Pupil B

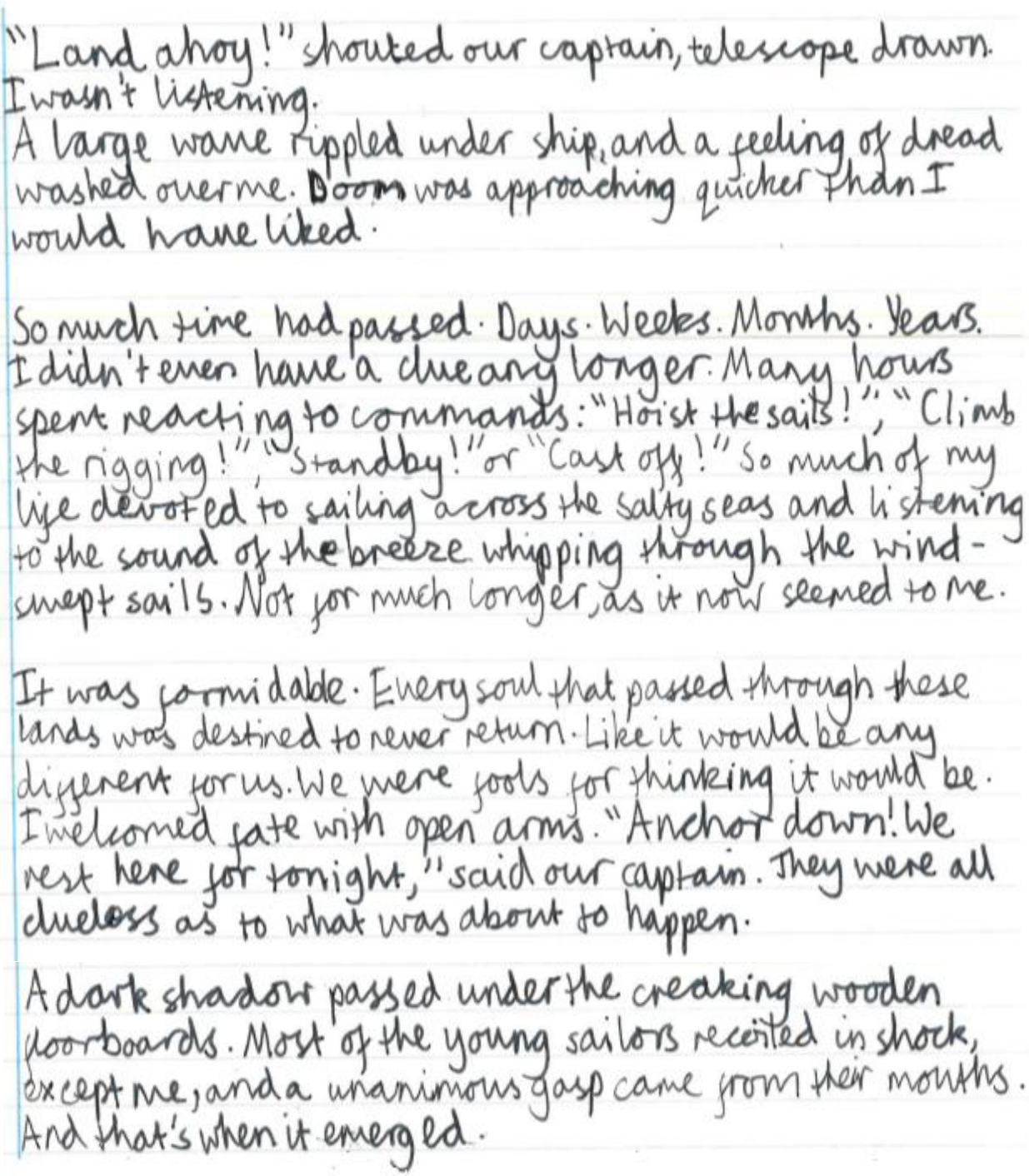
This collection includes:

A) a short narrative
B) a discursive report
C) a formal letter
D) a narrative
E) a persuasive speech
F) a short narrative including dialogue

Key stage 2

Pupil B – Piece A: a short narrative

Context: as part of their topic on oceans and sea voyages, pupils were presented with a black and white illustration of a ‘sea monster’ approaching a ship as a writing stimulus.



