



Key stage 2 English writing standardisation exercise 3

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.

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

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

Pupil A

This collection includes:

- A) a diary entry
- B) a formal letter
- C) a newspaper report
- D) a postcard
- E) a narrative opening
- F) a children's story

Key stage 2

Pupil A – Piece A: a diary entry

Context: while learning about evacuation during World War 2, pupils read and discussed diaries written by evacuees then wrote their own diary entries.

Dear Diary,

I will remember this day for as long as I live. It all began at six-thirty AM when my demonic mother grabbed me by the hair and dragged me out of bed. She told me that the authorities were evacuating children from the city to the countryside's host families on steam trains.

Without further ado, she packed a pair of socks and underwear ~~it~~ into a small box and struck ~~me~~ ^{me} on the side of my head. The message was clear: Get. To. The. Train! My head still throbbing from that unpleasant ~~per~~ piece of abuse supplied by my mother, I ran out of the house, dodging chunks of fallen debris. Once I'd arrived, I was met by a typhoon of goodbyes, tears and conductors frantically attempting to restore some sort of order.

Musding my way through the quite frankly ~~wet~~ babyish crowd, I was met by the sight of a crimson, glittering locomotive, followed by beetle black carriages bound for a little village in the Cotswolds. The now exhausted head conductor gave a half-hearted blow on his whistle as the train doors hissed open.

Not completely able to fathom the thought of freedom, I stepped onto a carriage, into a compartment and sat in ~~at~~ the seat closest to the window, so lost in fantasies of future life that I didn't ~~a~~ a little girl entering my compartment, or the train starting ~~at~~ its two hour long journey north. When I recovered from my state of wonderous stupor, the little girl - couldn't have been more than four or five years of age - asked about the

Notice
notice

bruise on my head.

"My foul mother struck me."

"Oh," she replied. From there, our conversation escalated to how we were treated at home. Turned out her stepfather was just as abusive ^{as} my mother and that leaving London was the best thing that had happened to her. As soon as there was nothing left to ~~talk~~ talk about, I fell into a dreamless sleep.

Soon after, Emily (the little girl) shook me awake. She pointed out a black and white creature on a large expanse of green. We were moving too quickly to see it properly and as quickly as it came into my line of vision, it disappeared. I was thrilled at all things I saw; trees, hedges, more black and white creatures, birds and a ~~shrub~~ fluffy white creature that looked like a cloud. There were also little cottages and farmhouses scattered here and there.

What felt like soon enough, the train started decelerating through ~~to~~ Naunton Station and eventually stopped still. The ~~sharp~~ umpteenth whistle of the day pierced the air and the doors reopened, making way for the children filing out, some looking ecstatic, others, like they'd died of depression.

An old man, rather tall with greying hair came to greet us with a thick Irish accent and led us to the town hall where a motley assortment of old men, nuns, young couples and an incredibly evil looking woman with a foamy-mouthed bulldog were waiting expectantly, waiting to take a child home. An immense feeling of anxiousness washed over me. I started to think that nobody was going to choose me and that I would be sent back

to my mother, waiting to flay me with my dead father's iron-buckled belt. The Irish man who'd brought us there lined us up and considered those who were in desperate need motherly care. Emily wasn't crying now but I suspected that she soon would be, as the woman with the dog chose to take her in, Lord have mercy on her.

As for me, a young woman and her husband (who looked like a soldier) chose me and brought me to their home, a small cottage on the outskirts of the village with an inviting fire in the hearth. They took me up to my attic, ~~par~~ painstakingly prepared for me, which is where I am now, writing about my day.

I'll write tomorrow,

James

Key stage 2

Pupil A – Piece B: a formal letter

Context: as part of their World War 2 studies, pupils read 'Goodnight Mr Tom' by Michelle Magorian. They also examined the structure and vocabulary used in persuasive letters. They were then tasked to write their own letter in the character of Mr Tom writing to persuade the council to allow him to adopt William.

British Evacuee Society
Porter's Lane
London
SW11 8BN

Thomas Oakley
Stonemason Drive
Little Weirwood
NS21 7UX

27th September, 1940

To whom it may concern,

I am writing with regards to William Beech, an evacuee put in to my care at the beginning of the war. I have noticed very peculiar behaviour that I believe is the result of physical abuse supplied by his mother, Lucy Beech, stunting his mental growth. It is ~~my~~ of my opinion that him staying to live with me would be immensely beneficial for not only William, but for me as well.

The first reason for this is that at his home in London, he is neglected, beaten and made to feel sinful. To further prove my point, he is covered by bruises and shockingly expects beatings for asking questions. If you knew someone who was treated like this, would you just stand and watch, or would you intervene? If he came to live with me, he would never have to endure that kind of treatment again.

I would also like to bring to your attention that even at his age of eight years old, he is ~~frank~~ incapable of reading or writing: he is greatly behind the average of the children of the local school. Furthermore, his mother expects him to read the Bible every evening. How, may I ask, can he do this when there is an ~~absence~~ absence of literary ability? William has also revealed that his schoolmaster spends more time whipping students than actually teaching. In addition, Mrs Beech also seems to have a certain disregard

for feeding him. I have drawn this conclusion from the fact ^{that} his ribs protrude from his chest like mountains.

You may find that others rightly think that the bond between mother and child is too strong to break and in most cases, I'd agree. But in a scenario where one is abused and neglected, it is for the best that they be moved to a place where they are cared for, not shunned to the side.

Ultimately, William's future lies in your hands. Will you return him to his mother where he will continue to ~~be~~ in misery, or will you give me permission to keep him in my care? Only you can decide.

Yours truthfully,

Thomas Oakley

Key stage 2

Pupil A – Piece C: a newspaper report

Context: as part of their work on the 'Windrush generation', pupils read passengers' accounts of their journey from Jamaica and arrival in England. They studied newspaper articles, noting the structures and language used, and then wrote their own articles describing the arrival of the Empire Windrush.

THE DAILY MAIL

£3.50

WIND-RUSHING TO BRITAIN'S AID?

28th June 1948

Reported by
travelling correspondents

Yesterday, HMT Empire Windrush dropped the anchor at Tilbury Docks, Essex, carrying a 1000 strong crowd of West Indians to not only rebuild the centre of the British Empire, but also to restart and rebuild their lives.



