

# **Greater Depth Writing in KS2**

**2024-25  
Standardisation**

**Exercise 1  
Pupil C**

**The pupil can write effectively for a range of purposes and audiences, selecting the appropriate form and drawing independently on what they have read as models for their own writing (for example, literary language, characterisation, structure)**

This collection comprises a range of pieces which effectively meet their intended purposes and showcase the pupil's confidence and versatility across diverse forms. When handling both non-fiction and fiction, they succeed in adopting what is often a highly authoritative and mature voice, signalling confidence and familiarity with appropriate models in each genre.

The non-chronological report on the cheetah (piece A) evidences research and its use in an informative, measured and precise fashion. The newspaper report on beavers, and the linked opinion pieces associated with a newspaper front page (piece B), combine information with comment and persuasion. The balanced argument (piece D) considers the acceptability of lying through several lenses, with a broad frame of reference which illuminates opposing positions clearly and expertly. The pupil's confident handling of character and the dynamics of interaction is clear in the dialogue (piece C) and also in the narrative (piece E), a powerfully told contemporary first-person tale, conveying in rich detail a miraculous transformation inspired by the source text, 'The Promise' by Nicola Davies.

Selecting the cheetah as the focus for a non-chronological report (piece A), the pupil expertly organises a wide range of information, covering key aspects in detail and communicating these through an understated but expert voice. A concise introduction summarises the characteristics which make the cheetah worthy of attention (*world's fastest land mammal... speeds of up to 130 km/h*) and the pressing concerns for its survival (*rapid decline*). The piece then addresses location, diet, breeding, behaviour and habitat in a sequence of paragraphs, elaborating each area through words and phrases which clearly draw on the pupil's absorption of this style of writing. The stance of the expert observer is maintained (*characterised by its distinctive spotted pelt... Generally... Like all cats, females feed their young milk, and in the case of the cheetah... much-needed shade... larger than average lungs... blend seamlessly with the grasslands*), conveying insight and empathy in a style which is both objective and engaged, and thus positioned well to inform and involve the reader. The pupil fully deploys the specialised vocabulary of this field and integrates and extends details within multi-clause sentences which fluently communicate with the reader. This establishes a cohesive, seemingly effortless whole (*When pregnant, the female cheetah retreats to caves which offer protection from hunting dogs, hyenas and lions who may otherwise attack:...*). Very occasional errors, such as in vocabulary choice (*gauge [gorge] on its kill... prolonged legs*), do not detract from the overall effect, and while the piece ends without a definitive concluding section, this is likely to be a matter of timing rather than intention.

The newspaper front page (piece B) is inspired by a comical news story and other source material relating to curious incidents. It thus provides the opportunity for a range of appropriate writing directly drawn from the pupil's exploration of newspaper formats and registers. The main report exemplifies the expected features of an article breaking fresh news in a front-page splash (*Beavers Cause Mayhem on the M19*). Key information is foregrounded and summarised concisely, followed by a chronological account of events, ongoing actions and the aftermath, with details of the impact conveyed through quotations and statements. The world of traffic delays and the brand of uproar and disruption it causes is confidently evoked through specific language (*carriageway... junctions 15 and 16*) and words and phrases which amplify the incident (*mayhem, havoc, chaos, plight, rampant*). The newspaper as an enabler of communication and action is also captured (*The petition can be found here:...*), and the insertion of 'jokes and memes' from 'social media accounts' confidently reflects the contemporary news landscape.

With the task of broadening out from the news item, the pupil expands into discursive and persuasive realms by choosing to present a pair of adversarial opinion pieces in the 'Should beavers be culled in the UK?' section. This is set up clearly for the reader (*We asked two experts for their views...*), establishing the newspaper's voice and the sense of a relationship with its readers. The contrasting 'YES' and 'NO' pieces again demonstrate the pupil's success in drawing on positioned statements in the public sphere, with language that is controlled and campaigning. It also carries an emotional charge (*local councils' failure... the rights of people are eroded away... bureaucratic red tape stalling proceedings... bring back green spaces... once again live in harmony*).

Piece D also provides a further elaboration of the pupil's capacity to handle and manage contrasting aspects of an issue, while crucially informing and educating the reader from a position of trust and authority. This piece is a formal discussion of the question 'To what extent is it ok to lie?' which takes the reader through religious, social, cultural, psychological and moral considerations. Each paragraph builds on an opening statement which lays out the focus (*Religion takes a clear stance... The way our society is structured, our norms and culture, allows lying... It can be argued that lying is also important for providing ourselves with protection...*). The pupil then provides illustration, often doing this by referring to the reader or to experience that is assumed to apply generally (*Imagine you have your day mapped out... Are you going to say yes?... If we find ourselves in a precarious situation... lying about qualifications would be likely to lead to you being sacked...*). A mature, philosophical perspective is achieved throughout, with the final paragraph underlining the writer's engagement with the ideas and how they follow through to the resulting personalised conclusions (*In my opinion... In situations where... it is here I draw the line*). The piece is thus addressing the reader while also tracking the writer's process of evaluation.

Fiction writing in the collection brings to life characters from existing texts, with the dialogue (piece C) focusing in on characters from the 'Beetle Queen' series of books by M G Leonard. The pupil chooses a familiar text and creates a moment of disagreement between characters which requires resolution. In this piece, they demonstrate an intimate understanding of character traits, and how these can emerge and be heightened through dialogue and interaction, supported by contextual information and reporting clauses. The characters can be easily understood from what we see and are told about them – for example, Virginia (written as Virgnia) is established as assertive (*"Well clearly Darkus should go, I mean it's YOUR dad..."*... *Virginia questioned firmly, emphasising her point with hands on hip*), and the developing co-conspiratorial relationship between Virginia and Darkus, which forces Bertolt's compliance, is built up over a series of exchanges, incorporating anger (*"SHUT IT BERTOLT!"*), manipulation (*Scheming with a plan, Darkus whispered to Virginia... "We were thinking, Bertolt..."*) and veiled pressure (*"...maybe YOU should do something..."*). This shows the progression of a scene through dialogue, with a key decision being made through the interaction. Working with the planned limitations of this dialogue context, the pupil provides what the reader needs, through reporting clauses and summary. They also draw on their reading as they represent emphasis in dialogue through capital letters and conclude the segment with the conventional movement towards rising action and what is to come (*knew that wasn't going to happen but it was worth a try*).

In piece E, drawing on the themes of the picture book 'The Promise' by Nicola Davies, the pupil creates their own story focused on a problem solved. An intense, heightened narrative world is created through the first-person voice and a profound, all-encompassing gloom is depicted through figurative language (*a city filled to the brim with sorrow...*). Extended imagery moves from the narrator's experience to a collective experience across the city, using the metaphor of disease, both physical and mental (*Like an infection, the rot had seeped into my own ears and penetrated my bones. I too was hollow... I had dragged myself up into my teenage years. A lonely, grey island... allow grief to root itself into my gut... nestle and grow deep within the skin of all of us one way or another*). This imagery evidences the pupil's familiarity with story worlds as a reader, as does the description of character using romantic conventions (*Her features came into view through the downpour of tears above... soft braids framed her face...*). The element of fantasy and fable in the source text is also evoked (*The night my fate changed course... Use what is within this bag wisely*), with a deliberately contemporary, in-the-moment commentary from the narrator (*with the strength of 10,000 men (or women – it is 2023 after all) ... Huh, what did she mean?... Nothing unusual there*). Direct address is woven into the piece emphasising the pupil's confidence in breaking the narrative 'fourth wall' and understanding how the text is being received and enjoyed by the end user (*Now reader, at this point, I don't want you to become too excited*). The piece is rich with examples of ambitious choices which draw attention and make the reader pause to take in the effect – for example, where 'hurt' is used in both adjective and verb form to capture a key reflection in a brief sentence (*Hurt people hurt people*).

## **The pupil can distinguish between the language of speech and writing and choose the appropriate register**

Throughout the collection, the mainly formal register adopted by the pupil evidences a clear sense of the language of writing. The non-chronological report (piece A) evokes the voice of the naturalist and the field of scientific writing about animals. Objective description, characterised by the use of specific and specialised terminology, is particularly noteworthy in cases where there is a more commonplace alternative for what is being said, but where the pupil knows that an extended, more formal phrase is in keeping with the desired register (*periods of scarcity... a duration of 3 months*). A range of expanded nouns and noun phrases are also used, reflecting the emphasis on accuracy and on providing reference points to aid the reader's understanding (*world's fastest land mammal... antelope, gazelles, warthogs and zebras... large quantities of meat... ochre undercoat*).

