeys for the purpose of 'entertainment' in Indonesia, pupils researched the topic. They then wrote a formal letter with the purpose of persuading the Governor of Indonesia to stop the practice.

R \_\_\_\_\_ school

R \_\_\_\_\_

H \_\_\_\_\_

L \_\_\_\_\_

ENGLAND

Dear Mr Widodo,

I would be extremely grateful if you took the time to read this letter, as I know you are a very busy man. During a lesson, our class came across a newspaper report about the baby macaques, which shocked us. I would like to inform you that I am a year six student at a school in H. \_\_\_\_\_ . ~~The monkeys are being badly~~

Could I tell you a little bit about monkeys and their natural habitat? Monkeys are beautiful, intelligent creatures. They are sociable animals and like being around other monkeys. Their ~~room~~<sup>spacious</sup> home is in the beautiful forests of Sumatra. They enjoy the freedom and space around them. ~~exploring~~ Within the forest, these monkeys ~~enjoy~~<sup>love</sup> to climb the leafy, green trees and ~~playing~~<sup>play</sup> with each other. However, this is not the life they are experiencing in your country. Monkeys are living a life of hell. Do you want your monkeys to be in a barbaric environment? Is this ~~to~~<sup>would like</sup> what you ~~would like~~<sup>animals?</sup> got these cheeky?

This ~~long~~<sup>horrible</sup> process starts in the ~~forests~~<sup>emerald</sup> of Sumatra. Teams of poachers use ~~appalling~~<sup>appalling</sup> ways to trap them. The most popular method is to shoot the mother and prise the clinging baby from her. These adventurous creatures are being taken away from their forest home then unfortunately sold to 'entertainers'. These innocent baby macaques are now endangered. Baby macaques are ~~prized~~<sup>prized</sup> as they have a longer life<sup>as performers</sup>. The poachers are paid two pounds for each monkey by dealers who sell them onto street 'entertainers' in Jakarta for five pounds each. Do you think this is acceptable, Mr Widodo? Five pounds for a life?

Furthermore, these innocent creatures are hung upside down so they ~~learn~~<sup>learn</sup> how to walk upright. I ~~get~~<sup>feel</sup> shocked and disgusted by what your citizens are doing to these animals. This practise is sickening. If that was not enough,



they <sup>next</sup> put <sup>piercing</sup> metal chains around their neck as the chain bites in. This is unacceptable. If they do not obey their <sup>master's</sup> master they are punished. Mr Widodo, how is this fair on the baby macaques? ~~\*\*\*~~ This terrible practice is killing more and more monkeys and if nothing happens they could become extinct. With all due respect, if you are letting this happen in your country you are as bad as the poachers. The monkeys are then trapped in isolation as they are forced to <sup>It</sup> live inside little cramped boxes. This is a life of hell for the baby macaques. This is <sup>an</sup> ~~un-natural~~ <sup>process</sup>. Do you want this for the monkeys in your country? I am really ~~horrified~~ <sup>horrified</sup>! Unfortunately, these animals are starved and only fed when they obey their masters orders. I have been deeply affected by this.

May I share some of my ideas to combat this horrifying problem? Firstly, I think ~~we~~ <sup>you</sup> should create jobs and pay people to protect them in their natural habitat. If you put people in these jobs <sup>your</sup> ~~they~~ <sup>poachers</sup> would not have any ~~access~~ access to these special creatures. Just to remind you this behaviour is illegal. Why are these evil people still torturing them if it is illegal? If the poachers are caught hunting for these fragile animals, they should be <sup>highly</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> pay ~~highly~~. As for the entertainers, ~~they should~~ if they are caught they should have <sup>a</sup> long prison sentence. I think this will make the poachers and entertainers stop if they know the harsh punishment. Secondly, I think you should set up a <sup>sanctuary</sup> ~~sanctuary~~ for the monkeys to be rescued and then rehabilitated. These <sup>trapped</sup> monkeys will not act like a normal monkey if they have been through this process. I think they can hopefully come back to their natural habitat after this treatment. ~~People of your own country can be paid highly if they do this.~~ ~~we I want~~

Thank you for reading this letter, Mr Widodo, I will <sup>be</sup> looking forward to hearing your reply. I know you are a decent man so ~~you~~ I look forward to ~~hearing~~ seeing what you will do to help these helpless creatures.

