

# **Greater Depth Writing in KS2**

**2017-18**

**Standardisation**

### Exercise 1 Pupil B – Information text on evolution

Context: This extract, from a longer piece of work on evolution, formed part of pupils' science work on how things have changed over time. Pupils were asked to select their own area of interest and produce a piece that could be included in a year 6 class science journal.



#### Ardipithecus ramidus:

An interesting fact is that human life started about 4 to 5 million years ago. Did you know that the first ever 'man' recorded was hunched over with a bent and curved back?

He used his arms and his legs to walk; he did not walk like we do today. Furthermore, his arms were extremely short and very, very weak. This incredible animal did not need strong arms though due to eating mainly roots and insects from the floor.



#### Homo habilis:

Life for this animal started a very long time ago (2.5 million years ago). However, the early humans had developed and adapted so they could make life easier. Surprisingly, these interesting creatures had larger brains and a larger skull than we do now. These early humans mostly ate meat - instead of vegetables - for protein, to

build up their strength.



## Homo ergaster

This primitive creature started life 1.7 million years ago; there was a gradual climate change across the world where the weather became cooler and the 'humans' that was living had to adapt to the environment it was in.

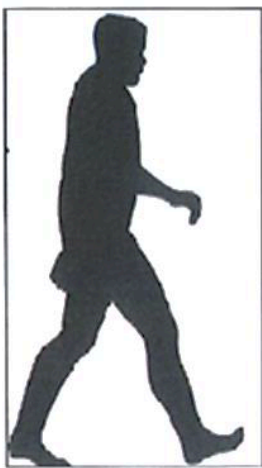
These 'humans' lived on the ground, not in the trees like the creatures that lived before them.



## Homo neanderthalensis

These thoughtful creatures lived between 1 million and 500,000 years ago. They had short and wide bodies to conserve their heat so they could keep warm when it was cold.

These 'humans' moved around a lot and built many shelters using mud, leaves, sticks, and branches that could be found in their environment.



## Homo sapiens

Homo sapiens lived about 500,000 years ago. Surprisingly, these 'humans' didn't wear any clothes at all and they had almost no excess hair either. These 'humans' have straighter backs than they used to when they were more 'ape like', which probably means that they moved in a similar way to how we do today.

It is well-known that these people were very smart and intelligent and used their understanding to hunt larger animals for food, to survive.

## Piece B – Newspaper report

Context: This newspaper report was based on a real-life event in which surfer Matthew Bryce survived after 32 hours adrift at sea. Pupils read news articles and listened to an interview with Matthew, before writing an article for a daily newspaper.

### THE DAILY EXPRESS

#### 32 HOURS OF HORROR

Thirty-two hours of fear have ended now that Matthew Bryce has been safely rescued from the North Sea.

Yesterday morning, at 11.30am, a missing man by the name of Matthew Bryce was finally rescued thirteen miles from the coastline of Masrihanish Beach after he had engaged in a surfing trip which became exceedingly dangerous.

#### Rescuing Matthew:

As the evening of Monday 1<sup>st</sup> May drew in, rescue workers became increasingly anxious as the disappearance of Matthew Bryce, aged 22 from Glasgow, reached its thirty-first hour. Family and friends, worried about his whereabouts, undertook searches of their own in the hope that they would find the young university student. At 7:10pm a local fisherman made a telephone call to the coastguard: this was the communication that Matthew's friends, relatives and the rescue workers who were searching for him were waiting to receive. John Smithson, aged 45, was returning to land after a long day spent fishing in the deeper waters of the North Sea when he was forced to stop his vessel's engine.

"I panicked when I saw something in the water in front of my boat," John commented, as he spoke in an interview with a journalist from The Daily Express earlier today. "If I'd have carried on the way I was heading, I would've run straight over whatever it was ahead of me. At the time, I didn't know it was a young lad out there, did I? It could've been anything really: plastic, pollution, a bit of rubbish – so much gets dumped in these waters."

Investigating the outline that he had observed in the water, Mr Smithson, without hesitation, called the coastguard and reported the situation. Still unaware as to whether the person in the water was alive, Mr Smithson began to call Matthew in the hope that he would communicate in return.

"It took a few attempts like, but eventually he murmured something back to me. Help, I think it was, but I was just glad that he called to me; I knew he was alive then."

Within minutes, the rescue team, who were already scouring the surrounding area for Matthew, made their way to the location of the fisherman's boat. Upon their arrival, a full-scale rescue mission began and two highly qualified paramedics were hoisted down from the helicopter to treat Matthew in the ocean. Connecting him to their secure equipment, and covering him in a foil blanket, he was then raised back out of the water and taken to Belfast hospital's emergency unit to receive treatment for hypothermia.

#### Hospitalisation

Matthew had suffered from hypothermia while he was in the water; however, it was reported that he was still conscious as he reached Belfast. The doctor confirmed that he had only survived this treacherous 32 hour struggle in the ocean due to the fact that he was wearing a new wetsuit but, most importantly, he used his surfboard as a buoyancy aid so that he could float in the water.

One of Matthew's family members (his mother, Isabella Bryce) was interviewed this morning; here are her exact words:

"The last 32 hours I've had my heart in my mouth – what if he doesn't come back alive? What if I never see him again? All of these questions have been pounding in my brain. I have felt ill with worry, really I have. I've never hugged Matthew so tightly as I did yesterday when I was reunited with him. I can't even think now about what would've happened if the fisherman hadn't found him out in that ocean. We owe our lives to him."

#### The event

Nobody could have predicted how strong the current was on Sunday; however, it was more forceful than any that the coastguard has ever experienced in his 24 years of service. Whilst undertaking his journey, Matthew's body and board were clawed at by the strong waves. The situation became rapidly worse, the further he was forced out into the ocean. Eventually, Matthew was driven an incredible thirteen miles off the coast by the

## THE DAILY EXPRESS

### 32 HOURS OF HORROR

undercurrent and his only form of support was the surfboard which he lay upon.

"I remember that moment vividly," Matthew stated, when he was questioned about how he felt when he realised that he was trapped thirteen miles off shore. "Although I can't remember exactly how far I had been pushed out, I knew it was quite far. It was so far that I couldn't see the land anymore. It was so scary. Hours passed on Sunday afternoon and I was so worried when the light began to fade. At one point, a small boat passed by close to me but I didn't have the energy to shout to them – I was gutted. They drove away and didn't even see me. I thought then that was my only sign of hope and I'd lost it!"

