

# 2018 teacher assessment and moderation

## Key stage 2 (KS2) standardisation exercise 2

### Introduction

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

Where extracts from a short story are included, you should assume that the complete story is available. 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.

Since this standardisation exercise must be completed without recourse to a professional discussion, during which moderators have the opportunity to seek any necessary clarification, minor edits have been made to some pieces of writing to avoid any ambiguity where the pupil's intention was unclear.

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

You should not assume that the exercise includes one collection from each of the standards within the KS2 English writing framework: working towards the expected standard, working at the expected standard or working at greater depth within the expected standard. Each collection should be judged individually.

Please ensure that you note your answers down clearly and correctly, and give them to the person overseeing the standardisation exercise once completed. There isn't a template for you to record your responses. You will need to record your responses using a format agreed within your local authority.

## Contents

The collections in this exercise include the following pieces:

### **Pupil A**

- A) a portrait
- B) a narrative
- C) a leaflet
- D) a first-person narrative
- E) an information text

### **Pupil B**

- A) a set of instructions
- B) a story
- C) an informative article
- D) a narrative
- E) a letter

### **Pupil C**

- A) a fictional journal
- B) a narrative
- C) a newspaper report
- D) a theatre review
- E) a promotional leaflet

## KS2 Exercise 2 Pupil A Piece A – a portrait

Context: As part of the school's celebration of International Women's Day, pupils were asked to research a woman from history who made a significant contribution to women's rights. The pupil chose to write about the life of Emmeline Pankhurst and explain why they had been inspired to write about her.



### International Women's Day



#### Emmeline Pankhurst

A British woman who, famously, campaigned for women's rights, Emmeline Pankhurst is my choice because of her fearless actions. She truly is, debatably, the most important figure in history.

Born on 15<sup>th</sup> July 1858 in Manchester as Emmeline Goulder, she first learned about the suffrage movement at age 8, because her father was involved in politics. From then on, suffrage was always on her mind.

In ~~1877~~ 1879, she married Richard Pankhurst, and took his name, aged just 21. He was 24 years older than she was, but he was also involved with politics in her area. By the 20<sup>th</sup> October 1880, she had a baby girl named Christabel. In the following years, Emmeline bore four more children - 2 girls, 2 boys. Sadly, the elder boy became sick and died young. In 1898, Richard died (aged 64) and left his house and children to Emmeline. She didn't give up though, and remained deeply involved in politics.

In ~~1905~~ 1905, Emmeline rounded up a group of like-minded women, to form the WSPU (Women's Union for Social and Political Union). Later, this would become the 'Suffragettes'. Before its founding, other women's unions had been peaceful campaigners, more of



a background noise than anything else. But the WSPU had the famous motto 'Deeds, Not Words' - they would go to great lengths for their cause. Emmeline and her team incited secretive meetings, rallied crowds to their speeches and organised marches to show the cause. Soon enough though, they were forced into more dangerous, risky options. They threw rocks at the windows of the ~~houses of~~ Houses of Parliament, smashed windows and set fire to postboxes for 'the cause'.

Many times, Emmeline was sent to prison for her 'crimes'. The government refused to see <sup>the women</sup> as political prisoners, and they were often stripped naked by rough guards to get them into their prison garments. To protest further, the WSPU prisoners went on 'hunger strike', and were brutally forced through tubes in their noses. This was extremely painful and left deep scarring. However, all who were imprisoned <sup>were</sup> ~~where~~ warmly greeted on release, if they were significant members, often by the whole union. They were awarded a suffrage medal to show their support.

Then, in 1914, World War I began. The suffragettes, as the WSPU were now known as, stopped their protests to help with the war effort. They took on the jobs generally held by men, such as farming and driving buses, while they were away fighting. In 1918, when the war was over, Prime Minister David Lloyd George finally appreciated the work the women had done, and allowed ~~them~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>named</sup> women over 30 the right to vote. This was a great victory. By 1928, the Equal Franchise Act was passed, meaning all women over the age of



21 the vote. This made them equal to men.

Sally, at age 69, just a few days after the law was passed, Emmeline died at a nursing home in Hampstead.

She will always be remembered, and her influence still lives on to this day. As her children grew up, they continued her work into other areas of politics, although Christabel was hesitant to use her mother's militant tactics.

I chose her because she ~~has~~ set off the first link in an explosive chain: she began the path to equality of the sexes, and the battle for the free. Her actions impacted many minority groups and societies, as well as showing many people the power inside of them. She is somebody who history perhaps has not always credited in full, and definitely deserves respect beyond what that which I can give. She has shown me that we all are equal, and smallmindedness is a thing to avoid at all costs. The smallest acts of her defiance make me proud to be a woman.

## KS2 Exercise 2 Pupil A Piece B – a narrative

Context: The class read 'Wonderstruck' by Brian Selznick, which tells the intertwined stories of the two main characters (Ben's story is told in words; Rose's story is told in pictures). Pupils were asked to reconstruct and write the section of Rose's story where she runs away to New York, focusing on her impressions of the place.

She let herself relax as her small green eyes traced over the landscape set before her. Throngs of people milled around, her not noticing the oddly dressed outsiders in their midst. She enjoyed being just another girl in the city, able to joke, cry, swear or sing. It felt so new.

On either side, Rose saw great concrete buildings. She recognised some of them from models she had made, but others she did not. Some were shops, warm and welcoming in this alien landscape, full of strangeness. Behind those, even taller grey buildings, skyscrapers, she guessed, stretched their spires high into the sky air, a pillar of defiance against those who had tried to crush them. Even in the drab grey drizzle, she considered them majestic enough to hold royalty inside.

Overhead, enormous support beams of lead and steel glistened in a sudden ray of dim sunshine. Her eyes followed them, up and up, until they reached a train line. The bridge ~~overhead~~ <sup>above</sup> wasn't too visible from underneath, so Rose stepped back for a better view of it. How marvellous, she thought, for a train to drive in the sky! Magnificent it may have been, but also very dangerous, (but of course Rose paid that no heed).