The news report within the newspaper page (piece B) aims to deliver factual information that the reader can trust, realised through language specific to the genre which condenses information for swift consumption (*felled three conifers... at the nearby Briscoe River... mass clean-up operation*). The 'lighter' side of the story is also captured in some more informal comments within the piece, indicative of the relationship a newspaper (particularly a local newspaper) can have with its readers (*nibbling... Luckily...*). In the quoted material within the report, the pupil shows a keen sense of the degrees of formality appropriate to role: the 'area manager at the Highways Agency' is quoted in language which is closer to the written register, while the 'disgruntled' motorists are presented through more colloquial forms, including contractions and omitted pronouns (*"They've known about these beavers... was on my way to drop my kids off*). The social media posts also reflect the speech-like informality typical of such sites (*Hahahaha... As if...*).

The serious intent of the 2 opinion pieces on the culling of beavers is conveyed through language and constructions typical of formal argument and persuasion, signalling expertise and conviction, particularly on the part of the CEO, who remains more distanced (*can be attributed to... impacted by this inaction*). While a slightly less formal register, bringing together conviction and a more direct personal expression is evident in the leader of 'Animal Love Ltd' (*I feel incredibly upset... coming back to bite*).

In order to handle the ethical considerations related to lying, the pupil once more adopts a suitably formal written register in piece D, posing the arguments through abstract language which is concise and specific (*component of human nature... extent... scriptures... society... norms and culture... tarnished*). By way of contrast, in order to involve the reader in considering the points raised, a friendly, colloquial style of second-person address is used, with language that expresses speech and thought appropriately (*you have your day mapped out it's a really busy one... "No, I don't know what you're talking about,"*).

Confident in capturing the tone of the characters in the story dialogue (piece C), the pupil distinguishes between the language of speech and writing through interjections in dialogue (*Well... Oh no*) and a question tag (*right?*), and by underscoring heated verbal exchanges using capitals (*YOUR... YOU'RE*). Colloquial language also reflects relationships between characters and their age (*chilling.... newsflash... SHUT IT... Guys...*). In contrast, the narration is more formal overall (*adredline [adrenaline] running through the three... emphasising her point... With that being said...*), though is suitably less elevated than the style deployed in other pieces. Contractions, for example, appear in both dialogue and narration here, as appropriate to the world of this narrative.

Piece E features deliberate variation of register, with more formal, elevated and literary language used at times to intensify atmosphere and feeling in narration (*tentatively balancing on the deep edge of despair... What sort of cruel disease was this?... as the evening drew in, my curiosity peaked*). The pupil seeks to create a rich world in which experience is elaborated for the reader through a style that overstates and expands, rather than being concise. It differs from the language of writing discussed in the non-fiction pieces, but is another register of a formal kind, with a different purpose. These aspects of the narrative contrast with moments of directness and more informal, contemporary phrasing, especially in the writer's commentary on events (*I know what you're thinking...*). The voice of the narrator thus combines a storytelling register and an in-character register.

Dialogue between the narrator and his mother captures speech-like features including interjections and phrases which reflect the spatial relationships and interactions in the text (*"Oh, Fletcher!"... Urm supper is ready!... Felix, there you are!*). By contrast, the words of the young girl are appropriately archaic and highly formal, matching the sense of mystery and gravity in the source text (*Use what is within this bag wisely. Agree to do good*). The pupil moves between these registers seamlessly, for the most part, demonstrating a confidence in handling the different purposes and intended effects.

**The pupil can exercise an assured and conscious control over levels of formality, particularly through manipulating grammar and vocabulary to achieve this**

Levels of formality are established, maintained and varied deliberately across the collection, to suit the purposes of each piece and to help the pupil achieve desired effects. Ranging between powerful emotional responses to events (piece E), thoughtful reflection on ideas (piece D) and the condensing and expansion of information (pieces A and B), the pupil maintains a mature and measured approach to the material, avoiding the pitfalls of excess, such as overblown description or exhortation and overly complex technical detail, thus providing the reader with the confidence that they are in safe hands.

In the non-chronological report (piece A), grammatical choices support the formal register, with passive forms used to capture the cheetah's qualities and characteristics, where the agent is absent or tangential to the point being made (*allows movement to be energy efficient... prevents them from being detected by potential prey*). Specific and precisely placed adverbs express required or conditional circumstances (*only able to sustain such a speed... they must first plan*), signalling the writer's knowledge and expertise, supported also by the use of expanded verb forms, including the infinitive (*if they are to be successful*). A range of phrases and clauses head up sentences to add details incidentally, before the main clause (*Agile and nimble, the cheetah is able to...; Like all cats,...*) and afterward (*much to the indignation of the farming community*). In addition, specific vocabulary choices associated with the field underline the pupil's confidence with the form and register (*sightings... distinctive spotted pelt... dwell in grasslands or savannahs... hierarchical system*). This creates a sense that the writer is passing on information that is unquestionable and verified.

The newspaper page (piece B) demonstrates assured and conscious control over features which construct the formal register used within the report and opinion pieces. Relative clauses embed information (*rodents, who local residents say have been causing havoc for months... operation, orchestrated by the Manchester Highways Agency, took... incidents, which have put human life in danger, have...*). Passive forms also heighten formality and support cohesion by carrying forward links already established (*Diversions were put in place... last of the wreckage was cleared away... petition can be found... can be attributed to local councils' failure... have been impacted by*). Vocabulary choices support the formal news register (*carriageway... tailbacks ensued... located... diversions... plight*), and alliteration and wordplay construct the more humorous aspects of the piece (*cull of the critters... DAM-ED*). The naming of the organisations representing opposing views on beaver culling also demonstrates the pupil's confidence in evoking the positions of those concerned with this issue, drawing on linguistic shorthand (*ExterminateUK... Flower Love, Leader of Animal Love Ltd*).

In the balanced argument (piece D), the pupil adroitly introduces and expands points in a highly formal style through impersonal constructions and embedded clauses (*it is viewed as sinful... It is expected that when being interviewed...*), expanded verb forms incorporating modals and infinitives (*would be likely to lead to you being...*) and passive forms (*may find your record tarnished...*). Expanded noun phrases also convey a sense of expertise (*A healthy part of a child's development... many religion's scriptures and holy books...*). Moving between the factual and illustrative, the pupil shifts to a more informal second-person address, adding direct questions (*Are you going to say – sorry, I can't talk?*) and conversational constructions (*say for example a bank robber asks us...*). There are occasional lapses, arising from instances where the pupil deploys a range of ambitious grammatical forms and devices while manipulating conventional syntax – for example, with determiners (*In what situation is it acceptable and in which is it not?*).

Vocabulary in the piece is also selected to match register and intention, with abstract concepts (*society... norms... societal obligations*) and a range of references taking in the legal system (*prosecutor's star witness... perverting the course of justice*), along with the moral and ethical (*spawned from malice and ill-intent... objectionable... The toll it takes...*).

The dialogue (piece C) conveys the subtleties of informal, yet complex, character interactions through grammatical choices and constructions. Conjunctions handle cause and reason (*"Since you're that guy who rarely does anything...maybe YOU should do something"*) and condition (*"if you don't accept, you're dead"*). In addition, an embedded quoted phrase is deftly handled (*"Oh no that's the 'if you don't accept, you're dead' face!"*), along with sarcasm (*Bertolt kindly told the both of them to shut up.*), the placement of 'kindly' here helping to create humour through the contrast with 'shut up' which follows.

The narrative (piece E) encompasses a range of levels of formality, reflecting the larger framework of the magical tale told with a sense of timelessness and tradition, through grammatical constructions which replicate more archaic phrasing (*the bag is yours... alerting my mother to my presence*) and sometimes through manipulation of word order (*I too was hollow... What sort of cruel disease was this?... to my surprise... within it was a blue gem...*). The placement of adverbs and adverbials supports the formality of the piece, adding emphasis and further specifying details (*too full of anger and disappointment for there to be any room for food... as the evening drew in... ready to finally reveal what was inside, after observing the bag for far too long*). Sentence structures are used to build description through listing, particularly in threes (*Deprived of love, swallowed in darkness, enveloped by pain and suffering... Confused, baffled but compelled to do as she asked*). The piece also features elaborated noun phrases (*no circumstance big or small... whatever was in that bag needed to be mine*) and the use of determiners, which add an authority to the narration (*curious as to what miracle could be inside that seemingly precious bag...*). Extended sequences of clauses are especially effective in conveying possibilities and providing confirmation to the reader (*You are probably thinking of...this was not that. Think instead of one of those...*).

Additionally, vocabulary choices heighten the desired formality of style in narration (*my soul... deep slumber... awoken*) while also establishing the instances of playful address of the reader (*plastic fakes... kids' toy section...I had fallen for a hoax*).