"Land ahoy!" shouted our captain, telescope drawn. I wasn't listening.
A large wave rippled under ship, and a feeling of dread washed over me. Doom was approaching quicker than I would have liked.

So much time had passed. Days. Weeks. Months. Years. I didn't even have a clue any longer. Many hours spent reacting to commands: "Hoist the sails!", "Climb the rigging!", "Standby!" or "Cast off!" So much of my life devoted to sailing across the salty seas and listening to the sound of the breeze whipping through the wind-swept sails. Not for much longer, as it now seemed to me.

It was formidable. Every soul that passed through these lands was destined to never return. Like it would be any different for us. We were fools for thinking it would be. I welcomed fate with open arms. "Anchor down! We rest here for tonight," said our captain. They were all clueless as to what was about to happen.

A dark shadow passed under the creaking wooden floorboards. Most of the young sailors recoiled in shock, except me, and a unanimous gasp came from their mouths. And that's when it emerged.

A metal monster, the size of ten ships, rose from the watery depths, its blinding blue eyes piercing into all who dared to look too deep. Wires as long as rivers snaked all over its body, created purely of metal, heartless, soulless, yet still alive. "Prepare for battle! Ready your weapons!" We were too late. Was I dreaming? Hallucinating? Was this real? Was this the end? My question was answered as the last thing I saw was a metal hand swooping down, stealing all life from me.

Darkness. Doom. Death.

Key stage 2

Pupil B – Piece B: a discursive report

Context: as part of their studies on oceans and sea voyages, pupils chose to explore the Bermuda Triangle. They carried out independent research and wrote up their findings.



What lies in the depths of the Bermuda Triangle?

Lives lost. Ships and planes vanished into thin air. The disappearances of the Bermuda Triangle have perplexed humans for generations. Flight 19. How can 5 U.S. fighter planes and its rescue team disappear, no trace of where they went? The U.S.S. Cyclops. A massive ship and the 309 men aboard gone, no debris left, no nothing. What forces are at work in the perishable outskirts of Bermuda, Puerto Rico and Miami? Its history is one of the most sinister mysteries today; what dwells in the darkness of the seabed? Hundreds of theories, but no definite answer... Will we ever find out?

Some may say that this unfathomable mystery is thanks to the work of a monster. The Lusca, said to dwell in the deepest, darkest crevices of the sea, down blue holes and where the sun doesn't shine, could be the ultimate answer to this baffling mystery. Just off the coast of the Bahamas, it devours its unsuspecting prey and is gone in an instant. But is this the most logical explanation?

On the other hand, scientists argue that a more plausible reason is methane hydrate. Methane eruptions - also known as mud volcanoes - are explosions of frothy water that are extremely rapid, providing inadequate buoyancy for ships, and, as a result, causing them to sink; furthermore, this theory is still not proven to be true. What is something slightly less likely (yet still perfectly competent of happening) as the real reason?

Other people claim that a potential conclusion is time warps. Commonly known as time travel, this far-fetched theory unbelievably does have multiple pieces of evidence to

back it up. A man took off in his plane, ~~being~~ engulfed in a gigantic cloud of fog. Minutes later, the radar from the air tower read that he had gone 100 miles away. He insists that he woke up on a beach nowhere near where he was flying, and unless he flew at an incredibly high speed and crashed, we have to assume he was telling the truth.

It could be argued that one of the most comprehendable theories is electromagnetic pull. In this area of the sea, it is phenomonally strong, and resolves many unsolved problems. Take Christopher Columbus' compass for instance. As soon as he entered the Devil's Triangle, his compass, which was his soul guide, ~~was~~ malfunctioned. This could also explain Flight 19's notorious and tragic disappearance, perhaps causing the plane's engine or the crew's compass to break, forcing them to get lost and crash.

After considering the arguments on both sides, from my perspective I believe that the cause of the disappearances is the electromagnetic pull. The deadly forces of Mother Nature are unstoppable. Some mysteries we just cannot solve.

Key stage 2

Pupil B – Piece C: a formal letter

Context: in response to the coronation in the summer of 2023, pupils discussed how they would address the new king and were tasked to write to him using an appropriately formal register.

His Majesty The King
Buckingham Palace
London
SW1A 1AA

[redacted]

Dear Sir,

I wish to take this opportunity to offer my heartfelt condolences and sympathy towards Your Majesty on the death of your beloved mother. The vivid memory of Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II, will remain deep within our hearts and minds forever. Her faithful service to our nation was an inspiration not just to those who lived under her reign, but all across the globe. While I was saddened to hear of her passing, I am adamant that your reign will be just as memorable.