The stern of HMT Empire Windrush, full of excited West Indians

Following an advertisement in Jamaican newspapers of £28 passage on the Windrush, around 800 Caribbean men, women and children boarded the former German troopship with high hopes about new lives and jobs they would find in the famed 'motherland'.

Sam King, an ex-RAF serviceman, was approached and stated, "The food was revolting. At lunch we were served tinned cabbage. At dinner it would be served with mashed potato and if it wasn't finished, it would be served fried for breakfast."

Many West Indians saw no future for themselves in hurricane-ravaged Jamaica and were looking for jobs, others just wanted to be able to see the United Kingdom for themselves.

John Hazel, 21, a boxer, revealed that the men on board slept in open spaces on the troopdeck where they held boxing matches and played music and dominoes to entertain themselves for the 30 day journey. The vessel, known as N.V. *Monterosa* before it was captured by the British ~~Navy~~ Navy in World War 2, is a 500ft long steel giant built by Blohm & Voss (a German ~~Ship~~ shipbuilding company) and is able to reach 14.5 knots.

After thousands of miles of travelling and England finally in sight, the air

was buzzing with excitement and expectation. The anchor dropped and the gangway put down, 1027 passengers descended from the *Windrush*, slightly disappointed by the cold, dull England they were greeted with.

Edward Casey, 53, a British shopkeeper, remarked, "These Blacks are going to steal all of our food housing, which is already in short supply! I say to send them back to where they came from!" Many other white locals replied in a similar way. The question is, will these ambitious West Indians be accepted in British society?

Key stage 2

Pupil A – Piece D: a postcard

Context: pupils studied informal writing typical of postcards. They then wrote a postcard in the role of a young boy or girl recently arrived in England on the Empire Windrush, imagining how they would describe their new home to family and friends in Jamaica.

Dear Robert,

I am writing to you from a damp, smelly room in Liverpool and the closest patch of grass to play football on is really far and even if it was closer, it's cold enough to get frostbite the moment you step outside. I feel totally scammed! I thought that the 'motherland' would be paved with gold and would be so much better than Jamaica. Imagine my disappointment when I get here, everything is cold and grey and sad.

You won't believe me when I tell you that my parents, who aren't really rolling in money, spent £30 on tickets

16th January 1949



Robert Thorne
27 Washington Street
Port Antonio
Jamaica

for all of us on the boat journey here and - I kid, you not - we were forced to share a dorm with a hot-headed couple (who were always arguing about rather petty subjects) and a motorcycle gang. I sincerely doubt that I will ever be able to make up for the sleep I missed on that journey.

Don't even get me started on the food! It's so greasy and bland that if I could I would have been straight on the return boat to Jamaica the moment my tongue made contact with English sausages. To make things even worse, I have not received a single compliment for my roguish good looks. Why,

they even told me that my skin colour was frightening their children! Some welcome, eh?

It's not all bad though, Bob. The cars are really fancy and it is really easy to watch football games of the English league on the television box (you can find these in EVERY ~~house~~ household) and I am currently supporting ~~Liver~~ Liverpool F.C. which is currently at the top of the league. Gloryhunter!

But I still wish I could be ~~back~~ back with you, eating spicy jerk chicken in the garden after a good kick around with your football, not writing to you from thousands of miles away.

knowing that I may never see you
again...

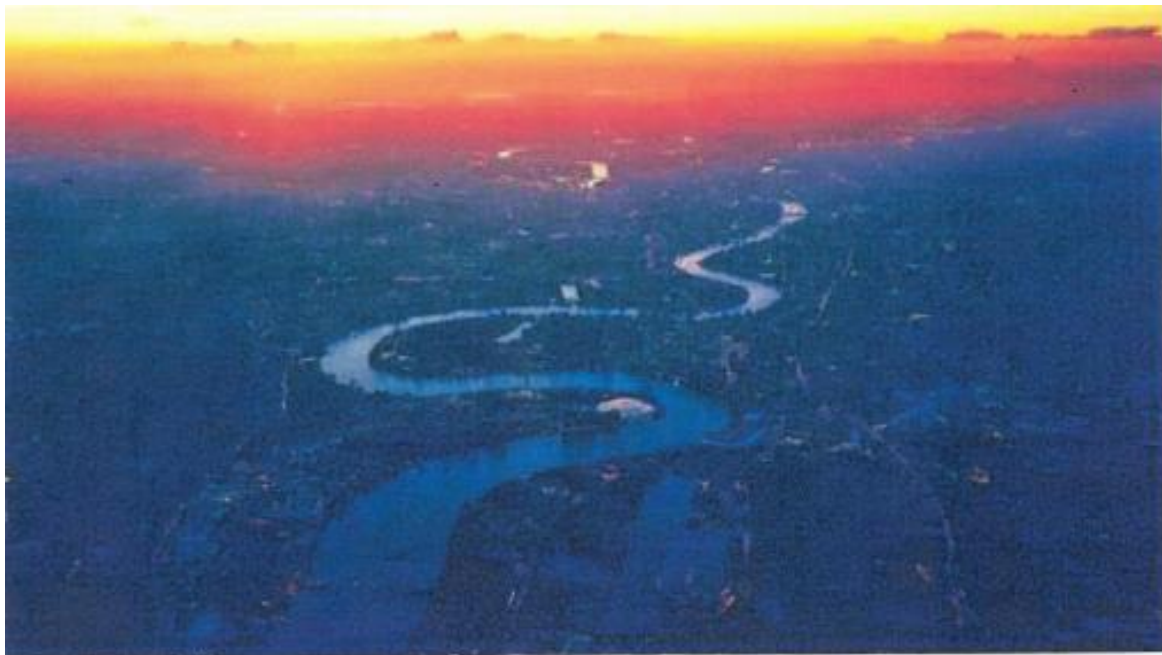
Your best-friend that misses you a
lot,

Jeremiah

Key stage 2

Pupil A – Piece E: a narrative opening

Context: pupils read suspenseful extracts from 'Kidnapped' by Robert Louis Stevenson, 'Wolf Brother' by Michelle Paver and 'The Invisible Man' by H.G. Wells. They selected an image depicting a setting and were asked to write a story which built tension through setting and character description.