#### **The outlook**

Matthew is still in hospital, but is starting to overcome his hypothermia. This illness can present long-lasting side-effects so he must be monitored closely over the next few days.

In an interview with the hospital two hours ago, Matthew reported, "Now I just wish I'd got out of the water to get to the coast because I could've still been surfing. However, I am so happy that the fisherman was out there on Monday because if he wasn't, then I could still be in that dreadful sea today. To be honest, I do think that I am fortunate to have people like these doctors here to look after me: they've saved my life."

All of us at The Daily Express wish Matthew a speedy recovery.

## Piece C – Evaluative report

Context: This report is an extract from a longer piece, which evaluated three types of shoe. Having revisited the features of non-chronological reports, pupils were asked to select an item that they might buy, and evaluate its features and suitability for purpose.

### Girls' smart shoe



One should not be too concerned about the basic look of this shoe as, although it is quite uninteresting and dull, this is actually the exact look that the manufacturer was hoping for. The overall style of this shoe is smart therefore it is suitable to be worn at school, or during an important occasion such as a family outing or <sup>funerals</sup> funeral. The shoe itself is black, flat and stylish; the reason for this is due to the fact that children are required to dress presentably for school, and consequently are not allowed to have brightly coloured, patterned or styled shoes. They are well-known by their everyday name, the dolly shoe; they do not have any laces so they are easy to slip on and off. Furthermore, they are produced using leather (this means that they will last for a longer time than a synthetic material and they are value for your money). Mostly, the dolly shoe attracts young girls: the metal heart at the front of the toe and the very small heel, which is situated at the rear of the shoe, draw the attention of the female target audience.

It is widely believed that this shoe could be improved by allowing a special spray polish to be sold in conjunction with the product itself; this would allow the owner to ensure that the shoe remains in a perfect condition, like it was when it was initially sold.

## Piece D – Promotional material for a new toy

Context: As part of a theme on product design, pupils were asked to produce their own ideas for an educational toy, and to write a promotional leaflet that would persuade parents to buy it.

### Huggsie Learning Bear

Attention all parents and carers who wish to get prepared early for Christmas this year - look no further and listen here! Are your little ones becoming bored of playing with their old, worn out teddy bears? Do you need some help to advance your little angel's education? Wouldn't it be fantastic if they could meet the age expected standards before they even begin learning in the foundation Stage? Well, we have a new, interactive product that you will be keen to snap up! The Huggsie Learning Bear is a wonderful and thrilling product which will entertain as well as educate your child while they have the time of their lives playing and responding to his every request! We promise you that this outstanding bear will have your children giggling for hours upon end with its huge range of games, songs and so much more!

From the minute that your little darlings open their eyes each day, the best product on the market will be there - directly beside them - ready to work magic on their brains as well as teach them new things in a fun and interactive way (they won't even know that they are learning!).



The Huggsie Learning Bear is programmed to encourage your children to learn many new concepts which will help them to learn, develop and grow. One of the fantastic activities that this wonderful new product includes is to teach the colours of the rainbow: this is a special mode inside the bear where Huggsie begins by naming the colours and at the same time his nose lights to the correct shade so that your children can match both the colours and words. After a 'hear it, see it, repeat it' type activity, Huggsie will challenge your child to recognise these colours through a series of games - they will love this so much because they will explore colours that they never knew existed! Alternatively, your little ones could use another one of Huggsie Bear's fantastic features: the number mode will help them to count from 0 to 10 using the digits on his paws. However, when your child develops in confidence, the number one rated bear in the UK this year will then move onto numbers between 0 and 20 to develop your children's understanding even more. Although there are 50 remarkable features included, one of our customers' favourites has to be the alphabet mode where the bear will teach the letters from A to Z at a pace which is most suitable for your individual child, before moving onto helping them to blend words together so that they can read.

With a free, limited - edition gift (while stocks last) you would be silly not to grab your bear today! Buy the Huggsie Learning Bear now to receive a free bed cover with Huggsie.



## Piece E – Story

Context: As part of themed work on Norse mythology, pupils explored a range of stories and poetry, and watched the short video 'The Saga of Biorn' before writing their own version of the Viking warrior's final battle with the savage, wolf-like Fenrir.

### The final battle

"Arvid and Eamon, my forever friends, tomorrow I shall face my final assignment," Biorn stated while sharpening his sword. "I have fought endless battles and I have survived every single one; however, my scars are aching and my bones are growing weaker. I must defeat the ferocious Fenrir."

The fearless Viking stopped sharpening his weapon and pulled his forever friends towards him. "My dreams are filled with Valhalla and the gold, shiny gates that will be waiting when I die an honourable death; I will finally get to lay my weapons down for the very last time," he said quietly. "As soon as the sun rises, I shall set off to kill the Fenrir and what will be, will be."

Arvid and Eamon remained completely silent. They had stood by their trustworthy friend during many of his battles and they both felt the pain he had spoken of; his words angrily wrenched at their hearts but they knew that Biorn's choice had been made and they respected this.

The very next morning, at sunrise, Biorn bravely stepped out of his home, one that he would never see again, into the biting cold mist to journey to the moorlands where he knew he would find the evil Fenrir. He wasn't sure that he would be able to defeat the monster and he thought about the battles previously fought; he remembered that he had won every one of them and this filled him with confidence. Suddenly, thunder started to rumble and lightning thrashed towards the ground: soon Biorn was soaked. But the warrior knew that he was strong and sturdy so he persevered, pushing on across the moor to meet his fate.

Out of nowhere, a death-defying roar filled the air and made the ground shake. Biorn's heart raced with fear. Then, out the corner of his eye, he noticed something glaring at him with a stare as cutting as steel. A large trickle of sweat dripped down his face and he

grabbed his sword and loyal shield. Peering closely at the beast, he saw the thick tussocks of hair that covered hideous scars; the Fenrir stood tall - the size of a bull. Shuffling closer, the warrior stumbled and the beast seethed with fury at the sight of Biorn as his face suddenly hardened. Biorn froze...