It will be a privilege to witness only the second coronation ever to be televised. I was surprised to discover that Westminster Abbey has been the traditional location of coronations since the year 1066. It is truly remarkable that the ancient ceremony of crowning our monarch has been passed down through generations and is conducted today as it was hundreds of years ago.

I am honoured to send Your Majesty sincere congratulations on this historic occasion. I would like to convey my hopes and wishes that Your Majesty will have a prosperous reign in the knowledge that you will continue to contribute to the welfare of the British people and the many countries that you and Her Majesty the Queen Consort reign over.

I appreciate how much time and effort you have devoted to charitable causes during your life; I trust that you will expand on this work now that you have become King.

I have the honour to be, Sir, Your Majesty's humble and obedient servant.

[redacted]

Key stage 2

Pupil B – Piece D: a narrative

Context: after studying the ways in which different writers create tension and build suspense in their writing, pupils were tasked to write a narrative based on the silent animation 'Alma'.

Alma

Doom. Gloom. The only thing this city had ever known. A barren landscape, cursed with frost, the sun deep in hibernation. Towering houses rose up towards the never-ending void of snow in the sky, the snowflakes falling and leaving the grey-tiled rooftops and endless cobbled streets covered in a freezing coat. Buildings were plunged into darkness: not a single light shone from the cracked, grimy windows, thick layers of mist fogging them like a one-way mirror. A dark silhouette of a cathedral was just about visible through the sea of fog. Abandoned, deserted, desolate ... all except one shop.

I skipped across the crunching snow, past weather-beaten missing posters that had been there as long as I could remember. They sent a shiver down my spine every time I came this way and today was no exception. I darted down alleyways past the charcoal black houses, the route I knew so well, and skidded to a halt as I approached the end of the avenue.

A lonely, eroded chalkboard hung on the side of the wall. Many names, some decades old, had been scrawled in white chalk. There seemed to be a space left just for me. I scratched my name over the dirty surface, 'Alma'. I pulled my crimson scarf down from my face and smiled. But just as I was about to turn on my heel and return to the safety of shelter, something creaked behind me.

I turned, curious as to what the noise was. A figure that seemed to look just like me – wide green eyes, messy blonde hair and the same dirty clothes – stood before me in the window of the shop opposite. The hairs on the back of my neck stood up. "Strange," I thought. Was I seeing a reflection? But as I moved, it didn't. Was I hallucinating? I crept across the ice, cautiously making my way towards it. As I neared, it dawned on me that I was face-to-face with a porcelain doll. I stood there, staring in awe for what seemed like hours. It seemed as

though it was staring back at me, into my soul, my mind, searching my memories and my deepest, darkest secrets. This was a coincidence that couldn't be.

Trying to get a closer look, I wiped my mitten across the frost-covered window. What was going on? What was happening to me? Souless eyes. A lifeless body. I glanced down at my ragged clothes. Every hem, every stitch was identical to this model replica of me.

When I looked back up, the doll was gone. It was almost as if it had vanished into thin air. Maybe all of it was in my imagination. Maybe I was crazy for thinking it was real. Maybe all I am is a fanciful orphan after all. Nothing special ever happens to me.

Knowing I would regret it if I didn't, I shielded my eyes and peered through the glass. Emptiness was all I saw; emptiness was all I felt. I gathered a snowball in my trembling hands and threw it at the glass in frustration and stormed away.

An ominous creak of hinges made me stop dead in my tracks. I spun around as a rush of adrenaline flowed through my bones. The door was open just wide enough for me to slip through.

Someone was watching. Something was watching. My feet dragged me like a puppet on a string; like some sort of invisible force pulling me forward; like I was prey that a hunter was luring into their trap. The wind seemed to whistle louder and, as I tried to turn back, the door slammed ... I was trapped.

Wide-eyed in shock, I inspected my surroundings. Dolls, rows upon rows of them, sat glaring at me. I could've sworn that one of them blinked. But, taking pride of place in the centre of the shop, standing on a red velvet cushion, was the doll that looked like me.

I inched towards it warily, wondering if my eyes were deceiving me. As I was reaching out my hands to grasp it, something whirred beneath me. At my feet, a small boy-doll on a bike was lying on his side, pedalling desperately. When I stood him up, he steered straight towards the door, trying in vain to escape.