**The pupil can use the range of punctuation taught at key stage 2 correctly (for example, semi-colons, dashes, colons, hyphens) and, when necessary, use such punctuation precisely to enhance meaning and avoid ambiguity**

A range of punctuation is used correctly, for example:

**commas to clarify meaning**

- *Like all cats, females feed...* (piece A)
- *ideal location to stalk potential prey, as well as...* (piece A)
- *Diversions were put in place, with one lane...* (piece B)
- *A healthy part of a child's development, lying emerges from...* (piece D)
- *Sure, I lived with my mother, but the stress...* (piece E)
- *Moving food around my plate, my stomach too full...* (piece E)
- *Rubbing my teary, blurry eyes in disbelief, I stumbled downstairs, perplexed.* (piece E)

**punctuation to indicate parenthesis**

- *The mass clean-up operation, orchestrated by the Manchester Highways Agency, took several hours...* (piece B)
- *In Islam, lying is haram (forbidden)...* (piece D)
- *in a precarious situation – say for example a bank robber asks us if we witnessed the crime whilst a waving a gun in our face – we are likely to lie* (piece D)
- *There was nothing, no circumstance big or small, that could....* (piece E)
- *With the strength of 10,000 men (or women – it is 2023 after all)...* (piece E)

### **colons, semi-colons and dashes to mark the boundary between independent clauses**

- *This majestic cat is Africa's most endangered: sightings are becoming...* (piece A)
- *hyenas and lions who may otherwise attack: heavily pregnant cheetahs are unable to outrun...* (piece A)
- *take in vast amounts oxygen; their prolonged legs enable them...* (piece A)
- *Culling is a quick and effective solution; it is painless...* (piece B)
- *Religion takes a clear stance on the act of lying: it is viewed as sinful...* (piece D)
- *living in a fish bowl filled with toxicity – it was going to nestle and grow deep...* (piece E)
- *It stings when she calls me that because it's not my name: I'm Felix.* (piece E)

### **speech punctuation/inverted commas and other punctuation, for example comma after a reporting clause, and punctuation inside inverted commas**

- *"It was a logistical nightmare," explained Jack Johnson, area manager at the Highways Agency.* (piece B)
- *"No, I don't know what you're talking about," is definitely what I would say, rather than, "Yes..."* (piece D)
- *"We were thinking, Bertolt..."* explained Darkus. (piece C)
- *"Oh no that's the 'if you don't accept, you're dead' face!" Bertolt muttered to himself.* (piece C)
- *"...Seek and follow its wisdom and the bag is yours," she spoke, staring deep within my soul as she did so.* (piece E)

### **hyphens to avoid ambiguity**

- *slim-framed body* (piece A)
- *well-adapted to running* (piece A)
- *clean-up* (piece B)
- *DAM-ED* (piece B)
- *Twenty-six beaver-related incidents* (piece B)

The collection demonstrates accurate and confident use of a range of punctuation which supports the purpose of each piece and serves the pupil's movement between registers and styles. Commas are used widely throughout to support the many instances where phrases and clauses build and qualify details, ensuring clarity – for example, in piece A (*Like all cats, females feed... ideal location to stalk potential prey, as well as...*) and piece B (*Diversions were put in place, with one lane...*). They also appropriately mark the points where pauses are required so that complex sequences of events and commentary remain clear and enjoyable for the reader – for example, where the narrator's experience is foregrounded in piece E (*Sure, I lived with my mother, but the stress...*).

The pieces evidence the correct use of brackets and commas to indicate parenthesis, providing factual information and additional clarification, and also, in piece E, supplying additional colour and asides (*There was nothing, no circumstance big or small, that could... With the strength of 10,000 men (or women – it is 2023 after all)...*). Additionally, colons separate independent clauses, emphasising significant information, such as a statement which elaborates a point in piece D (*Religion takes a clear stance on the act of lying: it is viewed as sinful...*). The pupil also uses semi-colons to manage detailed listing of information – for example, in piece A (*take in vast amounts oxygen; their prolonged legs...*) – and uses dashes to create a pause before a solemn moment (*filled with toxicity – it was going to nestle...*) and before a lighter comment (*or women – it is 2023 after all*) in piece E.

Draft

Cheetah

The world's fastest land mammal the cheetah is characterized by its distinctive spotted pelt and slim-framed body. Agile and nimble, the cheetah is able to run at speeds of up to 130 km/h. This majestic cat is Africa's most endangered: sightings are becoming rarer and rarer. Numbers are in rapid decline due to over-hunting and destruction of their habitat. ①

Cheetahs are carnivorous and feed on a wide variety of animals including antelope, gazelle, warthogs and zebras. Generally, cheetahs will instinctively select animals to hunt where there will be a chase involved. Having to use their powerful muscles to outrun prey keeps the cheetah fit and healthy and prevents them from becoming too large. While a cheetah can outrun all other land mammals, they are only able to sustain such a speed for a short period of time and so they must first plan their attack by either ambushing the unsuspecting mammal if they are to be successful.

The Asiatic Cheetah lives on the periphery of farming land and has adapted its diet to include sheep and goats,

① The growth of the human population and a increase in the farming of land are the predominant factors that have been contributed to habitat loss.

much to the indignation of the farming community.

A cheetah's digestive system is able to easily break down large <sup>quantities</sup> of meat enabling the cheetah to gorge on its kill. In doing so, the cheetahs hunt alone and the hierarchical system means that the pack leader has the privilege of priority over food in periods of scarcity.

Like all cats, females feed their young milk, and in the case of the cheetah, this happens for a duration of 3 months. At around 6-7 weeks old, the kitten joins its mother on hunts in preparation for being responsible for its own diet.

Cheetahs usually dwell in grasslands or savannahs. The long grass and reeds provides an ideal location to stalk <sup>potential</sup> prey, as well as providing the animal with much needed shade from the mid-day sun. When <sup>Pregnant</sup> pregnant, the female cheetah retreats to caves which offer protection from hunting dogs, hyenas and lions who may otherwise attack: heavily pregnant cheetahs are unable to outrun such animals and become susceptible.

The cheetah is well-adapted to running at speed: their waist is in contrast to their wide rib cage which encases larger than average lungs to take in vast amounts oxygen; their prolonged legs enable them

them to cover long distances more easily; and their lightweight frame allows movement to be energy efficient.

~~Camouflage~~<sup>camouflage</sup> is an evolutionary phenomenon that is necessary to survive. A cheetah's ochre undercoat and black spots blend seamlessly with the grasslands which they inhabit, which prevents them from being detected by potential prey.

# THE TELEGRAM

## Beavers Cause Mayhem on the M19

Beavers caused chaos on the M19 yesterday evening when they gnawed through several tree trunks, resulting in them falling onto the carriageway.

At around 8.30pm last night, the group of rodents, who local residents say have been causing havoc for months, felled three conifers on the M19 between junctions 15 and 16 resulting in all three lanes being blocked. Long tailbacks ensued as motorists waited for the Highways Agency to organise the removal of the 34ft trees.

One witness, who saw the beavers as they were nibbling their way through the trees, explained how it looked as though the animals were using the pieces of gnawed wood to build a dam at the nearby Briscoe River, located on the border of Newton Heath and Ashton.

Another added, "I saw the little critter that took the last bite before the first tree fell. Obviously, those driving had no idea what was about to happen and one swerved as it hit the tarmac, crashing into the safety barrier and ending up veering onto the hard shoulder. It was a few moments later that the other two trees fell."

Luckily, no serious injuries were obtained by the man driving the vehicle.

The mass clean-up operation, orchestrated by the Manchester Highways Agency, took several hours, leaving many motorists stuck. The felled trees needed to be cut into smaller pieces before they could be taken away. "It was a logistical nightmare," explained Jack Johnson, area manager at the Highways Agency. "These trees are over nine metres in height and the trunks can be very difficult to saw through. The team have worked tirelessly throughout the night to remove the trees and debris and to get the motorway reopened as soon

as possible."

Diversions were put in place, with one lane reopening at around mid-night. The other two lanes remained blocked off for a further hour whilst the last of the wreckage was cleared away.

Despite the best efforts of the Highways Agency, some motorists were disgruntled. "They've known about these beavers and the chaos caused by them in the local area for months and nothing has been done about it. I'm not surprised this has happened, it was only a matter of time," shared Lisa Samson, a member of the public caught up in the tailbacks. "I had a really important appointment booked and was on my way to drop my kids off at their uncle's house when this happened. It had taken months to get the appointment and now I'll have to go back onto the waiting list!"

Others saw the lighter side of the situation, sharing jokes and memes on their social media accounts.

@Precious2020

I'll be DAM-ED if I'm not getting home tonight! #beavers #M19 #stuck

@SJ654

Hahahaha, as if the M19 is closed because of.... beavers 😂 That's the best dam thing I've ever heard 😂

A petition has been penned by local residents who are calling on the support of the nation to help them in their plight to rid the area of the animals. They are putting pressure on the government to announce a cull of the critters who are currently rampant throughout the area. The petition can be found here:

[change.org/nomorebeavers](https://change.org/nomorebeavers).