The hawk-eyed beast stared straight at the brave Viking warrior with a cold, sinister look. Its eyes glared with pure hatred as it flashed its vicious fangs: hot steam swiftly surrounded Biorn as it poured from the Fenrir's nostrils. Biorn crouched low, staring back at the monstrous creature. Stomping savagely, it moved in his direction and moments later the brutal battle commenced...

Some time later, with only a small amount of energy left, the ferocious Fenrir dug its claws deeply into Biorn's aging heart. The warrior let out a raging cry which ripped through the land; in his very last moments he grabbed his trusty sword and thrust it deep into his chest. The beast collapsed beside him: the battle was finally over.

## Exercise 2 Pupil A Piece A – a portrait

Context: As part of the school's celebration of International Women's Day, pupils were asked to research a woman from history who made a significant contribution to women's rights. The pupil chose to write about the life of Emmeline Pankhurst and explain why they had been inspired to write about her.



# International Women's Day



## Emmeline Pankhurst

A British woman who, famously, campaigned for women's rights, Emmeline Pankhurst is my choice because of her fearless actions. She truly is, debatably, the most important figure in history.

Born on 15<sup>th</sup> July 1858 in Manchester as Emmeline Goulder, she first learned about the suffrage movement at age 8, because her father was involved in politics. From then on, suffrage was always on her mind.

In ~~1877~~ 1879, she married Richard Pankhurst, and took his name, aged just 21. He was 24 years older than she was, but he was also involved with politics in her area. By the 20<sup>th</sup> October 1880, she had a baby girl named Christabel. In the following years, Emmeline bore four more children - 2 girls, 2 boys. Sadly, the elder boy became sick and died young. In 1898, Richard died (age 64) and left his house and children to Emmeline. She didn't give up though, and remained deeply involved in politics.

In ~~1905~~ 1905, Emmeline rounded up a group of like-minded women, to form the WSPU (Women's Social and Political Union). Later, this would become the 'Suffragettes'. Before its founding, other women's unions had been peaceful campaigners, more of

a background noise than anything else. But the WSPU had the famous motto 'Deeds, Not Words' - they would go to great lengths for their cause. Emmeline and her team incited secretive meetings, rallied crowds to their speeches and organised marches to show the cause. Soon enough though, they were forced into more dangerous, risky options. They threw rocks at the windows of the ~~houses of~~ Houses of Parliament, smashed windows and set fire to postboxes for 'the cause'.

Many times, Emmeline was sent to prison for her 'crimes'. The government refused to see <sup>the women</sup> as political prisoners, and they were often stripped naked by rough guards to get them into their prison garments. To protest further, the WSPU prisoners went on 'hunger strike', and were brutally force fed through tubes in their noses. This was extremely painful and left deep scarring. However, all who were imprisoned ~~were~~ warmly greeted on release, if they were significant members, often by the whole union. They were awarded a suffrage medal to show their support.

Then, in 1914, World War I began. The suffragettes, as the WSPU were now known as, stopped their protests to help with the war effort. They took on the jobs generally held by men, such as forming and driving buses, while they were away fighting. In 1918, when the war was over, Prime Minister David Lloyd George finally appreciated the work the women had done, and allowed ~~them~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>named</sup> women over 30 the right to vote. This was a great victory. By 1928, the Equal Franchise Act was passed, meaning all women over the age of

21 the vote. This made them equal to men.

Sadly, at age 61, just a few days after the law was passed, Emmeline died at a nursing home in Hampstead.

She will always be remembered, and her influence still lives on to this day. As her children grew up, they continued her work into other areas of politics, although Christabel was hesitant to use her mother's militant tactics.

I chose her because she ~~has~~ set off the first link in an explosive chain: she began the path to equality of the sexes, and the battle for the free. Her actions impacted many minority groups and societies, as well as showing many people the power inside of them. She is somebody who history perhaps has not always credited in full, and definitely deserves respect beyond what that which I can give. She has shown me that we all are equal, and smallmindedness is a thing to avoid at all costs. The smallest acts of her defiance make me proud to be a woman.

## Piece B – a narrative

Context: The class read 'Wonderstruck' by Brian Selznick, which tells the intertwined stories of the two main characters (Ben's story is told in words; Rose's story is told in pictures). Pupils were asked to reconstruct and write the section of Rose's story where she runs away to New York, focusing on her impressions of the place.

She let herself relax as her small green eyes traced over the landscape set before her. Throngs of people milled around, her not noticing the 'oddy dressed outsiders' in their midst. She enjoyed being just another girl in the city, able to joke, cry, swear or sing. It felt so new.

On either side, Rose saw great concrete buildings. She recognised some of them from models she had made, but others she did not. Some were shops, warm and welcoming in this alien landscape, full of strangeness. Behind those, even taller grey buildings, skyscrapers, she guessed, stretched their spires high into the sky air, a pillar of defiance against those who had tried to crush them. Even in the drab grey drizzle, she considered them majestic enough to hold royalty inside.

Overhead, enormous support beams of lead and steel glistened in a sudden ray of dim sunshine. Her eyes followed them, up and up, until they reached a train line. The bridge ~~overhead~~ <sup>above</sup> wasn't too visible from underneath, so Rose stepped back for a better view of it. How marvellous, she thought, for a train to drive in the sky! Magnificent, it may have been, but also very dangerous, (but of course Rose paid that no heed).

Gradually she came to realise that she could not hear the true sounds of the city. However, she could lip read the ~~the~~ <sup>conversations</sup>, or interpret facial expressions.

The next best thing to hear - or rather not really hear - came from her imagination. She conjured up the low, steady rumbling of a train, the muted cries of 'ot meat pies! Come and get ya' ot meat pies!' and ~~everything else~~. A faint smile crossed her otherwise steady face.

A waft of hot air blew past Rose; she could smell the rich, heady smell of cinnamon buns. She could almost taste them, melting on her tongue like a snowflake hitting a warm pan. She found herself breathing shallowly so as not to make her queasy stomach work anymore than it already did. On top of that, petrol fumes filled the air and created a sort of smog which formed a thick blanket around the cloisters of people going about their business. Hunger gnawed suddenly at her insides, yet she dared not spend any of her precious coin on food.