Yours sincerely,

T \_\_\_\_\_

## Pupil B - Piece E: a blog

Context: as part of their independent projects inspired by the school's production of Peter Pan, pupils were asked to create their own Neverland. One of the tasks was to write a diary, but the pupil chose to embed a story within a blog instead, presenting their very different version of Neverland.

Hello blog.

I haven't seen you in a while. I know, I've been neglecting you, but a lot of things have happened, most of these involving me almost being killed.

I have:

- Been shot at
- Stabbed
- Burned
- Scarred
- Had to get a robotic arm

You get the idea.

Okay, let me explain. You know all those books and movies about Peter Pan and Neverland and stuff? The way they describe Neverland is not how it is. Or at least not anymore. It all started when I was playing this game called Battle Mechs. You know, where you start off with a completely useless mech and you upgrade them and get better? Anyway. I was on the clan chat when it just came up with this:

*Anonymous: you dream of this stuff, don't you?*

So I said:

*Destroyer Bot: Yeah. So?*

*Anonymous: I can take you somewhere like this.*

*Destroyer Bot: When?*

*Anonymous: Now.*

Then there was a blinding flash of light and, after that, things were very weird. I woke up on this sort of landing pad. Except it was too small, and no one was paying any attention to it. Surrounding me was just like that Anonymous guy said: it was nothing like home. Metal buildings dotted everywhere, robots clunking about. To be fair, I can understand why no one was paying any attention to me. I had spawned just next to this big generator sort of thing. Everything is not trees and forests and the best dens in the world. No. It's so weird; everything is just so...technological. Once I had confirmed that I was *not* dreaming (my face hurt for a while after that), I scrambled behind the generator, and at that moment I realised my tablet was still in my hands. "A portal?" I thought. It had taken me here; maybe it could take me back. I hunched up against a wall with peeling red and yellow paint and faded letters reading: DANGER. DO NOT ENTER. I turned it on, expecting to see my usual lock page with the usual keypad for me to unlock my tablet, but instead I was thrown straight into the game. Battle Mechs. With all of my previous gaming score gone. All of the game data erased. And I was only about 2,000 XP away from getting to level 78! From what I could see, it was beginning to get dark, so I tried my best to get comfortable and go to sleep.

I was woken up the next day by a gigantic CRASH. I jumped up and saw a massive wreckage. A guy on a stretcher. Random bits of plane everywhere. So I figured the crash must have been an out-of-control craft. And, in a random spurt of utter STUPIDITY, I walked out from my hiding spot. Dumbest thing I could have ever done. One of the repair bots looked around and saw me. The others followed. Then one of them tried to shoot me.

The laser whizzed over my head, and soon the air was filled with laser bolts. I dashed back to the generator, where I saw another boy. Before I had time to register this, he ran in front of me and smacked a blue chip down on the floor, and a circular, translucent blue wall popped up out of nowhere and encased us.

"Who are you?" I said.

"The new Peter Pan," he said. Then he grabbed my face and forced my mouth open.

"EY! OT OO OO IN OOR OOIN!" (translation: HEY! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?) He held up a small pill and dropped it into my mouth, "OT OS AAT!" I yelled (translation: WHAT WAS THAT!)

"A sleeping pill," he answered calmly. After that I dropped off completely.

I woke up some time later with lots of boys and girls crowded around me. They all looked burned, bruised and scarred.

"So, the dead boy lives," said a familiar voice. The other kids moved back. A boy with brown hair and a scar down his shoulder walked in front of me and sat on a wall.

"Sorry about all that. That's what you gotta do with the newbies. But this is the first time I've seen one walk right out. That was dumb. Also, we had to patch your arm a bit. We're not the best doctors 'round here, 'cos the trained ones work for them." He gestured outside. "Anyway, we just gave you a new one. Avoid all the hassle. I've got one too." He held up his left arm. Except it wasn't a human arm. It was clearly robotic. "We managed to nick some of these from the medical room down over there" – he pointed to a building next to the big signal tower thing – "and Luke here worked a couple of days to give 'em some upgrades. Check this out." As he said this, he tapped a button on his arm. A small hatch opened and a plasma gun shot out (I play Battle Mechs too much). A fizzing ball of energy slowly expanded with four metal claws, which then released it.