Gradually she came to realise that she could not hear the true sounds of the city. However, she could lip read ~~the~~ <sup>conversations</sup>, or interpret facial expressions.



The next best thing to hear - or rather not really hear - came from her imagination. She conjured up the low, steady rumbling of a train, the muffled cries of 'ot meat pies! Come and get ya' ot meat pies! and ~~everything else~~. A faint smile crossed her otherwise steady face.

A waft of hot air blew past Rose; she could smell the rich, heady smell of cinnamon buns. She could almost taste them, melting on her tongue like a snowflake hitting a warm pan. She found herself breathing shallowly so as not to make her greasy stomach lurch anymore than it already did. On top of that, petrol fumes filled the air and created a sort of smog which formed a thick blanket around the doings of people going about their business. Hunger gnawed suddenly at her insides, yet she dared not spend any of her precious coin on food.

Rose ambled aimlessly over to a store filled with books - all kinds of books. Marshall Book House, NYC, the facade read. One well-thumbed book caught her inquisitive eye: a book of sign language. Huh, she thought, I've not heard of that before. She picked it up and read the first page:

'Deaf people of the world,' Rose paused. She hated that word. It reminded her of the fact she wasn't part of the general populace. 'In this book you will find a revelation. It will help you to communicate with the rest of the world, deaf or hearing.' Gasping, she fumbled and very nearly dropped the book. 'Could it really be? How on Earth would such a fantastical notion possibly work?'

Rose turned to leave, but decided to put the book down first. Stealing, she knew, was wrong. Her attention turned back to admiring the sights.



## KS2 Exercise 2 Pupil A Piece C – a leaflet

Context: As part of their work on 'Wonderstruck' by Brian Selznick, pupils were asked to produce a leaflet designed to promote the attractions of the American Museum of Natural History to potential visitors. Pupils drew on their own research as well as knowledge of the text and previous learning about persuasive writing.



*The hall of Alaskan mammals*

Come one, come all, to the incredible high arched halls of the American Museum of Natural History! Considered by many as the pride and joy of the United States, the wonder-filled exhibits are sure to entice people world-wide – young and old alike will see their history alive. Adventure awaits you...

Founded in 1869 by Albert Smith Bickmore, the museum has survived two world wars and countless rebuilds. At first, the visits went on show in the Central Park Arsenal building, on the eastern side of the park, but by 1872 the museum had vastly outgrown its site and was forced to purchase a new space on Manhattan Square. By then, Robert L. Stuart had become its president.

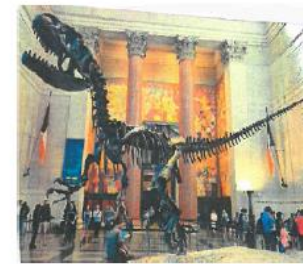
All functioned quietly until 1881, when Morris K. Jesup (the new museum president) launched it into a 'golden age of exploration' which would continue into the 1930's. Linked to this are a number of known expeditions: discovering the North Pole; surveying uncharted territory in Siberia; negotiating Outer Mongolia; walking the Great Gobi; and braving the thickest jungles of the Congo. Explorers managed to travel to every continent – a feat seen as nothing less than heroic in those days.

### THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

From 1897 – 1902, a man named Boas organised the Jesup North Pacific expeditions. These trips provided the most detailed records of life at that time, and the culture of the people there. To this day, they are unequalled. Satisfied with his work, Boas left his position at the museum in 1906, and in 1908 Morris K. Jesup died and Henry Fairfield Osborn was appointed president.



Perhaps what really set the museum's popularity with the general public was when, in 1926, a huge gift of Indian mammals arrived and work began designing a suitable exhibit space for them to inhabit. In 1930, the Hall of Indian Mammals opened to showcase these exotic creatures. Five years later, the Hall of Ocean Life opened, as well as the Hayden Planetarium (both of which can still be visited today). Since then, many more exhibits have been added, and there have been major renovations with some still planned for the future.





**Our must-see exhibits:**

Some of our popular, highly recommended exhibit include...

- Mummies – you can view real Egyptian Mummies, listen to talks or take a guided tour.
- i Cuba! Celebrate Cuba’s diverse tradition and ethnicity.
- Frogs: a chorus of colours – this exhibition includes examples of a variety of species around the world.
- The Butterfly Conservatory – immerse yourself in a stunning world filled with a range of live, flitting colours.
- The Power of Poison – this former restricted exhibit is now open to the public.
- Lonesome George – learn about the planet’s endangered plants and animals: includes Saturday talks and shows.
- Dinosaurs Among Us – the must-see exhibition, voted number 1 on Trip Advisor.
- The Kazanjian red diamond – this amazing gemstone can only be viewed by advance booking due to security risks.

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**Costs / ticket options:**

General admission – Adult \$22

Children under 12 - \$12.50

Senior / Student - \$17

Supersaver admission (special exhibitions included)

Adult - \$35

Children under 12 \$22

Senior / Student \$28

Visit our website to purchase a family pass (only available online).

**Amenities:**

Restaurant and café

Kids club

Gift and souvenir shop

Toilets (including disabled)

Library

Meeting room

Research facilities

Subway stop outside

Easy access for all



## KS2 Exercise 2 Pupil A Piece D – a first-person narrative

Context: As part of their work on 'Wonderstruck' by Brian Selznick, pupils were asked to recreate a section of the narrative through the eyes of Ben's cousin, Robby, capturing his perspective of the scene where Ben sees a light in his old house and goes to investigate.

Today has been a weird day. Even as I sit here, trying to remember all the odd things that have gone on, I'm still not sure of anything. I've damned all anything!

It all started at around midnight when I saw Ben standing at the window, ~~muttering~~ <sup>muttering</sup> to himself. He ~~really~~ <sup>isn't</sup> all ~~there~~ <sup>there</sup> - yet I have to share a room with him! But anyway, from behind him I could see the flash of a light which I realised was a shooting star. He was <sup>actually</sup> making a wish <sup>in a star</sup> - and only babies do that!

