



Key stage 2 English writing training exercise 1

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

Where handwriting seems inconsistent, you should base your judgement on the strongest piece, and assume that this is validated by further evidence in the pupil's books.

Where there is no evidence of correct spelling of words from the statutory word lists in the pupil's independent writing, you should assume that the teacher has provided evidence in the form of spelling tests and/or writing from across the curriculum.

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

Pupil A

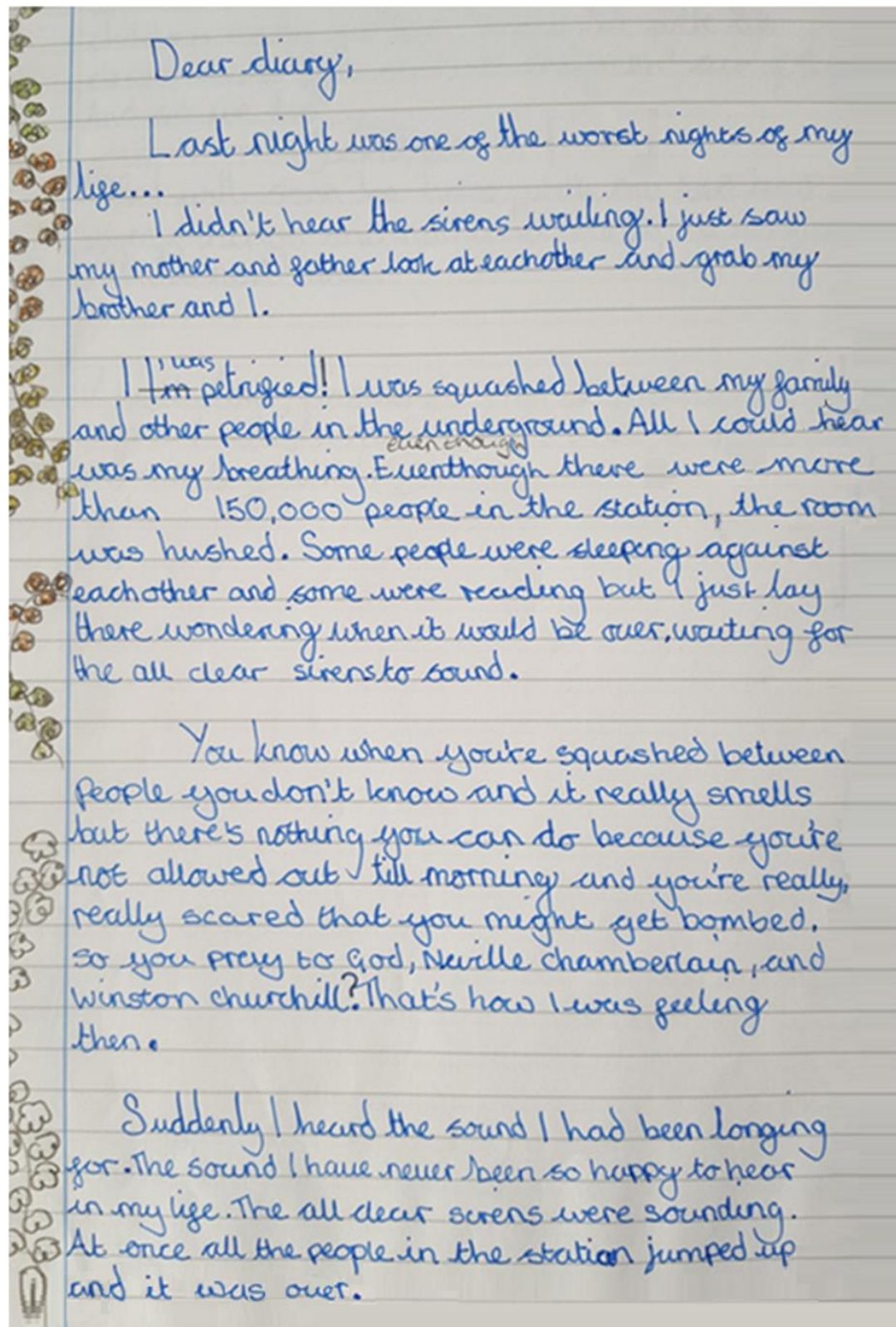
This collection includes:

- A) a diary
- B) a letter
- C) an additional scene
- D) a narrative flashback
- E) a promotional leaflet

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Pupil A - Piece A: a diary

Context: as part of a theme on World War 2 (WW2), pupils discussed what it must have been like to shelter in a London underground station overnight to escape an air raid. They then wrote a diary entry detailing how they might have thought and felt.



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Pupil A - Piece B: a letter

Context: as part of a theme of work on WW2, extracts from 'Goodnight Mister Tom' (Michelle Magorian) and 'Carrie's War' (Nina Bawden) were shared with the class to explore how it must have felt to be an evacuee. Pupils then wrote a letter in role, with the remit of reassuring their parents that all was well.

Dear Mum and Dad,

I miss you so much! Right now I'm fighting back my tears but it's alright because there are millions of us so I'm not alone.

The train journey was quite daughtning. Lots of them were already wearing their gas masks. already. At first, I was sitting alone but a nice girl, Mary, sat next to me. Then, we instantly became best friends. It wasn't that bad after all.

