



Key stage 2 English writing standardisation exercise 2

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, exercises, 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 the end of 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 that you note your answers down clearly and correctly, and give them to the person overseeing the standardisation exercise once completed. There is no template for you to record your responses. You will need to record your responses using a format agreed within your local authority.

Pupil A

This collection includes:

- A) a Greek myth
- B) a letter of complaint
- C) a balanced argument
- D) a fable
- E) a blog

Key stage 2 exercise 2

Pupil A - Piece A: a Greek myth

Context: as part of a topic on Ancient Greece, the class read a variety of different Greek myths. They were then given the opportunity to write a myth using their own choice of god. The pupil chose to start their myth with a warning.

The Story of Thesos

In Ancient Greece, it was always considered wise to thank the Gods for a skill you may possess. One might go as far as comparing someone with the Gods. "He sings almost as beautifully as Apollo," one might say, but he would be careful not to forget the 'almost' for the gods were revered. Should one grow arrogant enough to say you were as good, or better, than the Gods...well, it could be fatal.

This is the story of a boy who goes by the name of Thesos. He was born the son a rich merchant and had all the luxuries he could ever ask for. He lived in the beautiful city of Athens, where the cobbled streets would be filled with bustling crowds in bright stalls selling rich herbs and spices. Towering statues looked over all that lived there. Near where Thesos lived was a colossal amphitheatre, where all the gladiator fights would take place and there, in the centre, stood a glistening, bronze idol of Ares, God of War, wielding his fatal blade.

Most young men who lived near the amphitheatre would grow up to be successful gladiators. However, Thesos was the best. To simply watch Thesos with his sword as he slashed, stabbed and twirled would strike fear in to all who opposed him. When in the arena, whether fighting man or beast, he would soon have them dead at his feet. However, it often happens that those with incredible skill also have incredible arrogance. He was infamous for his complete lack of kindness, generosity, humility and honesty. Those who may disagree with him, Thesos would threaten to kill. Many claimed they were his friend but this was only so that they wouldn't be killed by him. Thesos was quick-tempered with his father, rude to his servants and unfriendly to his fellow citizens. But it was his arrogance which eventually undid him.

"I am so amazingly, unbelievably and extraordinarily talented. All the soldiers of Athens must be jealous of me," Thesos remarked one day to his father.

"Yes my boy." His father sighed. He had heard all of this before.

"Even the Gods must envy my skill."

"Thesos, my boy, I'm not so sure about that..."

"No God can match my skill. Ares is nothing more than a fat-fingered fumbler compared to my skill. Everyone is jealous of me but I understand why; I am just so remarkably skilled."

This, of course, was a foolish thing to say for Ares was a deadly foe and had been known to kill countless soldiers. He was one of the most dangerous enemies to have.

However, Thesos went on regardless.

"Maybe I am a god. Maybe there is a god inside of me, waiting to be released. I would make a better god of war than Ares, don't you think?"

At that moment, there was a knock on the door.

"Come in!" Thesos' father called.

In stepped a shrivelled-up hag. He really was quite old. His wrinkly skin hung in bags, his sunken eyes barely visible underneath a tarnished red hood. He leant heavily on a knobbly walking stick. He slowly hobbled over to Thesos.

"Eugh!" Thesos exclaimed in disgust, "Who are you, old crone?"

"You shouldn't mock old age boy. I have come as a messenger for the gods. You have angered the God, Ares. Take heed of this warning and ask his pardon," the old man said, pointing a long, crooked finger and revealing a toothless mouth.

"If Ares was so angry, he would have come himself and challenged me. But I would still win."

"Very well." The old hag sighed. "Now is your chance. "

And with that, he raised his hand and there was a burst of light.

Thesos and his father shielded their eyes. When they finally lowered their hands, they saw an extraordinary sight. Gone was the tattered travelling cloak, the wrinkles and the knobbly walking stick. In their place stood a tall, muscular man in gleaming golden armour. In his right hand, where a walking cane once was, now was a long, deadly sword. Ares, god of war, had come.

"You have challenged me. Soon you may regret it," Ares boomed, his voice echoing around the room.

"I don't regret anything and I never will." Thesos shot back still as smug as ever. "I demand...a duel."

"The duel shall take place at dawn. You..." Ares said, suddenly pointing at Thesos' father. "Go. Tell the gladiators that a fight will take place at dawn."

As the sun rose, the rays were cast down on the amphitheatre. The crowds cheered. The god and mortal stood face to face. The bell sounded. The two competitors charged at each other and blade met blade with a clang.

The crowd was mesmerised. Soon the two fighters became frenzies of strikes and slashes. Thesos swung his sword but Ares blocked and sent him stumbling back. Ares ran forward and made a locking motion, creating a deep gash in Thesos' shoulder. The spectators watched in awe, screaming and cheering for their beloved god but wondering if the mortal could really win.

Nobody could say who would win. They were both equal match for each other. However, something had changed. Ares had been confident, proud, careless. But as he was pushed back further and further, he found that Thesos was no average fighter. He was the best in the land; his claims to be as good as the war god were true.

The battle lasted for many hours but with a last swish of a blade, a clang could be heard as a sword fell on the stone ground.

Ares looked down at his own empty hand. Then at his opponent's hand, still clutching his weapon. A silence filled the amphitheatre. Then, without warning, the crowd erupted in to cheers. Colourful flowers and coins showered over Theseos.

"Enough!" Ares yelled, slamming his foot down. The crowd was silenced as thunder clapped overhead. He marched towards Theseos, who was doubling up with laughter.