"Don't! We'll be caught!" I said.

"Nah, it's fine." Peter said. "This wall is temporarily impenetrable."

"But they can still hear us."

"*Which includes sound.* The light, however, should pass straight through you, provided you're wearing these." He held up a black T-shirt and black jeans.

"Which he is not," another girl said. "I'm Emma by the way."

Suddenly, I heard an alarm.

"Alright folks, you know the drill. To your battle stations QUICK!" Peter yelled, while tossing everyone a gun. I caught mine and realised it was just a pistol. So they get fancy guns and I get the pistol. I ran over to Emma.

"What the flipping hell am I supposed to do?" I said.

"Stay with me and get ready to shoot at any moment," she replied, not taking her eyes out from the aiming piece. The wall around us flickered and disappeared, and thundering footsteps shook the ground; before we knew it, we were surrounded by robots. I heard Peter whisper behind me, "Everyone, shoot on my command. 1, 2, 3, SHOOOT!!!" Once again the air was filled with yells and laser beams and plasma balls. I looked around for Emma, but I couldn't see her anywhere. Then it began.

It's strange, fighting a robot. They're a lot smarter than you think. I got out my pistol, but it was no use. I was instantly hit in the face by a laser. Blood was trickling down my mouth and instincts kicked in. I grabbed the pistol and feinted an attack, then ran around the other side and ripped out a wire. I looked around. Again, no sign of Emma or Peter. One boy was wrestling against another robot and was pinned against a wall. I ran and wildly shot it. Then I was grabbed from behind.

Something whacked me on the back, and then I felt a dagger slice through my left arm. Then I remembered what Peter had done with his arm and desperately searched for that button. I found it and punched down. A small hatch opened and the gun shot out. It released. The ball whacked into the nearest drone and went steamrolling through the crowd. I stared, but I couldn't stay put for too long.

A lot of things happened. I would tell you, but it seems as if we're evacuating or something. Everyone's gathering up all the equipment, guns, everything. I don't know what, but something big is happening. I have to go now. I'm really starting to hate that Anonymous guy.

\_\_\_\_\_ Over and Out \_\_\_\_\_



## Pupil B - Piece D: a fable

Context: after reading and exploring Rudyard Kipling's *Just So* stories, pupils were asked to write a fable in the style of Kipling. The pupil chose to write about how the koala got its shout.

### How the koala got its shout

In the beginning, oh best beloved, the koala was silent. He would sit on a branch and watch the tallest trees tower over the dense Australian jungle. He would look up at the cascading waterfall crashing down on the unfortunate rocks that lay below. And he would remain silent.

The koala was errant and idle. Every day he would sit on a branch while the animals would shout up at him:

"Koala, koala, why must you remain silent? Come down from your treetop perch and help us work!" and the koala would answer in no more than a whisper,

"I am silent, and you are all silent to me." and the other animals would go away.

The next day the animals would come and find the koala on his same treetop perch, and would shout up at him, "Koala, koala, why must you remain silent? Come down from your treetop perch and work like the rest of us!" And the koala would answer in no more than a whisper, "I am silent, and you are all silent to me." and the animals would go away.

One Monday, the kangaroo hopped up to the koala, who was sitting in his treetop perch, and cried, "Koala, koala, why must you remain silent? Come down from your treetop perch and work like the rest of us!" And the koala said in no more than a whisper, "I am silent, and you are all silent to me." And the kangaroo hopped away.

On Tuesday, the alligator crawled up to the koala, his tail swishing like a turbine, and shouted up at the top of his croaky old voice,

"Koala, Koala, why must you remain silent? Come down from your treetop perch and work like the rest of us!" And the koala said in no more than a whisper, "I am silent, and you are all silent to me." And the alligator crawled away, tail still swishing like a turbine.

On Wednesday, the dingo came running up to the koala, great big eyes drooping, for the dingo prefers working at night and resting during day, and shouted,

"Koala, Koala, why must you remain silent? Come down from your treetop perch and work like the rest of us!" And the koala said in no more than a whisper,

"I am silent, and you are all silent to me." And the dingo ran away and curled up in his resting place to sleep.