He must have had a feeling I was watching him because he whipped round, his eyes narrowed into <sup>little</sup> slits. But I held my breath, careful not to make a sound. Down the ~~steps~~ <sup>crept</sup> steps into the garden he ~~went~~ <sup>crept</sup>, dressing gown billowing behind him in the wind. Once I was sure he was gone, I tiptoed to the window and peered out. A light. The light from his ~~mom~~ Auntie Coral's house. It glowed invitingly in the distance, a beacon penetrating the cool night sky. He'd seen it, and I knew that was what had set him off. God lord knows, that was odd enough, maybe even spooky. Or it would have been; was I some Grade-A wimp like him?

I don't really remember too well what happened next, but I, in short, was down the steps, out of the house and off into the night. Arriving at the house, I took a gulp of air and checked the trail behind me. If Mum or Dad caught me, I'd be dead! The front door was steadfastly locked and remained that way,



even when I shoved into it hard. So I tried the bolt. Miraculously, Ben had been stupid enough to leave it slightly ajar, <sup>letting</sup> ~~enabling~~ me to slip in unnoticed.

The kitchen was a mess, although the mad old cow had always left it that way. Once a useless dreamer, always a useless dreamer. The coke jar still had the lid off it; the drawers, completely unorganised, were all open crookedly. I caught a glimpse of Ben: he was standing in front of the bedroom door, not quite having to push it open. I sprung behind the cabinet, not wanting him to be disturbed. Hah, well I guess I really wanted to see him being a nutcase so I could expose him... Close enough, right?

I heard ~~Major Tom~~ the tinny sounding radio belling softly.

"Ground control to Major Tom, to Major Tom. Your circuit's broken and you're holding on... It came filling the kitchen eerily. For the first time, I wondered who was in the house beside me and Ben. I shook the fear off, and followed my prey like a hawk might a mouse. By now he had pushed open the door. I crept right up, hidden by the sharp turn in the corridor. It was Janet! She stood with her back to the door, cigarette drooping from her lip between her fingers. She was gently swaying to the music, one of Auntie Coral's skirts trailing round her ankles. She looked a right sight! She turned to see Ben, and broke down into tears of sorrow and anguish.



Sitting, she pleaded with Ben not to tell her parents. She collapsed onto the bed, unaware of entirely of my presence. Ben stood there, his mouth opening and closing wordlessly like a goldfish.

"Janet, why?" he asked. Janet didn't answer, beyond capability of coherent speech. I very nearly snorted with laughter, but I just about restrained myself.

Ben sat down on the bed. Not quite being able to bring himself to comfort her. I'd always hated the way they acted together, all cosy and happy, more like brother and sister than cousins. Janet never bothers with me, and yet if Ben asked her for a pet donkey, I'm 99% sure she'd buy him one.

And then I saw it. The "Raining Day" fund. By that point the Janet had prepared herself for a barrage of questions, but still Ben said nothing. Oh, how my fingers itched for that tin full of money made worse by the fact Janet offered it across to Ben, telling him to take it! (It was by rights his, and I know I sure as hell would've taken it, had I been in his shoes!

"Um, I'll change in the bathroom." Janet said, ripping me from my daydream. I knew I had to escape fast!

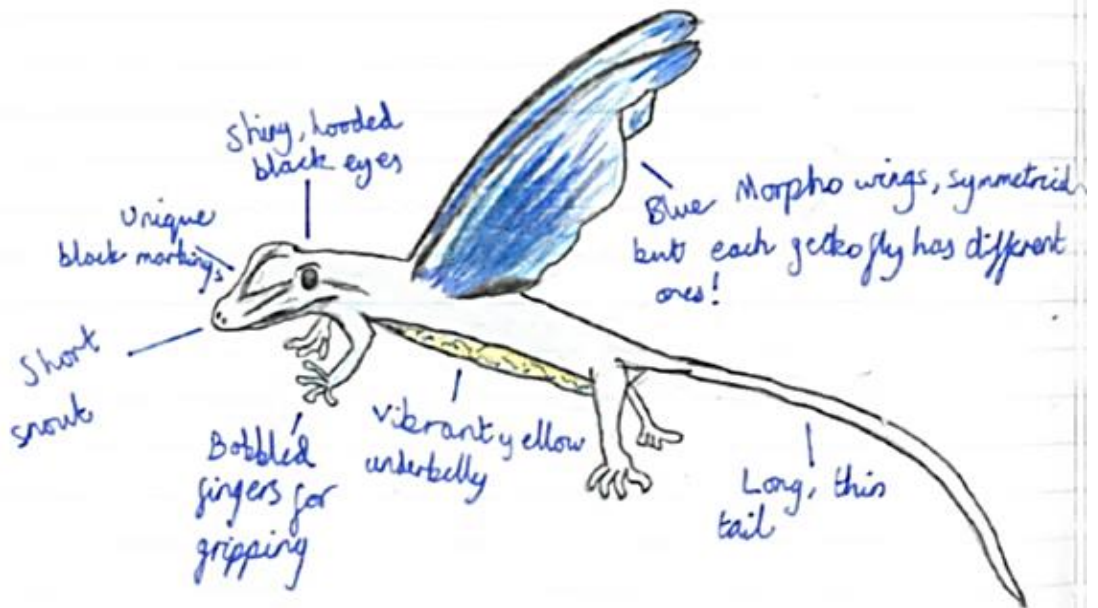


## KS2 Exercise 2 Pupil A Piece E – an information text

Context: As part of their science work on living things and their habitats, pupils were asked to invent a rare, fictitious species of creature. Having revisited the features of non-chronological texts, they then produced an information text for the school website to convince readers of their creature's authenticity.

### My animal

Common name: Geckofly  
Scientific name: Hemidactylus Rhopalozera  
Domain: Eukarya  
Kingdom: Animalia  
Phylum: Chordata  
Class: Insecta  
Order: Squamata Lepidoptera  
Family: Nymphalidae Ixophaledon  
Genus: Vanessa Gekko  
Species: ~~Lydgo~~ Lygodactylus Atlanta



Habitat: The Geckofly is very rare, living only in the rainforests of deepest Mexico, Honduras, Belize and the Amazon. It chooses often to live in hollowed out trees or tree branches <sup>which</sup> have been left behind by migrating birds, but some individuals spend their entire lives flitting from tree canopy to tree canopy.

