



Key stage 2 English writing standardisation exercise 1

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 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 exercises and/or writing from across the curriculum.

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 [English writing framework at key stage 2](#): working towards the expected standard, working at the expected standard or working at greater depth. Each collection should be judged individually.

Please ensure you input your answers correctly into the response survey and submit before 10am Monday 12 November 2018.

Pupil A

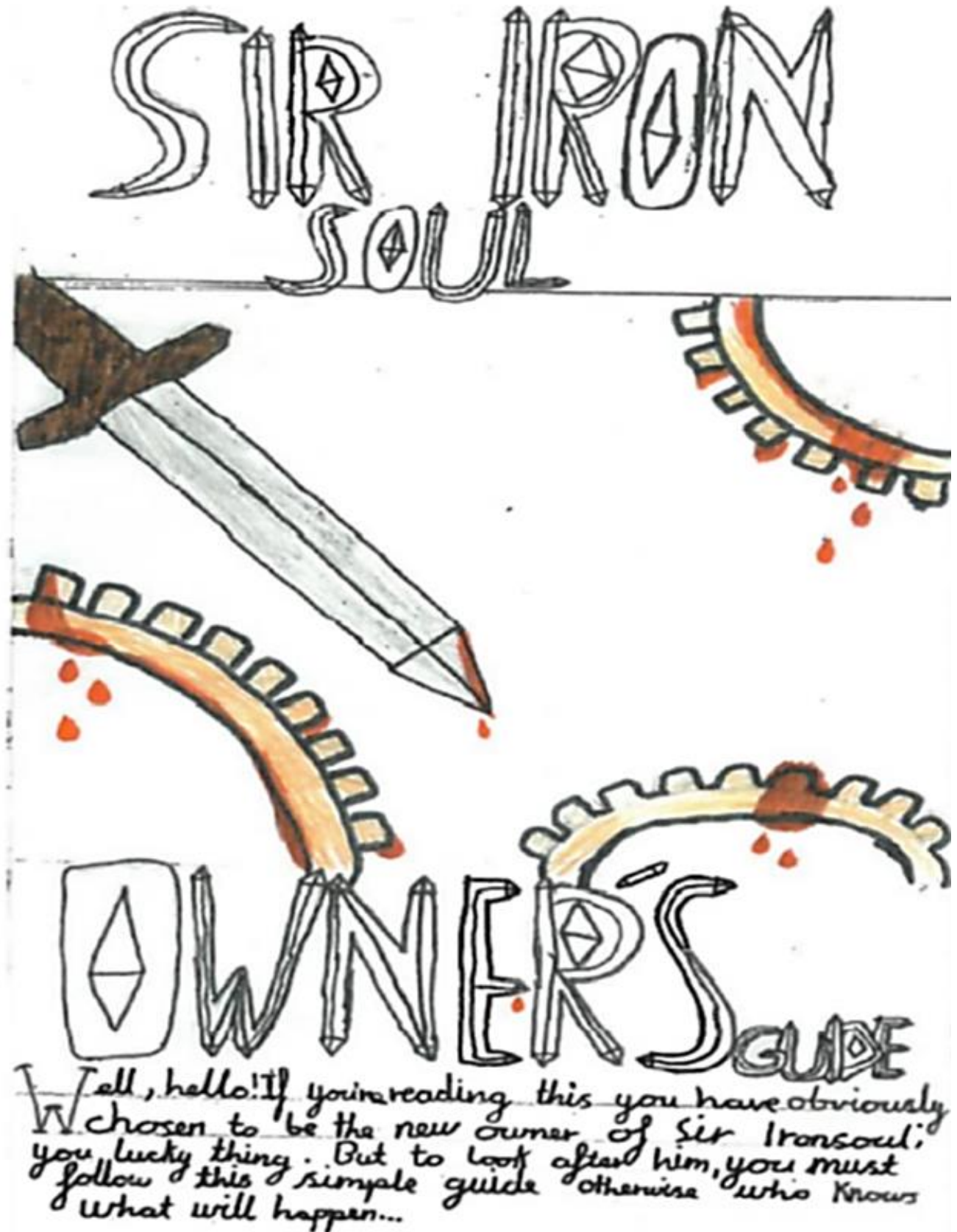
This collection includes:

- A) an owner's guide
- B) a biography
- C) a story
- D) a leaflet
- E) a missing chapter

Key stage 2 exercise 1

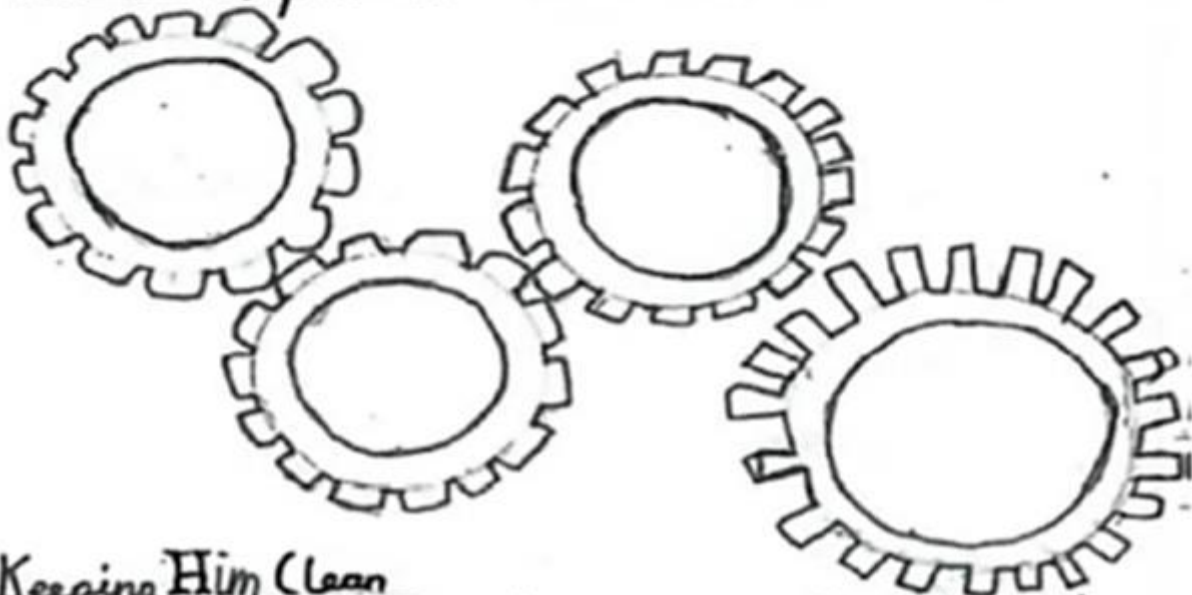
Pupil A - Piece A: an owner's guide

Context: as part of their exploration of the class novel, *Clockwork* (Philip Pullman), pupils were asked to create a user guide for the clockwork masterpiece that the main character, Karl, would have found alongside the clockwork knight. The guide was intended for Karl's eyes only.