At midnight, which is the most magical time oh Best Beloved, the kangaroo and the alligator, their eyes drooping, for this was not their working time, and the now wide-awake dingo, gathered around a thick birch tree. They looked up to the starry, midnight-blue sky and all cried:

"Why, oh why? Why must you have created such an idle burden and placed it within our midst? Please help us!" and they went away to sleep, or else carry on their work, all the while hoping that their begging would have effect.

The trees heard their pleas and decided to help them. A leaf blew off the birch tree. It slowly floated towards the koala, who was sleeping on his treetop perch, and landed on his head.

And then... magical things began to happen.

The next morning, the kangaroo once again hopped up to the koala and said, "Koala, koala, why must you remain so silent? Come down from your treetop perch and work like the rest of us!" And the koala replied in the most deep, loud bellow, "I am silent, and you are all silent to me." However, he was not silent, indeed, he had developed the loudest voice in all of the jungle!

And after this incident, oh Best Beloved, the koala has been the loudest animal in the Australian jungle, but has to this day not made up for his many missed days of work. And this, oh Best Beloved, is how the koala got its shout.

**Pupil B - Piece B: a letter of complaint**

Context: after exploring examples of fairy tales with a twist, pupils were asked to write a letter of complaint from the point of view of a fairy tale character of their choice. The pupil asked to use a character from one of the *Harry Potter* novels and chose to write from the point of view of the Basilisk.

Professor A. B. Dumbledore  
Room 9  
Floor 3  
Hogwarts Castle  
Scotland

The Basilisk  
The Chamber of Secrets  
Hogwarts Castle  
Scotland

Hissas translation:

Dear Professor Dumbledore,

I am writing to you to discuss a matter of utmost importance. I feel it is my duty to inform you that a young criminal is roaming the castle. Being the great and wise man you are, after reading these numerous reasons, you will expel Harry Potter from this school forever.

Firstly, the boy has no respect for school rules. For instance, both last year and this year, he has been caught many times roaming the castle by night. In addition to this, he has been seen in the restricted section of the library, simply for his own gain. And, as if this was not enough, when the dim-witted half-giant, Rubeus Hagrid, bought a dragon egg, which is strictly forbidden, Harry helped the great oaf to keep the dragon a secret until it was ready to be taken away. Undoubtedly this is unacceptable behaviour.

Furthermore, he has a non-explanatory grudge against He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. It is an atrocious thing to harbour grudges and this may lead to outbursts of rage within lessons. He also tries to attract attention by claiming to have seen and fought against He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. He is an arrogant, lying rule-breaker with no respect for school rules or others.



My last and most important point: he is a murderer. Only last year he killed one of your fellow teachers, Professor Quirrel, ~~and~~ ~~only~~ because he was about to report him for being out of bed by night. I am sure you will agree that this is a terrible act.

Having read these points, I hope you now believe that Harry Potter should be expelled from Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

Yours sincerely,  
The Basilisk

### Pupil B - Piece C: a balanced argument

Context: after studying the Amazon rainforest in geography, the pupil chose to write a balanced argument about deforestation.

One of the most debated and problematic issues of this century, deforestation is the process of clearing away huge amounts of rainforest at a time. It is estimated that, per minute, a patch of rainforest equivalent to that of 60 full-sized football pitches or, in other words, a chunk of rainforest the size of Switzerland is being demolished every year, and experts predict that, in 30-50 years time, all rainforests will be gone.

For the less economically developed countries, the citizens see deforestation not as a hazard to our planet, but as an opportunity to earn money and make a living. Stopping the deforestation business would prevent them from making any money. People also argue that it would be extremely difficult to extract the coffee beans, cocoa beans and the plants we need for medicines without cutting down forest.

However, deforestation can also cause a number of disastrous consequences, perhaps the most detrimental of them being its contribution to global warming. All the machinery used to cut down and transport the wood releases huge amounts of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere, making the air we breathe lethal for humans and animals. As trees take in carbon dioxide and give out oxygen, less gas can be taken in and less oxygen is being given. Animals that are arboreal (live in trees) and other animals may lose their food source. To make it easier to get through the rainforest, the workers build roads which could crush ground-dwelling animals.

After much consideration, it has been deemed that the process of deforestation should be reduced to the minimum, or that the effects must be contradicted by planting more trees: some people still believe though that the destruction of the rainforest is good practice. Local farmers say they have no land to grow crops and that they do not cut down the trees on purpose - they have no choice. However, most people believe that planting more trees is the right thing to do.