Feeding habits: It feeds at dawn and dusk on

nectar and bee fruits, or if times are tough, tree sap from fruitless trees.

Reproducing: Geckoflies are asexual, so they can fertilise their own eggs. Approximately 30 eggs are laid ~~at~~ <sup>say</sup> in each litter, but unfortunately up to half of these may be eaten by <sup>scavenging</sup> predators like rats or birds. Parents lay their eggs, and, unusually, then fly off and leave them for good. This is why they are so vulnerable to predators.

Foragers: As they are able to fly, adults are not known to have any predators. However, the eggs are extremely at risk, so only around half actually make it to adulthood.

Fun fact: Geckoflies sleep cocooned in their wings! It makes them feel secure, keeps them warm and can fool most night-time predators. They then wrap their tails around a thin branch and hang there while they sleep!



## KS2 Exercise 2 Pupil B Piece A – a set of instructions

Context: As part of their work on myths and legends, pupils invented their own mythical creature and selected the form of writing they wished to use to portray it. The pupil chose to write a set of instructions which would help the creature to find a partner.

### How to attract a female Unicorn

Are you planning a <sup>romantic</sup> dinner date for two but haven't yet found the perfect partner? Then don't hold back. Today is the day of all days that will put a <sup>magnificent</sup> smile on your face. This set of easy step-by-step instructions will lead you to a wonderful life which lies ahead of you.

### What you will need:

- A wide space in the open (which is surrounded by most of the resources needed).
  - 4 ripened drumstick trees - these will build the outline of your construction.
  - A white chocolate river glowing around the structure area.
  - A blinding glow in your horn.
  - An illuminous rainbow.
  - Patience.
  - Passion.
1. To begin with, discover a wide open space in the village; this <sup>will</sup> means that there will be more females around to attract.
  2. Making sure not to damage the nature around, construct the stage by putting two pairs of ripened drumstick trees into the format of a square, remembering to put the ends facing each other.

3. Now that the structure has been built, patiently linger for a female to spot the structure and fly over; warning this process could take up to 7-8 weeks or eight weeks.
4. Once a Unicornz has arrived, let out a blinding glow of light; this is an extra part that was added to the tradition because it should gradually make her like what she is seeing more.
5. As soon as the cotton candy clouds have covered the sun, gesture to the guest with a heart warming smile; this will stop the visitors attention from getting diverted.
6. Standing outside the structure, beckon the beautiful Unicornz towards it; so that she has a better view of how divine the performance will be.
7. Then, pose in front of the special guest (for example: place one hand in front of her and blow a kiss); this is the warm up before the big show.
8. A wave that the construction is fragile, illuminate the sky with the bright multicolored rainbow hidden inside; then wait for the female to make her decision.

We hope you enjoyed (very much) searching for a partner and that you lead a good life. Remember you could be the Unicornz that's instructing someone else how to find a partner.



## KS2 Exercise 2 Pupil B Piece B – a story

Context: Pupils were given the task of writing a short story based on an everyday errand. Planning time was provided to consider the types of errand they might be asked to undertake, and the possible dilemmas they might face.

### A Lucky Escape

"Clover!" screeched Paige - her mother - from downstairs in the kitchen cooking home-made chicken nuggets. "I need you down here now!"

Clover froze for a few seconds trying to make out what her mum had just shouted before rapidly racing down the stairs, up the corridor and into the kitchen.

"Yes Mum?"

Her mum looked flustered. "I need you to go straight to 'Sweets Treats' shop across the beach. Gran's coming for lunch and I need to bake a cake. We need eggs, flour, milk and icing sugar."

"And I can get everything I need for my sleepover," said Clover.

"You'll have to get some money from your dad," said Mum. "And hurry up please," she moaned. "No fussing, no daydreaming and no stopping to watch crabs walk back and forth!" exclaimed her mum, doubting what she had said would even pass through Clover's brain. "Straight there and straight back, OK!"

"OK," responded Clover.

Clover daintily jogged up the stairs, put a change of clothes on and picked up her toy shark that she had had since she was born. For the third time in less than an hour, she scampered back down the stairs and into the living room where her dad was watching football.

Greedily, she grabbed the ten pound note - given to her by her dad - and sprinted outside into the open, where the air was fresh and salty.

Clover stared at the scenery she saw every day and realised just how fortunate she was. There was the aqua-marine ocean that

glistened in the rays of sunlight. There were also the glorious pinky-peach sunsets she watched in the evenings out of the balcony doors in her bedroom. Lastly, there were the shops, owned by the most lovely people in the world, that gathered around the beach in the shape of a horse shoe.

As she walked further up the beach, she stopped to listen to the waves wash up on the shore. It reminded her of the time she watched all these different animals swim in the aquarium: whales, dolphins, seals, stingrays and many more. Clover joyfully skipped over to the sea and dipped her feet into the still, salty water - however, the smile on her face soon turned into a frown. She felt a sudden pinch of pain on her toe.

"Ow!" she squealed, pushing her legs out of the water. It was a crab which dizzily drifted away, side to side, on the sand in the sun.

Suddenly, a pair of grey clouds floated above her. Walking beside the sea, she felt something grab onto her ankle. It was a slimy, sticky scarlet creature. An octopus! "What shall I do?" gasped Clover. Then she remembered from her science lesson that octopus were scared of sharks. She frantically grabbed at her pocket and took out her toy shark. Then, she stuck it out in front of her. Squeezing her eyes shut, she squished the toy which let out a powerful gust of wind. The octopus lay in the bed of water and whimpered. Clover ran away as fast as she could, towards the shop.

"Where have you been?" asked Paige with a frown on her face. "I thought I said no day dreaming and watching the crabs walk back and forth."

Clover gave her mum the shopping. "I had a lucky escape!" she said happily.