Rose ambled aimlessly over to a store filled with books - all kinds of books. Marshall Book House, NYC, the facade read. One well-thumbed book caught her inquisitive eye: a book of sign language. Huh, she thought, I've not heard of that before. She picked it up and read the first page:

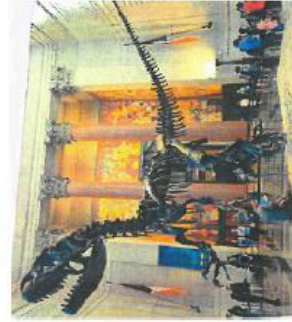
'Deaf people of the world,' Rose paused. She hated that word. It reminded her of the fact she wasn't part of the general populace. 'In this book you will find a revelation. It will help you to communicate with the rest of the world, deaf or hearing.' Gasping, she fumbled and very nearly dropped the book. 'Could it really be? How on Earth would such a fantastical notion possibly work?

Rose turned to leave, but decided to put the book down first. Stealing, she knew, was wrong. Her attention turned back to admiring the sights.

Piece C – a leaflet

Context: As part of their work on 'Wonderstruck' by Brian Selznick, pupils were asked to produce a leaflet designed to promote the attractions of the American Museum of Natural History to potential visitors. Pupils drew on their own research as well as knowledge of the text and previous learning about persuasive writing.

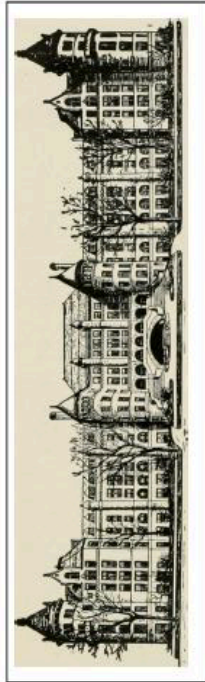
Perhaps what really set the museum's popularity with the general public was when, in 1926, a huge gift of Indian mammals arrived and work began designing a suitable exhibit space for them to inhabit. In 1930, the Hall of Indian Mammals opened to showcase these exotic creatures. Five years later, the Hall of Ocean Life opened, as well as the Hayden Planetarium (both of which can still be visited today). Since then, many more exhibits have been added, and there have been major renovations with some still planned for the future.



All functioned quietly until 1881, when Morris K. Jesup (the new museum president) launched it into a 'golden age of exploration' which would continue into the 1930's. Linked to this are a number of known expeditions: discovering the North Pole; surveying uncharted territory in Siberia; negotiating Outer Mongolia; walking the Great Gobi; and braving the thickest jungles of the Congo. Explorers managed to travel to every continent – a feat seen as nothing less than heroic in those days.

## THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

From 1897 – 1902, a man named Boas organised the Jesup North Pacific expeditions. These trips provided the most detailed records of life at that time, and the culture of the people there. To this day, they are unequalled. Satisfied with his work, Boas left his position at the museum in 1906, and in 1908 Morris K. Jesup died and Henry Fairfield Osborn was appointed president.



The hall of Indian mammals

Come one, come all, to the incredible high arched halls of the American Museum of Natural History! Considered by many as the pride and joy of the United States, the wonder-filled exhibits are sure to entice people world-wide – young and old alike will see their history alive. Adventure awaits you...

Founded in 1869 by Albert Smith Bickmore, the museum has survived two world wars and countless rebuilds. At first, the visits went on show in the Central Park Arsenal building, on the eastern side of the park, but by 1872 the museum had vastly outgrown its site and was forced to purchase a new space on Manhattan Square. By then, Robert L. Stuart had become its president.



## A M E R I C A N M U S E U M O F N A T U R A L H I S T O R Y

### Our must-see exhibits:

Some of our popular, highly recommended exhibit include...

- Mummies – you can view real Egyptian Mummies, listen to talks or take a guided tour.
- i Cuba! Celebrate Cuba's diverse tradition and ethnicity.
- Frogs: a chorus of colours – this exhibition includes examples of a variety of species around the world.
- The Butterfly Conservatory – immerse yourself in a stunning world filled with a range of live, flitting colours.
- The Power of Poison – this former restricted exhibit is now open to the public.
- Lonesome George – learn about the planet's endangered plants and animals: includes Saturday talks and shows.
- Dinosaurs Among Us – the must-see exhibition, voted number 1 on Trip Advisor.
- The Kazanjian red diamond – this amazing gemstone can only be viewed by advance booking due to security risks.

### Costs / ticket options:

General admission – Adult \$22

Children under 12 - \$12.50

Senior / Student - \$17

Supersaver admission (special exhibitions included)

Adult - \$35

Children under 12 \$22

Senior / Student \$28

Visit our website to purchase a family pass (only available online).

### Amenities:

Restaurant and café

Kids club

Gift and souvenir shop

Toilets (including disabled)

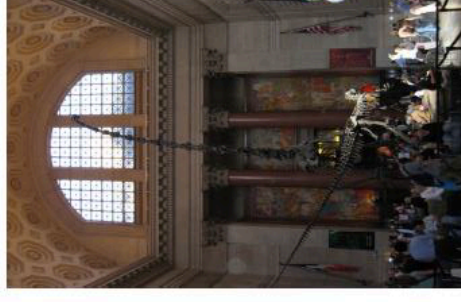
Library

Meeting room

Research facilities

Subway stop outside

Easy access for all



Piece D – a first-person narrative

Context: As part of their work on 'Wonderstruck' by Brian Selznick, pupils were asked to recreate a section of the narrative through the eyes of Ben's cousin, Robby, capturing his perspective of the scene where Ben sees a light in his old house and goes to investigate.

Today has been a weird day. Ever as I sit here, trying to remember all the odd things that have gone on, I'm still not sure of anything. I've damned all anything!

It all started at around midnight when I saw Ben standing at the window, <sup>muttering</sup> ~~monologuing~~ to himself. He ~~really~~ is <sup>not</sup> all <sup>there</sup> ~~there~~ - yet I have to share a room with him! But anyway, from behind him I could see the flash of a light which I realised was a shooting star. He was <sup>actually</sup> making a wish <sup>in a star</sup> - and only babies do that!

He must have had a feeling I was watching him because he whipped round, his eyes narrowed into <sup>little</sup> slits. But I held my breath, careful not to make a sound. Down the ~~steps~~ steps into the garden he <sup>crept</sup> ~~went~~, dressing gown billowing behind him in the wind. Once I was sure he was gone, I tiptoed to the window and peered out. A light. The light from his ~~mom~~ Auntie Coral's house. It glowed invitingly in the distance, a beacon penetrating the cool night sky. He'd seen it, and I knew that was what had set him off. God lord knows, that was odd enough, maybe even spooky. Or it would have been; was I some Grade-A wimp like him?