THE ESCAPES

The darkness of night enveloped London as Ash Silverthorne, son of a ~~prodigious~~ prodigious inventor and an equally prodigious explorer, piloted his mother's airship over the M25 when a sharp burst of gunfire sounded in the sky. Thinking quickly, Ash steered the zep into a steep dive, attempting to throw off his assailant. But shaking them off proved to be as difficult as shaking off a particularly resilient wart. Before he had a chance to think, the gondola had been pierced by multiple harpoon hooks, slowly reeling it in; Ash put the airship on full thrust to no avail. Desperate to survive, he slipped on a parachute, wrenched open the escape hatch and jumped. The hail hacked at Ash's cheeks like knives and the wind lashed him with punches, making him regret his hasty bid for freedom.

Careering earthwards, he pulled his parachute open and floated down to earth with a thump. ~~and~~ Once he regained his senses, it dawned on him that he had landed in the middle of a beautifully manicured garden.

"Are you alright, dearie?" inquired a voice that was smooth and warm like a glass of hot chocolate. When he searched for the source of the words, his eyes came to rest on an elderly lady of about 70 years, clad in a silk dressing gown.

"I think so. Where am I?" replied Ash "Are we in London?"

"I'm afraid not, darling. We are in Surrey, just south of London" answered the old dear "Come in, come in! You look freezing! I'll make you a steaming mug of tea."

With that, Ash followed her into the stately manor's living room, where the elderly lady shuffled off to the kitchen to prepare the tea. She returned a few minutes later carrying a dainty little tray with on it a porcelain mug and teapot and set it on the coffee table.

"Here you go, my darling Ash," uttered the lady

"Thank you- wait, how do you know my name?" demanded Ash as the lady prodded a button on the wall, causing leading to steel shutters clanging over the windows and doors, blocking all exits.

Cackling with glee, the lady pulled a pistol from her thigh holster, and pointed it at his face, finger on the trigger. Ash's heart started beating harder and faster against his ribs. His breath grew shallow and sweat was pouring out of his skin. Then, as if on automatic, he made a prompt dash for the tray and slammed it over her head.

"My sincerest apologies," he muttered over her limp body and ^{prised} took the pistol from her grasp. Shaking, he stepped over to the

button and pressed it. "Imagine that," he thought, "Two attempts in one night to kill me!"

As walking through the doorway, he picked the Maserati keys he saw on keyholder and ~~was~~ crunched across the gravel driveway to the car. Once comfortably sat in the car, Ash recalled his mother's driving lessons, switching ~~on~~ on the ignition key and put the car into gear, preparing for the journey back to his father, safe at last - or so he thought..

Key stage 2

Pupil A – Piece F: a children's story

Context: the pupils read a series of short stories by Pie Corbett, identifying the use of repeated words and phrases to add humour. They studied landmarks of London and watched 'Jubilee the Movie' before each writing their own short story for younger children. Pupil A chose to describe the London adventures of an origami tortoise.



THE RUNAWAY ORIGAMI TORTOISE

James was a big origami fan and would go to an origami club every week. This week he'd made a tortoise he was especially proud of, but as soon as he set foot outdoors, a powerful gust tore it from his grasp and swept into a London bus.

Not wanting to lose his precious origami, James ~~leab~~ leapt onto the bus. But the gust hadn't finished its little game and swept the tortoise through the other exit just as the doors slid shut.

"Stop the bus!" James yelled at the driver.

"No ~~can't~~ can do, amigo," replied the driver.

"Please sir! It's really important!" begged the boy.

"Alright, ALRIGHT! I'll let you off," sighed the man as the doors slid back open. Thanking the driver, James continued the chase.

But the gust hadn't finished its little game and swept the tortoise to the very tip of the Shard.

"Let me in!" James yelled at the Shard's porter.

"I cannot, mon ami, unless you have a reservation," replied the porter.

"Please sir! It's really important!" begged the boy.

"Alright, ALRIGHT! I'll let you in," sighed the man. Thanking the porter, James took the lift to the topmost floor and opened the hatch. But the gust hadn't finished its little game and swept the tortoise into one of the cannons on the HMS Belfast.

"Let me through!" James yelled at the ticket collector.
"Only if you have a ticket, mein Freund," replied the collector.
"Please ma'am! It's really important!" begged the boy.
"Alright, ALRIGHT! I'll let you through," sighed the ~~man~~ woman. Thanking the collector, James stepped onto the deck and searched for his origami.

After a few minutes of lazy searching, he ~~gave~~ gave up and pulled a random lever down. "Just for fun," he whispered. But instead of the pleasant ~~stick~~ click he was expecting, an ear-shattering explosion rang through the sky and James' origami tortoise blasted out of a cannon, ignited by the gun powder.

"My... My... My origami!" bawled James, as his flaming tortoise soared through the sky...

Pupil B

This collection includes:

- A) a narrative
- B) a balanced argument
- C) a promotional leaflet
- D) a biography
- E) a persuasive letter
- F) a fan letter

There are typed transcripts for each of the pieces in this collection and these can be found after the handwritten version of the piece.

Key stage 2

Pupil B – Piece A: a narrative

Context: pupils read and discussed 'The Island' by Armin Greder. They were tasked to rewrite the story from the perspective of a character of their choice. Pupil B chose to retell the tale from the fisherman's point of view. In the original version, this character stands out from the others because he alone is kind to the stranger whose arrival on an isolated island sparks feelings of suspicion and fear.

The Island

The glowing, milky moon shone down on me like a light source, while I was watching the royal-blue ocean suddenly change colours. As the sun started to wake, I could see an ancient, wooden boat sailing closer and closer before my glistening eyes. Suddenly, I felt the eyes belonging to the dark slender figure peering into my soul.

"Hello can you help me?"

"Who are you?" I cried to the mystery soul. I waved my arms to the figure and waited for a response.

With the blink of an eye, he landed on the island and slowly got out of his raft exhausted.

"Oh no!" I shouted with disgust, as he was completely naked.

This strange creature (as pale as the clouds) began walking up towards me. In a split second, he sunk in the sand without any breath, but rose again. The tall, slender figure wasn't so slender, he was a frail, helpless man.

Why is he here at this time? Why is this needed?

Cautiously, I took a step back with a huge amount of shock.

Perhaps he is just a tourist, but why is he naked?

After what felt like forever, I took this man to an old goat pen that stood for many decades without use. While I walked further away you could just see a faint figure in the distance. The blistering sun shone on the village like a fireball.

Did I do the right thing? What do I do?

The grass-green trees waved in the cold breeze. As days past by, the island became normal again and the villagers were happy once more until the next day... when the man came to town, the villagers were speechless.

"Why are you here?" I shouted with anger.