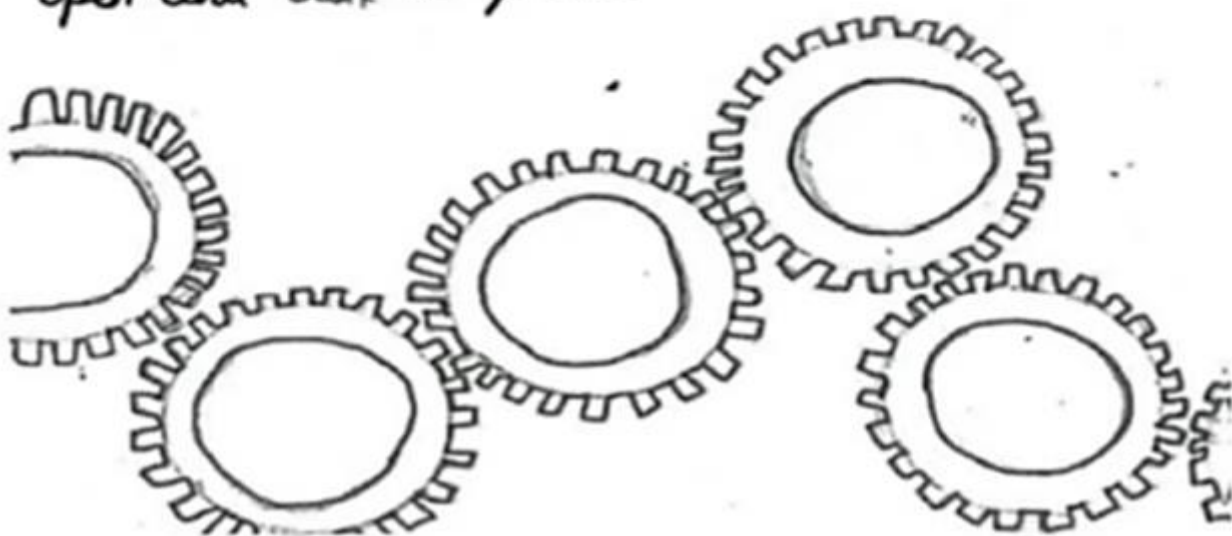
Basic Facts

So, the first, most important, rule / fact; you must never ever say 'Devil'. If you say 'Devil' there are lots of consequences. There is, however, a way to stop Ironsoul and the consequences, you have to whistle a tune that he really likes. It's called Flowers of Lapland and the hell stop to listen to it and lose his balance.



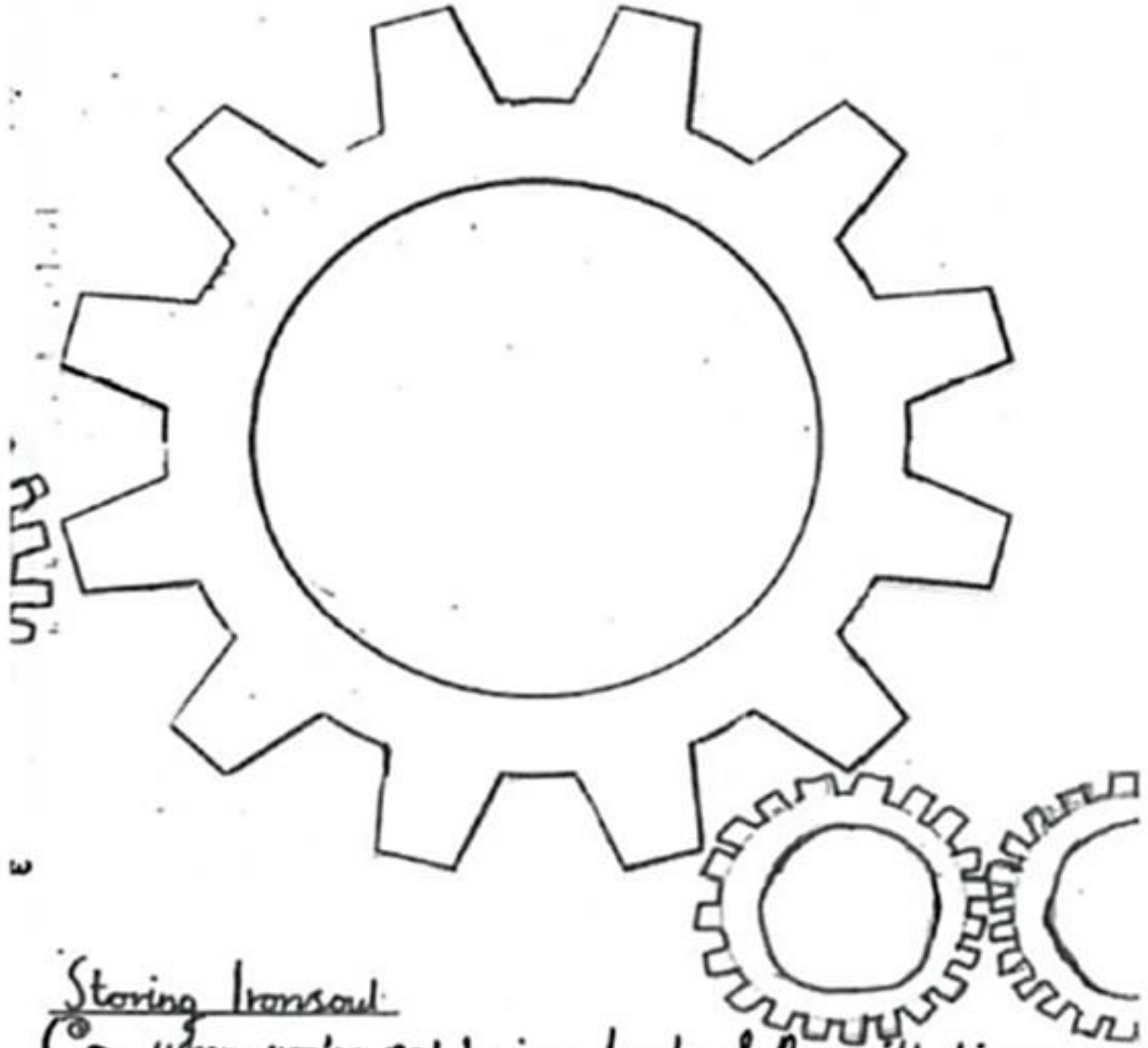
Keeping Him Clean

Everyday, Sir Ironsoul is due a scrubbing down in fresh human blood and every week, he likes a bath in rotten human blood. You must follow these instructions otherwise he might cut you open and bathe in you...



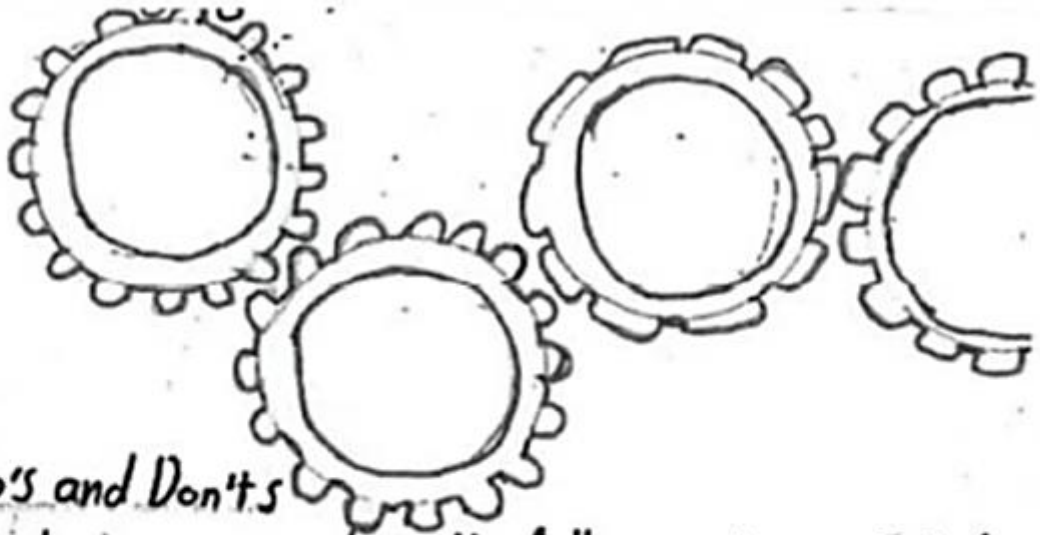
Operating Ironsoul

If you want Ironsoul to be your friend, your ally, your companion, you must press the big red button inside of his helmet instead of saying 'Devil'. To put him to sleep, you must press it again—it's that simple but remember, don't say 'Devil'!