When I turned to face my doll again, it was gone. Was I mistaken or was this thing alive? It couldn't be. It couldn't. I frantically searched

all of the shelves, paying extra care not to miss out any of the figures as I skimmed them with my eyes. And there, just like that, my doll was sitting on the top shelf.

I clambered onto a musty sofa, pulling off one of my mittens and chucking it aside. I reached up. Up, up, up...

My fingertips brushed its skin and in that moment, my fate was sealed. Suddenly, it was as if my soul had been swallowed up into this figure, this thing, consuming every last breath from my body. I moved my eyes left and right, up and down. I wanted to shout, to run away, but I couldn't. My feet were glued to the shelf.

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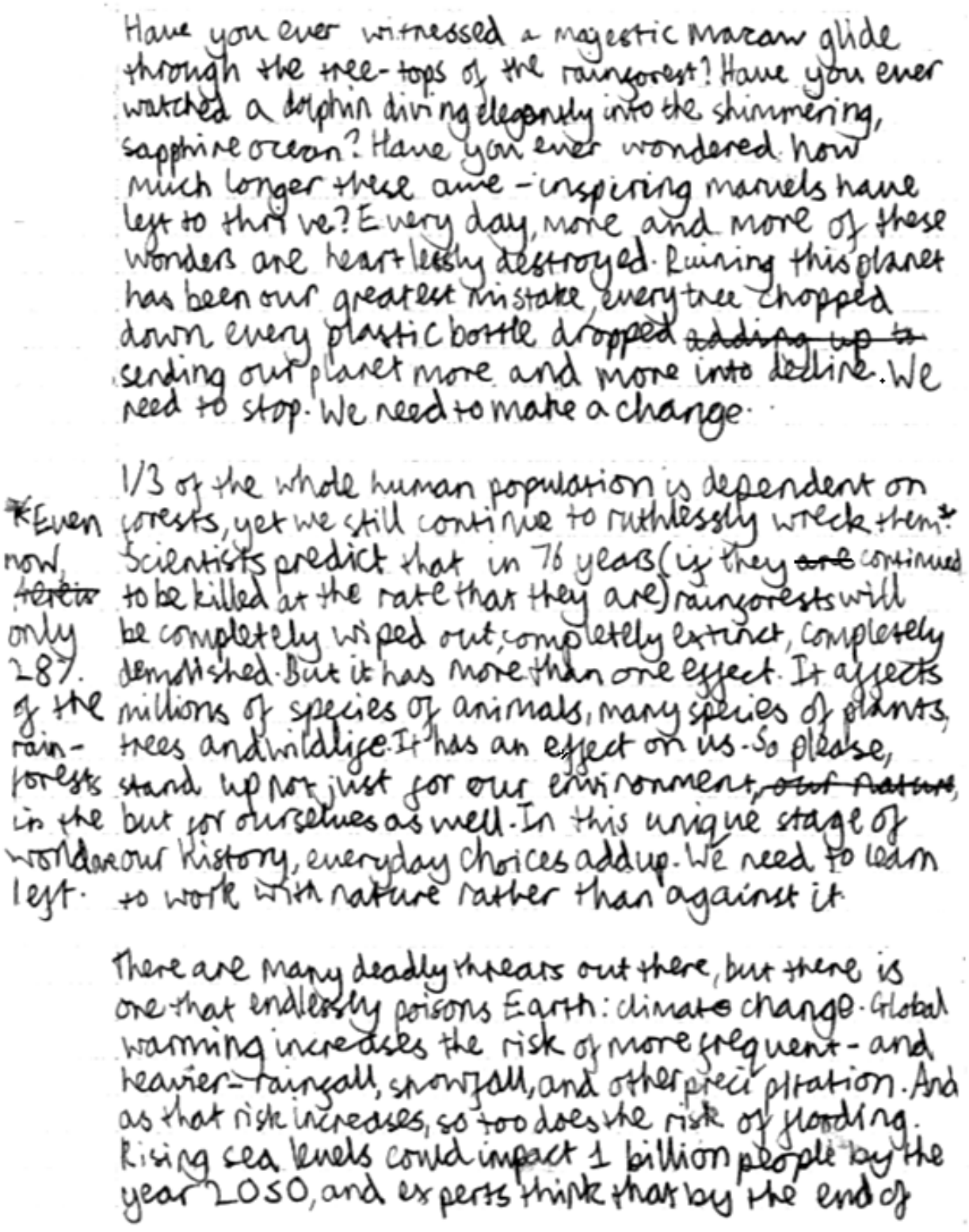
An auburn-haired girl came joyfully skipping down the street, pulling chalk out of her patched-up pocket, ready to write her name on the chalkboard at the end of the avenue.

