



Key stage 2 English writing standardisation exercise 1

For the purpose of 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.

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

Pupil A

This collection includes:

- A) a descriptive narrative opening
- B) a biography
- C) a newspaper report
- D) a balanced argument
- E) a narrative

Key stage 2 exercise 1

Pupil A – Piece A: a descriptive narrative opening

Context: pupils looked at an image, discussed it and used figurative language to describe it as if they were there.

Intrigued, I stumbled up the cobbled cliff edge towards the towering ruins. Deep down, dread crawled up my shivering spine but my curiosity dragged me steadily up the ragged path. Through the rusty iron fence I noticed a lone ship sailing eerily across the grey water. The luminous moon glowed on my panic-stricken face. What have I done! The blood-curdling sound of a cawing crow echoed with a deafening effect; I dashed towards the open gates into a sinister courtyard racing to a solemn statue. His beckoning face was staring longingly at the moon. This unsettled me. Vegetated ivy grew up the crumbling walls like arms reaching to the dark, stormy sky.

A rotting, wooden door welcomed me through the narrow corridors forcing me to breathe in the musty stench of the building. Numerous coffins were scattered throughout the unsteady structure and flickering candles danced in the breeze. The distant sound of grave music drifted calmly through the passageways. I took a deep breath, again inhaling a monstrous aroma. My heart beat like a carnival drum, the rapid pulse thundering through my chest.

As I entered a large room, I felt icy puddles splashing around my boots. I shivered. In the centre of the room a stone statue rose high above me, casting an unwelcoming shadow over my pale face. Towards the back of the room, I approached a large dining table, set with a moth-eaten, velvet table cloth and flower engraved cutlery. Dusty cobwebs draped lazily over the wonky chairs, lace curtains hung loosely over smashed windows and a cross was carved elaborately into the back wall. I took a seat at the table and, peering around, took a large chicken leg from a rounded platter. That's when I saw him, sitting opposite, glaring...

Key stage 2 exercise 1

Pupil A – Piece B: a biography

Context: as part of the topic 'Evolution and Inheritance' in science, pupils wrote a biography of Charles Darwin.

Biography of Charles Darwin

Introduction

In 1836, an incredible scientist put forward a theory that changed our world as we knew it. He is now referred to as the greatest scientist ever to have lived even if he had a hard time achieving it. That man was Charles Darwin...

Early life

Charles was born into a wealthy family on 12th February, 1809. His successful father (Robert Waring Darwin) was left to care for Charles and his five siblings alone after his mother (Susannah Wedgewood) died when the young boy was only eight years of age. As a child, Charles enjoyed many hobbies: walking, collecting, bird watching and doing experiments. Consequently, these experiments got him the nickname, 'Gas'. But there was something he loathed, that was his school. During his childhood, Charles struggled to learn academically. This infuriated his teachers.

University

Robert Waring Darwin dreamed of his son becoming a doctor; he sent young Charles to Edinburgh University where he later discovered his fear of blood. Darwin's father then sent him to Cambridge University. There Charles was expected to become a priest, however he didn't believe in god. How disastrous! So Charles found a love for geology - the study of rocks - and botany - the study of plants -

which he turned out to be incredible at, achieving him 10/178 in exams.

Travels on HMS Beagle

Aged 22, the aspiring scientist set off on a once in a lifetime journey on the HMS Beagle (a travelling boat) that lasted for five years. As Darwin stepped onto the boat, he was surprised at the sparse space of the vessel. Charles was often extremely sea-sick and would spend days lying in his tiny hammock. The boat visited many countries: Brazil, Chile, Australia and Falkland but Darwin spent most of his time studying the species on the Galapagos Islands. When he arrived back home, his sketchbook contained 300 sketches and 1000 notes! After a while he came up with the Theory of Evolution and later wrote the book 'Origin Of Species' though many people disagreed.

Conclusion

In his old age, the scientist fell ill. He was often sick and in 1890 - when he was 72 years of age - Darwin unfortunately died of an unknown cause. Today he is remembered as one of the greatest scientists of all time. He discovered the Theory of Evolution and although many people disagreed, changed our world for the better.

Key stage 2 exercise 1

Pupil A – Piece C: a newspaper report

Context: as part of their history topic on the Second World War, pupils learned about Kristallnacht – the night of broken glass – and wrote a newspaper report.

The Times

Kristallnacht - Night Of Destruction



A Synagogue being burnt to a crisp

crisp. Brutally murdered, 300 brown eyed Jews were reported dead. 30,000 Jewish men were marched to Nazi holding camps and women were left intimidated. This savagery was a large commitment of genocide. A Nazi supporter stated, "Hitler is right to do this, Jews are not pure."