Storing Ironsoul

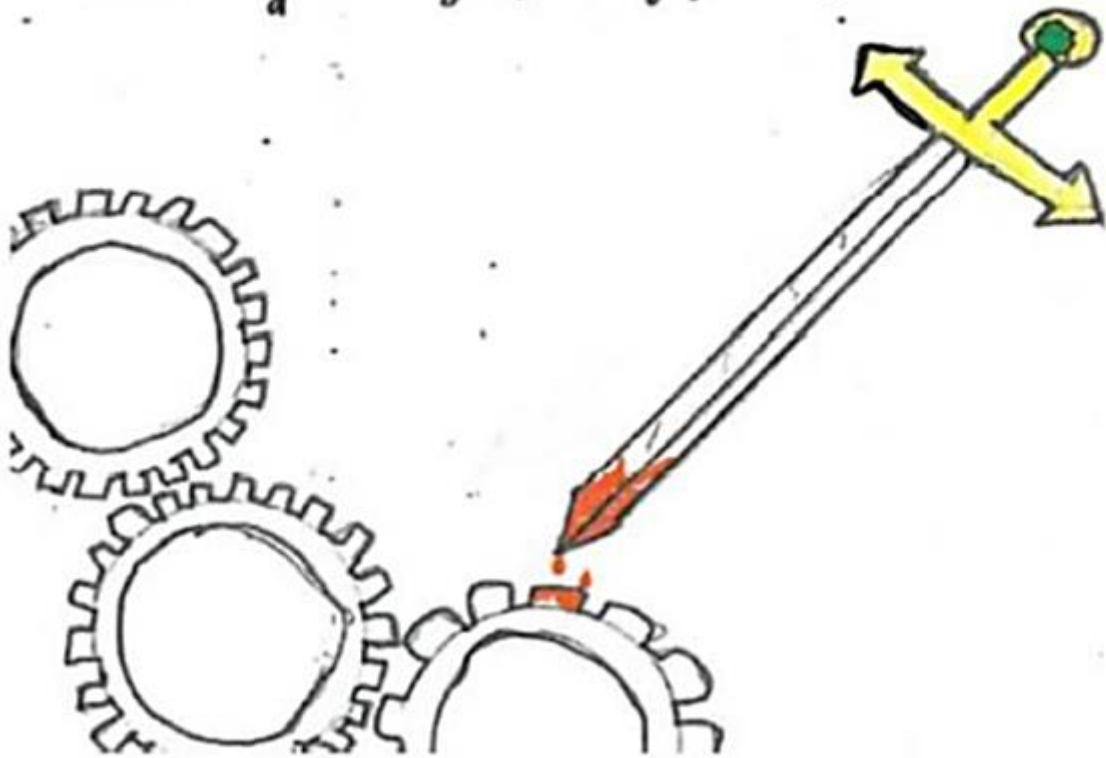
When you're not having loads of fun with him and you need a break, what you're going to have to do is find a really cold place (I suggest -5°C) and put him there. When you put him to sleep he needs his canvas as well as the cold place or otherwise he'll stay up and reek havoc.



Do's and Don'ts

So to ensure you have the full experience, this is a list to recap what you must do...

- bathe him weekly
- scrub him daily
- Canvas when asleep
- red button turn on
- red button turn off
- store someplace cold
- don't say devil
- whistle flowers of Lapland if you say Devil



Key stage 2 exercise 1

Pupil A - Piece B: a biography

Context: following the reading of *Shackleton's Journey* (William Grill) and cross-curricular work on the polar regions, the class was asked to research the early life of Shackleton and combine this with the key events from Grill's picture book prior to writing a biography of the explorer that would appeal to young readers.

Ernest Shackleton's biography

Wait, you ^{haven't} heard of Ernest Shackleton? Well we have a lot to catch up on. Shackleton's full name was 'Sir Ernest Henry Shackleton'. He was an Irish-born British explorer who has ventured not one, not two, but four times to the South Pole! He lived from the 15th February 1874 to the 5th January 1922.

Early Career/Life

Shackleton was one of the oldest children in his family - he was second out of ten children - and the oldest son. Born in County Kildare, Ireland, to Anglo-Irish parents, he was raised in London where his family moved when Shackleton was a young boy.

Despite the encouragement by his father to follow in his footsteps and go to medical school, the 16-year-old Shackleton joined the Merchant Navy, gaining the rank of first mate by 18 years of age, and becoming a certified master mariner at the age of 24.

The early years in the Merchant Navy saw him ^{travel a lot} ~~travel a lot~~. In 1901 he joined explorer Robert Falcon Scott on a long, hard venture to the South Pole. The trip though did not end particularly well for Shackleton, & for whom fell seriously ill and had to turn back early.

With his return to England, Shackleton pursued journalism as a career. Later he was tapped to be secretary to the Scottish Geographical Society. He also made an attempt at becoming a member of parliament - this however was unsuccessful.

The Endurance

Shackleton's venture with Scott flicked a switch in the young explorer to reach the Antarctic. In 1907, he fell short on another attempt coming within 97 miles of the Pole before brutal conditions forced him to turn back.

In 1911, Shackleton's dream of being the first person to set foot on the South Pole was shattered, when Norwegian explorer Roald Amundsen reached the Earth's most southerly point. This achievement forced Shackleton to lay his eyes on a new mark: crossing Antarctica via the South Pole.

On August 1st, 1914, Shackleton and his men departed London on the ship Endurance. By the time they got to South Georgia it was late Autumn they then left the island on December 5th. This was the last time Shackleton's crew were to step on land for a whole 497 days.

In January 1915, The Endurance became trapped in ice and soon forcing Shackleton to and his men to disembark the ship and set up camp on the floating ice. After the ship sank later that year, Shackleton embarked on an escape in April 1916, in which he and his crew squeezed into three small boats and travelled to Elephant Island, off the Southern tip of Cape Horn.

On August 25, 1916, he returned to Elephant Island to rescue the remaining crew members in which astonishingly none died during the almost 2 years they were stranded.

Later Years...

So that there is the big thing that Shackleton is known for; more exciting than you thought hey. Don't get me wrong - he did a lot of other things as well - after he came back he wrote a book called South and going on expeditions wasn't ^{over} other for him either. In 1921, he set out on another expedition to the South pole but this one didn't go too well when he suffered from a heart attack and died. He was buried in South Georgia and that was the end of Sir Ernest Henry Shackleton.

Key stage 2 exercise 1

Pupil A - Piece C: a story

Context: as part of a two-week film unit on *Alma*, pupils explored a range of techniques to create setting and atmosphere, applying these to their written work. Pupils wrote their own versions of *Alma*, incorporating two different perspectives: that of the third-person narrator, and that of the doll in the shop window.

Alma

Scrunch, some chalk fell onto the snowy surface of the pavement and a little girl seemed to be looking up at a great wall of graffiti. Her mouth drew upwards to suddenly turn into a smile - you could see pride and joy in the light green eyes of the innocent young girl. The graffiti she was looking at seemed to be loads of names and she was staring at one in particular: Alma...

Suddenly, the smile lit-up-face disappeared - they turned into confusion. Something had changed, something wasn't right. Alma spun on her heels and looked around for people, but no one was there. She saw a big shop in front of her and saw something in the dark, dirty windows but the shop was enough to worry about - it wasn't like any other on the street and was art nouveau in style. The more she stared at it though, the more everything about it confused her. The giant oak frame was odd in shape, rounded with room for three glass panes. It looked like a mouth opened wide and two grills above the window looked like menacing eyes that followed you around, no matter what...

Click clunk, was the sound all the cogs made around me, when suddenly I was pushed onto a small wooden plinth. I knew exactly what was going on because I'd seen it before thousands of times and I hated the fact that I had to be the one today. As soon as I was on the tiny platform the cogs started to turn faster and I was ascending upward slowly so I could see out the foggy window onto the cobbled street. That's when I saw her - the little girl who looked just like me from the blue bobble hat to the brown mittens. I felt so sorry for her. I did try to warn her but she did not hear - they never do. She had a gigantic smile on her face when she saw me. It was almost as if she didn't know where her fate lay.