"I... I'm really hungry, do you have any food?" the man said with fear.

"We don't have enough food for it!" whispered the butcher to the villager.

The man is a helpless figure.

I was feeling tense: sweat dripping; heart pounding; blood boiling.

Considering a job - to earn food - this idea made the man's face light up.

"Possibly we could give this man a job," explained the young women.

"Yeah," everyone shouted.

Should I do this?

"We could give him an easy job yet a hard one," I exclaimed.

"I say we let him do everything that needs doing in our town," I replied.

"Uh... ok." The man grunted.

Over a period of time, the man, who is a complete stranger, began doing the jobs everyday.

He hunted the night and often the day. The villagers feared; the animals panicked, while women stayed home and children played near. The village became empty - not a whisper was made. Villagers believed rumors during this wicked, awful time. The teachers raised awareness about the dangers of the stranger in the silent town.

"He eats with his unclean hands," explained the innkeeper, "the man also eats the bones of our dear animals."

"He will eat all your bones if you don't finish your tea," told the mother of an only child.

"This is ridiculous, our children are terrified to even step out of their homes,"

shouted one of the teachers in disgust, "the children shouldn't have to suffer from this!"

"I think this man could kill us in one go, if he was stronger," the policeman joked.

The fear in the village was beginning to become a major problem, the villagers began thinking about what to do about it.

"I've got a great idea," screamed the winekeeper with joy.

"What... what is it?" interrupted the shopkeeper.

"Well we should get rid of the man by putting him back on his raft, let's send him back to where he came from," exclaimed the winekeeper.

Without hesitation, the villagers rushed to the spot per with Sun-orange pitch forks and disturbed the man. The man was taken to the aqua sea where his hand-made raft lay waiting for him. The sea became a mountain of water. He fell and a instant squeak came from the terrified man.

"Maybe this has gone too far," I shouted feeling sorry for the man. As time went by, he was forced off in his raft, until I could just see a slight solitary figure in the distance.

"This is giving me déjà-vu," I whispered to myself.

Suddenly, the boat vanished from view as the sea waved goodbye.

I guess we'll never know what happened to the visitor from the sea.

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Key stage 2

Pupil B – Piece B: a balanced argument

Context: pupils read 'Pig Heart Boy' by Malorie Blackman and studied contemporary news reports. They discussed and then debated the ethics of using animal organs in humans, and the arguments raised in the debate formed the basis of this independent balanced argument piece. The corrections in green are the pupil's own.

Should xenotransplantation be allowed?

In our class (Year Six), we have been reading a book (Pig Heart Boy by Malorie Blackman) and the main character, Cameron, has only one choice - to have heart surgery by xenotransplantation. Xenotransplantation is a method where ^{Organs and tissues} are taken from a species and is then transplanted into a different species - or human body. There are many debates about using this method, both ^{positives} and negatives. Many people strongly believe that it's wrong but Cameron in Pig Heart Boy - is in desperate need for a xenotransplantation. In reality, David Bennett has recently had a xenotransplantation but people don't believe it's ^{necessary} necessary. So should xenotransplantation be allowed?

Scientists claim that it is ^{necessary} necessary to use Xenotransplantation as this method could save and improve lives. The key reason for this is so people can live longer, as sadly many people are dying - waiting for organs. New ^{research} research shows it can work ^{successfully} successfully so maybe we can start to use it when we have the chance? Without a doubt, there is negative comments about this but if we give it a chance this could be the future method we may use, which could save millions of lives all over the globe.

In an ideal world we shouldn't do xenotransplantation, when it could be ^{unsuccessful} unsuccessful as it's not really a suitable procedure. Xenotransplantation is a bad idea because it ^{can} bring moral issues to earth which means some other people don't agree. Having considered Xenotransplantation will give you a shorter life, since pig's organs do not last as long as human organs. It is argued that

Xenotransplantation will provide a risk of a high rejection rate, so we shouldn't risk our lives.

To ^{conclude} I strongly believe that Cam (from Pig Heart Boy) should take this ^{opportunity} to live longer as he has a sibling on the way. I feel that this debate will continue, however I believe it's worth it to take the risk as animal organs are the only hope to save human lives.

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Key stage 2

Pupil B – Piece C: a promotional leaflet

Context: as part of a topic about islands, the pupils studied promotional material for holidays and discussed the techniques and language used. Each pupil imagined their own island holiday resort and then wrote a persuasive promotional leaflet for this imaginary destination. Pupil B imagined Flower Island, off the coast of Japan.

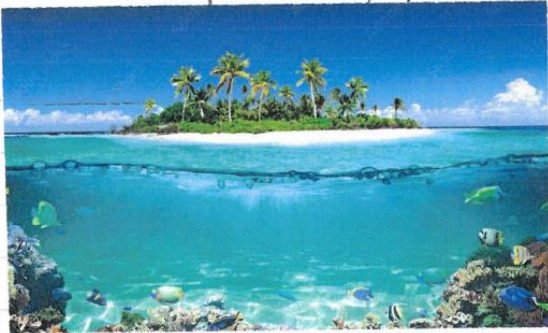
Flower Island

Hidden deep in the sea, where nobody knows, Flower Island waits for you to explore. This award-winning all-inclusive resort is perfect for making lots of fun new memories!

The Island

Are you ready for an epic adventure? Then come down to Flower Island and see what it's all about!

Located off the coast of Japan, surrounded by protected, spectacular coral reefs, there is always a chance to see our tropical marine animals (including seahorses, fishes and even dolphins).



Did you know that Flower Island is called this because of the beautiful flowers that grow in the summer.

Accommodation

Look out at our stunning never-ending views when ~~resting~~^{relaxing} in your luxurious beach hut (with an en-suite bathroom) at the end of a memorable day. Also enjoy a breakfast in bed of your choice.

Food and drinks



In our exquisite restaurants, we have the best high-quality chefs that will make amazing food during your stay with us.

Things to explore

Amazingly, there are over ~~50~~ fifty things to see and do whilst on holiday with us on our incredible island. These include:

- enjoying a healthy meal under our dancing palm trees at sunset.
- Relax and enjoy a massage at our stress-relieving spa.
- Why not meet our flamingos or peacocks. You can also adopt one at just \$20 the chance to name it too! (Find out more information on our website).
- Learn to snorkel or scuba dive in our aqua sea.
- Take the chance to hike on a mountain of flowers.