Last night - 9th November - The Nazis unleashed a deadly attack on Jewish citizens living across Germany and Austria. Synagogues, homes and businesses were tragically destroyed. Jews throughout are now living in grief and fear.

Vandals threw things at the victims and their property, resulting in a sea of broken glass everywhere. Hanna - a Jewish woman - cried, "It just happened, suddenly there were bombs and fires. People in big boots away my husband and my shop was smashed to pieces." Max, her five year old, was left traumatised along with many others. All of their holy places demolished. What will Hitler do next?

The streets of Germany were lit up by flames only yesterday; local firemen were ordered only to put them out once the Jewish buildings had been burnt to a

Now, all around Germany,
Jews are hoping that this
will not repeat itself, though
many have lost hope and
are already fleeing the country.

By

Key stage 2 exercise 1

Pupil A – Piece D: a balanced argument

Context: pupils studied the text 'Kensuke's Kingdom' (Michael Morpurgo) and wrote a balanced argument focused on whether it is a good idea to sail around the world with your family.

A balanced argument for sailing around the world

Would you like to sail around the world with your family? Some people are convinced that it is extremely dangerous, whereas others believe it would be an incredible opportunity. There are many arguments for and against alike; would you take the risk?

There is no doubt that it would be an incredible, once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to sail around the world. Firstly, you would do a 6 month training course with a trustworthy instructor, ensuring the safety of you and your family. Further safety measures could easily be installed: harnesses, life jackets and life boats - whilst still breathing in the healthy sea air. Reliable studies show that people who travel are at least 10% happier and therefore healthier than people who don't.

Envisage the wonders that you would encounter on an extraordinary voyage into the wide world without worrying bills piling up on you. In the long run, you could stop off at different countries and find a job (some jobs don't require experience) and earn enough money to pay for food and other essentials. In addition, the endless opportunities and possibilities opening up for you are almost impossible to overlook.

The dangers of sailing around the world are

massive. For a start, there are many ghastly chances to tumble over-board or be attacked by vicious sharks. Despite the presence of safety harnesses, there is always a concrete probability of not being clipped on at the wrong time. Other risks include the unpredictable weather: surely you will be aware of the frequent mistakes of the weather forecast? Consequently, you could be put in grave danger by unexpected tsunamis and unforeseen storms.

Do you see this occasion as straight-forward? Well, there is a lot more to it than you think. It would quite obviously be tragic to be leaving behind everything you have ever known: friends, family, school and home, just to swap it with a small boat and a ruthless ocean. If you are thinking that you can text them then you are very much mistaken. The scarcity of internet is extreme, leaving you truly unreachable. The absence of internet is certainly serious as soon as someone falls ill and you have no means of contacting a hospital.

In conclusion, there are many arguments for and against. It is proven that travelling and being on water is good for you and so I believe it would be a great thing. On the other hand, many people are afraid of water so in that case I probably wouldn't recommend it. On balance, I personally think it would be a good idea, but you ought to have taken all the necessary training precautions. Good Luck!

Key stage 2 exercise 1

Pupil A – Piece E: a narrative

Context: following a unit of work based on the short video, 'Eye of the storm' (Christopher Alender), pupils wrote a narrative to tell their version of the story.

The Eye of the storm

The sun peeped around the fluffy clouds, casting a warm glow over everything. Removing a spy-glass from their goggled face, a solitary figure stood thoughtfully by the wheel. He spun round and took heavy, hesitant steps along the wooden platform- sombre air radiating (off) him like heat from a fire.

Stretched out on deck, a creature opened his broad, translucent wings wide in the breeze. The blazing sun shone on its coal black scales and magnified the menacing, knife-sharp spikes that protruded like needles from its hunched back. Two emerald eyes blinked affectionately as the as the man momentarily paused to awkwardly pat his skeletal body. A low rumbling escaped the dragon's throat as he settled placidly under his master's touch. The man sighs and allows three pats before carrying on, dragging his feet as he enters the cabin.

Tracing his dangerous route with a gloved hand, he tucked his chin into the raised collar of the long, tattered cloak he was wearing and shuffled over to a stained, oak table. Grasping a bottle of neon green liquid, he turned it over and over in his spidery fingers, chucking it mercilessly into the hungry furnace. A box. A photo. A book - all disintegrating into angry flames. He grabbed another box but gasped as

realisation dawned on him and hugged it to his chest. Raising his head, he strode out onto deck taking grand, meaningful steps. Then he let it fall. Falling and falling and falling like a bird shot from the sky.