Alma saw a figure inside the frosty window. She got a bit closer to get a better look. She could not see through the steam so she took off one mitten and rubbed at the window. She could see a doll. A look of confusion sprang upon her face - she looked down at herself in shock and recognised that the doll was just like her, all the clothing, everything was the same!

When Alma looked up though, it had gone. She tried to look down to see if the doll had been knocked over but there was no doll to be found. She had to keep looking for it through the pane so side-stepped to the door, still searching for the doll. When she got to the door, she cuffed her hands to get a better look. She found it. The doll was on a small table in the middle of the room. Alma reached up and tugged down on the door handle but no matter how hard she tugged, she knew she couldn't open it. She got really annoyed and her face wrinkled as she crossed her arms. She noticed the snow fill her boot and chucked a snowball at the door while she walked away angrily but behind her she could hear the old oak door creak open ever so slightly...

Alma turned round quickly with joy. She ran straight into the shop. She couldn't waste any more time. There it was. It was as if the doll had put her into a trance. She started pacing along the mosaic floor slowly and even slower. Suddenly, she knocked over another little doll on a tricycle. It had pitch-black hair, a pale face and a little suit on. That shook Alma and knocked her out of her trance. As soon as she picked it up, the doll started pedalling and cycled around Alma, just to head straight for the door. Alma found that funny because it kept banging its head against the door! When she looked up though...

She had come into the shop now and I didn't know what to do. I couldn't move, not with her watching but she was finally distracted by something - it was another doll. This was my chance to save an innocent little girl from the most horrible death.

It had gone. The doll wasn't there, it had moved once more. Alma was panicking, her eyes jolted to every corner and crack in the room but no matter how she tried, it was nowhere to be found. She looked under the table but it wasn't there either. Alma didn't look too happy now. When she stood up to walk out though, she saw it on one of the top shelves. She could have sworn she looked there but she didn't care - she was too focused to worry about something like that.

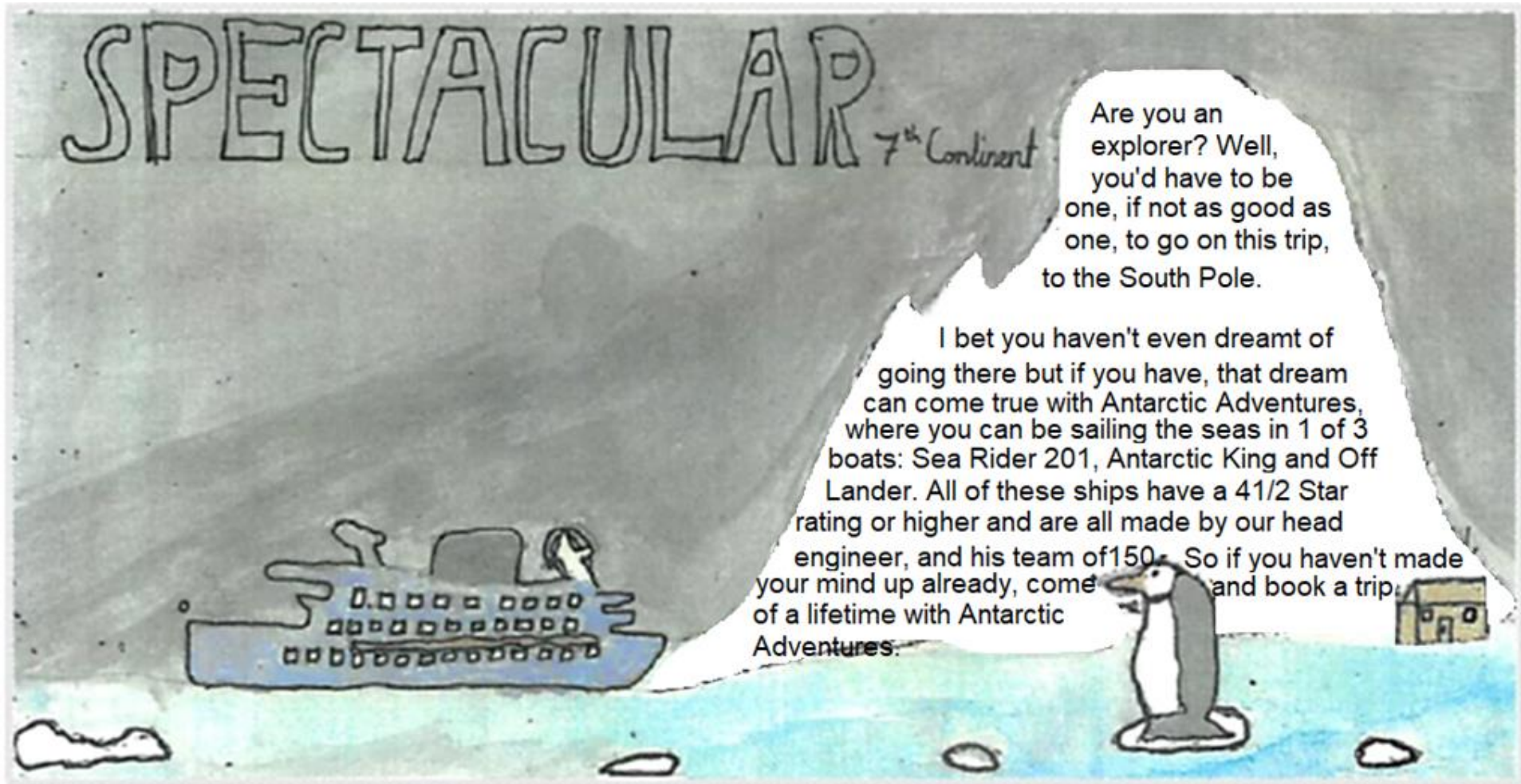
She started climbing onto the old sofa and then onto the oak bookshelf. The wood started creaking but she did not care. This was it - doll was one shelf away.

She was climbing up and there was nothing I could do this time. She was going to touch me, going to live, but going to die. I tried and there was nothing more I could have done - this was it. She touched me. Everything went cold. I couldn't see anything. There were weird patterns flashing in front of me and then suddenly it stopped - it had happened. She was now trapped inside of me.

Key stage 2 exercise 1

Pupil A - Piece D: a leaflet

Context: during topic work on the polar regions, the class was asked to design their own cruise to the continent to be advertised in the travel section of a national newspaper. Pupils produced a promotional leaflet which they presented over a colour photocopy of their own original artwork.



SEARIDER 201

This ship is the bomb – literally – due to the fact it is nuclear powered which brings with it a lot of positives such as no power loss, great speeds and expert electrical equipment. This ship is also one of two ships that have a heated pool; it also has two helipads so you can get an exclusive overhead tour of South Georgia.

**Go to our website:
www.AntarcticAdventures.co
for more information.**

Trip Advisor Review:

Amazing, one of the best trips I've ever been on! I absolutely loved the dog sledging and the snow shoeing! I was also amazed by the helicopter tour: it was the most thrilling experience of my life. It was impossible to spot any mistakes too!

Mr. I. Lovetrips (30 Nov – 22 Jan)

ANTARCTIC KING

This is one of the most suitable ships ever to travel the Atlantic, with a high-powered gas engine and fuel that could last a century, the power is great with very little chance of a power out.

With all the activities listed, it's also got a heated pool and a helipad so you can get an exclusive overhead tour of South Georgia.

**Go to our website:
www.AntarcticAdventures.co
for more information.**

Trip Advisor Review:

This cruise was just the best. There were loads of activities, everyone of which was breath taking. My favourite part was the investigating of land around the ship and seeing the penguins!

Mr P. King (2 – 31 December)

OFF LANDER

At the lowest price we have, £8,224, you could be getting on this state of the art ship with VIP rooms for only £9,547. VIP also comes with a 52" HD TV, luxurious four-poster beds and a hot tub as a bath.

**Go to our website:
www.AntarcticAdventures.co
for more information.**

Trip Advisor Review:

This trip was as good as I suspected. While I didn't enjoy the 'thrilling' activities, I did particularly like the lectures, library and photography classes. Overall, it wasn't the best trip but it was alright for the price.