"Not like a god to be beaten," he said, through peals of laughter. "But then again, there had to be a first time. After all – " but Theseos never got to finish his sentence, for Ares had stomped towards him and grasped him by his neck, pulling him off the ground. His head was shaking with rage, his breathing shallow.

"I told you, did I not? I told you that you will regret it and now you shall learn why." And with that his grip loosened.

Theseos tried to get up but he fell back down. Something was wrong. His legs sprang together. His feet thinned and lengthened, wrapping around his legs. His arms were fused to his legs. Theseos screamed in agony. The crowd fled, fearing that the same fate may befall them. Theseos' neck and head lengthened, getting thinner and thinner then ending in a deadly point.

Theseos still struck fear into everyone, though not quite in the same way. For Theseos had become a sword.

Key stage 2 exercise 2

Pupil A - Piece B: a letter of complaint

Context: after exploring examples of fairy tales with a twist, pupils were asked to write a letter of complaint from the point of view of a fairy tale character of their choice. The pupil asked to use a character from one of the *Harry Potter* novels and chose to write from the point of view of the Basilisk, complaining about Harry Potter and making the case for his expulsion from Hogwarts.

Professor A. B. Dumbledore
Room 9
Floor 3
Hogwarts Castle
Scotland

The Basilisk
The Chamber of Secrets
Hogwarts Castle
Scotland

Hisssss translation:

Dear Professor Dumbledore,

I am writing to you to discuss a matter of utmost importance. I feel it is my duty to inform you that a young criminal is roaming the castle. Being the great and wise man you are, after reading these numerous reasons, you will expel Harry Potter from this school forever.

Firstly, the boy has no respect for school rules. For instance, both last year and this year, he has been caught many times roaming the castle by night. In addition to this, he has been seen in the restricted section of the library, simply for his own gain. And, as if this was not enough, when the dim-witted half-giant, Rubeus Hagrid, bought a dragon egg, which is strictly forbidden, Harry helped the great ogre to keep the dragon a secret until it was ready to be taken away. Undoubtedly this is unacceptable behaviour.

Furthermore, he has a non-explanatory grudge against He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. It is an atrocious thing to harbour grudges and this may lead to outbursts of rage within lessons. He also tries to attract attention by claiming to have seen and fought against He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. He is an arrogant, lying rule-breaker with no respect for school rules or others.

My last and most important point: he is a murderer. Only last year he killed one of your fellow teachers, Professor Quirrel, ~~and~~ ~~only~~ because he was about to report him for being out of bed by night. I am sure you will agree that this is a terrible act.

Having read these points, I hope you now believe that Harry Potter should be expelled from Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

Yours sincerely,
The Basilisk

Key stage 2 exercise 2

Pupil A - Piece C: a balanced argument

Context: after studying the Amazon rainforest in geography, the pupil chose to write a balanced argument about deforestation.

One of the most debated and problematic issues of this century, deforestation is the process of clearing away huge amounts of rainforest at a time. It is estimated that, per minute, a patch of rainforest equivalent to that of 60 full-sized football pitches or, in other words, a chunk of rainforest the size of Switzerland is being demolished every year, and experts predict that, in 30-50 years time, all rainforests will be gone.

For the less economically developed countries, the citizens see deforestation not as a hazard to our planet, but as an opportunity to earn money and make a living. Stopping the deforestation business would prevent them from making any money. People also argue that it would be extremely difficult to extract the coffee beans, cocoa beans and the plants we need for medicines without cutting down forest.

However, deforestation can also cause a number of disastrous consequences, perhaps the most detrimental of them being its contribution to global warming. All the machinery used to cut down and transport the wood releases huge amounts of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere, making the air we breathe lethal for humans and animals. As trees take in carbon dioxide and give out oxygen, less gas can be taken in and less oxygen is being given. Animals that are arboreal (live in trees) and other animals may lose their food source. To make it easier to get through the rainforest, the workers build roads which could crush ground-dwelling animals.

After much consideration, it has been deemed that the process of deforestation should be reduced to the minimum, or that the effects must be contradicted by planting more trees: some people still believe though that the destruction of the rainforest is good practice. Local farmers say they have no land to grow crops and that they do not cut down the trees on purpose - they have no choice. However, most people believe that planting more trees is the right thing to do.

Key stage 2 exercise 2

Pupil A - Piece D: a fable

Context: after reading and exploring Rudyard Kipling's *Just So* stories, pupils were asked to write a fable in the style of Kipling. The pupil chose to write about how the koala got its shout.

How the koala got its shout

In the beginning, oh best beloved, the koala was silent. He would sit on a branch and watch the tallest trees tower over the dense Australian jungle. He would look up at the cascading waterfall crashing down on the unfortunate rocks that lay below. And he would remain silent.

The koala was errant and idle. Every day he would sit on a branch while the animals would shout up at him:

"Koala, koala, why must you remain silent? Come down from your treetop perch and help us work!" and the koala would answer in no more than a whisper,

"I am silent, and you are all silent to me." and the other animals would go away.

The next day the animals would come and find the koala on his same treetop perch, and would shout up at him, "Koala, koala, why must you remain silent? Come down from your treetop perch and work like the rest of us!" And the koala would answer in no more than a whisper, "I am silent, and you are all silent to me." and the animals would go away.

One Monday, the kangaroo hopped up to the koala, who was sitting in his treetop perch, and cried, "Koala, koala, why must you remain silent? Come down from your treetop perch and work like the rest of us!" And the koala said in no more than a whisper, "I am silent, and you are all silent to me." And the kangaroo hopped away.