## Should beavers be culled in the UK?

We asked two experts for their views about what should be done regarding the increase in beaver-related issues that have been sweeping the nation in recent months.

**YES** says Sarah Jones, CEO of ExterminateUK

“The recent increase in beaver populations across the UK can be attributed to local councils’ failure to put into place robust procedures for granting beaver control licences. Farmers in particular have been impacted by this inaction, causing a loss in valuable crops and infrastructure. As the rights of people are eroded away by woke groups who believe animals should have rights to the point where human lives are impacted, it is no surprise that incidents such as the carnage that took place on the M19 this week occur. Twenty-six beaver-related incidents, which have put human lives in direct danger, have been recorded so far this year. The economic and environmental damage caused means action must be taken. Culling is a quick and effective solution; it is painless for the animals and councils already have government permission to grant licences without bureaucratic red tape stalling proceedings.”

**NO** says Flower Love, Leader of Animal Love Ltd

“I feel incredibly upset for the people involved in the incident above. This is a direct example of how the marginalisation of beavers is now coming back to bite. We have campaigned for years for rivers and forests to be left alone in order to provide safe places for beavers and other animals to live safely. The felling of trees in order to build residential areas and retail parks is directly to blame for pushing local wildlife to the periphery and indeed, to the bankings of motorways. Culling beavers is inhumane and placing blame on animals when in fact we should be lobbying the government to bring back green spaces so humans and animals can once again live in harmony.”

**Piece C: a dialogue**

Context: After exploring dialogue in a shared class novel, pupils selected a familiar story and developed a scenario in which the characters were involved in a disagreement.

Arriving at Lucretia Cutter's mansion, adrenaline running through the three, a sweat of nervousness streamed down Darkus's face. The pressure was on. With the mission nearly accomplished, one frightening question jumped into their minds: who goes in?

"Well clearly Darkus should go, I mean it's YOUR dad who mysteriously disappeared a few days ago, right?" Virginia questioned firmly, emphasising her point with hands on hip.

Darkus frowned. It was his idea. Ever since they were friends all he would chat about was his dad.

"Why should I go? I've done the most risky things while YOU and Ber-tolt," Darkus spat, lengthening Bertolt's name to annoy him, "are there chilling. Well newsflash, I'm the leader not you so YOU'RE going!"

The tension was high and thick enough to be cut by a knife. Bertolt kindly told the both of them to shut up: the result was not what he was expecting. "SHUT IT BERTOLT!" they both screamed at the top of their lungs. Scheming with a plan, Darkus whispered to Virginia smiling a sly grin.

"Guys... what are you talking about?" Bertolt requested, shaking.

"We were thinking, Bertolt..." explained Darkus.

"Since you're that guy who rarely does anything and just cheers us on, maybe YOU should do something, so when we get named as heroes you'll be at least mentioned," interrupted Virginia, showing a face that Bertolt was afraid of.

"Oh no that's the 'if you don't accept, you're dead' face!" Bertolt muttered to himself. With that being said, Bertolt accepted the challenge, hoping he'd get extra credit. The three of them knew that wasn't going to happen but it was worth a try.

#### Piece D: a balanced argument

Context: After exploring a range of moral and ethical issues in stories, pupils identified a broad issue to discuss in the form of an argument.

To what extent  
is it ok to lie?

The tendency to lie is a component of human nature inherently embedded within all of us. A healthy part of a child's development, lying emerges from around the age of three. The extent to which a person lies depends on their ~~character~~ personality and upbringing and this is where this argument will centre its focus: to what extent is it ever ok to lie? In what situation is it acceptable and in which is it not?

Religion takes a clear stance on the act of lying: it is viewed as sinful in many religion's scriptures and holy books. In Christianity for example, God commands his followers to tell the truth in order for them to join him<sup>in</sup> heaven. In Islam, lying is haram (forbidden) and considered highly disrespectful to Allah - God of muslim faith. Studies show the vast majority of people who do lie are atheists. With these people not having a God for guidance, are they able to lie freely?

The way our society is ~~structured~~ <sup>structured</sup>, our norms and culture, allows lying in certain circumstances. Lying can help maintain a stable relationship with friends. Imagine you have your day mapped out, it's a really busy one, and your friend calls you upset wanting to chat and asks you if you're busy. Are you going to say yes? Are you going to say - sorry, I can't talk? Or are you going to say 'it's fine' and you're nothing really planned? Some would argue it's necessary to lie at times.



lying would hurt another's feeling or in times of threat or danger, a lie can be harmless and even provide protection. However, when lies are spawned from malice and ill-intent, they become objectionable and it is here I draw the line.

① Sacked very quickly. The truth has a way of finding itself out. If in a court of law or being interviewed by the police, it is a criminal offence to lie.

Piece E: a narrative

Context: Drawing on the picture book 'The Promise' by Nicola Davies, pupils wrote their own story focused on transformation.

When I was young, I lived in a city filled to the brim with sorrow. Its miserable citizens spent their lives tentatively balancing on the deep edge of despair. Deprived of love, swallowed in darkness, enveloped by pain and suffering: no one ever smiled. I was no exception. Like an infection, the rot had seeped into my own heart and penetrated my bones. I too was hollow.

I had dragged myself up into my teenage years. A lonely, grey island. Sure, I lived with my mother, but the stress and depression which loomed over the city had been too much for her and <sup>psychosis</sup> ~~physical~~ had set in. My mother ~~was~~ sadly suffered from chronic memory loss each day and I could see more of her slipping through my fingers like sand.

Some days, she didn't even recognise my face which would burn in my stomach, clench like a vice around my chest, ~~allow grief to rot it~~ <sup>allow grief to rot it</sup> into my gut. She was here, yet she was already gone. What sort of cruel disease was this? The vast majority of the people who live here suffered from some sort of mental illness: depression, anxiety, memory loss or stress disorders. It felt like we were all living in a fish bowl filled with toxicity - it was going to nestle and grow deep within the skin of all of us one way or another.

As a result of this, I would steal. I know what you're thinking: stealing from other is a crime for the lowest of the low. Well, I was as low as I could

get. There was nothing, no circumstance big or sm-  
all that could make me feel any worse than I  
already did. Hurt people hurt people. For others, steal-  
ing is an action that sprouts from greed; I do it out  
of love. The one way out the one plan the one <sup>1</sup> just  
~~ending right to the end of the line that is the end~~  
~~gives the right to the right of the right of the right~~  
~~to the right of the right of the right of the right~~

The night my fate changed course, I had been walkin-  
g home from college. Then the wind howled wicked-  
ly and a thick curtain of cold, icy rain <sup>fell</sup> trickled  
down heavily, lashing down onto the grey concrete.

In front of me, stood ~~proudly~~, the silhouette of a figu-  
re, ~~is~~ clenching onto an umbrella sheltering under  
the awning of a briki-a brack store.

As I approached, I realised it was a young girl, help-  
less girl. Her features came into view through the dow-  
npour of tears above. Her complexion was warm brown-  
healthy and full of life. Her soft braids framed her  
face and her deep hazelnut ~~th~~ irises were a marked  
contrast to the bright white of her eyes. In her hands  
she held a small maroon bag with a drawstring  
top. What was inside of it? My intrigue rose and I knew  
w~~h~~ whatever was in that bag ~~to be mine~~ needed to be m-  
ine.

Without warning, like a viper launches at his prey,  
I sprang into action and extended my arm, clutchi-  
ng onto the bag in an effort to steal it - but to my sur-  
prise the young girl held onto it with the strength of  
10,000 men (or women - it is 2023 after all+).

"Use what is within this bag wisely. Agree to do good. Agree to open your wild imaginations to opportunity. Seek and follow its wisdom and the bag is yours" she spoke, staring deep within my soul as she did so.

Huh, what did she mean? Confused, baffled but compelled to do as she asked, I agreed and she released her grip on the bag.

Feeling a swirl of emotions, I walked home curious as to what miracle could be inside that seemingly precious bag. As I approached home with my <sup>tor</sup>head held up high, the dreadful, grey clouds greyed and spat out tears of rain. Nothing unusual there. For some reason, I had been reluctant to open the bag, but as the evening drew in, my curiosity peaked, overtaking any anxiety and I took hold of its drawstring, ready to finally reveal what was inside after observing the bag for far too long. I opened the golden string, unfolded the silk cloth and within it ~~inside~~ was a blue gem. Now reader, at this point, I don't want you to become too excited. You're probably thinking of a dazzling, sparkling jewel, exquisite and costly: this was not that. Think instead of one of those plastic fakes you find in the kids' toy section worth £10 at most.

I couldn't believe it. I had fallen for a hoax by that little girl who I believed was a trustworthy person. How indictive. Annoyed and irritated by what was inside, I loudly stomped downstairs, alerting my mother to my ~~presence~~ presence.

"Oh, Fletcher!" She spoke, eyes glared over. Physically she looked the same but mentally it was like she was no longer with us. She was a shell.