Gripping the steering wheel, the figure lifted his head steadily and glared, unblinkingly, at the eye of the storm. He squinted as a flash of glowing green light burst all around, knees buckling painfully as he landed on solid ground. Staring down at his twelve-year-old self, his favourite outfit hung limply over stick-thin limbs and grass tickled his bare feet. The blissful smell of a freshly-cut lawn lingered on his nostrils; the breeze brushed his rosy cheeks playfully with an abrupt stop, he noticed the crumbling cliff edge and observed the calmly swaying sea. Birds glided overhead^[d] flapping their wings delicately and singing unashamedly to each other. His young self skipped along a cobbled path and towards a tiny, shell-coated cottage. There was an eerie, pink glow escaping the minute chimney that he was seemingly drawn to. As he entered through the open doors, a glass of pink substance was instantly visible. Lips met glass, he swallowed the liquid (although it was boiling hot and tasted extremely similar to washing up water) before sinking to his knees and... Grumbling thunder awoke him from his memory. 'The immortality liquid' he groaned.

A fierce feeling washed over him; he lunged for the meter-yanking the lever to full speed and, taking a deep breath, flew straight into the bawling depths of the storm. Rain lashed down angrily, pummeling the airship and lightning threatened to strike it down. They were thrown around carelessly by malicious winds and laughed at by thunder. After hours of tireless steering, the air was suddenly clear, not a storm cloud in sight.

Tripping slightly on a small key, the goggled man remembered a row he had made. ~~Grabbing~~ Grabbing the heavy chain, the key clicked in the lock and the imposing frame of the dragon cast an elegant shadow over the bed of animal bones and feathers. After a few split seconds of hesitation, the beast took off into the bright, sulphure (blue) sky.

Now, the emerald green of the eye glared. He was flying straight at it. His only chance to make things right. Would he make it?

Pupil B

This collection includes:

- A) an information text
- B) a personal letter
- C) a newspaper report
- D) a first-person recount
- E) a narrative based on a book
- F) a set of instructions

Key stage 2 exercise 1

Pupil B – Piece A: an information text

Context: as part of their work on a unit called 'Monsterology', the class looked at features of a non-fiction report and explored descriptive language. They then developed information intended for a non-fiction book about an imaginary creature.



Monsterology

Have you ever heard of the Strog Monster, or even imagined what it would look like? The people of the beach have been full of rumoured sightings of this aquatic creature but there has never been clear enough proof that it really does exist, until now! It is your time to ~~found~~ find out more about this mysterious creature!