On Tuesday, the alligator crawled up to the koala, his tail swishing like a turbine, and shouted up at the top of his croaky old voice,

"Koala, Koala, why must you remain silent? Come down from your treetop perch and work like the rest of us!" And the koala said in no more than a whisper, "I am silent, and you are all silent to me." And the alligator crawled away, tail still swishing like a turbine.

On Wednesday, the dingo came running up to the koala, great big eyes drooping, for the dingo prefers working at night and resting during day, and shouted,

"Koala, Koala, why must you remain silent? Come down from your treetop perch and work like the rest of us!" And the koala said in no more than a whisper,

"I am silent, and you are all silent to me." And the dingo ran away and curled up in his resting place to sleep.

At midnight, which is the most magical time oh Best Beloved, the kangaroo and the alligator, their eyes drooping, for this was not their working time, and the now wide-awake dingo, gathered around a thick birch tree. They looked up to the starry, midnight-blue sky and all cried:

"Why, oh why? Why must you have created such an idle burden and placed it within our midst? Please help us!" and they went away to sleep, or else carry on their work, all the while hoping that their begging would have effect.

The trees heard their pleas and decided to help them. A leaf blew off the birch tree. It slowly floated towards the koala, who was sleeping on his treetop perch, and landed on his head.

And then... magical things began to happen.

The next morning, the kangaroo once again hopped up to the koala and said, "Koala, koala, why must you remain so silent? Come down from your treetop perch and work like the rest of us!" And the koala replied in the most deep, loud bellow, "I am silent, and you are all silent to me." However, he was not silent, indeed, he had developed the loudest voice in all of the jungle!

And after this incident, oh Best Beloved, the koala has been the loudest animal in the Australian jungle, but has to this day not made up for his many missed days of work. And this, oh Best Beloved, is how the koala got its shout.

Key stage 2 exercise 2

Pupil A - Piece E: a blog

Context: as part of their independent projects inspired by the school's production of *Peter Pan*, pupils were asked to create their own Neverland. One of the tasks was to write a diary, but the pupil chose to embed a story within a blog instead, presenting their very different version of Neverland.

Hello blog.

I haven't seen you in a while. I know, I've been neglecting you, but a lot of things have happened, most of these involving me almost being killed.

I have:

- Been shot at
- Stabbed
- Burned
- Scarred
- Had to get a robotic arm

You get the idea.

Okay, let me explain. You know all those books and movies about Peter Pan and Neverland and stuff? The way they describe Neverland is not how it is. Or at least not anymore. It all started when I was playing this game called Battle Mechs. You know, where you start off with a completely useless mech and you upgrade them and get better? Anyway, I was on the clan chat when it just came up with this:

Anonymous: you dream of this stuff, don't you?

So I said:

Destroyer Bot: Yeah. So?

Anonymous: I can take you somewhere like this.

Destroyer Bot: When?

Anonymous: Now.

Then there was a blinding flash of light and, after that, things were very weird. I woke up on this sort of landing pad. Except it was too small, and no one was paying any attention to it. Surrounding me was just like that Anonymous guy said: it was nothing like home. Metal buildings dotted everywhere, robots clunking about. To be fair, I can understand why no one was paying any attention to me. I had spawned just next to this big generator sort of thing. Everything is not trees and forests and the best dens in the world. No. It's so weird; everything is just so...technological. Once I had confirmed that I was *not* dreaming (my face hurt for a while after that), I scrambled behind the generator, and at that moment I realised my tablet was still in my hands. "A portal?" I thought. It had taken me here; maybe it could take me back. I hunched up against a wall with peeling red and yellow paint and faded letters reading: DANGER. DO NOT ENTER. I turned it on, expecting to see my usual lock page with the usual keypad for me to unlock my tablet, but instead I was thrown straight into the game. Battle Mechs. With all of my previous gaming score gone. All of the game data erased. And I was only about 2,000 XP away from getting to level 78! From what I could see, it was beginning to get dark, so I tried my best to get comfortable and go to sleep.

I was woken up the next day by a gigantic CRASH. I jumped up and saw a massive wreckage. A guy on a stretcher. Random bits of plane everywhere. So I figured the crash must have been an out-of-control craft. And, in a random spurt of utter STUPIDITY, I walked out from my hiding spot. Dumbest thing I could have ever done. One of the repair bots looked around and saw me. The others followed. Then one of them tried to shoot me.

The laser whizzed over my head, and soon the air was filled with laser bolts. I dashed back to the generator, where I saw another boy. Before I had time to register this, he ran in front of me and smacked a blue chip down on the floor, and a circular, translucent blue wall popped up out of nowhere and encased us.

"Who are you?" I said.

"The new Peter Pan," he said. Then he grabbed my face and forced my mouth open.

"EY! OT OO OO IN OOR OOIN!" (translation: HEY! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?) He held up a small pill and dropped it into my mouth, "OT OS AAT!" I yelled (translation: WHAT WAS THAT!)

"A sleeping pill," he answered calmly. After that I dropped off completely.

I woke up some time later with lots of boys and girls crowded around me. They all looked burned, bruised and scarred.

"So, the dead boy lives," said a familiar voice. The other kids moved back. A boy with brown hair and a scar down his shoulder walked in front of me and sat on a wall.

"Sorry about all that. That's what you gotta do with the newbies. But this is the first time I've seen one walk right out. That was dumb. Also, we had to patch your arm a bit. We're not the best doctors 'round here, 'cos the trained ones work for them." He gestured outside. "Anyway, we just gave you a new one. Avoid all the hassle. I've got one too." He held up his left arm. Except it wasn't a human arm. It was clearly robotic. "We managed to nick some of these from the medical room down over there" – he pointed to a building next to the big signal tower thing – "and Luke here worked a couple of days to give 'em some upgrades. Check this out." As he said this, he tapped a button on his arm. A small hatch opened and a plasma gun shot out (I play Battle Mechs too much). A fizzing ball of energy slowly expanded with four metal claws, which then released it.