I don't really remember too well what happened next, but I, in short, was down the steps, out of the house and off into the night. Arriving at the house, I took a gulp of air and decked the trail behind me. If Mum or Dad caught me, I'd be dead! The front door was steadfastly locked and remained that way,

even when I shoved into it hard. So I tried the back. Miraculously, Ben had been stupid enough to leave it slightly ajar, <sup>letting</sup> ~~enabling~~ me to slip in unnoticed.

The kitchen was a mess, although the mad old cow had always left it that way. Once a useless dreamer, always a useless dreamer. The wotai jar still had the lid off it; the drawers, completely unorganised, were all open crookedly. I caught a glimpse of Ben: he was standing in front of the bedroom door, not quite having to push it open. I sprung behind the cabinet, not wanting him to be disturbed. Hah, well I guess I really wanted to see him being a nut-case so I could expose him... Close enough, right?

I heard ~~Major Tom~~ the tinny sounding radio belling softly.

"Ground control to Major Tom, to Major Tom. Your circuit's broken and you're holding on... It came filling the kitchen eerily. For the first time, I wondered who was in the house beside me and Ben. I shook the fear off, and followed my prey like a hawk might a mouse. By now he had pushed open the door. I crept right up, hidden by the sharp turn in the corridor. It was Janet! She stood with her back to the door, cigarette drooping from her lip between her fingers. She was gently swaying to the music, one of Auntie Coral's skirts trailing round her ankles. She looked a right sight! She turned to see Ben, and broke down into tears of sorrow and anguish.

Sipping, she pleaded with Ben not to tell her parents. She collapsed onto the bed, unaware of entirely of my presence. Ben stood there, his mouth opening and closing wordlessly like a goldfish.

"Janet, why?" he asked. Janet didn't answer, beyond capability of coherent speech. I very nearly snorted with laughter, but I just about restrained myself.

Ben sat down on the bed. Not quite being able to bring himself to comfort her. I'd always hated the way acted together, all cosy and happy, more like brother and sister than cousins. Janet never bothers with me, and yet if Ben asked her for a pet donkey, I'm 90% sure she'd buy him one.

And then I saw it. The "Raining day" fund. By that point the Janet had prepared herself for a barrage of questions, but still Ben said nothing. Oh, how my fingers itched for that tin full of money made worse by the fact Janet offered it across to Ben, telling him to take it! (It was by rights his, and I know I sure as hell would've taken it had I been in his shoes!

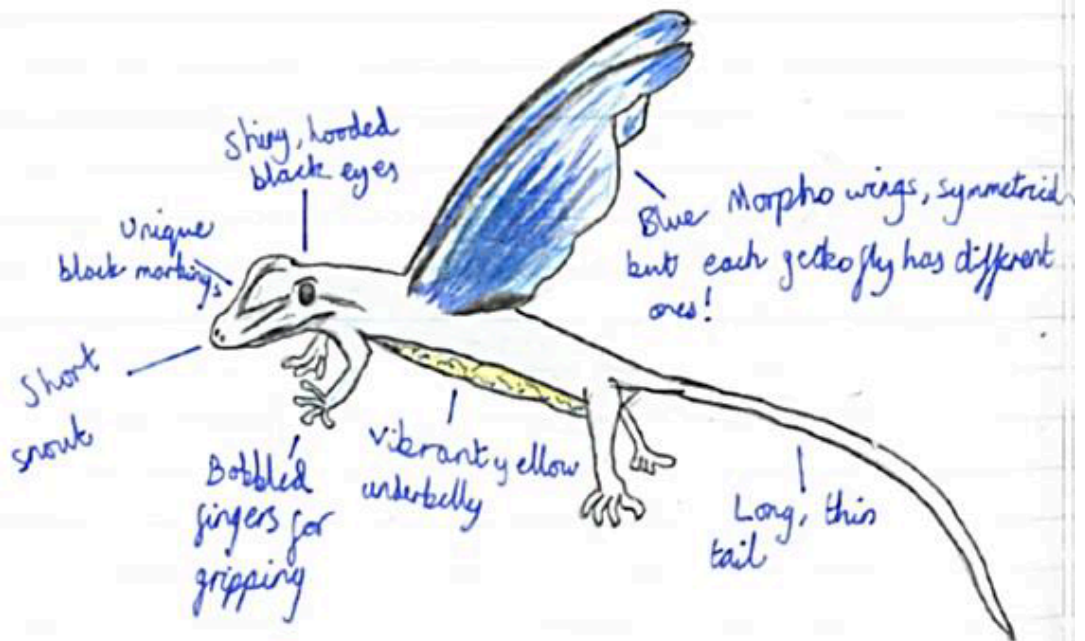
"Um, I'll change in the bathroom." Janet said, ripping me from my daydream. I knew I had to escape fast!

Piece E – an information text

Context: As part of their science work on living things and their habitats, pupils were asked to invent a rare, fictitious species of creature. Having revisited the features of non-chronological texts, they then produced an information text for the school website to convince readers of their creature's authenticity.

## My animal

Common name: Geckofly  
Scientific name: Hemidactylus Rhopozera  
Domain: Eukarya  
Kingdom: Animalia  
Phylum: Chordata  
Class: Insecta  
Order: Squamata Lepidoptera  
Family: Nymphalidae Hephalsdon  
Genus: Vanessa Gekko  
Species: ~~Lydgo~~ Lygodactylus Atlanta



Habitat: The Geckofly is very rare, living only in the rainforests of deepest Mexico, Honduras, Belize and the Amazon. It chooses often to live in hollowed out trees or tree branches <sup>which</sup> ~~which~~ have been left behind by migrating birds, but some individuals spend their entire lives flitting from tree canopy to tree canopy.

Feeding habits: It feeds at dawn and dusk on

nectar and bee fruits, or if times are tough, tree sap from fruitless trees.