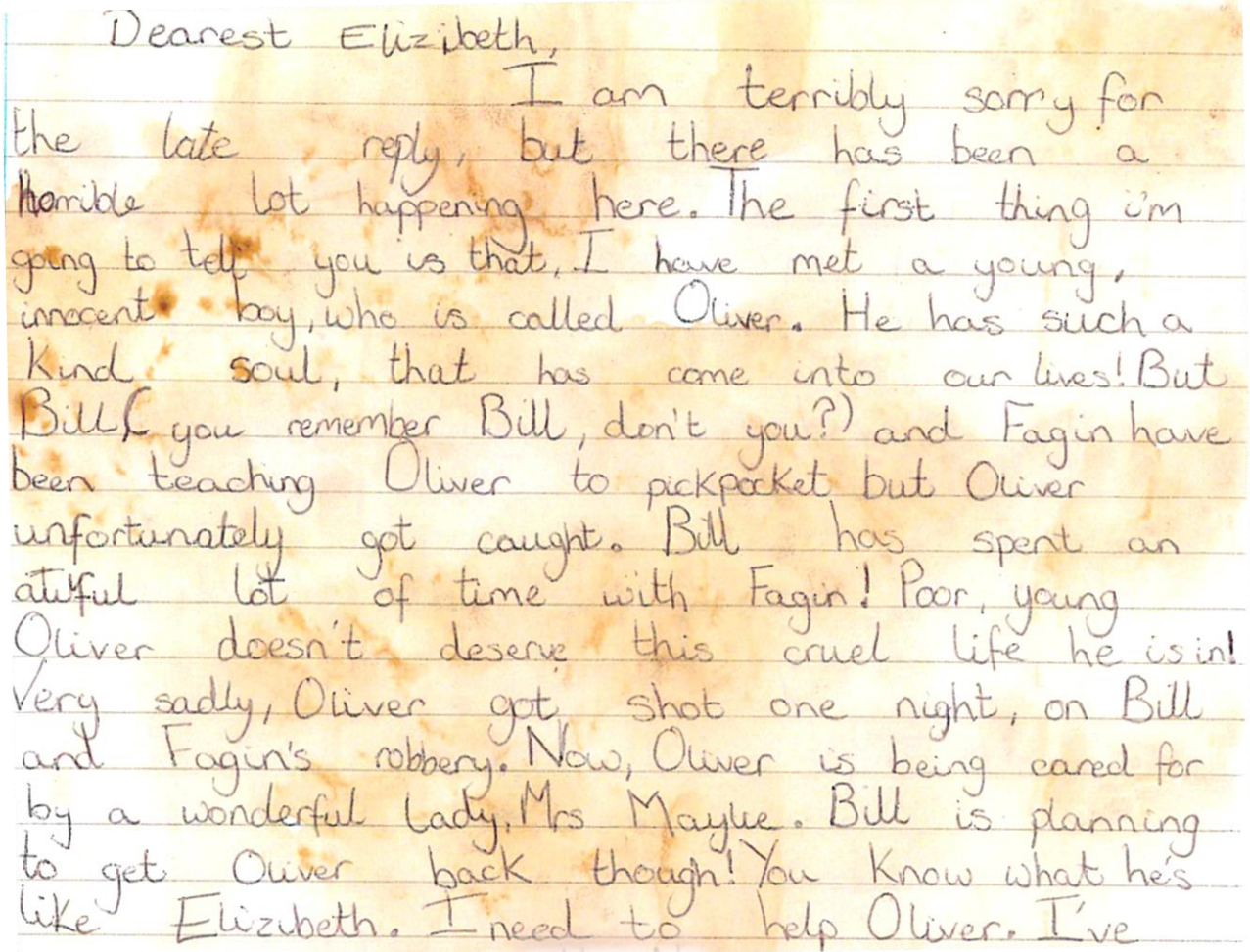
There have only ever been suggestions of its appearance, based on a glimpse of an eye: long body, extremely long tail, red eyes, frog-like claws, star shaped head and big, sharp teeth. It can all be confirmed now! From Professor Reginald Ester with clear photographic evidence, which had made his life a success. "It really does exist," said the Professor, "I awoke early in the morning and had seen it - it is magnificent!"

The Strog Monster appears to live in one of the deepest, darkest part in the ocean, with a huge eerie silence. The seaweed and coral are very helpful to it - a perfect place for the monster to camouflage! As the Professor passed the ocean, he was very startled to see such a creature rapidly camouflage with its surroundings. It is known to have gills, which allows it to breath for long periods under water. Is it a fish? That is thought to be true! But is it?.

Key stage 2 exercise 1

Pupil B – Piece B: a personal letter

Context: as part of their work on the topic of 'Crime and punishment', pupils explored 'Oliver Twist' by Charles Dickens. They looked specifically at characters' feelings throughout the book and attempted to portray this in a letter written in the voice of Nancy.



Dearest Elizabeth,

I am terribly sorry for the late reply, but there has been a horrible lot happening here. The first thing I'm going to tell you is that, I have met a young, innocent boy, who is called Oliver. He has such a kind soul, that has come into our lives! But Bill (you remember Bill, don't you?) and Fagin have been teaching Oliver to pickpocket but Oliver unfortunately got caught. Bill has spent an awful lot of time with Fagin! Poor, young Oliver doesn't deserve this cruel life he is in! Very sadly, Oliver got shot one night, on Bill and Fagin's robbery. Now, Oliver is being cared for by a wonderful lady, Mrs Maylie. Bill is planning to get Oliver back though! You know what he's like Elizabeth. I need to help Oliver. I've

been meeting up with Mrs Maylie every Sunday at 11 o'clock, and she tells me how Oliver is so well behaved. I feel for this boy, and i've got to keep him safe.

To be honest Liz, I feel awfully alone. I just never had thought that Bill, who I intended to marry, could do this to such a young boy. I need the best advice you could ever give. Shall I betray Bill or stick with him and keep quiet? I am so scared for my life, because we all know that Bill ~~finds out~~ is a cruel, cold hearted man! What if Bill ~~finds out~~ finds out I have been secretly meeting up with Oliver's new carers. What will I do then?