"Don't! We'll be caught!" I said.

"Nah, it's fine." Peter said. "This wall is temporarily impenetrable."

"But they can still hear us."

"*Which includes sound.* The light, however, should pass straight through you, provided you're wearing these." He held up a black T-shirt and black jeans.

"Which he is not," another girl said. "I'm Emma by the way."

Suddenly, I heard an alarm.

"Alright folks, you know the drill. To your battle stations QUICK!" Peter yelled, while tossing everyone a gun. I caught mine and realised it was just a pistol. So they get fancy guns and I get the pistol. I ran over to Emma.

"What the flipping hell am I supposed to do?" I said.

"Stay with me and get ready to shoot at any moment," she replied, not taking her eyes out from the aiming piece. The wall around us flickered and disappeared, and thundering footsteps shook the ground; before we knew it, we were surrounded by robots. I heard Peter whisper behind me, "Everyone, shoot on my command. 1, 2, 3, SHOOOT!!!" Once again the air was filled with yells and laser beams and plasma balls. I looked around for Emma, but I couldn't see her anywhere. Then it began.

It's strange, fighting a robot. They're a lot smarter than you think. I got out my pistol, but it was no use. I was instantly hit in the face by a laser. Blood was trickling down my mouth and instincts kicked in. I grabbed the pistol and feinted an attack, then ran around the other side and ripped out a wire. I looked around. Again, no sign of Emma or Peter. One boy was wrestling against another robot and was pinned against a wall. I ran and wildly shot it. Then I was grabbed from behind.

Something whacked me on the back, and then I felt a dagger slice through my left arm. Then I remembered what Peter had done with his arm and desperately searched for that button. I found it and punched down. A small hatch opened and the gun shot out. It released. The ball whacked into the nearest drone and went steamrolling through the crowd. I stared, but I couldn't stay put for too long.

A lot of things happened. I would tell you, but it seems as if we're evacuating or something. Everyone's gathering up all the equipment, guns, everything. I don't know what, but something big is happening. I have to go now. I'm really starting to hate that Anonymous guy.

_____ Over and Out _____

Pupil B

This collection includes:

- A) a short adventure story
- B) a manifesto
- C) a modern-day version of 'Macbeth'
- D) an information text
- E) a formal letter

Key stage 2 exercise 2

Pupil B - Piece A: a short adventure story

Context: after reading and exploring *Percy Jackson and the Lightning Thief* (Rick Riordan), pupils wrote a short adventure story, focusing on the chapter where Percy meets Medusa. The pupils drew on their prior knowledge of Greek mythology to explore the idea of a journey where suspense is created and the characters meet something unexpected.

Deep in the middle of a dark, gloomy jungle, I found myself stranded with my best friend - Jonny. The smell of poisonous smoke brushed past my nose which sent shivers down my spine. The sound of loud echoing sticks cracking gave me the terrifying sensation that we were alone.

~~Staring~~ Staring at Jonny's petrified expression we had the same idea - run! AS we ran for ^{our} lives, I tripped over a tree root. Jonny kept running without realising I was no longer by his side. I was alone. AS I sat up, pinned with fear to a damp tree, I saw some flashing lights through the ever-densening mist. Thinking this could be an escape from the unknown ~~tooth~~ creatures lurking between the jungle leaves I crawled cautiously towards the light.

Peering into the lit jungle clearing, I suddenly heard someone say quietly, "They have fallen for the trick; let's get prepared!" Scanning the area for any sign of hope, I noticed a dark shadow hiding on the other side of the clearing. It was Jonny. Trying not to alert the mysterious voice of our

location, I carefully crept over to him. "We need to get out of here," I whispered frantically. "They want to kill us!" Jonny let out a piercing scream. I stopped him as quick as I could but it was too late. The sound of a slamming door and a reloading gun vibrated through our bodies. The quickly approaching feet made us realise that our time was running out. All of a sudden it became silent. There they were. Two broad, overgrown men staring aggressively at us. "Run!" I shouted loudly. I darted through one of the man's legs. But did Jonny make it?

Key stage 2 exercise 2

Pupil B - Piece B: a manifesto

Context: having studied the Ancient Greeks as part of their work in history, pupils learnt about democracy and the political system prior to debating topical issues. They explored the language of manifestos from pupils in another school before writing their own manifesto about the main policies they would adopt if they were to become prime minister.

If the Turtle party was ~~in charge~~ ^{in charge} of the country we would include every citizen in the UK. May I be so bold as to develop a new and safer government to give help to all of our different communities.

Environment

I request that all plastic items be abolished because sea creatures are ~~soon~~ becoming extinct as a result of plastic. Every year, over 100,000 ~~innocent~~ sea creatures die from suffocating on the plastic that we have disposed on the beach. What have they done to suffer this fate?

NHS

Additionally, I urge that the NHS be given more funding to provide necessary care to people in need; far too many patients ^{are} being left to wait for hours in A&E, for example a 10 year old boy, who was bleeding from a gash in his leg, was left to wait nearly 2 hours. May I also request that more mental health nurses ^{Nurses} be trained. Mental ~~with~~ health is an increasing problem in the UK. Some individuals are in desperate need of support

but have been on a waiting list for months. This has to improve.