## KS2 Exercise 2 Pupil B Piece C – an informative article

Context: As part of their science work on animals and their environment, pupils researched a creature of their choice. Having revisited the features of non-chronological texts, they then produced an informative article suitable for inclusion in a year 6 class science journal.

A howler is the formal name of the Howler Monkey. This species was discovered by Arabella Whitcomb in 1872 on the coast of Madagascar (a country full of rainforests and greenery). Many people believe that howler monkeys are dangerous. However, they won't harm anyone in any sort of way because of their shy personalities towards humans.

### Appearance

Scientists believe that they are approximately twenty-two to thirty-six inches tall; they weigh around 15-22 lbs, and have a long flexible tail that helps them balance. Those that have claimed to have ~~claimed~~ caught a glimpse of this animal say that they have wide gaping mouths. Once they reach maturity, their eyes become a deeper black midnight-black with the young and their nose forms a button shape. In addition to this, their fur is as soft as silk but ingested with miniature creatures. One may think they all have the same skin colour however that is not the case: they have many skin colours such as golden-tan, black, and snow white.

## Diet

Their most preferred goods are fruits and plants (like: lime-green canopy leaves, ripe mangoes, ivory-white coconut milk, bananas that are golden and many more). Common sense would predict that these mammals are omnivores. They frequently raid birds' nests and chicken coops for the eggs, in the dense rainforests and jungles. Predators of the howler monkey are jaguars, snakes and birds.

## Behaviour

It is possible that the howler monkeys have had to adapt to the environment they live in today. Travelling in troops is a habit they have. Fascinatingly, they communicate by different pitched sounds. There are over 50 species of monkey and the howler monkey is one of them. They have mostly been sighted by tourists visiting the area.

Many naturalists consider the howler monkey as an intriguing warm-blooded animal that is endangered because of the increasing amount of deforestation happening across its territory.



## KS2 Exercise 2 Pupil B Piece D – a narrative

Context: As part of their work on Shakespeare, pupils explored the main events in 'Macbeth', acting out the scene in which Lady Macbeth persuades her husband to kill Duncan. Pupils then wrote a narrative based on the scene, with a focus on character and atmosphere.

~~from here~~ Night fall was slowly casting over the once aqua-marine sky above the scenery below. What a spectacular sight! Out of knowhere, a midnight-black bat speedily flew through the night (as gracefully as a hawk) loudly shrieking, making sure it dodged every obstacle and not foolishly crashing. A still breeze glouted about the air and although it was getting dark, a miniature ray of light just about pushed through the dark, heavy clouds. The tranquil silence was broken only by squawking.

~~from here~~ In a grey castle plotted in the middle of knowhere, stood Macbeth - ~~was~~ a handsome knight wearing the clothing he wore when he first met the three ghastly hag sisters not long ago: his shimmering armour - nobly built by the fellow citizens of Glamis; his pure silver helmet which shimmered in the sun's rays, molded by some hardworking factory workers situated in the east of Scotland; and his metal shoes - mudstained since he ~~was~~ had been sprinting about in the heath.

He was accompanied by Lady Macbeth who was currently in her bed time attire: a long baby-blue gown - which fell to the ground in ribbons; her scarlet slippers as pluggy as a cat newly bought pillow; and her hair tied up in a professional professional bun. They were loudly arguing in a dim-lit room surrounded by stone-cold walls. What were they arguing about?

"I shan't do this terrible deed!" exclaimed Macbeth with his temper rapidly rising higher and higher every second.  
"If you were a man, you'd be fearless!" Lady Macbeth answered practically pulling her own hair out. Suddenly, Lady Macbeth pulled out two glistening daggers and slyly placed them in front of Macbeth.  
"Is this a dagger I see before my eyes?" questioned Macbeth - stealing glances of the dagger which lay before him.

A number of thoughts rapidly raced through his mind; Should I or should I not? He began questioning his own thoughts. "I shall do it!" he eventually spluttered looking as pale as snow.

Lady Macbeth was exhausted after encouraging, motivating and forcing Macbeth to kill King Duncan. Hush fell upon the land once again.



## KS2 Exercise 2 Pupil B Piece E – a letter

Context: As part of their work on Shakespeare, pupils explored the ongoing feud between the Capulets and the Montagues before considering what might have happened if they had been persuaded to make their peace. As part of this process, pupils wrote an imaginary letter from Lady Montague, in an attempt to persuade Lady Capulet that a marriage between Romeo and Juliet might be a means of uniting the two households.

Dear Lady Capulet,

I am writing to you about my son and your daughter's relationship. My husband, Lord Montague, and I, think it a marvellous suggestion for Romeo and Juliet to get married - since they love each other. Romeo is always mourning about how much he adores Juliet.

We know that for many years we have had fights and arguments but this maybe an opportunity to turn these bad situations and our history around.

There are many similarities between our two families which we think you may not have recognised yet. We're all people/human beings who live in the same location (Verona) under the same authority - Escalus

Here are just a few reasons why Romeo and Juliet should get married and how Romeo is indeed a good person.

Romeo is courageous and for an infinite number of years would defend Juliet. One piece of evidence is that he killed Tybalt, Juliet's cousin, only because Mercutio had a sword brutally plunged into his stomach by Tybalt. Poor Mercutio and Tybalt; may God bless them.

Loyal is another specific word to describe Romeo's humorous but sensible personality.

Never would Romeo ever leave your angel-like daughter. I assure you that he'd forever more stand by her side.

Another benefit of Romeo and Juliet's marriage would be more wealth and power. You will obviously get a share of the money - which gives you more power than you already have!

You do want Juliet to be happy, healthy and lively, as always, and to live a memorable life, don't you? Just remember - Lady Capulet - what we did when we were young; remember when the window was accidentally broken by the two of us.

We hope you make a good choice. Please write back to me so that I may have the honour to tell Romeo the good news we hope for.

We will wait as long as it takes to receive the final answer.

Yours Sincerely

Lady Montague



## KS2 Exercise 2 Pupil C Piece A – a fictional journal

Context: Following a class reading of 'The Midnight Fox' by Betsy Byars, pupils explored the character of Tom through discussion and role play. They then wrote a number of journal entries, incorporating correspondence between Tom and his parents, and with his friend, Petie Burkis, as well as a short piece written from the perspective of the fox. The journal excerpts are from 26<sup>th</sup> May to 15<sup>th</sup> June.