Mr C. Critic

Outdoors:

- Dog sledging
- Snow shoeing
- Whale watching
- Kayaking
- Close encounters with wildlife
- Visits to historical places
- Helicopter tours of South Georgia

Indoors:

- Table tennis
- Lectures
- Bars
- Gym
- Basketball
- Photography classes

	Off Lander	Arctic King	SEA Rider
Average	£8,224	£16,224	£24,224
Special	£8,956	£16,956	£25,986
VIP	£9,547	£18,547	£32,472

Key stage 2 exercise 1

Pupil A - Piece E: a missing chapter

Context: as part of a whole-class unit on *Pig Heart Boy* (Malorie Blackman), pupils were asked to write the chapter where Cameron returns to school following his pig heart transplant. The class discussed how Cameron's peers might have reacted to his transplant and how dialogue could be integrated to show characterisation and help to advance the action.

It was early Monday morning when I woke up to the horrible sound of hurstling reporters. Those sounds brought ^{me} back to the real world. So I went down for my breakfast and plunged out of the house and through the news reporters. When I got out of the enormous crowd ~~the~~ I ~~have~~ got straight in the car to go to school (like school would be much better though).

When I finally got to school, I swear I went deaf. Seeing as all I could hear was kids screaming and shouting as loud as they could; and all they were saying was...

"Cameron is it true Cameron?"

"Are you really pig heart boy Cameron?"

"IS it true!?"

"How does it feel?!"

"Cameron CAMERON...!"

Suddenly, the bell rang and everyone surprisingly went inside.

Everyone I knew was there shouting my name (even more people I didn't think knew my name) apart from Marlon and Julie.

Eventually, when there was only five people still outside, I decided to step through the front gates but as soon as I laid a foot on the school grounds I felt like I could hear everything, every little thing that was said about me.

I finally got to class and everyone was looking straight at me when I walked in even sticky Stewart. Unfortunately the last seat free was next to Marlon so I walked over at a steady pace and sat down. As soon as I sat down, Stewart

started the lesson without saying anything. About fifteen minutes into the lesson, Marlon started talking to me. "I'm really sorry about the news and the papers, he whispered. "Be quiet Marlon," I said. "We'll talk about this outside."

As soon as the bell went, I rushed out of the classroom and down the hall. Marlon struggled to catch up but he did. He started talking to me and started to say how sorry he was. "Cam. Cam I truly am sorry about everything," he said catching his breath, "It wasn't even my fault."

"Wait.. what!" I said with shock "This this wasn't your fault?! you're the only person I told! and it wasn't your fault?"

"No," he mumbled quietly. "It was my dad, he..."

"He what? He wants money so much that he would betray his friends!" I said.

"Well, yeah."

"What! Marlon that's horrible!" I said angry and surprised.

"I need to go!" We were now standing in an empty hall and I just walked away.

When I got outside, I didn't think my day could get any worse, but it could as I bumped into Travis.

"Hey there Cameron; or should I say Pig Heart Boy?"

"Leave me alone Travis," I said annoyed.

"Where you going?" he said carrying on.

"None of your business!" I shouted getting angrier.

"Whoa... Don't get so angry now Pig.

I had had enough so I turned round to look at him and I asked "Why do you do this Travis? Why do

you have to be such a bully?" So he stepped over and whispered "Because it's fun." So I punched him and ran away.

At lunch time, after I had finished, I was sitting on a bench outside, when Julie decided to walk over and start talking to me. She said something like if I get bullied and teased then I can talk to her and that made me ever so slightly happier.

As soon as I got home I ran upstairs into my room, without having to catch my breath, got the camcorder out and told Alex all about my day with a slight twist. I said I had beaten Travis in a fight and that I got a date with Julie, but most of ~~it~~ it was true and it's a small lie. I'm sure I'll tell Alex in person one day.

Pupil B

This collection includes:

- A) a short story
- B) an informative article
- C) a speech
- D) a diary
- E) a newspaper report

Key stage 2 exercise 1

Pupil B - Piece A: a short story

Context: following an art project that involved studying and making their own Native American totem poles, pupils read and explored short stories connected to these symbolic carvings before writing their own short story, capturing the spirit of their mythological significance.

Deep in the overgrown jungle, the birds screeched. The trees wailed and the insects jumped beneath their feet. The carpet of moss trailed onto the trees. Tangled vines ^{blocking} the way. Next to them, stood a crystal blue water with a ^{large} school of parrot fish. The humid air made them wet. Twigs ^{snapped} under their feet.

Pixy, the brave one, stood and scanned her exotic surroundings. Meanwhile, Kia, the lazy one, stood there paralysed shivering in fright. After days of trying to climb the great mountain, they felt exhausted and started to regard venturing here. Legend had said that a golden totem would grant you ultimate strength.

They had made it half way up the mountain.

"How far away are we?" whined Kia.

"Half way up I think," Pixy said reassuringly.

"I'm dying of exhaustion!" bellowed Kia.

"Come on, just a bit closer," shouted Pixy.

"Then can we rest for the night?" Kia asked her.

"Fine!" replied Pixy.

"Look over there; a cave, we can stay there for the night!" explained Kia. They fell asleep; it wasn't comfortable.

^{the next day} the mountain was eventually scaled by Pixy and Kia. They slowly approached the totem.

Their hands shook and droplets of sweat ran from their heads - with a trembling hand, the totem was picked up by Pixy. The totem (which was made of gold) burnt into smoke. The charred remains only left a peculiar note which read: "Warm-hearted child you have seen ^{the} strength you sought; it was with you this whole time."

Key stage 2 exercise 1

Pupil B - Piece B: an informative article

Context: as part of themed work on endangered species, pupils chose an animal to research before writing an informative article for inclusion in a geographical magazine for primary school children.

Pandas

Diet:

In the wild, a panda's diet is a crucial part of its life. Bamboo is mostly eaten by pandas. In fact, 99% of its diet is bamboo. Up to 40kg of these plants are eaten each day by these magnificent pandas. In captivity, pandas tend to eat honey, eggs and fish - this helps their immune system. Sometimes, in the wild, they will eat different forms of birds. Surprisingly, 1% of their diet is made up of grass and small rodents.

Survival:

Amazingly, pandas can sometimes live in small groups in China. Pandas tend to hang in trees where they have an unlimited supply of different greens and to try to stay away from predators. These loving, passionate and generous animals have to find someone to mate with as part of their life cycle. However, giving birth can be different when you are an endangered species. Amazingly, they are most successful elsewhere; the record of baby cubs born in captivity is excellent.

Similarities / differences:

Did you know that pandas are not the same as other bears? Pandas, unlike other bears, can live up to 20 years in captivity. Interestingly, pandas don't hibernate like other bears and large mammals. Other bears mainly feed on different kinds of meat but not red pandas - they are omnivores (as are black and white pandas).

Key stage 2 exercise 1

Pupil B - Piece C: a speech

Context: pupils discussed and debated a number of ways in which life at school could be improved. Having listened to a podcast of a speech given in the House of Commons, they wrote their own formal speech on an issue they felt strongly about to present to their peers.

Mr Speaker, I am here today to address the amount of hours children are subjected to in a school day.

In my opinion, I think it is pointless to have this many hours in school. This is a vital thing to ponder. The current length of school time could make children strained. These hours are too long. A recent visit to my colleague resulted in them telling me about their child: 'My child isn't having a fun experience because she is constantly checking the clock.' I felt that she should be able to spend more time with family and less time at school. This issue has been discussed by many parents.

I am disgusted by the amount of stress you are making these poor children handle. I recommend you lower these hours at once. These children are arriving home exhausted. This is having a devastating effect on their weekends with the amount of pressure they are being placed under. This can affect their personal well-being. If you do not mind me saying, I have recently talked to my assistant and their child has been miserable and has been stressing about school. I am shocked you could do this to the adults of the future.