Conclusion

To conclude, you can make all this come true by voting for the Turtle Party. We will do everything in our power to make these necessary changes for you.

Key stage 2 exercise 2

Pupil B - Piece C: a modern-day version of 'Macbeth'

Context: the class read *Macbeth* (William Shakespeare) and took part in a range of drama activities, including hot-seating, before writing a modern-day version of the story.

"Finally we are back where we belong," exclaimed Zak happily to Daniel.

"Aggaristan is in the past," said Daniel, "look on to the future." His voice echoed down the ~~the~~ tunnels of the London underground. They heard whispers coming from behind them and ^{they} turned. Suddenly from the dark entrance, came four homeless worn out men. They slowly staggered towards Daniel and Zak begging for money. After giving them some money, Zak saw ~~something~~ ^{something} shiny. Thinking it was a gun, Zak pulled his out in defence and held it out at them. The ~~men~~ homeless men spoke as one, "It is an ~~old~~ form of fortune telling, they are fortune telling crystals. If you hold the crystal, we will tell you your future."

Zak cautiously reached out to touch the crystals. "You have a bright future - you will be General in the army and King. Daniel, your daughter and son will be second commanders of war."

Shocked, they got on the train and went home. As Zak entered his house, Belle his daughter, came running over to him. "I received a letter today," said Zak's wife, "the queen has given you the General's medal for your bravery and to honour the ~~previous~~ ^{previous} Raging General who sadly died. The queen has invited you to go for tea."

"O...kay," replied Zak aghast. Zak and his wife made a plan to poison the queen's wine so that Zak could become king. They would

go to dinner and sneak some poison into her wine.

Later that night, they went to Buckingham Palace. Zak's wife managed to drop some poison in the wine while Zak distracted the Queen with tales of Afghanistan.

As she took a sip of her wine, Zak sat up in his chair abruptly. In his mind, he could feel the golden crown on his head already. Within minutes the queen fell off her chair. Zak ran over to her in sarcastic sobs of joy.

"The guards have killed the Queen - poison is in their pockets," screamed one of the guests.

That night, Zak had a hideous dream filled with guilt. The next morning, Zak's wife found him with a knife through his heart.

Key stage 2 exercise 2

Pupil B - Piece D: an information text

Context: having watched some episodes of David Attenborough's *Blue Planet* as part of their work in science, pupils conducted their own independent research before writing an information text for a national geographical magazine.

Blue Whale

Do you view Blue Whales as in the same way as I do? According to common opinion, they are dangerous mammals but I ~~see~~ consider them as the majestic creatures that they really are. These creatures are the royalty of the great ~~the~~ blue sea and need to be treated accordingly. Read on for more information on ~~the~~ this magnificent creature.

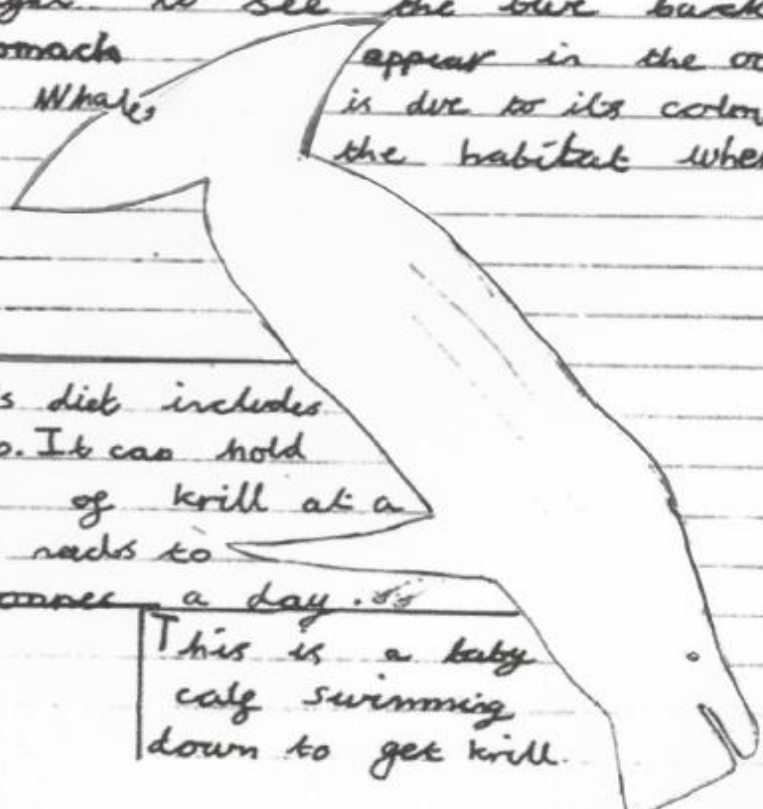
Appearance

As the largest animal on Earth, it is a spectacular sight to see the blue back and white stomach appear in the ocean. The name, Blue Whales, which matches they live. is due to its colour the habitat where

Diet

The Blue Whale's diet includes krill, and shrimp. It can hold around a tonne of krill at a time, however, it needs to consume four tonnes a day.

This is a baby calf swimming down to get krill.



Environment

The large Blue whale's habitat is the Indian, Pacific and Atlantic Ocean which is the

perfect place for a whale because the average ~~individual~~ whale needs space to roam freely and search for food.

Did you know:

- The Blue whale's heart is the same size as a car.

- Its lungs hold around 500,000 litres of air at a time

Having read this information you will agree that the Blue whale is a marvellously majestic creature ~~and~~ and its existence should be protected.