Friday 26<sup>th</sup> May.

The dismal days of boredom were thick with tedium, so slow, so dull, that everything seemed to be moving in slow motion. All I did was sit, sit and sit on the hill until I kicked off my boots and stormed off to find something else to do other than fiddling with grass or continually unhooking the end of a rope swing with a stick. Everything would only last half an hour before it was spilt, destroyed or became boring.

At dinner, Aunt Mille found me fidgeting with my fork, which was wrapped in soggy spaghetti, when everyone else had wolfed it down, no matter how sodden the meat was. I saw her staring and shoved the soaked spaghetti in my mouth, burning my tongue on the hot sauce. I rushed everything else.

Lying in bed, I saw an eye peering through the crack between the wall and door, and at once I knew it was Aunt Mille, waiting for me to climb out of the window and ascend the tree. I did nothing of the sort.

X Saturday 27<sup>th</sup> May

Remembered at last. A short, 'intriguing' X postcard from my 'living' parents arrived.

Still cycling through Cornwall - quick break for lunch. Nowhere near sold meat pasties; had to go vegetarian.

Tomorrow - cycle to London. 'Oh, we do like to be beside the seaside!'

Wish you were here.

Mom and Dad x 😊

785



Tom Felton

U23 785

Hill Farm

Wyoming

USA

Saturday 27th May

A letter from Pete Burkis arrived later today, but I had to wait because several angry geese were wandering about. I ~~strongly~~ threw my lunch of pimento cheese sandwiches to distract them and dived into and read the letter. I read:

Dear Tom,

Without you most things (correction: all things) have turned boring.

I've had to turn to baking as a result, and my mom made me make dinner all on my own while they watched TV on the sofa. My mom helped me make a lemon meringue pie yesterday; Mom did the meringue part. And do you know what happened to me? Well, read this:

### BOY NEARLY DROWNS IN MERINGUE MIX

Noon yesterday, baking professional, Pete Burkis, became a live snowman when, laughing evilly, his mother tipped non-stiff peaks of meringue mix over his head. The dessert-covered boy cleaned up the mess without complaint.

Nothing else really happened.

Please write to me soon.

Pete

Monday 29th May

I had to write letters today: Aunt Mille said it would be rude not to reply. Here's what I wrote:



Dear Mother and Father,

Life on a farm is more enjoyable every day - I was obviously wrong about my thoughts of not having fun.

Aunt Mille makes heavenly spaghetti; they are as wet as I like them. The sauce is divine - packed full of chili; it warms me up after my cold swims in the pond with Uncle Fred.

Feeding the geese and ducks is a glorious job - they splash about wildly, and I enjoy joining them. Only you being here would improve this ~~uninteresting~~ lifestyle.

fascinating

I made a lemon meringue pie with Aunt Mille yesterday; the test to see if it was ~~stiff~~ worked beautifully. Her lemon-drizzle cakes are so sweet - sweeter than a lemon.

... bag full of sugar.

I hope you are having a wonderful time in London; the meat pasties are everywhere, I'm sure.

Your loving son,

Tom

After the 'interesting and enjoyable' write to Sam and Barbara, I can now write to the person I actually want to write to: Pete.

Pete,

- If you want to know how bored I am, these are the activities I get up to:
- making leaf-boats
  - fiddling with grass
  - talking to ... the worms
  - and running from beasts (geese and cows).

I would love to make a meringue pie; a change from Aunt Millie's cooking would be divine. There are no shops to buy food nearby. A Pease Butter Special would be gone in 2 minutes if I saw one; how hungry I am after eating a minuscule teaspoon of a meal a day. Being covered in meringue mix would at least enlighten my mood.

Write back to me soon,

Tom.

Then there was a ~~spot~~ squeal. I dropped my pen in shock and lifted my head up to face a glossy, black fur coat belonging to a fox with bright, green eyes. I didn't move. The squealing stopped. A dead mouse was caged between the jaws of the fox, which turned its dark head to look at me. For a moment its eyes and mine were interlocked in a penetrating stare. Then, it jumped in the air and ran away to the dark, shadowy forest. My mood suddenly lightened.

Wednesday 15th June.

The smell of cooked venison hung in the air, scenting the whole woods with its smoky aroma. ~~It~~ She opened her watering mouth, strings of saliva between her jaws snapping as she did so. A loud yawn echoed through the woodland. ~~Here~~ Her eyes stared at the lump of sizzling meat that was sizzling in the fox with a lump of butter. Whenever she had the chance, she would take anything that was cooked and cut ready for her. It was just so, so easy. She ~~creaked~~ <sup>stepped</sup> out from the borders of the forest and leapt over the law fence. Easy. She passed through the open doorway. Easy. The now scorched meat was plucked on ~~to~~ the middle of a large table presently, after being removed from the heated pan. She jumped up onto the a chair surrounding the table, using it as a step-up. The fox sniffed the meat that now lay before her. It smells of thick, oozy gravy. It was luxury. luxury.



## KS2 Exercise 2 Pupil C Piece B – a narrative

Context: Having read and discussed 'How the Whale Became' by Ted Hughes, pupils planned and wrote their own creation myth, based on a creature of their choice.

### Why Bear Behaves As He Does

It was a warm, crisp, autumn day and under a pile of golden leaves lay Bare. He was called Bare because he was bare and had no fur, no coat, nor any feather upon his wrinkled, pink, sagging skin.

He ate tons of meat that once belonged to the inhabitants of the forest – but no more: their bones lay scattered, gnawed down to the very marrow, satisfying Bare, the carnivore. He lived the luxurious life of a savage king, and then slept, plump, through the winter. Through the spring and summer, the beast ate and ate until only a few animals remained: every evening they cowered, watching him lick the blood from his paws, plotting a way to be rid of him.