"Urm supper is ready!" It stings when she calls me that because it's not my name: I'm Felix. Was she ~~forgetting who I was?~~ forgetting who I was?

"Mum I wish you never were diagnosed with chronic memory," I muttered under my breath clutching onto the plastic gem like a child gripping their mum. I spent the next 20 minutes moving food around my plate, my stomach too full of anger and disappointment for there to be any room for food. I

I slouched back upstairs, defeated, and placed the gem under my pillow. I slipped into bed and soon, a deep slumber.

The next morning arrived and I was awoken early by a strange sight. The bright, glistening sun beams penetrated my curtains and so I lept up and pulled them open. The gloomy clouds disappeared and the plants were <sup>blooming</sup> ~~bush~~ and <sup>blossoming</sup> ~~bloomed~~: an explosion of colour. What was this? Did God give us a miracle? Rubbing my teary, blurry eyes in disbelief, I stumbled downstairs, perplexed.

"Hey mum what's for breakfast today?" I asked with a smile on my face, happy the sun had shown itself.

"Felix, there you are! It's full English breakfast" she sang as she slipped the sausage over in the pan.

# **Exercise 3**

## **Pupil A**

**The pupil can write effectively for a range of purposes and audiences, selecting the appropriate form and drawing independently on what they have read as models for their own writing (for example, literary language, characterisation, structure)**

This collection comprises effective writing in a range of forms, for a range of purposes and audiences. There are two differing narratives, with one retelling events from 'Kensuke's Kingdom' by Michael Morpurgo, from the perspective of the dog (piece A) and the other being a romantic narrative based on the short Disney animation 'Paperman' (piece E). Non-fiction writing includes a persuasive speech focused on environmental issues, drawing on 'No one is too small to make a difference' by Greta Thunberg (piece B). Piece C is a recount and review of a performance of the opera, 'La Traviata', by Giuseppe Verdi, while piece D is a newspaper report focused on events from 'The Lion King' animation, by Disney.

In piece A, the pupil succeeds in engaging the audience and maintaining the character of Stella throughout, demonstrating strong awareness of how the first-person voice in a narrative can provide a rich and distinctive experience for the reader. The dog's-eye-view of key events in the early stages of the novel, 'Kensuke's Kingdom', is achieved through confident and humorous representation of Stella's observations and responses. Her contented mood at the opening of the piece is built up through references to dog-focused comforts (*a bed by the fire... My chew-toys, were placed strategically around me*) and repeated superlative phrases (*the finest food, the snuggliest blanket, the best family, the most amazing trips*). Dialogue is also used to reinforce relationships and the dog-perspective on human affairs (*Big boxes with meaningless scrolls... This was so confusing!... I trotted off to her room and headbutted the threshold... "Yes, the boxes are relevant, and yes, I know walkies are necessary! Sorry girl!" She sighed, reading my thoughts perfectly.*) As the situation becomes more troubled on the boat, the narration captures action and reaction, still maintaining Stella's perspective (*The rain was kind of fun at first, leaping about, catching it on my tounge.... The humans were screaming... made my ears prick... the scruff of my neck was grasped*). The knowing voice of the narration demonstrates the pupil's wider reading and awareness of techniques, such as asides and ironic comments, which both construct character and draw the reader into events (*I couldn't think of anything better, other than going to see the ducks, but we can't have everything can we?... It took months of course for the humans to do 'training'. I thought only dogs had to be trained!*).

In addition, piece A demonstrates the effective management of time and sequencing, as the trajectory of events moves from an initially happy home situation to worrying suggestions of change in the fourth paragraph (*so many things had changed... my lovely food was replaced with the cheap, meatless kind*). In the fifth paragraph, time moves on again (*It has been forever since my family was happy, but now the house was warm again...*). Shifts in time are reflected through changes in setting and in the experiences of characters. Cohesion is also supported through deliberate semantic connections between paragraph ends and beginnings, between the fifth and sixth paragraphs, for example, (*when would Dad come home from the shops? / "I'm home!" someone shouted*), and the sixth and seventh paragraphs (*"Who wants to see our new home?" Wait, what?! / We moved house!*).

In piece E, the stimulus of a short, wordless animated film is extended into a rich and affecting narrative, demonstrating the pupil's grasp of romantic story tropes. The pupil constructs the next steps of the story, and the film's brief evocation of the two main characters' lives is fleshed out through rich description and insights. Starting with a moment of suspense (*They stood there at the station, hearts pumping*), the first paragraph also summarises the characters' situations and preceding events economically for a reader unfamiliar with the animation (*due to a sincere attempt to catch the woman's eye going spectacularly wrong, here he was... Rosa, had followed a wish (and a plane!) across the city, after being rejected by yet-another job-interview*). Visual details derived from the animation are expertly captured in precise description (*encased in crumpled paper-aeroplanes, hair-all-over-the-place, tie hanging limply... clothes crisp and neat, with a dark-brown mass of hair slicked into a bob*). As might be expected when drawing on a powerful visual stimulus, the writing focuses on physical details, and the pupil is adept at creating the sense of a city setting (*People bustled around them, chatting and laughing, pottering about on their daily business*) and their café meeting (*barely any people... perfect place to talk... coffees... carrot cakes... sat down on a long sofa*).

Underlying feelings and motives are also made plain, with devices such as listing and repeated sentence structures used to emphasise the cumulative effect of experiences (*of struggling to find a job; of being fired or made redundant countless times; of a paper plane landing in her flowers... thoughts running through their heads, words spilling out of their mouths*). Language choices also reflect the powerful emotional charge of events and the romantic significance of actions and objects (*a mere sense of hope... an unspoken language... silently communicating their thoughts and feelings... blood-red, shining boldly on its dull, grey, lifeless background... glanced... sighed... deep loathing*). The second and third sections of the piece, after the passage of time, also use devices such as alliteration and simile to increase the impact of descriptions (*delicate, dancing petals... sweet symphony... monstrous, malevolent... lights shone like a million stars... as white as a cloud of snow*), without overusing these techniques. These choices contribute to the overall sense that the pupil is drawing on an awareness from their own reading of what this genre requires. The brief introduction of 'Mr May', late on in the piece, creates potential future intrigue, but as this is not explained further, it leaves something of a gap in the reader's experience of the whole, or signals the pupil's intention to continue the story.

The persuasive speech (piece B) is written with a clear sense of purpose, drawing on the pupil's wider reading and mirroring the stimulus material. It targets those in positions of power, explicitly highlighting the complicity and culpability of this adult audience in the ongoing climate crisis (*I am not here to listen to your excuses... Do not ignore the fact that I am still a child... You will die of old age and we will die of Climate Change*). The piece builds and maintains this relationship of speaker to audience while using a number of approaches to serve the persuasive intent. Scientific sources, evidence and technical language lend authority to the points (*helping CO2 emmissions by 2030... The Intergovernmental Panel of Climate Change... Permafrost... scientists and campaigners... air-miles... Carbon Footprint*). The personalised voice of the speaker expresses views, mounts challenges and puts forward pleas on their own behalf (*I stand in your presence... I don't think for one second that you will... I urge you to panic... I never imagined I could make a difference... I am 11 years old*). This is extended to represent the collective of humanity in general (*the people who inhale your lies... You give people false hope... We have listened... now you listen to us... I am many people in the form of one, speaking for us all*). This adds gravity and is supported by moral imperatives for action (*drowning parts of our world... the people whoes whole countries have been submerged... your children and grandchildren... sometimes the victim has to face them*). The audience is also addressed with an unflinching directness, with actions critiqued and shortcomings highlighted (*You are conscious of these lies... You give people false hope... you have to admit... If I were you, I wouldn't just feel ashamed...*).

The piece moves between these positions, supported by a clear structure, with the theme of 'air' and 'breathing' introduced in the first paragraph (*I breathe out the truth over people who inhale your lies... Act as if we are breathing in poison. Because we are*). This is reinforced in the second (*I breathe out the words of reason*), which opens the discussion up through reference to experts. The third paragraph is more reflective and introduces a note of doubt (*maybe we can't. I breathe out our problems in the hope someone will listen*). The speech concludes with renewed conviction and appeal (*I no longer breathe truths but pleas*). Throughout, points are underlined through short sentences and phrases, and with questions, imperatives and repetition, demonstrating the pupil's confidence in drawing on existing models of persuasive speaking.