Key stage 2 exercise 2

Pupil B - Piece E: a formal letter

Context: as part of their work in personal, social, health and economic (PSHE) education, pupils considered how to keep their bodies and minds healthy. They worked in groups to research a particular health concern in society today and discussed what might be done about it. They then planned and wrote a letter to a government minister.

House of Commons,
London

Dear Sir,

I am writing to express my deep concerns towards the lack of support towards mental health in our community.

Firstly, it has been reported (by NHS mental health nurses) that one in seven young people will suffer from mental illness: depression, anxiety, eating disorders and self harming. Although we recognise that money is being spent to decrease the numbers of people suffering with mental health people do not feel this is enough.

To resolve this ongoing issue I implore you to dedicate more money to help people improve their fitness. It has been scientifically proven that exercise is an excellent way to reduce stress levels, increase people's sense of well-being and provide opportunities for social interaction. By providing free gym / leisure passes, access to both group and personal trainers and gym equipment (including clothing) the mental health of the country would be significantly improved.

After interviewing members of the public who have previously experienced mental health difficulties, they reported that social interaction (particularly outside in organised groups) was extremely beneficial. One group member, Bob, said, "My group experience transformed the way I deal with my difficulties."

If the government organised more regular groups, with a variety of activities, there would be a huge improvement in the mental health of the nation.

As a government minister, you have the power to change others' lives. We hope you take these views into consideration – I look forward to hearing your reply.

Yours sincerely,

Pupil C

This collection includes:

- A) a short story
- B) a science investigation
- C) an information text
- D) a pair of historical narratives
- E) a continuation of a chapter
- F) a formal letter

Key stage 2 exercise 2

Pupil C - Piece A: a short story

Context: as part of a unit on narrative writing, pupils were asked to use their skills to build tension in a story about an assassination, particularly by hiding the identity of the perpetrator.

The Assassin

The gloomy silhouettes suddenly disappeared, as the crescent moon was released from its prison. The light shone weakly onto the building opposite... just enough for the killer to search the derelict alleyway below him. The assassin gave a sinister grin, his shaggy dark coat hiding him from anyone who dared to enter his domain.

"Any time now," the murderer thought to himself. He lay low in the darkness, his eyes fixed upon the street in which the unfortunate culprit would creep out onto, waiting for the moment when he would strike. Blood raced through his body, his pulse quickening with every moment that passed.

After what felt like an eternity, with his limbs aching, the building to the right of him began to shake, before long doing so more vigorously and emitting odd noises: Grack! Rackt!

"Finally," smiled the assassin, "my time to shine."

Without warning, the noises abruptly came to a halt. Tensing his body, he steadied his legs, crouching low, preparing to pounce. And then...out flew a piece of sewage.

"Dang it!" he wailed.

Now, more infuriated than he had ever been, he repositioned his body, determined to end this embarrassment of a murder.

He took a long, deep breath, cautiously scanning his surroundings, once again the gloom sweeping over him in a curtain of black. The victim suddenly appeared, oblivious to his whereabouts. Hovering above him, the assassin gave a smirk. Swoop! Rip!

"Easy as you like!" he laughed.

A dead rat lay on the cobbled street, the mud gradually oozing over the dry skin. With a sense of glee, the barn owl flew triumphantly back to its lookout, the rat dangling from his claws, as he readied for the feast ahead.

Key stage 2 exercise 2

Pupil C - Piece B: a science investigation

Context: as part of their work in science, pupils were asked to create a fair test to investigate how changing one variable of a magic bean would affect the speed of its descent down a ramp. Having conducted the experiment and recorded their findings, pupils then wrote up their experiment in full.

"Magic Bean" Investigation

Question: How does the amount of marbles in a "magic bean" affect the speed of its descent down a ramp?

Hypothesis: I think when adding more marbles the "magic bean" will gain speed to a certain extent (three marbles) and then will begin to slow. I think this is because heavier objects fall quicker than lighter ones. However, when too much weight is added, the bean will be unable to rotate, ~~make~~ therefore making it an invalid run.

Equipment:

- scissors
- magic bean template
- marbles
- tape
- ramp



Method:

1. First, carefully cut the template for the magic bean, being alert to not cutting the corners.
2. Next, fold the corners over and then cautiously tape them up to the main body.
3. This is then followed by placing marbles into the bean (any amount is fine).
4. The final step: double check that all the corners are taped up - if not, add more tape to secure them.



Results:

		Position they came		
		1	2	3
Number of marbles	Number of marbles	2	3	1
		marbles	"magic bean"	

Conclusion: From this test, I can conclude that the bean with two marbles was the quickest, for this reason, making my hypothesis incorrect. The reason for this conclusion is that $F = M \times A$. Using this formula (mass \times acceleration = force), I can see that when using three marbles, there is less space in the magic bean and, when using one marble, there is more space, but not much weight when turning, so it cannot propel itself at speed. However, when using two marbles, there is a good distribution of space and weight, which is why this was the fastest.

If we were to continue this test, the magic bean would get to a point where there is too much mass for it to turn. I can predict this as, even with three marbles in it, it was becoming too heavy to turn, which means it is probable that it would stop turning at about five marbles. From this test as a whole, I can conclude that when too much or little weight is added to a magic bean, it won't turn with speed.

Evaluation: Although this test was considered a fair one, there were a lot of features that were unreliable. Some of these were more tape on one bean, one of them misshaped and different people setting the beans off in the race. These changes limited our learning, as we were changing more than one variable - breaking a requirement for a fair test. As with any test we investigate in school, the aspects of human error played a key factor.