One day, the Man of the West, Lord of Men, visited the forest at early morning, with a bow in his rough hand, wrapped in a coat of fur. The woodland was quiet, seemingly abandoned, with not one animal in sight. Perplexed by the absence of bird-song and wildlife, he began a brief search for the dwellers of the wood and very soon he met the animals who sat – moaning and scheming desperately – on the soft, forest floor.

“Whatever is the matter?” cried the man.

The snake hushed him at once, bothered and vexed by the disturbance and disruption, before carrying on plotting.

The man repeated his question, this time louder and with an edge of frustration in his tone – he did not like to be ‘hushed’, especially by a serpent.

The rabbit exclaimed, with a hint of annoyance in his voice, “What a hindrance! There is a plump, bare Bare that is eating everyone, and just relaxes. Now leave us alone so that we might think on our cunning and dastardly deeds on how we might best be rid of him, or soon he shall eat us all.”

Although he was reluctant to help such rude creatures, the Man of the West could tell that this was a problem that, if not solved, would turn into a disaster: a wood without anyone to live in it.

As it began to grow cold, the man pulled his coat around his shoulders to warm him – at the same time, an idea began to form in his mind. The man sat, with his chin in his hand, and thought hard; as the man thought, he smiled and then snuck away to Bare’s lair.

Soon enough, he found the portly Bare who lay licking the blood from his paws; he was easy to find: the Lord of Men just followed the yawning and burping of the meat-eater – a noise so deafening that it seemed to have woken the forest from its silent slumber. Now its breath rushed through the forest; a cold, unsettling breeze had begun to whistle through the leaves, making the man, even though covered in wolf-hide, shiver, goosebumps prickling him all over the arms that were exposed to the icy wind. Or maybe it was just the sight of Bare that chilled him as he watched him chew a recently deceased rabbit to pieces, spurting blood as the dagger-like teeth clamped shut.

Using all his courage, the man filled his coat quickly with pigeon feathers, approached Bare and then said, “It is very cold today, is it not?”

“Yes, it’s making my insides freeze,” Bare retorted, before burping rudely. He had not enjoyed the taste of man flesh for many years; it would make a pleasant change from rodents and forest vermin, he thought to himself greedily.

"I shall lend you my coat of fur, if you wish, as I assume it will be the perfect size," the man said, slyly.

Bare snatched the coat and slipped it on. Almost at once the feathers began to tickle, giving him a vexing itch. He heaved his huge body as fast as he could – which was not very fast, packed as he was with the meat of many animals, including the rabbit that he had not yet finished digesting – to a tree and rubbed and rubbed and rubbed his back, but that made it itch more. So, he rubbed harder and harder, but it refused to stop itching.

Meanwhile, the man walked off, laughing at his deceiving trick, heading back towards the gathering of animals.

When he arrived, he told of his trickery and deception to the group of woodland creatures, and the animals cheered and celebrated with a great feast where they ate until they were almost as fat as Bare, filling their stomachs with vegetables.

But Fish was not pleased – he felt sorry for Bare – so he swam down the stream to the suffering beast. He came to a large, shallow pool, surrounded by tall birch trees. Calling to Bare, Fish splashed and cried out:

"Come on in, it will stop the itching!"

Wading into the water, Bare submerged his burning bulk and instantly the itching stopped. With joy, he splashed the water over his back, allowing the cool liquid to trickle over his fur, refreshing him and soothing the wrinkled and itchy skin underneath the fur that was now soaked with icy water. Roaring with contentment, the relieved creature splashed more onto his sore and raw flanks. In a few minutes, there was little water left in the pool. But as he turned to thank Fish, an idea suddenly occurred to him. Fish was leaping about in the water shouting "STOP, STOP!" He was completely vulnerable.

"What an awfully clever fish. If you would hop into my mouth, I shall carry you into deeper water as a sign of my thanks," Bare grinned.

The flattered fish, blushing bright red, leapt into Bare's mouth, then gaped in horror, as the jaws of Bare closed behind him. Giggling and hiccupping, Bare simpered, "Oh, I'm awfully sorry to have eaten you, my mouth just closed suddenly."

The succulent meat was hardly chewed, but swallowed down in one by the large Bare who finished his meal with a loud burp.

Crawling out of the water, he then slept, the taste of blood on his tongue as he dribbled.

When he awoke, his skin was all itchy again. So, once more, he waded into the pool, soaking his flanks.

But when the fur dried off again, his skin became itchy again. So Bare, beginning to feel irritated, soaked his flanks for the final time and slept through the whole winter, so as not to wake to the irritation of the itch.

Now each time he begins to suffer from hunger, he wakes, wades, eats, itches, and then he sleeps once again. So, as to fit him more, the animals changed the spelling of Bear's name to Bear, as he was no longer... bare!



## KS2 Exercise 2 Pupil C Piece C – a newspaper report

Context: Following a theatre workshop on Shakespeare's play, 'The Tempest', pupils drew on their prior learning of the style of newspaper articles, to write a report about the shipwreck featured at the start of the play.