Reproducing: Geckoflies are asexual, so they can fertilise their own eggs. Approximately 30 eggs are laid ~~at~~ <sup>say</sup> in each litter, but unfortunately up to half of these may be eaten by <sup>scavenging</sup> predators like rats or birds. Parents lay their eggs, and, unusually, then fly off and leave them for good. This is why they are so vulnerable to ~~predators~~ foragers.

Predations: As they are able to fly, adults are not known to have any predators. However, the eggs are extremely at risk, so only around half actually make it to adulthood.

Fun fact: Geckoflies sleep cocooned in their wings! It makes them feel secure, keeps them warm and can fool most night-time predators. They then wrap their tails around a thin branch and hang there while they sleep!

## Exercise 2 Pupil C Piece A – a fictional journal

Context: Following a class reading of 'The Midnight Fox' by Betsy Byars, pupils explored the character of Tom through discussion and role play. They then wrote a number of journal entries, incorporating correspondence between Tom and his parents, and with his friend, Petie Burkis, as well as a short piece written from the perspective of the fox. The journal excerpts are from 26th May to 15th June.

Friday 26th May.

The dismal days of boredom were thick with tedium, so slow, so dull, that everything seemed to be moving in slow motion. All I did was sit, sit and sit on the hill until I kicked off my boots and stomped off to find something else to do other than fiddling with grass or continually unhooking the end of a rope swing with a stick. Everything would only last half an hour before it was spilt, destroyed or became boring.

At dinner, Aunt Mille found me fiddling with my fork, which was wrapped in soggy spaghetti, when everyone else had wolfed it down, no matter how sodden the meal was. I saw her staring and shoving the soaked spaghetti in my mouth, burning my tongue on the hot sauce. I rushed everything else.

Lying in bed, I saw an eye peering through the crack between the wall and door, and at once I knew it was Aunt Mille, waiting for me to climb out of the window and ascend the tree. I did nothing of the sort.

X Saturday 27th May

Remembered at last. A short, 'intriguing' X postcard from my 'living' parents arrived.

Still cycling through Cornwall - quick break for lunch. Nowhere near sold meat pasties; had to go vegetarian.

Tomorrow - cycle to London. 'Oh, we do like to be beside the seaside!'

Wish you were here.

Mom and Dad x 😊

1250



Tom Felton  
U23 7BS  
Hill Farm  
Wyoming  
USA

Saturday 27th May

A letter from Pete Burkis arrived later today, but I had to wait because several angry geese were wandering about. I ~~strongly~~ threw my lunch of pimento cheese sandwiches to distract them and dived into and read the letter. I read:

Dear Tom,

Without you most things (correction: all things) have turned boring.

I've had to turn to baking as a result, and my mom made me make dinner all on my own while they watched TV on the sofa. My mom helped me make a lemon meringue pie yesterday; Mom did the meringue part. And do you know what happened to me? Well, read this:

## BOY NEARLY DROWNS IN MERINGUE MIX

Noon yesterday, looking professional, Pete Burkis, became a live snowman when, laughing evilly, his mother tipped non-stiff peaks of meringue mix over his head. The dessert-covered boy cleaned up the mess without complaint.

Nothing else really happened.

Please write to me soon.

Pete

Monday 29th May

I had to write letters today: Aunt Mille said it would be rude not to reply. Here's what I wrote:



Dear Mother and Father,

Life on a farm is more enjoyable every day - I was obviously wrong about my thoughts of not having fun.

Aunt Mille makes heavenly spaghetti; they are as wet as I like them. The sauce is divine - packed full of chili; it warms me up after my cold swims in the pond with Uncle Fred.

Feeding the geese and ducks is a glorious job - they splash about wildly, and I enjoy joining them. Only you being here would improve this intriguing lifestyle.

fascinating

I made a lemon meringue pie with Aunt Mille yesterday; the test to see if it was stiff worked beautifully. Her lemon-drizzle cakes are so sweet - sweeter than a lemon.

... bag full of sugar.

I hope you are having a wonderful time in London; the meat pasties are everywhere, I'm sure.

Your loving son,

Tom

After the 'interesting and enjoyable' write to Sam and Barbara, I can now write to the person I actually want to write to: Pete.

Pete,

- If you want to know how bored I am, these are the activities I get up to:
- making leaf-boats
  - fiddling with grass
  - talking to ... the worms
  - and running from beasts (geese and cows).

I would love to make a meringue pie; a change from Aunt Millie's cooking would be divine. There are no shops to buy food nearby. A Peet Burke's Special would be gone in 2 minutes if I saw one; how hungry I am after eating a minuscule teaspoon of a meal a day. Being covered in meringue mix would at least enlighten my mood.

Write back to me soon,

Tom.

Then there was a ~~spot~~ squeal. I dropped my pen in shock and lifted my head up to face a glossy, black fur coat belonging to a fox with bright, green eyes. I didn't move. The squealing stopped. A dead mouse was wedged between the jaws of the fox, which turned its dark head to look at me. For a moment its eyes and mine were interlocked in a penetrating stare. Then, it jumped in the air and ran away to the dark, shadowy forest. My mood suddenly lightened.

Wednesday 15th June.

The smell of cooked venison hung in the air, scenting the whole woods with its smoky aroma. ~~It~~ She opened her watering mouth, strings of saliva between her jaws snapping as she did so. A loud yawn echoed through the woodland. ~~Here~~ Her eyes stared at the lump of tender, juicy meat that was sizzling in the fox with a lump of butter. Whenever she had the chance, she would take anything that was cooked and cut ready for her. It was just so, so easy. She ~~creaked~~ <sup>stepped</sup> out from the borders of the forest and leapt over the low fence. Easy. She passed through the open doorway. Easy. The now scorched meat was plucked on ~~to~~ the middle of a large table presently, after being removed from the heated pan. She jumped up onto ~~the~~ a chair surrounding the table, using it as a step-up. The fox sniffed the meat that now lay before her. It smells of thick, oily gravy. It was luxury. luxury.

## Piece B – a narrative

Context: Having read and discussed 'How the Whale Became' by Ted Hughes, pupils planned and wrote their own creation myth, based on a creature of their choice.

### Why Bear Behaves As He Does

It was a warm, crisp, autumn day and under a pile of golden leaves lay Bare. He was called Bare because he was bare and had no fur, no coat, nor any feather upon his wrinkled, pink, sagging skin.