Current school hours are needlessly elongated. I do not see the point of this. One must agree that children could be doing other activities during this time. This precious time could be spent with family and friends. Last night, I went to my companion's and she told me how little time she spends with her children. I urge you to listen and lower these hours. It is unfair on children.

Mr Speaker, I urge you to listen to my argument and to consider all the points I have raised regarding the issue of extensive school hours.

Key stage 2 exercise 1

Pupil B - Piece D: a diary

Context: having read and explored *The Diary of Anne Frank*, pupils wrote a diary entry in role as Anne, depicting her thoughts and feelings during a typical day spent in hiding.

February 15th 1944-1945

Dear Diary,

I can't believe it; I'm still alive. What a terrifying situation I'm in. One second I'm playing with my friends then the next I'm behind a bookcase being judged. I've got to remain hopeful we will make it. I'm only 15. I can't, I won't give up... not now. I've come too far. I wonder what it is like back home. This is not home. This is a prison. Behind a "book" door disguised as a bookcase.

Most of my time, I spend peering through the bookcase which feels like a jail cell, just to make sure that we're safe. Earlier today, I was discussing the war - I had drawn my friends... I hope they're safe. I think of them to remind me of happier and joyous times. I let my sister, who is called Margaret, do my hair to break the boredom.

Suddenly, SMAASH! I heard the door snap off its hinges, for a second I thought it was the house keeper back with dinner. Then I realised that was idiotic to think that. Why would she kick the door down? She's not crazy. It was the Gestapo. I looked through the bottom of the bookcase. I saw huge leather books. With caution, I looked through some higher books on the shelf. I saw metal armour. The house owner came out of the room. The officer threw the poor defenceless man against the bookcase. Rattle... Rattle... Rattle the bookcase nearly fell over. Step... Step... Step he managed to walk past us. We made a huddle. I could see the horror in my

parent's eyes. Margaret and I were squished. We all went pale. I heard a familiar silence. I didn't blink or breathe. He left.

We survived again. Thy left! One day we'll live + leave! I just gained more hope. Then again I have lots of faith: Hitler will be stopped! Every night I pray to God wishing it will end soon. I'm alive! I'm not giving up that easily. "not now."

Key stage 2 exercise 1

Pupil B - Piece E: a newspaper report

Context: based on the game of *Cluedo*, pupils explored different aspects of a murder mystery, inventing their own characters and plot, which were then incorporated into a range of writing. One of the pieces the pupil chose to write was a newspaper report, published the morning after the crime.

The Daily
Mirror Line

Murder Mystery Gone Manic

Unfortunately, Charles Toffsbury, owner of Dewsbury Manor, has been murdered. The tranquil village of Dewsbury has been rattled to the very core. Lord Toffsbury was stabbed multiple times last night. The murder weapon has still not been found by the police.

Layered in thick red tape, Dewsbury Manor has become the scene of a tragic murder. The stately home, known for its elegance and wealth, has now seen its darkest days.

Towering above the Yorkshire countryside, the Manor is more than just a stately home: it's a source of employment for the community, a place to clear your mind, a place to enjoy a brisk walk – but no more.

Around 12:45 last night, the sound of a screaming woman broke the silence of the golden grounds. The assassin left nothing; no hair or evidence was found.

At the time of the brutal killing, Lady Toffsbury was welcoming her guests to her annual ball. Once her husband failed to join her in greeting the guests, she grew anxious. She sprinted to the study and opened the door. Slouched in the corner of the now crime scene, she saw her beloved husband.

The detective questioned Lady Toffsbury about the scene to find out if there were three keys to the window. The keys belonged to the butler, the maid and Lady Toffsbury. The detective, the third to witness Lord Toffsbury's dead body, asked his wife if she knew anything. This is how she replied: "I don't know why anyone would want to hurt my husband. He has never had a conflict with anyone in his life!"

The police at the crime scene say that "No stone will be left unturned; don't worry, we will



find out who the assassin is."

Over the course of the next few days we will try to keep you updated. Who would kill such an innocent man? What will happen next?

Pupil C

This collection includes:

- A) a missing chapter
- B) an informal letter
- C) a formal letter
- D) a biography and associated newspaper report
- E) a story opening

Key stage 2 exercise 1

Pupil C - Piece A: a missing chapter

Context: having explored the first few chapters of *Holes* (Louis Sachar), pupils were asked to expand chapter 7 to provide a detailed account, capturing the moment when Stanley completed his first hole, through to his arrival back at Camp Green Lake.

Chapter 7½ The missing chapter

The hole was finally done. Finished. Slumping back into the measly shade his hole provided him, Stanley closed his eyes and fought to keep awake. He stayed like this for some minutes, ignoring the beads of sweat racing down his forehead. His muscles felt like bags of wet cement, and if someone told him he was to sleep here tonight, he would have accepted. But that wasn't an option. He would need to get on the road (well, desert) if he wanted to get back before midnight.

Heaving himself up, Stanley made his first attempt of lifting himself out. It was not even worth the try. His arms were too weak from countless hours of digging; his legs were too tired to support his heavy weight. He scabbled helplessly at the edge of his hole, coughing at the clouds of dust that arose from around him. Blinded, he fell back, only to land^{ing} painfully on his shovel. The shovel. A new idea popped into Stanley's head: a climbing wall. He cut two chinks of dirt out of the side of his hole - footholds footholes. Slipping his feet into the gaps, he was able to climb out with some desperate effort. Heaving with relief, he rolled over, panting, only to jump up in agony at the burning in his back. Summoning. He turned round to look at his hole. It was nothing to be proud of, but he felt proud nevertheless. Summoning up these last of his spit, he spat into his hole.

Half an hour had passed, but Stanley could still see his hole in the far distance. He could tell because his dirt pile had a really peculiar shape; it had a spooky resemblance to MR Sir holding a gun. Weird.

The sky was rapidly darkening, changing from blossom-pink to crimson to a deep indigo. Stanley looked around, eyes squinting for the orange glow of the camp. There it was, a pinpoint in the distance. Comforted by the fact that he had been going the right way all along, Stanley picked up his shovel and walked towards the light, rather like a moth flying towards a candle. For the first time, ^{he} looked up and he was shocked.

(Sparkling silver stars were) Stars. More stars than he had ever seen, sprinkled across the sky like sparkling silver glitter. A glowing full moon balanced precariously on the tip of an azure mountain. Mesmerised, Stanley walked on, unable to tear his eyes off the never-ending blue.

He had already reached camp. It was (the) ^x like the stars had led him here themselves. Relieved, he trudged towards the shower and started unbuttoning his shirt.

Gingerly, Stanley stepped into the shower. He had kept his shoes on. The corners were encrusted with dirt and mould. The shower head was brown ~~with~~ rust, and it was dangling on by a sliver of rope. After a few desperate pangs of frustration and (effort), an unsteady trickle of water was released.

It was Heaven. The liquid ice soothed his aching back, washing away the heat. Though he did not use soap, he stood under the water for a full 5 minutes. Finally, realising he would miss right - register if he did not leave now, he unwillingly stepped out. Overpowering heat welcomed him almost immediately. It was unbelievable.

'Don't move' snarled a voice from behind. He froze. With his hands in the air, he turned round. Mr. Sir. With a gun. Was this a nightmare? Pinching himself, hard, he realised this was real. Very real. At once, he blamed his no-good-dirty-rotten-pig-stealing-great-great-grandfather. He always did.

Bang.

Stanley wondered if he was in Heaven. To his surprise, it looked a lot like Camp. It took some seconds for him to realise he wasn't dead. How could Mr Sir have missed?

A threatening hiss made him turn around. A lizard. A Yellow Spotted Lizard. Every muscle in Stanley's brittle body was screaming at him to run. To run for his life. It just took his brain longer to react.

If you don't want to die, you probably don't want to disturb a Yellow Spotted lizard. Shooting at one is a good way to disturb it. Showing off his startlingly white teeth, it jumped off the wall and charged. Scared or not, Stanley needed to run. Bang!