Little did she know, she wasn't just writing her name. She was writing her fate.

Key stage 2

Pupil B – Piece E: a persuasive speech

Context: after exploring techniques used in persuasive speech writing, pupils decided to use information from a David Attenborough documentary as a springboard for writing their own speech.



Have you ever witnessed a majestic Macaw glide through the tree-tops of the rainforest? Have you ever watched a dolphin diving elegantly into the shimmering, sapphire ocean? Have you ever wondered how much longer these awe-inspiring marvels have left to thrive? Every day, more and more of these wonders are heartlessly destroyed. Ruining this planet has been our greatest mistake, every tree chopped down every plastic bottle dropped ~~adding up to~~ sending our planet more and more into decline. We need to stop. We need to make a change.

1/3 of the whole human population is dependent on forests, yet we still continue to ruthlessly wreck them. Scientists predict that in 76 years (if they ~~are~~ continued to be killed at the rate that they are) rainforests will be completely wiped out, completely extinct, completely demolished. But it has more than one effect. It affects millions of species of animals, many species of plants, trees and wildlife. It has an effect on us. So please, stand up not just for our environment, ~~of nature~~, but for ourselves as well. In this unique stage of our history, everyday choices add up. We need to learn to work with nature rather than against it.

*Even now, there are only 287 of the rainforests in the world left.

There are many deadly threats out there, but there is one that endlessly poisons Earth: climate change. Global warming increases the risk of more frequent- and heavier-rainfall, snowfall, and other precipitation. And as that risk increases, so too does the risk of flooding. Rising sea levels could impact 1 billion people by the year 2050, and experts think that by the end of

the century, the ocean's waters could have risen up to 2 metres. This decade is the hottest the planet has seen in 125,000 years. In a mere 27 years the Arctic Ocean is expected to be ice-free. I magine the *great devastation of the walruses, polar bears and many other animals as they observe their habitat slowly melting, their only rest after never-ending hours of ~~swimming~~ swimming gone forever. How would you feel watching your home disappear in front of your very own eyes?

In just under a decade, our actions will be irreversible. That may seem a colossal amount of time to you; really, it isn't. Even if you are small you can make a massive difference, even if it is just swapping a piece of plastic for a more sustainable choice.

Key stage 2

Pupil B – Piece F: a short narrative including dialogue

Context: pupils examined how writers use dialogue to advance plot and describe character and were tasked to write their own piece using dialogue. Pupil B wrote a short narrative which uses dialogue to provide the 'back story' to Piece A, explaining the context of the voyage and the narrator's motivation.

I left my lodgings at dusk, making my way down the cobbled street towards the harbour. One last look before nightfall. Her mast stood tall against the darkening sky. My ship. A feeling of joy washed over me. My ship!

Pushing my way into the inn, I was greeted warmly.

"Here he is at last!" shouted the captain, glass raised. "Let's drink to his first voyage!"

"To his first voyage!" cried my crewmates.

"Now lads," said the captain, "Drink up! We sail at dawn."

The first mate passed me a steaming bowl of stew.

"Eat up! It'll be your last meal on dry land for a long long while." He patted my shoulder kindly and turned to leave with the others.

I sat down by the warm fire to eat. And that's where he found me. The old sailor who warned me. The warning I ignored. Sitting heavily in the chair opposite, he fixed me with his haunted eyes and told me a tale that made my blood run cold. The story of the monster of the deep.

"So don't you go there lad. Save yourself. Pack your bags and return to your mother," he growled.

"B... b... but sir, I must," I stuttered. "I've wanted this for as long as I can remember. My mother needs me to go..."

"Then you are like the rest of those fools," he snarled, "destined to never return. Never to be heard of again."

"No sir," I got up from my chair. "I will go. I must go."

"Boy!" I heard him cry as I left the inn. But I didn't turn back. I would not listen. I wanted to sail. I needed to sail.

I should have listened. I know that now.