I am getting very worried about Bill. Last night walking home, I am pretty I saw a shadow behind me, I heard big foot steps too! I'm feeling paranoid. When i'd got home - Bill just glared at me and i'm sure he knows something... I can hear his feet stomping around. Wait! He is coming!!! Please write back soon, I can't wait to

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Key stage 2 exercise 1

Pupil B – Piece C: a newspaper report

Context: The class explored features of a news report and, having read 'The Giant's Necklace' (Michael Morpurgo), drew on information from the story to write a newspaper report.

THE CORNWALL NEWS

The Tragic Disaster At Zennor Head.

On Tuesday 19th May Cherry Stone, a young girl, ten years old, was left alone at Boat Cove. At dusk, the tide began to come in, Cherry became trapped. She was collecting Cowrie shells for a 'giant's' necklace.

The Stone family were on their annual holiday in Cornwall which Cherry and them had been going on for seven years. It was all a great and happy holiday until this awful tragedy happened. Cherry's mother and father had left Cherry alone on the beach to collect her cowrie shells, whilst they and Cherry's older brothers packed; it was their last day. They feel so foolish about their decision.

They soon realised that Cherry was missing at 9:30pm. They got very worried and decided to call 999 for a coastguard. The coastguard sent a search party of 66 people to help find poor little Cherry. They spent hours searching the beach even though the



tide was in. The sea was rough, the weather had not changed at all.

The search party continued until the sky was dark. Up on a cliff they had found a pink bowl, it was Cherry's, the mother had confirmed that it was her daughter's! In the towel was where her cowrie shells were stored. Later on in the morning, they discovered body washed up on the sand. It was precious Cherry, dead. She had drowned. Was leaving her a good idea?



Boat Cove, where Cherry died.

"My priority, why did I choose to leave her alone on this beach?" She asked, inhaling each word, "I feel awfully guilty." This very well shows that this family is devastated. Her brothers had described her humour as funny and fiery. As a coastguard I have never once been through a case like this. My heart is breaking for the Stone family," said the coastguard.

The Stone family would like to inform the public that on Monday there will be a memorial at Tpm, to remember Cherry's life;

no matter how short it was. They ask that
people bring even one seashell.

in honour of Cheong's 40th birthday.

They are also reminding and warning
people to never leave children on the

beach alone near the sea, or another

place much you trust them.

Key stage 2 exercise 1

Pupil B – Piece D: a first-person recount

Context: the class watched the short film, the 'The Lighthouse' (Charlie Short and Ming Hsiung) and worked on creating powerful description. Pupils then retold the story from the point of view of the lighthouse keeper.

On the edge of the rocks, there lived a lighthouse, high above the sea. The beaming light glowed across the village and the eerie alleyways. Houses filled with cheering and chaos when the light rotated towards them. The vibrant light shone over the sea, guiding the boats to safety. Blinding stars radiated the luminous sky. The Sandy Sea lighthouse was the most beautiful lighthouse ever.

I was sat at my table, solitary, writing up my daily log, trying to concentrate but kept hearing repeated cheering. I slammed my window shut making my candle extinguish. I heard the run-down machinery suddenly stop. The loud chaos of the villagers end too - what should I do?

I hastily ran up the never-ending, spiral stairs to see what the matter was with my machinery. I

heard a familiar noise, it was loud. A ship was heading my way! Panic rushed through my body. I reached the top of the stairs and grabbed my spare light. Bang! I tripped over my tool box. My spare light had shattered. There were thousands of glass pieces on the floor. My only thought was at the bottom of one hundred and forty steps.

The ship's horn became louder which meant it was getting closer to the rocks, the big, lethal rocks! I stood still. The light was my responsibility and so was that ship's safety. I'd have to find a back-up. Sweat dripped down my forehead, my palms began to sweat too. The only back-up I could think of was down the one hundred and forty stairs, the village.



I quickly darted down the stairs, missing a few steps. I ran like an eye blink; the stairs were endless. Finally, the door was in sight, I let out a sigh of relief. I grabbed open the door as fast as possible. I gasped. The whole entire village were walking my way with lanterns in their hands. "We have come to help you since that ship is in danger." They'd come to help!


I led them to the top of the lighthouse. The journey to the top was full of hope and jubilation; we were sure we would make it in time. As we got to the top, middle and bottom, we got into positions, shoulder to shoulder. We smiled, knowing that we had saved the day. I couldn't have done it without them. Thank you to my fellow villagers!