Key stage 2 exercise 1

Pupil C - Piece B: an informal letter

Context: as part of a guided reading activity, pupils discussed how Stanley might embellish his stay at Camp Green Lake to hide the truth from his mother. Pupils then wrote a letter in role as Stanley, with the remit of reassuring his mother that all was well.

- Gorgeous lake
- 150 ft fabric slide

Flat 218A Dowlake Close
California
Los Angeles
CA70914

Camp Green Lake
Texas
21.7.2005

Hi Mum!

First of all, I am really very sorry that I have -n't written; there has been so much going on, I have had like ZERO time to write. You know when the court guy says places don't last? I can see why now! Wait until you hear what I've been up to!

The nine hour journey was pretty painful. Thank goodness lunch was provided! When we arrived it was SUPER dark, like literally, you will not believe it! There was this really nice girl escort - her name was Landy - she took me to my cabin straight away. (Shame, really, 'cause I wanted to go everywhere!) I was worried I would -n't sleep, but the bedding was so good I can't even remember getting into bed!

I woke up to the sun pouring in the window much nicer than ~~the~~ dad screaming at me! I'm surprised at how quickly everybody got up - I was hardly awake! I've already made a friend - he's called Michael. He showed me where the stuff was. Everyone is provided with clean

stuff towels, a toothbrush set and a pair of bedroom slippers. It was great. After we got ready, we headed down to the dining room. Breakfast, Mum, is AMAZING. There's every thing imaginable - cereals of every kind; the cutest cakes; a full fried breakfast range and the best fruits. There's this thing called Dragon fruit, and it's soooo good. I could eat 10 a day! After, we went on a tour of the camp. I call it a 'tour' but wait until you hear:

First stop: the lake! It wasn't just any lake - y'know, the murky, algae-filled ^{drinking} slime ponds. This lake is clearer than the ^{drinking} ~~slime~~ water (maybe). And it's SO BIG!!! when you get there it's just a blue sparkling ~~ripp~~ ripple after another..

That's not it tho - the activities are even better; there's a 150ft fabric slide that shoots you out into the lake. I went on it twice - it was just so much fun! When I learn to swim I can start sailing lessons. I just can't wait. When we'd dried off with the fluffiest blue towels, we carried on deeper into the forest..

I thought the forest would be dark and shadowy like that time we went hiking with Dad. Remember? Hashtag-worst-holiday Ever. It's not like this here though. The sun is so hot it just burns right through the leaves. We were walking for a really long time, so I thought it was just a super boring nature walk. But when we got there - WOW.

Wooden platforms, 10 metres above ground, with the most am. fantastic - thrilling - exciting obstacle courses in between. It was safer than I thought - we were all tied into rope harnesses with metal hooks. The instructor - Mr Cawdan - or more commonly known as 'Strict Scream' gave us a ten-minute lecture on how we were never ~~to~~ allowed to ever unhook our clips. Well - DUH.

But when we finally got up there, it was totally worth it. One of my favourite courses was the 'Tightrope'. It was ~~basically~~ basically one single rope which you had to walk across. Obviously we were all secure with our harnesses and everything - but still! I was so scared!!! But the ~~experience~~ ^{experience} was the best. You jumped jump, and then you shoot down super fast. Ultra-cool!!!

I have to go now - can hear the dinner bell! Please don't worry 'bout me - I am FINE. Better than fine! Really, I am. Seriously, I can't believe this is a prison alternative! Tell Dad I said hi (and that I love him)! How is the 'sneaker recycle' project going on?

Love you, Mum,

Stanley

xxx

Key stage 2 exercise 1

Pupil C - Piece C: a formal letter

Context: as part of a whole-class study of *Holes* (Louis Sachar), pupils revisited the language of formal writing before composing a typed letter to the Children's Services in role as Stanley, to complain about the conditions at Camp Green Lake.

Children's Services
Los Angeles
California
G60R 4Y6

Camp Green Lake
Texas
K93H 44J
Thursday 23rd May 2005

To whom this may concern,

I am writing to inform you and complain about the shocking state of Camp Green Lake. I was sent here as a consequence of my mistake, as many boys are. But I am sure that I am not the first to realise the disgusting conditions here. We are sent here for our sentence which I am happy to endure. However, I am not willing to accept such conditions.

First, let me highlight the dangers and the wilderness here. The infamous yellow spotted lizard is extremely common: while I realise the counsellors cannot possibly take these animals away from their natural habitat, they could at least provide us with information / lessons so we can protect ourselves if we ever have to face one.

Another concern is the medical service provided here. Not even a band-aid is available, let alone a first-aid kit. The staff have neither the knowledge or the patience to attend to our needs. One of my room mates (unnamed) was cut severely the other day, and all the staff could do was give him a mere piece of ragged cloth to clean up the wound. This is appalling.

Something else I am concerned about is the terrible quality of the food. If you had to wake up at four o'clock every morning, I expect you would at least want a hot breakfast. But here at Camp Green Lake there is nothing except watery gruel and yesterday's bread for breakfast, lunch and dinner. The water is foul and often has a sickly green tinge to it. What is more, we are not even permitted to have more than a pitiful litre a day. The temperature is well over 40 Celsius from ten in the morning to late at night, and we are expected to survive on this whilst digging, often all day.

I expect you have heard of the unusual task prisoners here have to perform. Each and every boy has to dig a hole in the baking sun: five feet wide and five feet deep. This task might be manageable if it were not for the measly amount of water we are given (previously stated above). However, this task is so pointless: would it not be better for us to serve our time by performing tasks around the camp that could benefit everyone, including us? How can we adapt back to society if all we have been doing is digging holes for a year and a half? Another thing to remember is that we are children. Children in the middle of their education. Of course, we will be attending school after we have served our sentence, but how can you possibly expect us to continue our education after we have missed so much?

I hope that you will take the time to read and address the points I have made in this letter.

Yours sincerely,

Stanley Yelnats

Key stage 2 exercise 1

Pupil C - Piece D: a biography and associated newspaper report

Context: as part of a project on Shakespeare, pupils carried out their own independent research, noting key facts and points of interest about the playwright's life, which they incorporated into the writing of a biography. They then drew on their prior knowledge of the features of a newspaper report to write an article based on *Macbeth*, which they had explored through class discussion and drama.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

William Shakespeare is considered the greatest writer of the Elizabethan age. Although he is best known for his plays, he has also written over 100 sonnets and numerous poems.

Shakespeare is also responsible for introducing many new phrases into the English language.

This is the life of William Shakespeare.

EARLY LIFE

Shakespeare's exact date of birth is unknown, but since there is a record of his christening, being on the 26th of April 1564, it is believed he was born on the 23rd (it was common for baptism to take place three days after birth). He was born to Catholic parents, John and Mary Shakespeare, on Henley Street, Stratford-upon-Avon. Shakespeare was the third of eight children, but unfortunately the eldest two died. His father was a leather merchant, who later became a bailiff: a high position in the council. His mother was a local-landed heiress, which meant she was born to a wealthy family.

EDUCATION

It is likely that Shakespeare attended school at the age of six or seven until the age of about fifteen, probably at King Edward VI School. He had a free education as his father was a bailiff, while most others had to pay. There he studied Greek, Latin and Religious Education, which helped him greatly when he was writing his works. There is no record of him attending university.

INTO ADULTHOOD

At the early age of eighteen, Shakespeare married Ann Hathaway on 27th November 1582. They had three children: Susannah, followed by twins, Judith and Hamnet (sadly Hamnet died at the age of eleven). Shakespeare later went to London to work in the emerging theatres. Strangely, the next seven years of his life are a complete mystery, with the baptism of his three children being the only known record of his existence during this period. There are theories that he escaped to London to avoid being prosecuted for deer poaching, and also of him being an apprentice butcher, a lawyer's clerk and a teacher.

However, none of these rumours have been proven.

HIS PLAYWRITING DAYS

The next known record of Shakespeare is when he was already a playwright in London: he received several negative reviews, such as that from the playwright Robert Greene who called him an 'upstart crow'.