THE DAILY ORBIT		Thursday, 30 <sup>th</sup> March 1623
Reporter I.C.C	<b>SUDDEN SQUALL STRIKES SHIP</b>	
<p>On Wednesday, 29<sup>th</sup> March 1623 a ship, the Mary Anne, was wrecked on the Mediterranean Sea near an unknown, thought-abandoned island off the coast of Italy, holding the King of Naples.</p> <p>Many fear he may be dead, but no one is quite sure what caused the ship to sink in this bizarre event.</p>		
<p>Rumour has spread that this phenomenon was caused by one of two legendary giant, sea octopi, named the Kraken, which was responsible, in myths, for the destruction of ships, dragging sailors to a watery grave. But can this really be true?</p> <p>Weather reporters state that strong winds and torrential rain could have caused a cataclysmic sea storm, raising another possible explanation for the mysterious shipwreck.</p>	<p>Strangely, no other ships in the vicinity were harmed, and the ship itself has not yet been found.</p> <p>Many riches were on board the vessel, totalling to €15 million, leading to a great loss of money for the city of Naples.</p> <p>However, some believe that the king survived the shipwreck, and has taken refuge on a nearby, remote island.</p> <p>Suspicion has been raised that the duke of Milan, Antonio, was also aboard the ship, as he disappeared two days ago, without a trace, also taking all his riches; he too may have been travelling to Naples with the King of the city, Alonso.</p>	
<p>The only persons to witness this catastrophe were local fishermen, some of whom, in a state of shock, were questioned by the police earlier today. One such survivor, Fish Eye, was happy to communicate his feelings to us: "I ain't got any idea 'ow he did it, but someone seemed to be waving a long staff o'er the sea, chanting strange words."</p> <p>To find out more, visit <a href="http://www.orbit@news&amp;co.com">www.orbit@news&amp;co.com</a> and look into our website.</p>	<p><i>Claribel, daughter of the King of Naples, in Tunis after her wedding.</i></p> 	<p>Daughter of the Neopolitan King, Claribel, remains calm, and claims that many of the men on the boat were good swimmers, and may yet have survived the shipwreck.</p> <p>"Unless the ship is found and the mystery becomes clear, no one will sail the Mediterranean waters, for reasons of safety. Anyone who does will be arrested and punished with beheading," she pronounced.</p> <p>Buy Roman grape wine: <i>Ju icy.</i> "Sweet heaven! Or must try this pure gold!" claims Drinkulo.</p>

## KS2 Exercise 2 Pupil C Piece D – a theatre review

Context: As part of their work on Shakespeare, the class went to see the Royal Shakespeare Company's (RSC) production of 'The Tempest' at Stratford-upon-Avon. On their return, they wrote a review of the production.

### A theatre review

The spectacular RSC has struck many people with awe, once again, this Christmas with Shakespeare's thrilling comedy: *The Tempest*.

The director, Gregory Doran, has combined modern-day technology with theatre, transfixing the audience, creating a masterpiece and making a memory they will never forget. From an otherworldly digital Ariel (Mark Quartley) to several black, hell-like illusions, Intel has worked with the theatre, producing one entrancing masquerade. Loud bangs and flashing lights create the picture of the storm, and background scenes form the image of the island.

Shipwrecked, Prospero's brother, who had committed a great crime many years earlier finds himself on a wonderful island, along with King Alonso (James Tucker), his son (Daniel Easton) and two dark drunken sailors. Prospero, played by Simon Russel Beale, is the 'king' of the island, and causes sadness, happiness and drama. The sea was magical. The cracked glass floor made it seem as though the actors were standing on jewels, and light pierced through the glass. The shipwreck was very realistic - it showed what the ship was like and provided bars that allowed the spirits to weave in and out, like gymnasts. They dance and sing, but they are dark and mysterious, with concealing masks, thanks to the make-up artist, Ed Parry.

Overall, all the performances were outstanding, getting the audience on their feet in a standing ovation. The use of language can be hard for young people to understand so I would recommend the play for children aged nine or over.



## KS2 Exercise 2 Pupil C Piece E – a promotional leaflet

Context: Pupils explored the features of persuasive writing, including promotional material from local attractions. They then produced their own leaflet aimed at promoting the attractions of a local farm shop.

### Fabulous Farm Shop

Have you opened your fridge recently to find very little food? Or perhaps you are planning a barbecue? If so, we strongly suggest that you pay a visit to our outstanding farm shop. Selling everything imaginable for your pantry, we stock local, succulent meats; fresh fish, caught in Cornish waters, which we preserve ourselves and over twenty varieties of cheese.

Managed by a third and fourth generation of fishmongers, fish is our speciality. Our range varies from prawns to oysters, from salmon to mackerel. But there is more to us than the delights of the ocean: in addition to our local produce, we sell home-made breads, cakes, and delicious biscuits.



### Incredible Edibles

Whether it's breakfast, lunch or afternoon tea, our farm shop really has it all. Every dish is a success. Just listen to what some of our numerous happy customers have to say:

*"Good service, great food – what's not to like?"* (Vicky)

*"Each dish caters for every appetite – heavenly!"* (Kim and Max)

### Breakfast

- Muesli made to our own secret recipe, with yoghurt and fruit compote
- Two rounds of toast with jam or marmalade
- Croissants with butter and jam
- A sizzling organic bacon or sausage sandwich



### Lunch

- Soup of the day with crusty bread
- Flaked hot smoked salmon on orzo pasta, served with a courgette ribbon salad and lemon crème fraiche dressing
- Our own home-cured honey roast ham accompanied by buttered new potatoes, coleslaw and salad
- Organic free-range chicken caesar salad – for the health conscious visitor



### Tempting teas

Why not conclude your visit with afternoon tea? This customer favourite is served with scrumptious clotted cream, jam and scones – all placed on top of a tiered cake stand – and sandwiches accompanied by a pot of tea of your choice. Other choices include...

- Toasted teacake and butter
- Mini fruit scones
- Pot of tea for one with two crumpets, butter and jam
- Pot of tea for one with a slice of home-made tea bread with butter and jam
- Scones and butter (cream and jam optional)



### Gorgeous Gardens

Take a step forward into a beautiful world, surrounded by roses, creepers and flowers. A large variety of plants is grown in our gardens, some of which can be purchased from the garden shop. Why not brighten up your home with our stunning selection of cut flowers, or put on your green fingers and plant some of our wide selection of unusual trees and shrubs.



Located within the gardens you will find the bird-hide. With over 40 species of birds, it provides a wonderful opportunity for children and nature-watchers alike. You might also spot fallow deer (which come to feed up to four times a day), as well as squirrels and, if you are lucky, the rare sight of a fox or muntjac deer.

### A – Maize - ing Maze

Do you enjoy exploring? Then the maize maze is for you. With over one hundred heads of sweetcorn, it is a colossal labyrinth. Get to the centre of the maze, take a token, and there may be a chocolate treat waiting for you at the end. But do not worry if you get lost: we have developed a few different routes that lead to the borders of the maze: simply walk out of it and follow the arrows which will take you back to the entrance.



### Something for everyone

We pride ourselves on catering for everyone, young and old. A visit to the farm shop is a great day out for all the family!