Key stage 2 exercise 1

Pupil B – Piece E: a narrative based on a book

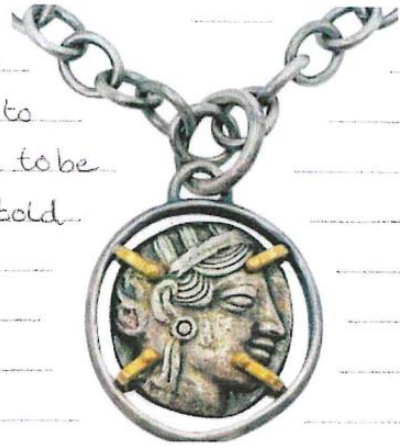
Context: having read 'The Good Thieves' (Katherine Rundell) as part of their topic 'Crime and punishment', pupils looked at key features of an adventure story and how to create drama and tension. They then planned and wrote their own 'missing object' story.

The favourite missing necklace.
It was early in the morning, the sun was rising and Alexis' younger brothers woke her up with a shout. Alexis was only seventeen; she was very stubborn but could also be sensitive. She arrived at the field dragging her feet along the floor, she began cutting the corn. 'I wish I was a spartan,' thought Alexis. Alexis' father passed when she was ten - he was her best friend - the only thing she had left of him was his favourite necklace. It looks a little bit like a shell. It has a gem in the middle of it, that is one of her favourite parts. Alexis is a Helot Slave, she hates it, she always wanted to be born a Spartan.





Alexius had been given the 'lucky' necklace as a gift on her sixteenth birthday: it was from her mother. The necklace was sort of a beige colour; it was her father's favourite colour. Alexius' father died because of a Spartan; he was arguing with them - he ended up getting whipped multiple times. Alexius has been terrified of Spartans ever since. When she got the necklace, it made her feel happy. She hid it under her clothing so she knows it's there and so that the Spartans don't recognise it's her father's. It was a very easy necklace to break and because of that she had to be awfully careful. She had been told that the necklace was supposed to bring 'luck'. Alexius never believed anybody about that.



As the sun was rising, Alexius woke herself up and went out once again (very little breakfast in her stomach) she was ready for her day of work on the field. She was used to cutting corn rows: she loved the quietness. She put her hands down and began to chop - Alexius could do it faster than most people her age. Throwing the corn into the basket was her least favourite part. After six hours of hard work, it was time for lunch. She took a long gulp of water and ate her stale left-over bread. She stood up and realised her chest felt bare, Alexius reached under her tunic. She froze "It's open!" she exclaimed to herself.

Fear rushed through her body—her mother would never forgive her if she lost it. Where did I lose it? How did I lose it? She left her food and followed her footsteps through the fields. She had to find the necklace! Alexis with zero thought was going to ask the harsh overseer if he'd seen it, but he'd no doubt whip her. It was definitely nowhere to be seen. Alexis suddenly had an amazing thought. It could be in the cart of corn. She saw the cart moving away, she had to stop that cart! X

As fast as a shooting bullet, Alexis ran like a Spartan, chasing the cart through the field. She dived through the air to stop the cart's wheel. Being dragged through the mud, the cart officially came to a stop. Alexis jumped into the corn. Digging through all the corn she eventually found it. She held it in front of her face, staring at it in excitement. Alexis jumped out of the cart as fast as possible. The cart quickly rode away dropping two small objects onto the mud. She decided to be nosy and take a look. Alexis found two shining coins. It would feed her, and her mum and brothers for days! The necklace really does bring luck!

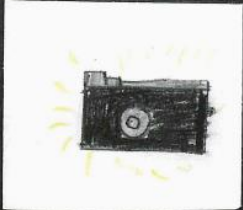
Key stage 2 exercise 1

Pupil B – Piece F: a set of instructions

Context: following a sequence of lessons focused on the features of instructions, pupils wrote their own instructions explaining how to photograph an imaginary creature.


How to photograph a Butterphant

Are you interested in taking the world's first photograph of this marvellous Butterphant? Want to know how? Read these instructions and find out!!



Equipment needed:

- A colourful, sturdy hat
- A huge block of butter
- Long rope (not too long of course)
- A well working camera
- Thermometer (make sure it works)



A colourful hat.

What to do:

- 1) First of all, trek and find the loneliest tree. The Butterphant loves the lonely trees because no other animals are around. Be prepared!
 - 2) Then, you must put grass on your colourful, sturdy hat to camouflage in the nature.
 - 3) After that, you need to take the butter out of the packets (might take a while since it is so big). Hang the butter with the rope.
 - 4) Then, climb to the branch above the butter but make sure the rope is on securely.
 - 5) Next, you need to try and climb one more branch up and lay yourself flat and very still. You ought to have your camera ready!
 - 6) Now you need to wait patiently until the temperature is 27°C . (check your thermometer)
 - 7) As soon as you hear grass rustling, take as many photos as possible!
 - 8) Finally, climb down from the tree and take home the amazing photograph you took and show others!
- You can only use butter no other food or the Butterphant will get aggressive! It doesn't have to be a specific type of butter.