Sports shop

We provide all your snorkelling and scuba diving equipment, if you would like to learn new skills during your time with us. Our friendly staff are happy to help you in any way!

Bonus, you have 50% off on your first purchase here!

Eco-Friendly

Are you wondering if we are kind to the environment? Well yes we use metal straws in our fruit drinks. We also have bins all over the island. There are ~~is~~ litter pickers that go around each hut and pick up their rubbish ~~and~~ with rubbish bags. We help our environment by using friendly resources instead of plastic.

Reviews

Poppy - age 11 - explained to us:

"I loved the food and how there was so many choices."

Lily - age 4 - told us:

"I enjoyed the scuba diving and ~~the~~ meeting fish I have never seen before."

Jack - age 18 - said:

"I loved the quality beach hut and how kind the staff was to me and my family."

FLower ISLand

Hidden deep in the sea, where nobody knows, Flower Island waits for you to explore. This award-winning all-inclusive resort is perfect for making lots of fun new memories!

The Island

Are you ready for an epic adventure? Then come down to Flower Island and see what it's all about! Located off the coast of Japan, surrounded by protected, spectacular coral reefs, there is always a chance to see our tropical marine animals (including seahorses, fishes and even dolphins).

Did you know that Flower Island is called this because of the beautiful flowers that grow in the summer?

Accommodation

Look out at our stunning never-ending views when relaxing in your luxurious beach hut (with an en-suite bathroom) at the end of a memorable day. Also enjoy a breakfast in bed of your choice.

Food and drinks

In our exquisite restaurants, we have the best high-quality chefs that will make amazing food during your stay with us.

Things to explore

Amazingly, there are over fifty things to see and do whilst on holiday with us on our incredible island. These include:

- enjoying a healthy meal under our dancing palm trees at sunset.
- Relax and enjoy a massage at our stress-relieving spa.
- Why not meet our flamingo's or peackoks. You can also adopt one at just \$20 and have the chance to name it too! (Find out more information on our website).
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Key stage 2

Pupil B – Piece D: a biography

Context: pupils read, discussed and performed poems from 'Quick, let's get out of here' by Michael Rosen. After reading and examining the features and layout of a biography of J. K. Rowling, they independently researched facts about Michael Rosen and wrote their own biographies of the author. The corrections in green are the pupil's own.

Childhood

Michael Wayne Rosen was born on 7th May 1946 in Harrow, Middlesex - in Ryeborough park. He Did you know he is a British children's author? and has written over 140 books? He helps children read as he writes ^{educational} books. When he was a child he lived in a ^{light, small} flat for 18 months (Flat 30A, Bridge Street, Middlesex) over a ^{shop, which with sold goods that were used and were popular.} Michael lived with his Mum, Dad and brother.

Family

Although living a life in a small, old-fashioned flat things were ok for Michael and his family. His Dad was in a army (American army) in Germany. ~~but~~ ^{Soon after, He made} a decision to be an English teacher for a high school. In 1948, His Mum, Connie Rosen, trained to be a primary school teacher but they ^{were} always poor - especially his Dad. Michael's parents ~~we~~ spoke ^{and} Yiddish + English (like us ^{there}) and, his Dad's best languages are French, German and

Latin. His Dad loved to sing songs in different languages, which was a hobby of his. His brother - Brian - was four years old at this time. ~~If~~ As their house was small, they have to share a room.

School

Michael's Nursery was ~~called~~ ^{called} Tyncholme, Waddstone and ~~called~~ ^{Primary} River-wood Primary school. At the age of eleven, he went to Harrow ^{wald} Country Grammar school and loved acting at this time. Since then he moved house and school - to Watford Bays Grammar

School. He wanted to be a doctor as it was his dream. After he realized it was his dream, he went to Middlesex Hospital Medical School and could of become a doctor but later decided to study English. He was arrested twice for protesting about ^{human} rights.

University / work

At university Michael decided to write a ^{poem} called ^{of} Brecht's ⁺ programme. A few years later, he was working for a ^P playschool programme. Next, he worked in BBC School Television's ~~school~~ ^{to} Sam on Boff's ^{to} Island. Now he writes books and ^{helps} ^{teachers} children as he studied English.

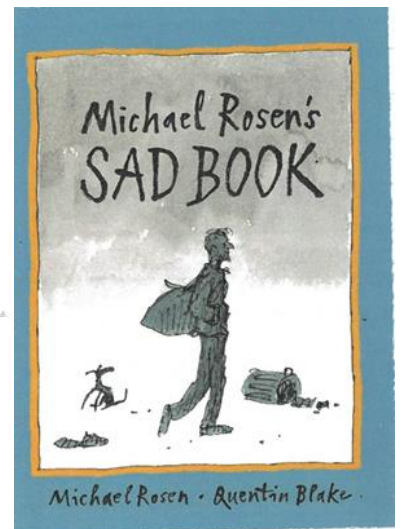
Happiness ^{At last} ~~young wife~~ ^{Tragedy}



After a long few years, Michael found his ^S soulmate - Emma - Louise Williams - and happily got married. When he got married, he was finally happy.

Depression

Before happiness, Michael Rosen's ^S son - Eddie Rosen - died and depression struck.



Covid - 19

After years of writing, Michael got Covid (in 2021) and suffered ^{severe} changes in his life such as ^{not being able to} walking, he couldn't get up etc. He was in intensive care and placed into a coma. Then he recovered and is perfectly fine. ~~Now~~ ^{Although} he went through ^{allot} ^{a lot}, he is ^{fine} happy and he wrote a book called "all about me".

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School

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At university Michael decided to write a play called Backbone. A few years later, he was working for a Playschool programe. Next, he worked in BBC School Televisions Sam on Boffs Island. Now he writes books and teaches children to read as he studied English.

Happiness At last

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Key stage 2

Pupil B – Piece E: a persuasive letter

Context: when reading 'Pig Heart Boy' by Malorie Blackman, pupils studied the letter the family receive from an activist opposed to xenotransplantation. They imagined how the parents of Cameron – the 'pig heart boy' – might react and respond to such a letter, and then wrote their own letters in reply, choosing to write either as the father or mother. Pupil B chose to write in the role of Cameron's mother. The corrections in green are the pupil's own.

Dear Mrs S. Gamble,

I am writing regarding your issues about my son (Cameron). After an exhausting forty eight hours, I was dreading writing this letter, but as you requested I am giving you an opportunity to listen to my side of the story. For the record, I don't agree with the unsuitable words to describe my important decision as it's extremely hurtful.