If we were to do this again, I would time the beans with a stopwatch, though this was unavailable in our original investigation. This would make the test much more precise as we would know the difference between the times they finished, making our test more detailed, rather than giving the beans the places they came in the race. This was not a very precise test, but we still got results. Although, to get the ^{real} optimum, we would have to be much more accurate with our testing.

Key stage 2 exercise 2

Pupil C - Piece C: an information text

Context: as part of their cross-curricular topic work, pupils were asked to research 2 animals that might have the potential to form a hybrid. They then wrote an information text on this newly discovered, genetically engineered hybrid animal.

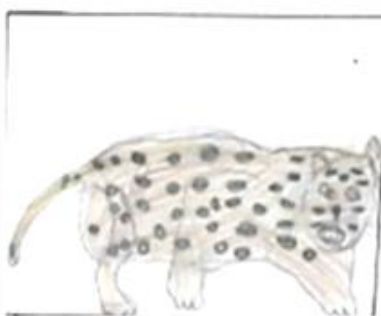
THE COUPARD

The coupard (*Panthera concolor cougar*) is an interbreed of the African leopard – its mother – and the North American cougar – its father. These two animals bred when the leopard escaped from a North American zoo, roaming into the wild where it came across a male cougar.

Appearance

This carnivorous predator has many features, all benefitting it in different ways. One of these is the black rosettes, which come from the leopard, helping it to blend in with the surrounding area. It also has crooked claws and strong hind legs, both of which assist it to climb trees: the shape of the claws also supports the grasping of prey.

Weighing in at 50kg, this mammal can run at speeds of up to 82mph and can jump 15 feet into the air, leaping onto branches of trees where it likes to settle.



The coupard waiting to pounce for prey.

Food and Hunting

This solitary animal has a unique way of hunting: stalk and ambush. Despite its speed, the coupard prefers to stay hidden, before pouncing and digging its claws deep into the throat of its prey. Its diet consists of beetles; rodents; birds; antelope and deer; and, incredibly, sometimes baby giraffe. To help catch their prey, these animals have world-class hearing and a highly developed sense of smell.

Habitat

Despite originating from North America, this cat, a member of the Felidae family, lives in the sub-Saharan desert. For reasons unknown, the coupard struggled to survive in the wilds of North America and, because of its mother, born in Africa, it was shipped to this warmer continent. Instead of struggling, the coupard thrived in the Sahara, one reason being the plentiful supply of food.

Key stage 2 exercise 2

Pupil C - Piece D: a pair of historical narratives

Context: after reading a range of fiction and non-fiction texts related to World War 2, and exploring the period in their history lessons, the pupil chose to write 2 different wartime narratives depicting everyday life through the perspective of children.

First-person narrative: Ned's diary

August 31st, 1939

My day started off like this: "Ned get up," my mother's voice echoed through the house. Aargh! Why did I have to get up? I thought to myself. If I were king, everyone would be able to sleep in as long as they wanted.

Anyway, when I finally got my big, lazy body out of bed, Aaron (my younger brother) and I knocked on my best friend Bryan's door. Bryan, his little brother Jon, Aaron and myself walked across the road to the park. We layed our jumpers down on the slippery wet grass. I placed the ball down. From then on, we were no longer friends: we were enemies.

When we were too shattered to continue, we stopped play and headed down to Mrs Jones' corner shop to get some tasty orange tangeres and Strawberry dreams. Caregully, we counted our pennies before we entered the store as we didn't want to hold up the queue and have an angry old man cursing at us under his breath because we were taking so long. Amazingly, we only had enough money to buy two sweets each; however, it was better than no sweets at all.

September 1st, 1939

It was hilarious. Bryan got a proper spanking at school today. He showed me his back in the playground and it was red raw. Corical. The moment we got outside, I couldn't stop commentating on when he got the spanking: "Mrs Gray, she looks like she means business ... Oh that was savage, right on the sweet spot. She goes again and I feel sympathy for young Bryan there." I repeated this until we were both rolling around on the floor, dying from laughter.

Anyway, there was a much more serious matter after school. I was reading my comic when Mum called me into the living room. The wireless was on which was strange and Mum and Dad sat lifeless, listening caregully.

caught the words, "We are now at war with Germany."

That was Neville Chamberlain's voice wasn't it? I thought quietly. I raced up into my room, ready to write in my book.

September 2nd, 1939

I woke up completely freaked out about what had happened last night. I must have been dreaming, I thought to myself - not feeling reassured. When I got downstairs, I asked Mum for a bowl of cereal. Strangely, she made me toast with jam and forgot to put butter on it. Something was not right. To add to that, Dad came down in his pyjamas which he never does. I figured that I hadn't been dreaming. We were at war with Germany.

At school, everyone was crowding around something just left of the main school building. I saw Bryan at the front of the group and I waded through the crowds of people to get to my friend. Finally, I saw what everyone was looking at. It must have been built overnight as it wasn't there yesterday. It had a large curved corrugated iron roof and a line of wooden benches within it. In class, Charlie Peer got a spanking but luckily Mrs Grog didn't see me laughing or I would have been in serious trouble.

As I passed through the garden at home, I saw Dad building something. What was it? I went over to have a look. It was like the thing at school only much smaller and with less benches inside.

I asked what it was.

"An Anderson Shelter to protect us from the bombing," Dad replied. Then he said we were at war - glumly, as though it was obvious (which it wasn't).

This was bad. This was really bad, I thought.

Third-person narrative about a child evacuee

Grimy and disgusting, the platform - on which hundreds of forlorn and bleary-eyed mothers said their final farewells - radiated with a sadness that had never been felt before. The children fell out of their parents' grasp and staggered towards the callous demon, which would take them from their homes. Hurrying past the guard, who gave them a long stern stare, they boarded the train...