Warning:



Pupil C

This collection includes:

- A) a diary entry
- B) a continuation of a narrative
- C) a balanced argument
- D) a diary entry
- E) a biography
- F) a description of a setting

Key stage 2 exercise 1

Pupil C – Piece A: a diary entry

Context: after beginning reading 'The Ickabog' (JK Rowling), pupils discussed the character of the Ickabog and what he looked like. The class explored how to use expanded noun phrases and similes to describe, and relative clauses to add information. Pupils then wrote a diary entry about their first meeting with the Ickabog.

Dear Diary,

Earlier today, I decided to go on an quest to go find this Ickabog everyone has been talking about. I didn't want to go alone so me and Burt went together. We got some snacks [which was Burt's jaw part] and Burt's Dad let us get a weapon out from his garage. A rusty, worn out sword laying on the rainedged floor. The luggage was packed, we were off to find the Ickabog.

The trees - which were huge - dripped with clear water. We sat under the trees and drank the water. We were instaly ~~refreshed~~ re-
freshed. The lake water was like no other it was, sparkling like 1000 colourful, colouring pencils. As we approached the mountains, the snow fell on us me and Burt said "I think it doesn't want us here."

As we jumped into the cave covered in cold, wet snow, we saw a glowing purple light, at the end of the cave. Neon purple things started to grow on us, like a fungus. The cave was shaking in fear for us, like it was dangerous to be there. The purple thing turned around and looking at

us with his multiple eyes poking out of his stomach. We froze and ran out with lilac skin.

Although we got purple skin, we are not giving up. I didn't believe in this Ickabog thing but now I do. I 100% do. do do.

Key stage 2 exercise 1

Pupil C – Piece B: a continuation of a narrative

Context: following on from their diary entry about meeting the Ickabog, pupils continued reading the book and wrote the next chapter. They explored how to correctly punctuate speech and were asked to include speech in their writing.



How the Ickabog came.

As the wind whistled a baby cried. That night the Ickabog was born. A kind creature with loving parents, but with a strange thing about it. The Ickabog had purple skin, his parents had red and blue skin. He was layed on a haybaule. Which scranked his skin and put hunderds of cuts on, him. After a year of the Ickabog being born his parents were, tired of him being alone so they walked to town, in hope of finding him a friend.

The towns people mumbled and gave mean, glares at the Ickabog's family.

"Oh My God! I don't want to live in with ~~creators~~ creatures it is unsafe for our kids."

The murms stormed into the Mayor's office, and demanded them killed.

"You can't let them stay here they are dangerous."

They ~~shout~~ shoot the parents but some one grabbed the Ickabog.

Infront of the whole town a lady said.

"This child is just different."

They let it stay but sadly the lady ~~said~~ sadly, died.

Now the Ickabog is a myth to, scare children not to like other people.

Key stage 2 exercise 1

Pupil C – Piece C: a balanced argument

Context: after reading 'The Boy Who Swam With Piranhas' (David Almond), pupils came up with arguments for and against the protagonist, Stanley Potts, running away with the fair. They wrote a balanced argument.

Should Stanley leave the crazy fish man or not?

Stanley lives with his auntie and uncle because his parents died. So Stan's uncle worked in a fish canning factory but it got shut down. So Stan's uncle made his own at home. He was getting his wife (who was Stan's auntie) to help him, and Stan wakes up at 6am to can fish.



It was Stan's birthday and he went to the fair. He saw a stool with dying goldfish there. There were 13 so that man let him have them so Stanley went home with 13 goldfish. He slept with them but the uncle took 12 of them and cooked them and that was his new invention canned goldfish.

Since Stanley has been living with his uncle he has been treated like rubbish. He has been sleeping in a small cupboard and waking up at 6am every day. He has no friends or any education. Firstly, he will get a proper bed not just a small cupboard. Also, he will get paid by the fair guy - Dot - and he can socialise with other people.

On the other hand, Stan will be leaving his loving auntie behind with the cruel man she calls her husband. As well as, he will not take care for Stan's auntie.