I understand the personalities of pigs but the main use of pigs is for meat, so we shouldn't have to waste their organs. The key reason for this is so people can live longer, as sadly many people are dying - waiting for human organs. It is true that pigs are exposed to painful ^{experiences}, whilst being slaughtered, as this method is used everyday. There are ^{many} facts of pigs to use while we can now save lives

for people like my Cameron. Without a doubt, you might know I'm angry but how dare you describe this method as selfish when it saves lives!

To add onto your concerns, Dr Bryce - my Sons life-saver - is a specialist doctor, who saves lives, unlike you wasting time by protesting to ban this life saving method. I am fully aware of the risks and misconceptions of this method, but it saves lives. I am lucky to have Cameron because if this wasn't discovered (Xenotransplantation) Cameron won't have a wedding; have kids; live a life and meet his future sibling - Alex.

We have been running around all day and this has caused me a big amount of stress adding onto my situation. If this was to be a life or death situation in your family, surely you will feel the same way? I don't expect a letter back, so please don't ^{send} one as I will not respond.

Yours sincerely,
Mrs Kelsey (Catherine Kelsey)

Dear Mrs S. Gamble,

I am writing regarding your issues about my son (Cameron). After an exhausting forty eight hours, I was dreading writing this letter, but as you requested I am giving you an opportunity to listen to my side of the story. For the record, I don't agree with the unsuitable words to describe my important decision as it's extremely hurtful.

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Yours sincerely,

Mrs Kelsey (Catherine Kelsey)

Key stage 2

Pupil B – Piece F: a fan letter

Context: following studying and performing Michael Rosen's poems and their biography writing, pupils wrote their own 'fan' letters to the poet.

Dear Michael Rosen,

I am writing to inform you that your poems and books (Chocolate Cake and Sticky McStickstick etc) are fabulous. I couldn't stop reading them! Since I started reading them, I've learnt that you are a unique poet; ~~and~~ that's amazing. I was so surprised at how wonderful your work is and how hard you work. In my class (Y6) we wrote a biography about you; it was a great experience.

As I read your poems, a huge ray of happiness shone on me when I realised your poems - Chocolate Cake and Presents - are my favourite. Chocolate Cake is my favourite because I can relate to it. When I read Chocolate Cake I could picture a big, tasty chocolate - brown chocolate cake. Presents - I can't relate to - but it is very repetitive and it's awesome.

Although you've had a really hard time writing Sad books, I really think you're brave to share your story. For all the time I started reading your books, I thought to myself and I knew ~~it~~ how hard it would be to write Sticky McStickstick. The reason

I love it is because it's ^{it is} a nice story.

Would you ever change the style of your poems? What is your favourite poem? Is being a poet always what you wanted to do?

To conclude, I have really enjoyed this experience; it was so fun. Thank you for your incredible poems and stories. I wish you the best for the future.

Your Sincerely

Dear Michael Rosen,

I am writing to inform you that your poems and books (Chocolate Cake and Sticky Mcstickstick etc) are fabulous; I couldn't stop reading them! Since I started reading them, I've learnt that you are a unique poet; that's amazing. I was so surprised at how wonderful your work is and how hard you work. In my class (Y6) we wrote a biography about you; it was a great experience.

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Would you ever change the style of your poems? What is your favourite poem? Is being a poet always what you wanted to do?

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Yours sincerely

Pupil C

This collection includes:

- A) a diary entry
- B) a narrative focused on an encounter
- C) a biography
- D) a narrative that builds suspense
- E) a description of a setting
- F) part of a modern 'traditional tale'

Key stage 2 exercise 3

Pupil C – Piece A: 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,

Today was the most exciting day I've ever had! You won't believe that I am right now on a tiny rowing boat, heading to St. Kilda, a group of remote Scottish islands off the western coast of the UK! Last week, Mother told me that Father found a job studying wildlife on ~~St. Kilda~~ Herta, the largest of the islands which form St. Kilda. The week has flown by, borrowing books out of the library about our new home and talking to my friends at school about the move, and now the boat has set sail, off to St. Kilda!

In researching the islands of St. Kilda, and Herta in particular, I found out that we will be living in a little stone cottage in a tiny village - Father was happy about that because it meant cheaper housing. Also, you can have your own sheep and cows to provide milk and wool. That would be amazing, and Mother said that I could look after them! I also think that Herta has less large crowds and less pollution, so the air must be much cleaner than on our busy roads with all of the smelly, black motor cars trundling down it. The people living there must be very close too - like one big family! I hope I can become one of the 'family' too... Another reason why I am really looking forward to life on St. Kilda is that there is going to be loads of fun activities for me and other children my age, like watching the sea, playing on the rocks, hiding around the village, collecting things... It will be amazing!

Although, on the other hand, there are quite a few things that I am not looking forward to. The most important thing is that Mother told me that I will only be able to see Grandma and Uncle Richard twice a year from now on because of the stormy weather at sea - I will really miss them. I am also quite worried because ~~of the~~ there is no hospital or proper healthcare service on Herta, so if one of us gets severely ill, then we might have to wait a month before help arrives. That is why Father has brought a large box of medicines with us. Also, school on Herta is only one class with mixed-age children, so I've only made one friend so far, and once I have finished school, there is no college or university to go to. Father told me to not worry about it just yet. Also, there is no bookshop on St. Kilda so I cannot buy new books which I like.

Anyway, overall I am really looking forward to life on St. Kilda, but I will also miss a few things from life on the mainland as well - Mother and Father say the same. Sam told me that he will send postcards once a month too, so we can keep in touch. Herta does seem like such a pleasant and tranquil place! I should probably head to shelter now because I can sense a storm brewing rain is hitting the page as I write. Goodbye!

Key stage 2 exercise 3

Pupil C – Piece B: a narrative focused on an encounter

Context: after reading part of 'Skellig' (David Almond), pupils re-wrote part of the story, focusing on using descriptive language to explain Michael's first meeting with Skellig.