The recount of attending an opera and review of the performance itself (piece C) appropriately combine the writer's experience of seeing opera for the first time with information that contextualises the event. The assumption that opera is not readily familiar to a general audience is followed through in the piece, with factual details to demystify (*a musical play, that originated in Italy for royalty. It usually has an Orchestra performing along-side it... mostly sung in foreign languages*). Key information about the performance is also given (*La Traviata, performed by the Welsh National Opera... composed by Guiseppe Verdi*) and educational contextualisation provided (*According to the teachers, we were going for 'musical enrichment'... It did seem quite the privilege*). In keeping with this understanding of the reader's likely starting point, the recounted elements of the piece highlight excitement at the novelty of the experience (*bubbling with curiosity... today would be the day we were going to the Opera!... feel my stomach churning, my thoughts spinning*). Responses are conveyed through figurative language, matched to the scale and scope of the operatic performance, including appropriately deployed alliteration and simile (*Dark, dimmed, begin. ...voices reached as high as mountains, or as low as valleys*). The opening also features effective use of onomatopoeia, in keeping with the aural focus of the piece (*bubbling... rumble... honks and creaks*).

The review of the performance is integrated into the whole, with the writer presenting their expectations then following this up with the actuality, as a means of reassuring the uncertain reader (*One of my main pre-conceptions was...It was nothing of the sort!... Another thought was that...but it was very much the opposite*). This suggests that the pupil is drawing on models of personal reviewing, where the individual's perspective represents one with which the reader can identify. The writer's enthusiasm is brought to the fore through direct expressions of admiration and feeling (*Gorgeous, flowing dresses... discription that took you a million-miles away... So much passion and feeling... truly magical experience*). While the piece does not provide a summary of the story, the costumes, set and singing are referenced. The piece also concludes with a summary paragraph which identifies audience suitability (*for any one and everyone*).

In piece D, newspaper reporting conventions are confidently presented, in a playful and knowing style, drawing on the fictional source material of 'The Lion King'. This is evident in the newspaper name (*The Daily Gazelle*) and the headline (*Lion Lunatic's Crimes Uncovered!*), as well as place names (*Lynx Cliff... Otterhole Courtroom*). The shorthand typical of reporting is used to identify those involved (*a criminal, who goes by the name 'Scar'... the late king... age 7, no occupation*) and journalistic vocabulary deployed to convey information concisely and dramatically (*on the run...public are urged... crime-free community... their whereabouts*). The newspaper's position on events is made clear amidst the reporting of factual details, through emotive language (*mercilessly... malevolent*), including ironic undercutting of events (*claiming he wanted to "bond" with he nephew... claiming he "fell"*) and indications of a shared purpose (*ensures the safety and wellbeing of our Circle of Life... keep us out of harm*). This demonstrates the pupil's awareness of tabloid-style journalism. In addition, the humorous aspect of the context is foregrounded through word play (*could be "scar-ed" for life!... "mane" leader*) and through the deliberate juxtaposition of the savannah setting and the norms of contemporary urban life (*a group of forensic scientists... police-force... late-night patrols, frequent radio updates... new hotline... llovelionsandthecommunity@gmail.com*). Statements in the piece reinforce both the effective use of convention and its subversion for comic purposes (*There's my Dad's blimmin' murderer on the loose...*).

### **The pupil can distinguish between the language of speech and writing and choose the appropriate register**

Throughout the collection, the pupil evidences a command of the specific features of speech, utilising this awareness as needed across a range of contexts. The first-person narration in piece A includes some more conventional description and recounting of events (*We had been on the boat for weeks now, sailing all day and night.... I seized the moment and jumped, disasterous hail pelted my coat*). Alongside this, speech incorporates interjections (*"Oh Stella!..." "Well, you silly mutt!"... "Okay, okay, girl!"*) and declarations and instructions (*"I'm home!"... "We've got to abandon ship! Come on!"*). The narration itself is also informal and closer to spoken language at times, but this is managed well and in keeping with the characterisation of the narrator.

In the newspaper report (piece D), there is a clear distinction between the quoted speech of the witnesses and the main reporting of events, with Prince Simba, in particular, presented with a strongly marked informal style, including contractions and colloquial expressions (*"Mum... ain't herself... she don't stop... blimmin'... real tough!"*). The pupil also indicates pronunciation through spelling and punctuation (*weep'n, gett'n*). Prince Simba's status as a royal, and the privilege this suggests, makes the exaggerated colloquial style of his speech a little forced, though these choices reflect the humorous and ironic stance the pupil takes across the report. Similar techniques are used for Bob Hyena (*"...what was comming for 'im!"*). Spoken language of greater formality is presented in the more official quotation from PC Judy Hopps, which is nonetheless written to replicate speech, rather than writing (*"...reported to me only a couple of hours ago. ... These sorts of details shock me!..."*). Reporting within the piece places the focus on factual information, delivered in characteristic newspaper style, packing in details concisely within multi-clause sentences (*Yesterday at dawn, a criminal, who goes by the name 'Scar', mercilessly forced his way...*). There is the occasional moment where language is closer to spoken forms (*For obvious reasons...*) but the distinction is clearly established.

The persuasive speech (piece B) demonstrates the particular duality of a written text designed to be delivered orally. Contractions support flowing, swift verbal delivery, and a directness in keeping with the speaker's aims (*don't, it's, can't, wouldn't, didn't*), particularly as the contracted forms are negatives, underlining the points being made. The writer uses conversational phrasing deliberately, for example, to represent a defeated stance which can then be challenged (*Actually, if nobody cares, it's pointless anyway; maybe we can't.... does it matter?*). These more informal features contrast with aspects of the piece which are more formal but are nonetheless focused on the spoken context (*I stand in your presence today*).

**The pupil can exercise an assured and conscious control over levels of formality, particularly through manipulating grammar and vocabulary to achieve this**

A particular characteristic of the collection is the combining of registers within individual pieces. In the narratives, lighter, entertaining moments and those which capture thoughts are often less formal, while the points of suspense and intense feeling are given more weight, through heightened formality. The narrator in piece A, Stella the dog, is deliberately foregrounded for the reader as a lively, humorous observer, adopting informal expressions, closer to spoken forms at times (*We hopped aboard – well I did, I mean, it's not like I could hold a box!... I was being the um... professional fish-starer?!).* When tension increases, vocabulary in her narration evokes the domain of adventure (*lapping waves... battled the storm, crying for mercy... seized the moment*) and grammatical constructions reflect the syntax more common in storytelling contexts (*Oh, how content was I!*), with passive forms emphasising seemingly uncontrollable events (*I was walked by a strange, tall lady... no fires were lit... mast was violently cracked... Beloved items toppled...*).

As indicated in the discussion of spoken and written language styles, the speech (piece B) evidences the pupil's confidence in matching register to purpose. The persuasive force of elevated vocabulary is utilised (*rose-coloured lenses... mistruths... demand... urge... unspeakable... sorrow... battle*), along with phrasing, which is sometimes archaic, often abstract and highly formal (*in your presence... what harm words can do... the words of reason... in the hope someone will listen... I no longer breathe truth, but pleas*). Fittingly, towards the end of the piece, the pupil uses the subjunctive form (*If I were you...*), heightening the formal appeal. The last paragraph does, however, become less tightly controlled, with some awkward attempts to underline messaging through formal phrasing (*I still do not believe that you... But you are no longer...*), with successive negatives here, 'do not believe' and 'no longer', impeding the overall intention a little.

The recount and review of a visit to the opera (piece C) demonstrates the pupil's consciousness of opera as a traditionally exclusive cultural experience. In keeping with this, a more formal register is used for the most part, with vocabulary reflecting the artistic and musical sphere (*rhythm... composed... musical play... Orchestra... costumes... wavering high notes – picturesque scenes... on stage... auditorium... vocalists*). The piece conveys a heightened emotional response and this is realised through passive constructions (*A familiar rumble sounded... composed by... sung in foreign languages... world had dissapeard*) and the manipulation of syntax, to replicate more archaic phrasing (*off we went... in for a treat... needed no words*). The use of the subjunctive supports this formal, polite tone (*If I were to...*).

In the newspaper report (piece D), the pupil makes distinctions between the voices presented in statements. From the comic, rather exaggerated colloquial language of young Prince Simba (*"She weep'n in The Den and she don't stop.. on the loose... Innit!"*), we are shown the slightly less informal speech of Bob Hyena (*"...fed us and taught us everything we know... what was comming for 'im!"*) and then the more official voice of PC Judy Hopps, which features passive constructions (*"The information was reported to me... has increased crime-rates..."*) and perfect verb forms (*"have concurred... have appointed"*).