He ate tons of meat that once belonged to the inhabitants of the forest – but no more: their bones lay scattered, gnawed down to the very marrow, satisfying Bare, the carnivore. He lived the luxurious life of a savage king, and then slept, plump, through the winter. Through the spring and summer, the beast ate and ate until only a few animals remained: every evening they cowered, watching him lick the blood from his paws, plotting a way to be rid of him.

One day, the Man of the West, Lord of Men, visited the forest at early morning, with a bow in his rough hand, wrapped in a coat of fur. The woodland was quiet, seemingly abandoned, with not one animal in sight. Perplexed by the absence of bird-song and wildlife, he began a brief search for the dwellers of the wood and very soon he met the animals who sat – moaning and scheming desperately – on the soft, forest floor.

"Whatever is the matter?" cried the man.

The snake hushed him at once, bothered and vexed by the disturbance and disruption, before carrying on plotting.

The man repeated his question, this time louder and with an edge of frustration in his tone – he did not like to be 'hushed', especially by a serpent.

The rabbit exclaimed, with a hint of annoyance in his voice, "What a hindrance! There is a plump, bare Bare that is eating everyone, and just relaxes. Now leave us alone so that we might think on our cunning and dastardly deeds on how we might best be rid of him, or soon he shall eat us all."

Although he was reluctant to help such rude creatures, the Man of the West could tell that this was a problem that, if not solved, would turn into a disaster: a wood without anyone to live in it.

As it began to grow cold, the man pulled his coat around his shoulders to warm him – at the same time, an idea began to form in his mind. The man sat, with his chin in his hand, and thought hard; as the man thought, he smiled and then snuck away to Bare's lair.

Soon enough, he found the portly Bare who lay licking the blood from his paws; he was easy to find: the Lord of Men just followed the yawning and burping of the meat-eater – a noise so deafening that it seemed to have woken the forest from its silent slumber. Now its breath rushed through the forest; a cold, unsettling breeze had begun to whistle through the leaves, making the man, even though covered in wolf-hide, shiver, goosebumps prickling him all over the arms that were exposed to the icy wind. Or maybe it was just the sight of Bare that chilled him as he watched him chew a recently deceased rabbit to pieces, spurting blood as the dagger-like teeth clamped shut.

Using all his courage, the man filled his coat quickly with pigeon feathers, approached Bare and then said, "It is very cold today, is it not?"

"Yes, it's making my insides freeze," Bare retorted, before burping rudely. He had not enjoyed the taste of man flesh for many years; it would make a pleasant change from rodents and forest vermin, he thought to himself greedily.

"I shall lend you my coat of fur, if you wish, as I assume it will be the perfect size," the man said, slyly.

Bare snatched the coat and slipped it on. Almost at once the feathers began to tickle, giving him a vexing itch. He heaved his huge body as fast as he could – which was not very fast, packed as he was with the meat of many animals, including the rabbit that he had not yet finished digesting – to a tree and rubbed and rubbed and rubbed his back, but that made it itch more. So, he rubbed harder and harder, but it refused to stop itching.

Meanwhile, the man walked off, laughing at his deceiving trick, heading back towards the gathering of animals.

When he arrived, he told of his trickery and deception to the group of woodland creatures, and the animals cheered and celebrated with a great feast where they ate until they were almost as fat as Bare, filling their stomachs with vegetables.

But Fish was not pleased – he felt sorry for Bare – so he swam down the stream to the suffering beast. He came to a large, shallow pool, surrounded by tall birch trees. Calling to Bare, Fish splashed and cried out:

"Come on in, it will stop the itching!"

Wading into the water, Bare submerged his burning bulk and instantly the itching stopped. With joy, he splashed the water over his back, allowing the cool liquid to trickle over his fur, refreshing him and soothing the wrinkled and itchy skin underneath the fur that was now soaked with icy water. Roaring with contentment, the relieved creature splashed more onto his sore and raw flanks. In a few minutes, there was little water left in the pool. But as he turned to thank Fish, an idea suddenly occurred to him. Fish was leaping about in the water shouting "STOP, STOP!" He was completely vulnerable.

"What an awfully clever fish. If you would hop into my mouth, I shall carry you into deeper water as a sign of my thanks," Bare grinned.

The flattered fish, blushing bright red, leapt into Bare's mouth, then gaped in horror, as the jaws of Bare closed behind him. Giggling and hiccupping, Bare simpered, "Oh, I'm awfully sorry to have eaten you, my mouth just closed suddenly."

The succulent meat was hardly chewed, but swallowed down in one by the large Bare who finished his meal with a loud burp.

Crawling out of the water, he then slept, the taste of blood on his tongue as he dribbled.

When he awoke, his skin was all itchy again. So, once more, he waded into the pool, soaking his flanks.

But when the fur dried off again, his skin became itchy again. So Bare, beginning to feel irritated, soaked his flanks for the final time and slept through the whole winter, so as not to wake to the irritation of the Itch.

Now each time he begins to suffer from hunger, he wakes, wades, eats, itches, and then he sleeps once again. So, as to fit him more, the animals changed the spelling of Bare's name to Bear, as he was no longer... bare!

Piece C – a newspaper report

Context: Following a theatre workshop on Shakespeare’s play, ‘The Tempest’, pupils drew on their prior learning of the style of newspaper articles, to write a report about the shipwreck featured at the start of the play.

Reporter I.C.C

# SUDDEN SQUALL STRIKES SHIP

On Wednesday, 29<sup>th</sup> March 1623 a ship, the Mary Anne, was wrecked on the Mediterranean Sea near an unknown, thought-abandoned island off the coast of Italy, holding the King of Naples.

Many fear he may be dead, but no one is quite sure what caused the ship to sink in this bizarre event.

Rumour has spread that this phenomenon was caused by one of two legendary giant, sea octopi, named the Kraken, which was responsible, in myths, for the destruction of ships, dragging sailors to a watery grave. But can this really be true?

Weather reporters state that strong winds and torrential rain could have caused a cataclysmic sea storm, raising another possible explanation for the mysterious shipwreck.

The only persons to witness this catastrophe were local fishermen, some of whom, in a state of shock, were questioned by the police earlier today. One such survivor, Fish Eye, was happy to communicate his feelings to us: “I ain’t got any idea ‘ow he did it, but someone seemed to be waving a long staff o’er the sea, chanting strange words.”