The ominous, purple clouds of dusk closed in on the rickety, old garage as I trudged through the thick blanket of snow, my breath steaming in the bitterly cold air. Surreptitiously, I crept along the path, trying to blend into the night, but I slipped on an unforeseen patch of ice and hit my knee. I limped ungraciously through the biting, howling wind without looking back, because I knew that if I saw the glowing, comforting lights of my home, my legs would run straight back of their own volition and jump into bed. I knew that I should have turned back, but I carried on towards the shed, curiosity pushing me forward and battling the almost irresistible urge to go home. The shed carried on looming closer and closer to me, and after what seemed like an era, I reached it - only to find that the door handle was broken beyond repair. I groaned and kicked the ebony, wooden door in pure frustration, and to my surprise, it swung open...

A swirling storm of dust billowed out of the garage, choking me in a frantic bid to escape from its cell. As it settled, I could properly see the inside the building... The silvery moon cast an eerie, white glow that lit up everything inside the shed: boxes securely taped; retro-style magazines with pages torn out, and a tiny, rusty bike with a ripped saddle and damaged handlebars. I crept inside, peering at everything, dribbling the leather ball, reading articles from vintage newspapers. This place was like a museum! I carefully picked up a filthy blanket that would have once belonged to a baby and shook it out, spraying yet more dust clouds everywhere. Then, as I looked out at the grotty, filthy floorboards that were plastered in bluebottles and bugs, I noticed something terrifying. Something spine-chilling. Something that made my heart race - a white face.

Have you ever heard of pitch black? Well, if I could describe this creature's face, I would say that it was pitch white. He was as white as chalk and his skin was so tightly drawn to his face that I could see his bones. His sorrowful, brown eyes stared out at me unblinkingly, reminding me of a ghost from a movie that was going to haunt our

-garage forever...

"Wh...who are y...y...you?" I stuttered, barely being able to form a sentence. The creature gave a disgusting cough, spitting out dust.

"Nobody," he croaked in a hoarse voice, "and nothing. I will never be anything."

"You're evading the question." I said sternly.

"And you're disturbing me."

I groaned loudly (then coughed because I had inhaled some dust). I was definitely not getting anywhere with this. I actually almost turned back, but I found myself coming back towards the creature. He needed my help, didn't he?

"If I were you," I told him, "I would eat some more nutritious food. I can get you some of Dad's fruit if you like." And that was the end of that.

As I walked home, I thought - could I trust Skellig?...

Key stage 2 exercise 3

Pupil C – Piece C: 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



We all know that this man is infamous for planning and staging the well-known and notorious Gunpowder Plot, but what else do you actually know? Here are some facts...

Early Life

Guy Fawkes, also known as Guido Fawkes, was born on 13th April 1570 to Edith Fawkes (née Jackson) and Edward Fawkes in York. Tragically, his father died when young Guy was only eight years old. After his father's death, Edith remarried a Catholic man - this was a pivotal moment in Guy's life because the family were strictly Catholic from then on. Historians still have many unanswered questions about this to-be plotters' early life - such as what the name of Guy's new father was - because there would have been limited sources back then.

The Gunpowder Plot

In 1603, a new king ascended to the throne, and he heralded a new era of royalty. This was King James I. As he was a strong Protestant and stood firm to his religion, he absolutely loathed Catholics and persecuted anybody who did not go along with his beliefs. Many rebellions took place, but all of them failed. Guy was friends with twelve other Catholics - these included Robert Catesby, John Wright, Thomas Percy and Thomas Wintour. They desperately wanted freedom so that they could speak their mind and go to churches which supported their religion. They decided to form a plot to kill the King and all of the Protestants with 30 barrels of a highly explosive, defensive material - gunpowder. Soon enough, the plan began to take shape and become reality. They had hired out a cellar underneath the



House of Lords and shipped 34 barrels of gunpowder into it. Guy Fawkes chose to be the one to light the fuse on November 5th, the day of the State Opening of Parliament...

On that fateful day, Guy himself was in that cellar with a match and also some slow-burning touchwood so he had time to escape.

Little did he know that an unsigned letter had been sent to Lord Montague telling him not to come to Parliament that day. He said that the building 'shall receive a terrible blow yet no-one shall see who hurts them'. Of course, being a faithful Protestant, Montague went straight to the King and told him everything. The King ordered his officers to search every cellar nearby - and they found Guy Fawkes...

Punishment and Death

Guy Fawkes was immediately captured and immobilized and taken straight to the King James, who formally arrested him. In the Tower of London, he was taken through Traitor's Gate and tortured. At first, Guy was implicit about his plot, the accomplices and even his personal details, claiming that his name was John Johnson until the end of his second day of punishment. After a few days, he confessed and was therefore sentenced to be hung, drawn and quartered. However, Guy Fawkes jumped from the noose and broke his neck to die. We now place effigies of him on bonfires to commemorate and celebrate Guy, and how we saved the King...

Interesting Facts!

- The letter to Montague is thought to have been sent by his brother Francis
- The King was James I of England and James VI of Scotland.

Key stage 2 exercise 3

Pupil C – Piece D: a narrative that builds suspense

Context: as part of their history topic exploring the Victorians, pupils read 'Street Child' (Berlie Doherty). They were asked to write part of the narrative, based on Jim escaping from the workhouse, and to focus on creating suspense.



Jim wandered around the grounds of the workhouse, his stomach rumbling with hopeless hunger. The enormous workhouse building loomed ferociously over the boys' heads, and the evil guards in their smart blue uniform and tall helmets glared at them suspiciously, their beating sticks slung over their shoulder. Sullenly, Jim glanced up at the rusty, filthy clock on the nearest wall. It read 2 am - which meant that it was actually 3:03 pm. The workhouse boys had learnt how to understand that clock. Then, suddenly, a thought struck Jim - the thought of a slight chance of escape... There were two minutes left until the end of the 5-minute recreation time that the workhouse residents got every 3 days (or so), so there was no time to lose... Jim rushed over to his one and only friend Tip, who was at this moment dabbing the corner of his grubby, brown jacket onto one of his bleeding fingers, and he told him his daring and adventurous plan. Tip simply replied, "Oh, Jim, no! I ain't coming with you! You mustn't! P...pp...please don't go! They catch 'em folks, you know - I couldn't bear to see you down there with the others they caught!"

"But Tip," Jim whispered in exasperation, "this is our only chance!"

Tip didn't respond to that, so Jim got furious.

"Okay then, you stay here - but I'm going to get out of this wretched, predatory place! Goodbye." And with that, Jim stormed off towards a large, black door...