**The pupil can use the range of punctuation taught at key stage 2 correctly (for example, semi-colons, dashes, colons, hyphens) and, when necessary, use such punctuation precisely to enhance meaning and avoid ambiguity**

A range of punctuation is used correctly, for example:

**commas to clarify meaning**

- stood proud against the door, blocking the way (piece A)
- she stared at me, taking in the picture of my worries (piece A)
- listened nearly all of our lives, now you listen... (piece B)
- Filing on, there was an uproar... (piece C)
- To move forward, the police-force has released... (piece D)
- The after-party was wild, people here... (piece E)

**punctuation to indicate parenthesis**

- the most amazing boat-trips (where I could growl at the ducks). (piece A)
- the people weren't screaming anymore (always a plus). (piece A)
- We hopped aboard – well I did, I mean, it's not like I could hold a box! – and... (piece A)
- Sk-ie-pa (or something like that) (piece A)
- Intergovernmental Panel of Climate Change (or the IPCC) (piece B)
- If I were you, I wouldn't just feel ashamed, I would feel sorrow... (piece B)
- a criminal, who goes by the name 'Scar', mercilessly forced... (piece D)
- The force, who strive for a crime-free community, are... (piece D)
- and, due to a sincere attempt to catch the woman's eye going spectacularly wrong, here he was... (piece E)
- **colons, semi-colons and dashes to mark the boundary between independent clauses** usually they'd be long-gone: my lovely food was replaced with... (piece A)
- The house was cold; no fires were lit and... (piece A)
- Before it came, the days were merging; before it came... (piece A)
- become vegetarian or vegan; make a change... (piece B)
- it's pointless anyway; maybe we can't. (piece B)
- didn't need to understand what they were saying – you could tell just by... (piece C)
- as low as valleys; I felt as if the world... (piece C)
- glanced at it: it was almost 9:00... (piece E)

**speech punctuation/inverted commas and other punctuation, for example comma after a reporting clause, and punctuation inside inverted commas**

- saying things like, "We lost our jobs because of you!" and, "I can't we're redundant!" (piece A)
- "Silence!" I heard a few people shout,... (piece C)
- "He was a great leader," states Bob Hyena. (piece D)
- PC Judy Hopps, visiting our Savannah from Zootropolis, remarks, "The information... (piece D)

### hyphens to avoid ambiguity

- *chew-toys... boat-trips... puppy-eyes... dog-walks... Sk-ie-pa* (piece A)
- *rose-coloured lenses* (piece B)
- *never-ending dispute... late-night patrols... crime-free community* (piece D)
- *dark-brown mass of hair... blood-red... blue-green* (piece E)

A range of punctuation to indicate parenthesis is used across the collection, to support the variety of purposes and effects in the writing. Events are often conveyed in a rapid style in the narrative pieces, with phrases and clauses adding detail and delineated in order to support swift reading and avoid confusion, in piece A, for example (*Wipping her head round, she stared at me, taking in the picture of my worries... And now, (I don't mean to exaggerate) I was...*) and piece E (*... and, due to a sincere attempt to catch the woman's eye going spectacularly wrong, here he was...*). Dashes are also used in piece A to contain this kind of additional comment, showing awareness of the reader through a humorous aside (*We hopped aboard – well I did, I mean, it's not like I could hold a box! – and gaped at...*). Similarly, the non-fiction writing includes punctuation to manage additional information, in piece B, for example (*Intergovernmental Panel of Climate Change (or the IPCC) clearly states...*) and piece D (*a criminal, who goes by the name 'Scar', mercilessly forced...*).

The writing also demonstrates mostly accurate use of colons and semi-colons to punctuate longer sentences and sequences of ideas and descriptions, supporting the build-up of atmosphere and the intensification of feeling in piece A (*The house was cold; no fires were lit and... Before it came, the days were merging; before it came...*) and piece E (*Rosa recounted her morning; of struggling to find a job; of being fired or made redundant countless times; of a paper-plane...*). Instruction and appeal are also supported through semi-colons in piece B (*become vegetarian or vegan; make a change...*).

Speech punctuation is sound and in evidence in both fiction and non-fiction pieces, serving the specific purposes of the newspaper report in piece D, with statements from those involved (*PC Judy Hopps, visiting our Savannah from Zootropolis, remarks, "The information..."*). Piece A demonstrates the writer's confidence in integrating quoted speech into the first-person narration (*saying things like, "We lost our jobs because of you!" and "I can't we're redundant!"*).

Alongside the successful and purposeful use of a wide range of punctuation described above, at times, the pupil's choices are less successful. In the speech (piece B), for example, they attempt to convey mood through emphatic and urgent phrases and clauses, which reflect the oral delivery of the piece, but which are not always punctuated appropriately to support the meaning (*we have less than 7 years until our mistakes are irreversible. Until the environment fights back; until you have to admit we are no longer "safe" and we never really were.*). In the review (piece C), the strength of response the writer seeks to convey through pause and emphasis is not always executed successfully, with comma splicing evident (*I felt as if the world had dissapeared, it was only me*). Regardless of these instances, the collection provides ample evidence of accuracy and deployment of punctuation to support and enhance meaning and effects.

Piece A: a narrative in role

Context: taking the novel, 'Kensuke's Kingdom', by Michael Morpurgo, as their starting point, pupils wrote their own retelling of events from the point of view of the dog, Stella.

The fire burned, keeping my toes warm and drying my skin. Falling off the boat was hard work! But totally worth it, because it meant a feed by the fire, waiting for me to bathe in the heat. My chew-toys were placed strategically around me and I felt full to the brim with life. I had the finest food, the snuggliest blanket, the best family, the most amazing boat-trips (where I could growl at the ducks).

"Oh Stella! What are we going to do with you?" It was Mum, laughing at my luxurious style again. Well, I knew how to deal with this: puppy eyes, ears down in a begging pose and a little waggy tail. Easy!

"Well, you silly mutt!" she mused, "You're living the life of a lazy human! We spoil you rotten!" Heh, as if I was spoiled! Maybe I was, but right then, I needed to play! Who cares if I was still wet? I sped round the corner of the living room and up the stairs, and began to scratch on Michael's door: Scratch, Scratch!, yapping madly. "Okay, Okay girl! You wanna come with me to play football?" I couldn't think of anything better, other than going to see the ducks, but we can't have everything can we? Mischievous, that's what I was! I'll get my own way at the community park. Ducks! Look out!

A few days <sup>have</sup> passed. It wasn't a very long time, but so many things had changed. My owners were still there when I woke-up, usually they'd be long-gone: my lovely food was replaced with the cheap, meatless kind, not even the humans would touch it; I was walked by a strange, tall lady, who pulled on my lead and took me to places I didn't want to go. The house was cold; no fires were lit and

the heaters were off, no ball being thrown, no love left for me. The air was filled with voices cascading like a waterfall, saying things like, "We lost our jobs because of you!" and, "I can't we're redundant!" I had no idea what this meant, but my curiosity only led to get more screaming. Michael was the only one to communicate with me. Persuasion through puppy-eyes didn't work anymore, not even in the bargain for my dad's good! Boat trips stopped, so this meant the hours rolled into days, the days into weeks, until it was almost unbearable. I knew life would never be the same again, after-all, Dad had left. But I still had hope.

It had been forever since my family was happy, but now the house was warm again, and the people weren't screaming anymore (always a plus). It felt like a home again. So it was simple to presume that things would be replaced: food, dog-walks together, boat trips, but they weren't. Big boxes with meaningless scrolls stood proud against the door, blocking the way and filling the hall. They were nuisances in the life of a dog really, I couldn't even move them! This was so confusing! And what do you do when you're confused? Ask Mum of course! So I trotted off to her room and headbutted the threshold. Whipping her head round, she stared at me, taking in the picture of my worries. Yes, the boxes are relevant, and yes, I know walkies are necessary! Sorry girl!" She sighed, reading my thoughts perfectly. One thing she hadn't answered was, when would Dad come home from the shops?

"I'm home!" Someone shouted. And now, (I don't mean to exaggerate) I was ecstatic! My dad's good! Yes! "I've got a surprise Stella!" He

whispered, nuzzling my ears. "Who wants to see our new home?" Wait, what?!

We moved house! First, I was terrified, but, when I saw it, I was amazed! A white boat that glistened stood next to us, bigger, better, more extraordinary than our old one, and it was to be our new home! It took months of course for the humans to do 'training'. I thought only dogs had to be trained!! I presumed the boat was called the 'Peggy Bon', but the swirls of ink still meant nothing to me. We hopped aboard - well I did, I mean, it's not like I could hold a box! - and gaped at my surroundings, taking it all in: the birds, the fish, the sky. It was amazing! We were to be a proper family again, and, at that moment, I couldn't think of anything better!

Before it came, the days were merging; before it came, we played games, and, before it came, we were safe. We had been on the boat for weeks now, sailing all day and night. It was a pretty average life: Mum the Sk-i-e-pa (or something like that) Michael and Dad being the cleaners, and me, I was being the um... professional fish-starer?! Oh, how content was I! But that was before.