In conclusion - there are many plausible reasons as to why Stanley should leave. I think this because Stan is being bugged to work which means that he should leave so he does not have to live with his uncle.

Key stage 2 exercise 1

Pupil C – Piece D: a diary entry

Context: pupils completed research about what it would be like to live on the island of St Kilda. They came up with points for and against this and wrote a diary entry imagining that their parents had told them they were going to move there.

Dear Diary,

Hi, you will never believe what happened to me yesterday. Well let me tell you. Well I was brushing my teeth. Golly in the point that my gums had because I was getting ready to go to school. I was getting all nice and smart so I can impress my new friend. I got her yesterday. But then my Mum and Dad started talking. They scared me out of my socks. "Hello son." "So you know that me and your father Studdy birds." "Yeah." Well - we are going to Studdy Luggins that live in Sant Kilda. "Oh cool so I am staying at home." "No - you are coming with us for 3 years." "Oh OK but I will miss school." "No there are schools there." "OK but I can't have a bag." [They through a heavy bag it was like a cloud] "Let's go on a really, really, really big road trip on a plane - in a car - on a boat." "Let's go." I said in my own voice.

Positives of Sant Kilda -

Sant Kilda is a very peaceful place. There are only 16 small homes on Sant Kilda. There are less worries about paying the electricity or the phone bills, but they are usually 3000 pounds but now we will only pay 500 pounds. There are more greenery so I can play catch and football with my mum and dad. There are fresh goods there so that we all share.

Negatives of Sant Kilda

Sant Kilda is an island near Scotland 3000 miles

away laptop. So we don't have to bring anything
to school. Another bad thing is that there is
NO INTERNET!!! SO I can't play X-box
and no Minecraft, Roblox and **NO YOUTUBE!!!**

Well there are some ups and downs
but all together it is amazing. But I am going to
say how I feel. I hope that Mom and Dad could
see this. I feel sad and worried because I can't see
my friends and I am worried because I don't know what we
do if there is a **SOONARMY** we could hide.
But I think I will love it there.


Yours Sincerely,

Key stage 2 exercise 1

Pupil C – Piece E: a biography

Context: the class looked at the features of a biography. Pupils used computers to find information about Guy Fawkes and wrote their own biography of him.

Guy Fawkes



Early life

Guy fawkes was born in a small town on the 13 April 1570. He went to school in Yorkshire. When Guy was only 8 his dad died. Then his mum re-married a Catholic and Guy Fawkes became a Catholic.* He was not an only child, he had 2 sisters and 2 brothers - who were older than him - including himself.

The Gunpowder Plot.

The King at the time, hated Catholics so Guy Fawkes wanted to kill the King and blow up Parliament. Guy Fawkes was going to blow up Parliament, so he arranged with Robert Catesby, Thomas Percy, John Wright, Thomas Winter and Guy Fawkes. He got 34 barrels of Gunpowder, and on 4 November someone wrote a letter to the King saying "Someone is going to blow up Parliament on November 5."

Death

He was 36 years old when he died in 1606 31st January. For 3 days he was tortured to get the names out of him who helped him arrange the Gunpowder Plot. ~~But~~ By Before he could be hanged, he did not want to die slowly but quickly so Guy jumped off the ladder to go up to be hanged. He snapped his neck and then death.

Pupil C – Piece F: a description of a setting

Context: as part of their history topic exploring the Victorians, pupils read 'Street Child' (Berlie Doherty). They researched what it would be like to live in a Victorian workhouse and created a setting description written in the first person.

As I walked into the smelly, dusty workroom, my ear drums burst because of all the machines screaming at me. I heard children crying in the distance. There were children with huge red marks on their ribs and backs from where they have been caned or beaten. -1 hour later- I heard a huge loud "ding dong ding dong" noise and everyone walked like zombies in the horrible lunch hall.

When I walked into the lunch hall as soon as I walked in there was a huge horrible smell hit me. There was a humongous man standing on a wooden stool, holding a huge bowl of slop. There were bowls in a line down the, never ending table. Everyone began to take a bowl and line up to get food that they call slop. After 5 minutes we all have to finish eating even if we did not finish your food. and go to the bedrooms to go to sleep.

As we all walked down through the narrow hallway, we saw more rooms. There were girls and boys rooms. When our group got pushed in our room, I was horrified because there were 10 of us but only 5 BEDS!!! Then about 10 minutes later we heard a sickening voice saying "TIME FOR BED YOU TROLLS!!!" Then I climbed into my shared brick bed and thought to myself I have to wake up tomorrow and do it all again so 6am to 10pm.