Finally, after a long nightmarish journey, John arrived - tired and exhausted. As sweat trickled down his jet-black hair, he stepped carefully out of the hot, stuggy carriage. His emerald-coloured eyes flickered nervously as he was pushed out into the sea of people, not knowing where or which direction he was heading.

"Evacuees with me!" called an urgent genuine voice to John's right. He weaved out of the current, trying desperately to navigate himself towards where the voice had come from. Very suddenly the bulging mass of people faded, and, in turn, appeared a small square room, entirely produced of tiny blood-red bricks, held together with a sticky layer of golden sand. Tip

Tiptoeing quietly towards a table, John reached out his hand to grab a slice of crumbly carrot cake. However, a strong firm grip caught his arm and dragged him back to the centre of the room.

"How dare you!" boomed a voice that belonged to a solid, square-shouldered man. But this telling egg was cut short as a short, plump woman entered the room.

"Hmm... that one's too scruffy," muttered the woman. Her silky, silvery hair was tied in a tight bun. Dangerous and sharp, her dark eyes settled on John's body, studying him thoroughly. "I'll take you, boy. Come on," ordered the woman, sternly.

Nothing was said as they marched onward, passing large chipped pines and long precarious thorns until, finally, they arrived at a small cottage. The long-bladed grass swarmed the surrounding area with marigolds (like broods of shaggy suns) facing upward, deep in thought. Out of her trouser pocket, she produced an old bronze key that she stabbed blindly into the lock and turned. "Get in there, boy!" ...

Key stage 2 exercise 2

Pupil C - Piece E: a continuation of a chapter

Context: pupils read the first chapter of *One More River* (Lynne Reid Banks). They then continued the narrative, depicting the reactions of Lesley, a young teenage girl, who had just been told that she must leave Canada to go and live in Israel, leaving her comfortable and familiar life behind.

It was necessary to rebel. To fight it. Never to give in. The welling of tears transformed into hate: hate for her parents, for the world. "Why would God want this life for me?" Lesley thought. Her screams echoed around the valley, piercing a sense of raw bitterness into the hearts of those who patrolled the area in which she lay. The familiar chirp of birds ringing around the valley only caused her howls to become louder and, determined to block out their song, Lesley's breathing began to slow, her legs curling up as her eyes peacefully closed.

She awoke suddenly to the gushing of water, her clothes a heap of rags. Lesley's eyes gluttered open, her vision all hazy. For the first time since waking up by the riverbank, she thought of her parents. "How could they betray me?" she thought, "I'm Canadian and I never won't be!" Saying this convinced her she would not leave the dream world she was living in - with Sonia, with Lee - and what about the prom dance with him? She could still make it, she convinced herself, but first she had to visit him.

After being pestered by a dozen peculiar stares, she arrived at the house belonging to Lee and his family. Lesley pounded on the door, preparing for Lee's disgust at her appearance. The door opened suddenly, Lee gazing at Lesley's face, his dark eyes blending perfectly alongside his fair, sandy hair, before he blurted, "Where've you been?" She stood silent, trying desperately not to fall into a welling of tears once again. Then, after an age of gulping, she finally regained her confidence and began to tell Lee about her parents' plan to split them apart forever.

She mumbled on, her voice muffled as she repeated words such as "terrible" and "awful" to describe her parents' cruelty. Weeping and bleary-eyed, she finished her story, stamping her foot down hard at the end. Lee looked thoughtfully at the stone steps leading up to the grant door. He then looked at Lesley and said... "Could be worse."

"Could be worse!" Lesley roared. "How could anything be worse than it is now?" She glared from Lee, her rooped dress gliding out behind her, leaving her boyfriend dumbstruck, his eyes raised in utter shock.

Key stage 2 exercise 2

Pupil C - Piece F: a formal letter

Context: towards the end of year 6, pupils were asked to reflect on an issue about which they felt strongly. Having discussed mental health as a class, the pupil decided to write to the headteacher, expressing their opinion on homework.

Thursday 17th May, 2018.

Dear Headteacher,

As a child currently having to complete large amounts of homework, I have chosen to write to you to share my personal views on what, I believe, is unnecessary pressure for results that do not value a child's true learning.

First of all, children at the age of eleven are not equipped with the required strategies to cope with the pressures that homework brings. Although I have personally coped quite well with the pressures, I have seen some of my friends and classmates struggle – their anxiety during difficult work has caused them to consequently misbehave and feel worthless about what they can and cannot do. Fortunately, I have family who are quite open at home when talking to me about the impact on mental health. From our discussions, I am deeply worried about what these pressures are doing to us at such a young age. Surely we have a life ahead of us for plenty of other important worries.

I am also concerned for the decisions of some of the parents of my friends. A number of them have found tutors and halted clubs for 'the time being' so that their children can put in the extra work. How do they release their stress now without their free time and clubs to let off steam? Of course, the parents want them to do well but it seems to me that this is a spiralling effect of the real problem: too much homework.

Another thing that I have noticed during the build-up of homework has been the amount of work for the teachers. The coincidence of the snappiness in an otherwise laid-back teacher has certainly been caused by the pressure of this additional workload affecting his free time. Surely the quality of his teaching and the way he gets the best out of us is more important. Is homework really a valuable measure of how we are doing?

In conclusion, I believe that homework is adding to our country's poor mental health and at an age where children are unable to manage the situation that is thrust upon them. There must be another way to get your progress and attainment measures and I implore you to find them before we have even greater numbers of people in our society struggling to fit socially because of their mental well-being.

Yours sincerely,