To find out more, visit [www.orbit@news&co.com](http://www.orbit@news&co.com) and look into our website.



Strangely, no other ships in the vicinity were harmed, and the ship itself has not yet been found.

Many riches were on board the vessel, totalling to €15 million, leading to a great loss of money for the city of Naples.

However, some believe that the king survived the shipwreck, and has taken refuge on a nearby, remote island.

Suspicion has been raised that the duke of Milan, Antonio, was also aboard the ship, as he disappeared two days ago, without a trace, also taking all his riches; he too may have been travelling to Naples with the King of the city, Alonso.

*Claribel, daughter of the King of Naples, in Tunis after her wedding.*



Daughter of the Neopolitan King, Claribel, remains calm, and claims that many of the men on the boat were good swimmers, and may yet have survived the shipwreck. “Unless the ship is found and the mystery becomes clear, no one will sail the Mediterranean waters, for reasons of safety. Anyone who does will be arrested and punished with beheading,” she pronounced.

Buy Roman grape wine: *Ju icy.* “Sweet heaven! Or must try this pure gold!” claims Drinkulo.

## Piece D – a theatre review

Context: As part of their work on Shakespeare, the class went to see the Royal Shakespeare Company's (RSC) production of 'The Tempest' at Stratford-upon-Avon. On their return, they wrote a review of the production.

### A theatre review

The spectacular RSC has struck many people with awe, once again, this Christmas with Shakespeare's thrilling comedy: *The Tempest*.

The director, Gregory Doran, has combined modern-day technology with theatre, transfixing the audience, creating a masterpiece and making a memory they will never forget. From an otherworldly digital Ariel (Mark Quartley) to several black, hell-like illusions, Intel has worked with the theatre, producing one enthralling masquerade. Loud bangs and flashing lights create the picture of the storm, and background scenes form the image of the island.

Shipwrecked, Prospero's brother, who had committed a great crime many years earlier finds himself on a wonderful island, along with King Alonso (James Tucker), his son (Daniel Easton) and two ~~last~~ drunken sailors. Prospero, played by Simon Russel Beale, is the 'king' of the island, and causes sadness, happiness and drama. The sea was magical. The cracked glass floor made it seem as though the actors were standing on jewels, and light pierced through the glass. The shipwreck was very realistic - it showed what the ship was like and provided bars that allowed the spirits to weave in and out, like gymnasts. They dance and sing, but they are dark and mysterious, with concealing masks, thanks to the make-up artist, Ed Parry.

Overall, all the performances were outstanding, getting the audience on their feet in a standing ovation. The use of language can be hard for young people to understand so I would recommend the play for children aged nine or over.

## Piece E – a promotional leaflet

Context: Pupils explored the features of persuasive writing, including promotional material from local attractions. They then produced their own leaflet aimed at promoting the attractions of a local farm shop.

### Fabulous Farm Shop

Have you opened your fridge recently to find very little food? Or perhaps you are planning a barbecue? If so, we strongly suggest that you pay a visit to our outstanding farm shop. Selling everything imaginable for your pantry, we stock local, succulent meats; fresh fish, caught in Cornish waters, which we preserve ourselves and over twenty varieties of cheese.

Managed by a third and fourth generation of fishmongers, fish is our speciality. Our range varies from prawns to oysters, from salmon to mackerel. But there is more to us than the delights of the ocean: in addition to our local produce, we sell home-made breads, cakes, and delicious biscuits.



### Incredible Edibles

Whether it's breakfast, lunch or afternoon tea, our farm shop really has it all. Every dish is a success. Just listen to what some of our numerous happy customers have to say:

*"Good service, great food – what's not to like?"* (Vicky)

*"Each dish caters for every appetite – heavenly!"* (Kim and Max)

### Breakfast

- Muesli made to our own secret recipe, with yoghurt and fruit compote
- Two rounds of toast with jam or marmalade
- Croissants with butter and jam
- A sizzling organic bacon or sausage sandwich



### Lunch

- Soup of the day with crusty bread
- Flaked hot smoked salmon on orzo pasta, served with a courgette ribbon salad and lemon crème fraiche dressing
- Our own home-cured honey roast ham accompanied by buttered new potatoes, coleslaw and salad
- Organic free-range chicken caesar salad – for the health conscious visitor



### Tempting teas

Why not conclude your visit with afternoon tea? This customer favourite is served with scrumptious clotted cream, jam and scones – all placed on top of a tiered cake stand – and sandwiches accompanied by a pot of tea of your choice. Other choices include...

- Toasted teacake and butter
- Mini fruit scones
- Pot of tea for one with two crumpets, butter and jam
- Pot of tea for one with a slice of home-made tea bread with butter and jam
- Scones and butter (cream and jam optional)



### Gorgeous Gardens

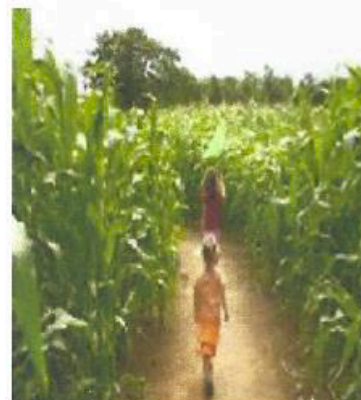
Take a step forward into a beautiful world, surrounded by roses, creepers and flowers. A large variety of plants is grown in our gardens, some of which can be purchased from the garden shop. Why not brighten up your home with our stunning selection of cut flowers, or put on your green fingers and plant some of our wide selection of unusual trees and shrubs.



Located within the gardens you will find the bird-hide. With over 40 species of birds, it provides a wonderful opportunity for children and nature-watchers alike. You might also spot fallow deer (which come to feed up to four times a day), as well as squirrels and, if you are lucky, the rare sight of a fox or muntjac deer.

### A – Maize - ing Maze

Do you enjoy exploring? Then the maize maze is for you. With over one hundred heads of sweetcorn, it is a colossal labyrinth. Get to the centre of the maze, take a token, and there may be a chocolate treat waiting for you at the end. But do not worry if you get lost: we have developed a few different routes that lead to the borders of the maze: simply walk out of it and follow the arrows which will take you back to the entrance.



### Something for everyone

We pride ourselves on catering for everyone, young and old. A visit to the farm shop is a great day out for all the family!