Jim peered cautiously through the door that had been carelessly left ajar - beyond it, there was a minuscule crate standing solemnly in the corner of the room. He knew that if he was ever going to escape, then he would definitely need what was inside that box. Taking one last look behind him at the boys he might never see again, Jim slid through the door and immediately



yanked the lid off the box with all his strength. Inside were neatly folded, immaculately washed, spare clothing for the teachers, matrons, cooks and guards that ran the workhouse.

Key stage 2 exercise 3

Pupil C – Piece E: 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.

I sullenly trudged down the blank, bare hallway leading from the workhouse changing rooms, my head hung low. I now deeply regretted coming into the busy, bustling streets of London to collect food - a guard who patrolled the areas near workhouses had found me, and taken me here. I reached the end of the hallway and heaved open an imposing, ominous-looking wooden door. As soon as I stepped out of the hallway, another guard immediately grabbed me by the shoulder and marched me down a long hallway that smelt like off milk, his large, bushy moustache jumping up and down importantly as he walked. He abruptly halted, pushed open yet more heavy wooden doors, and shoved me through them - I was suddenly surrounded by noise. I realised that I must be in a workroom. The tumultuous crashing and smashing sound coming from the seemingly endless row of dangerous and unstable machines that lined the back wall hit me like the wall itself, and I staggered backwards. As I walked shakily towards the nearest mechanical monster, the creaking, cracked, filthy floorboards groaned and bent almost to breaking point under the heavy bulks of the machines. I knelt down beside a great, evergreen cotton machine, and fed the roaring fire inside it. Its engine clattered and its wheels spun, while mechanical pumps hissed and pushed themselves up and down, up and down, up and down... I could also see the other children, some skinny, some tall, some very young, gathered around other machines sobbing, their fingers bleeding, as they worked non-stop. I could now see why everyone was always wary of the workhouses back in the shack where I used to live. The coal dust and the inky black smoke was wafting into my nostrils like a massive, undefeatable, invading army of darkness and making me want to choke. I started to feed some waxy cotton into the greedy beast that was the colossal machine looming over me...

After what seemed like an era, a bell somewhere in the distance clanged loudly, making me jump. Something that could be vaguely described as a smile came over everybody's faces as they poured through another door. Eager to get

away from the thunderous, penetrating noise of the workroom, I followed them...

The buzzing crowd of boys soon turned and streamed into a huge room crammed with old, long, wooden, dusty tables, and then scattered like ants to get seated. I wandered down to a table at the back, jam-packed with children gobbling up their food like hungry hippopotamuses at the waterhole! I stared down uncertainly at my unappetising bowl of gruel. The vile food probably tasted as unhappy as it looked, and it sizzled menacingly as though it were as evil and cruel as the guards strutting about the hall. I uneasily dipped my hunk of bread into the bowl of thin, watery, cold broth and began to eat. I could hear the disconcerting mumbling coming from the crowd of unhappy children until the cook barked at them to stay silent, then an immediate hush spread like wildfire over the room. I smelt the stale, unwelcoming stench of the rotten, disgusting food that we were forced to eat. I started to weep (then I suddenly remembered that the guards would cane you if you cried, so I sat back up again). Then, without warning, a hand came and tapped me on the shoulder. Startled, I jumped and knocked down what was left of my gruel - it all spilled down the front of my brown, threadbare jacket. The cook was furious, and she bellowed at me to change my jacket in the dormitory. Not waiting to hear what else she had to ~~say~~ say, I swiftly ran out of the dinner hall...

I should have asked someone where the dormitory was, but I was so terrified of being found and cased that it didn't even cross my mind at the time. I sprinted up and down the random hallways, more than once accidentally entering an out-of-bounds room and having to run straight back out again before I was seen. When I finally found the dormitory, I gave out a sigh of relief, and collapsed onto the nearest bed - then immediately jumped back up

The bed was like a pile of bricks. I wondered how I would survive in this room, let alone sleep in it! I then suddenly remembered what I had come for... I quickly pulled off my grubby jacket and replaced it with another (this one was not much cleaner!). I was just about to leave the room when a crowd of children knocked ~~off~~ me off my feet - they were getting into bed. Twenty minutes later, I lay in my rock-hard bed silently, listening to the snores of the person I shared my bed with. Without warning, the room suddenly went dark and quiet. I stole a glance at the rusty clock, only to see that it was 6pm - the night-time curfew had begun.

Key stage 2 exercise 3

Pupil C – Piece F: part of a modern 'traditional tale'

Context: after reading part of 'The Ickabog' (JK Rowling), pupils wrote the next chapter. They explored speech punctuation and were asked to include speech in their writing.

HOW THE ICKABOG CAME TO BE...

The people of Cornucopia say that the Ickabog is as old as time itself, and there have been records of it dating back to the times of the first people. Ancient cave paintings from prehistoric times feature a monstrous dragon with sharp, deadly talons and colossal wings. Records of the beast have been discovered in notebooks and diaries from the archaic period. However, it is believed that the creature did not always live in that country famed for its food and wine, but in the neighbouring country of Pluritaria. It lived joyfully in wild woodlands and lush, green fields with a wide selection of food to choose from, and it had never harmed anybody in the entire kingdom. That happy creature, which lived a wonderful and luxurious life, would never have guessed that he would soon need to move home urgently...

Soon enough, everything changed. King Porfirio came to power and he demanded for more industry and less nature in his country - and the citizens were more than happy to carry out his bidding. Within days, the air was filled with chokingly thick, black smoke and the noise of cogs and chainsaws whirring. Trees fell before the Ickabog's very eyes, pulling the country's fortune down with them. Habitats were destroyed and factories sprang up in their place. If he didn't move, the creature would become extinct too - so he fled. The creature spread his wings and took off in one fabulously fluid movement and flew towards the promising, blue skies of Cornucopia. The only suitable place he could find was the desolated Marshlands so he hid there.

Almost as soon as he arrived, the Ickabog began to hear of people coming to the marshes and living there - the Marshlanders. The creature had the sense to steer well clear of them. Then, the dragon-like beast heard the clattering of weapons and horse's bridles and shouts from hundreds of men... King Fred's troops, after that life-changing Petition Day, when they set out to hunt the Ickabog. He went to investigate... As he was soaring over the foggy bog, he heard:

"HELP! HELP ME, MAJOR BEAMISH! I CAN SEE THE MONSTER!"

The Ickabog fled at these words, but returned to the king's palace to find out more. Through an open window, he heard some heart-stopping conversation:

"Of course, Flapoon. We are on the path to riches and nobody can stop us!"