As Shakespeare grew more experienced, his works began to gain in popularity, especially amongst royalty. Queen Elizabeth 1 favoured his plays as they made her uncle, Henry VI, look important. In 1599, Shakespeare became part of the 'Lord Chamberlain's men', a group of successful writers and actors. The same year, the Globe was built, with Shakespeare owning 12.5% of it – he became a very wealthy man indeed. Now that he had money, it was time to spend it. Shakespeare bought the second largest house in Stratford for his family, numerous properties in London, 107 acres of farmland and a cottage. Later, he also bought premises in London to let.

A CHANGE OF NAME

When Queen Elizabeth I died, Shakespeare and his company (The Lord Chamberlain's Men) were awarded a royal patent by King James I, originally King James VI of Scotland; the company soon became known as 'The King's Men'. Shakespeare's work shifted dramatically, from the previous religious tone to the secular entertainment for the public.

DEATH AND LEGACY

It is believed that 'Two Noble King's Men' was one of the last plays Shakespeare ever wrote. His final plays were graver in tone, and ended with forgiveness, not tragedy. This could have been the theatrical fashion of the day, but many people believe it reflected Shakespeare's more temperate view of life as he aged. He died on the 23rd April, 1616, on his fifty-second birthday: the cause of his death is unknown, but just a month previously his doctor reported him to be perfectly healthy.

Seven years after his death, a collection of Shakespeare's work was published – the most complete version so far. It included plays no-one had ever seen before. Created by friends, John Heminge and Henry Condell, many think Shakespeare would not have become such a legend if it was not for this work.

Nearly five-hundred years later, Shakespeare and his writings are still widely studied. He is regarded as England's national playwright: a vital part of England's history as well as its language.

This was the life of William Shakespeare.

- SCOTLAND NEWS -

THE MURDER OF THE KING!!!

Yesterday, on the 27th of April 1043, the King of Scotland was killed by a mysterious murderer.



The late King Duncan of Scotland.

His majesty had been staying at Glamis castle, as a result of the another victory: the battle against the Norwegian Army.

His host, the Lord Macbeth of Glamis and Cawdor, was the hero of that battle and now is one of the King's closest friends...

There had been a magnificent banquet in the evening, where the King dined with many nobleman. He then retired to his guarded bed chamber to rest.

The actual murder happened at around midnight. His body was not discovered until morning when Annys, the 16-year-old maid, came to serve his Majesty his breakfast.

"It was a gruesome murder scene. At first I just thought he was asleep, but then I noticed that the bedsheets had turned crimson. Pulling off the covers, I revealed a stab wound in the stomach. He was cold all over and his eyes were blank with horror..." Annys

described, weeping with
fright.
Of course, there had
been many other
occupants in the castle.
Nobleman Lennox said
that he had indeed
heard some disturban-
ces during that time,
but since he had not
thought it unusual,
he had not investigated
further into the matter.

While we may mourn
for our great King,
it is important to
remember that we
must move on. Lord
Macbeth is expecting
to be crowned King
in the coming days.
We must stay as
one- as SCOTLAND!

Key stage 2 exercise 1

Pupil C - Piece E: a story opening

Context: pupils explored a number of openings to science fiction novels, before planning and typing their own opening for a science fiction story that would appeal to year 6 pupils.

Meet Dave

Streaks of rain raced down the glass, forming a pool along the edge of the window. Sonar shrugged indifferently, not caring about the damp, grey atmosphere. It's not like he had anything to do.

Walking into the kitchen, he nibbled at a stale ginger biscuit, looking for sandwich ingredients. He eventually found a scrap of peanut butter at the back of a cupboard. Then realising he had no bread, he resolved to dry, plain ricecakes. His mother never seemed to have time to buy food. She was either sleeping, in the shower, or just 'out'. Sighing, he trudged back into the living room, shook the remote control and turned on the TV. Staring at the measly selection of videos, he scrolled up and down, trying to decide which one he had watched less than ten times. Tired and frustrated, he flicked his silvery hair back (his mother had decided blonde was too 'common' for her son so she had dyed it) and closed his eyes. When he finally opened them again, he was shocked to see a new title flashing on the screen: 'Meet Dave'.

Blinking curiously, Sonar clicked onto the film. The loading circle appeared (as it always did), but he was astonished when an 'error' sign appeared. He clicked OK...flashes of blue lightning crackled ominously; it was like it had penetrated the screen, reaching out towards him... Sonar backed into the sofa, his grey eyes reflected the blue from the light.

As the lightning died, he heaved a sigh of relief. It didn't last long – a beam of red laser shot out of the signal indicator, scanning the room while buzzing continuously. It was like the film had taken on the device. He felt a strong pull, so strong he could feel himself slipping off the sofa. Before he had realised it, he was no longer making contact with, well, anything. He was floating in midair. It was like a giant invisible bubble held him high in the air. His grey eyes were wide with fear and bewilderment. Long silvery locks hung in every direction; his mouth open in a silent shriek. The bubble, containing Sonar, gathered speed and approached the black screen of the television. Terrified he was going to face-plant into the extremely solid looking glass...

"Arrghhh!!!" he shrieked, as he plunged into icy water. Something cold and slimy touched his forehead, then his left cheek. Disconcerted, he pulled his face out and in the process, fell back with a thump. Wet auburn curls dripped miserably down onto an olive-green uniform.

"Number Three. What on EARTH do you think you are doing?" growled a dark-skinned man in a similar uniform. A few people chuckled appreciatively, murmuring, "What on Earth – get it!"

A dark flush crept over Sonar, turning him into a human plum. Clambering up, he rushed towards a door with the familiar male bathroom sign.

"Uh, number Three? The female bathroom is over there," the man called out, pointing towards the opposite door.

"But I, uh," stammered Sonar, blinking in confusion, "oh, yeah, of course."

Rushing through the door in humiliation, he fled into a cramped cubicle, locking the door. Panting, he took a few seconds to recover...

"Aaahhh!!!" he screamed, rushing out of the toilet in a frenzy. "I'm a girl!" he finished, eyes wide with horror. For the first time, Sonar took in his appearance. His damp hair had grown down to his waist and been curled in the process. He had lost 4 inches of height and gained 5kg of weight. His eyelashes were coated in what seemed like tar. Is this what being a girl feels like, wondered Sonar? He stared in fascination at his new body, not apprehending the fact everybody was staring at him, or rather, now, her.

"Number Three, this is not acceptable!" shouted the man once more. "I'm very sorry I should be saying this, but as a captain I really must. "Sort yourself out and place your foolish body on the Naughty Step!" Hearing the last phrase, Sonar felt an urge to laugh uncontrollable. The Naughty Step! The angry face directed at him quenched this urge slightly, but he couldn't suppress a high-pitched giggle.

The corridors were straight and everything, to Sonar's relief, was very helpfully labelled. After many more awkward questions and peculiar stares, he was directed to a small, neat cabin. Splashing his face with cold goldfish-free water from a silver tap, he picked up a hot-pink brush and made an attempt to put his hair into a ponytail. Eventually, after six snapped hairbands and orange lace all over the floor, he had to give up. Growling in anger, he sat on the plastic mattress and started to think: where was he? Why was he here? How did he get here? Why was he a girl?

A massive jolt woke Sonar up from his daydream. He was thrown across the room, crashing painfully into the cold stone floor. An ear-blasting siren erupted, echoing through many corridors. A booming voice which Sonar recognised as the captain's accompanied the wail, directing all crew to the main hall. Cautiously, Sonar pushed open the door a crack, to see people rushing down, face serious. Joining them, he tried to catch the murmured conversations of the crowds.

"Some sort of crash, one of those giant thingie on wheels," muttered a woman with long blonde hair in a ponytail.

"I hear we're out of power, and the right foot's twisted," replied another, a man with short dark hair.

As if on cue, the bright white lights flickered, before blacking out completely. It was like the whole object that they had been travelling in had shut down; there was a soft whirring noise like a large machine powering down...