When we arrived, no one picked me, no one except the awful Andersons. They only chose me because apparently I need some improvement. They only respond to Mr or Mrs and they treat me like dirt. Atleast it's a home. For now.

Their house is a cottage with a grand garden. There is an everlasting lake, glowing from field to field. It's lovely. I wish they're lovely. It smelt like a summers day. The smell though, puey!

The farm is wonderful. All of the animals are great fun but my favourite is the cow, Maisy. She's so lovely and sweet (but she is a bit lonely because she has no other cow friends.) It's so great and all, but I still long for you and Mary.

I love school. Miss Honey is my teacher. Well more like a second mum to me. I think she likes me too because I stay after hours so that I stay away from the Andersons. I love you so much and miss you really. All my love,

♡x0 XXXXXX ♡x0

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Pupil A - Piece C: an additional scene

Context: having read the first few chapters of 'Private Peaceful' (Michael Morpurgo), pupils were asked to write an additional scene based on Tommo's recollections of his childhood.

Charlie, Molly and I were walking to home from another treacherous day with Mr. Munnings. "Yeah, and remember when we had to all, our times tables. Uh!" moaned Molly. We were just turning into our cottage and then, Charlie and I felt it. "Something's wrong," Charlie said with a worried turn in his voice. "Yeah, you're right. There's something twitchy going on around here," I said. After a couple more steps, we heard a noise. It was a distressed frantic grunt or sob. Instantly I knew it was Big Joe. Soon after, Charlie broke into a brisk walk, into a run, and then into a race. Molly and I followed too. We opened the creaky door to hear... "Who let that disgusting mutt in my house!" It was Grandma Wolf, and it was not good. All of us were trying to find Big Joe's cries and shrieks. Around us we heard the screams of those wretched, puckered lips. We had come to Big Joe sitting in the corner, holding his precious box. He was rocking, singing trying to comfort himself. But this time Oranges and Lemons didn't work. It was the Harvest Mouse. Molly had a real go at Grandma Wolf. "You're going to go to hell you wicked lady." I was proud of my Molly, but she had made everything much worse. We grabbed Joe's hands and ran into the garden with Grandma screaming after us. There would be no tea tonight.

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Pupil A - Piece D: a narrative flashback

Context: pupils were asked to create a narrative, incorporating a flashback, based on the final chapters of the novel 'Private Peaceful' (Michael Morpurgo).

A flashback to the trenches

It's an awfully wet and cold day, as usual. Typical for England. The clouds are viciously splattering throwing down all its rain. Not to mention the mud. It's goey and cold. I'm shin-high in water and mud. My boots are battered. They're horrendously muddy and covered in brown. What an awful sight they are. I hope I get some new ones.

Our boots in the trenches were extremely uncomfortable and gave us Tommy's whopping blisters. We were always in mud, always in cold but as the days rattled on, we got used to it. The trenches were an awful sight to see - if you weren't blind.

I was writing a letter home. Never finished it. There was always something stopping me. That one night, just was about to sign off. I heard a sergeant shouting madly. I didn't know what it was, but I knew it wasn't good. All these men forced a gas mask on me. Instantly I knew.

Gas. A great gas attack. It snaked over to us getting closer and closer, nearer and nearer.

It was a beast of silence. No sound, but great damage. There was no escape, no way out. It slithered towards us sniggering us out, scenting fear. As deadly as a viper. The Devil's daughter for sure. I was trapped in its cage. I was a prisoner.

I couldn't remember much after I passed out unconsciously. But soon after I woke up, I saw

all my friends, my mates on the floor. I saw Patrick coughing up his lungs. He had a blue face as if somebody had thrown paint over him.

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Pupil A - Piece E: a promotional leaflet

Context: having revisited the features of persuasive writing, pupils explored holiday brochures before producing a leaflet to promote their own imaginary hotel.

Eiffel Tower, Mona Lisa, Disney Land, exhilarating waterparks and markets crammed with fresh seafood, garlicky snails and elaborate souvenirs. Paris is a city like no other!

A week's stay in the Explorers Hotel will enable you to see all of the breath-taking sights above at a very reasonable cost.

Rooms and facilities

At the Explorers Hotel, we provide freshly-made beds every day so that you can sleep happily every night. Tired of your kids? Well, tuck them away in their own bunkbed room. Wake up happy to the your own kettle and gun decor. Every room is an on-suite with a toilet, sink, bath/shower and hairdryer. Our rooms are spacious with comfy carpets and a stunning view. We assure you that you'll feel at home in our rooms! You have lots of room for your clothes and belongings in our wardrobes and drawers.

Self-Service food & drink.

Fill up your appetite with our glorious budget restaurant! Enjoy all goods from all over the world. You are spoilt for choice with currys to nuggets, from pasta to chips - there's everything you need! For you have a more continental palate, enjoy our lovely breakfast cakes, hot crossbuns,

and a wide range of ~~melons~~ fruit and cereal. If you are out and about for the day, we provide a packed lunch, (if requested). Enjoy our appealing jungled-theme restaurant fit for the family. Thirsty? If so, come and choose ~~to~~ any drink you'd like: orange juice, pepsi, milk, water and more! Find a mouth-watering three-course meal, starters, mains, and delicious desserts. The sun never stops at the Explorers Hotel!