The rain was kind of fun at first, leaping about, catching it on my tongue; then the wind began to howl and the lightening began to rumble. The mast was violently cracked by the lapping waves, breaking into the floor. The humans were screaming, their voices battled the storm, crying for mercy. Beloved items toppled into the eye of the hurricane, and hours of work on the boat were shipwrecked at the bottom of the

ocean-grey. A deepening wait made my ears prick, Michael! He was gone! Making a running jump, the scruff of my neck was grasped, "Stella!" Dad roared, wind battering his hair, "We've got to abandon ship! Come on!" I had to do this. I whipped my head around, facing the sudden drop of temperature, and bit his hand. He yelped and dropped me, landing with a thump! I seized the moment and jumped, disastrous tail pelted my coat and throat and to shore me sideways. I had to resist. On impact, my body went numb all-over, and I began to sink, my lungs filling with water, my mind filled with thoughts...

The End (or is it?)

## I Breathe Out


I stand in your presence today, and I breathe out. I breathe out the truth over the people who inhale your lies. You are conscious of these lies. But do you know what harm words can do? You give people false hope, make them see through rose-coloured lenses, tell them they're "fine". I think that, if this world is "fine", you are beginning to believe your mistruths. I don't think for one second that you will rise to the challenges our Earth is setting, such as halving  $\text{CO}_2$  emissions by 2030. I am not here to listen to your excuses, we already have. We have listened nearly all of our lives, now you listen to us. And I don't want you to ignore us, and still have hope. None of us want it anymore. So I want you to worry, I urge you to panic, and I demand you to act. Act as if we are breathing in poison. Because we are.

The Intergovernmental Panel of Climate Change (or the IPCC) clearly states that we have less than 7 years until our mistakes are irreversible. Until the environment fights back; until you have to admit we are no longer "Safe" and we never really were. That the Permafrost is meant to be permanent, but is melting, making our sea-levels rise shockingly high, drowning parts of our world. If you continue to ignore me because I have no power, listen to all of them. The scientists and the campaigners; the people whose whole countries have been submerged. Because I am not one person. I am many people in the form of one, speaking for us all. I breathe out the words of reason for unspeakable amounts of communities, because it appears you do not know how helpful words can be.

When people think about actions to save our planet, it is common

thought that they don't have enough power. I never imagined I could make a difference, but here I am. <sup>10</sup>Make a change, become vegetarian or vegan; make a change, reduce your air-miles; make a change, these will reduce your carbon footprint. Recycle, walk short distances, turn out all the lights when you leave a room. This isn't drastic, it's mandatory. We can achieve this, but nobody believes it. Actually, if nobody cares, it's pointless anyway; maybe we can't. I breathe out our problems in the hope someone will listen. But, as they say, if a forest is on fire but there is nobody around, does it matter?

Do not ignore the fact that I am still a child. I am 11 years old. Do not ignore that. And I am guiding you. If I were you, I wouldn't just feel ashamed, I would feel sorrow. For your children and grandchildren, they will ask you why you didn't care. Because you don't. And it's obvious. You will die of old age and we will die of Climate Change. Actions need consequences, but sometimes the victim has to face them. As I breathe out for the final time, I no longer breathe truths, but pleas. I still do not believe you can battle this yourselves. But you are no longer alone.



### Piece C: a recount and review

Context: following a school visit to see an opera, pupils wrote their own recount of the trip and reviewed the performance, drawing on discussions of structure.

The classroom environment was bubbling with curiosity; today would be the day we were going to the Opera! A familiar rumble sounded from outside, along with a variety of honks and creaks, meaning the coach was here. Filing on, there was an uproar of sound, Year 6 children everywhere, all shouting across the seats, joking and laughing. "Silence!" I heard a few people shout, but nobody listened. But, eventually, we all calmed down and off we went. According to the teachers, we were going for 'musical enrichment', and if we behaved, we were in for a treat! It did seem quite the privilege really, feeling the rhythm of the music in your feet, the lights dancing on the floor.

The name of the performance was La Traviata, performed by the Welsh National Opera in [redacted] and was composed by Giuseppe Verdi. Opera's definition is that it is a musical play, that originated in Italy for royalty. It usually has an Orchestra performing alongside it. They are mostly sung in foreign languages; but I really found that you didn't need to understand what they were saying - you could tell just by watching, the story needed no words.

One of my main pre-conceptions was that it would be a few people singing in a small room with costumes on. It was nothing of the sort! Gorgeous, flowing dresses and wailing high notes - picturesque scenes and

discription that took you a million-miles away, to the city of Paris. Another thought was that there would be no action, nothing happening on stage; but it was very much the opposite. So much passion and feeling all in one moment. It was a marvelous experience.

I could feel my stomach churning, my thoughts spinning in my mind. Year 6 scrambled into the unexpectedly roaring environment, nearly lost! I could identify a familiar growl of speakers, and a whir and click of the lights. Dark, dimmed, begin. The auditorium hushed and the vocalists sang their hearts out. It was a stunning re-make of the original. Truly magnificent. Their voices reached as high as mountains, or as low as valleys; I felt as if the world had disappeared, it was only me: and the Opera.

If I were to recommend La Traviata, I would say it is for any one and everyone; it is a truly magical experience. ★★★★★ 5 star

Reviewed by [redacted] Year 6

**Piece D: a newspaper report**

Context: as part of a sequence of work, pupils wrote their own report based on a known fiction source, Disney's 'Lion King', in this case. They also drew on a journalistic word bank.

## The Daily Gazelle

### Lion Lunatic's Crimes Uncovered!

Yesterday at dawn, a criminal, who goes by the name 'Scar', mercilessly forced his way into the humble abode of the late king, claiming he wanted to "bond" with his nephew, Prince Simba. There was a never-ending dispute between Scar and Mufasa, after he became royalty. Simba then witnessed his father's murder at Lynx Cliff, with Scar claiming he "fell". These details are being finalised by a group of forensic scientists investigating the area. They told the press that they would prefer to remain unnamed. This malevolent murderer is still on the run from his fate and the public are urged to steer clear of any lion that fits the description on page 6, or you could be "scar-ed" for life!

Prince Simba, age 7, no occupation, remarks that, "Mum (Queen Sarabi) ain't herself. She weep'n in The Den and she don't stop, even when I speak! I ain't been able to snooze a'd I'm gett'n tired of it! There's my Dad's blimmin' murderer on the loose so sleepin' or even relaxing will be not just hard, but real tough! Innit!"

Astoundingly, some key information was unearthed by the head of the pack, Scar's faithful Hyena follower. "He was a great leader," states Bob Hyena. "He fed us and taught us everything we know. But that Simba changed things! That boy deserved what was comming for 'im!" The group are being held in custody, awaiting their trial in Otterhole Courtroom.

To move forward, the police-force has released a new programme which ensures the safety and wellbeing of our Circle of Life; late-night patrols, frequent radio updates and faster response to emergency calls. The force, who strive for a crime-free community, are determined to keep us out of harm. PC Judy Hopps, visiting our Savannah from Zootropolis, remarks, "The information was reported to me only a couple of hours ago. I have concurred that this attack has increased crime-rates significantly, by nearly 64.42%! These sorts of details shock me! We have appointed a highly esteemed officer to man our new hotline, The "Pride" and Glory! (please contact us if you have seen any suspicious activity at 07448 330 680 or at [Ilovelionsandthecommunity@gmail.com](mailto:Ilovelionsandthecommunity@gmail.com).)" A group under the same name and lead by "mane" leader, Leroy-a-la-de-floofle Lion was formed alongside this. Its sole purpose is to spot crime in the community and cease its existence. For obvious reasons, their whereabouts cannot be stated here.

## Narrative-Entertain

They stood there at the station, hearts pumping. It was an odd scene, a man, encased in crumpled paper-aeroplanes, hair-all-over-the-place, tie hanging limply to his suit, and a woman, clothes crisp and neat, with a dark-brown mass of hair slicked into a bob, and a shoe falling off one foot. They were staring at each other in amazement, and total discombobulation. And as they stepped closer to one-another, little paper-creations started dropping from the man like flies. His name was Tim, and, due to a sincere attempt to catch the woman's eye going spectacularly wrong, here he was, at a train station, having left his job for a mere sense of hope, and it had worked!!! And the other, Rosa, had followed a wish (and a plane!) across the city, after being rejected by yet-another job-interview. People bustled around them, chatting and laughing, pottering about on their daily business, young children picking up the carefully-crafted-creations, and hurling them with all their might at the near-by-passing trains. They both opened their mouths to speak at the same time, then they closed them again. Rosa broke into a laugh, then Tim joined in. They ambled off to the near-by coffee-shop, to talk about the day's events. Even though it had been awkward at the start, they seemed to have an unspoken language between them, each of them silently communicating their thoughts and feelings.

The cafe was relaxed, with barely any people, it was quiet and peaceful, the perfect place to talk. They ordered coffees, of which had a rather rich smell, and carrot cakes, then they sat down on a long sofa, and began telling the other about their day. Rosa recounted her morning; of struggling to find a job; of being fired or made redundant countless times; of a paper-plane, landing in her flowers, beckoning her onto a train, taking her to the station where she first met Tim. Tim narrated his day then; blushing when he told her about the hundreds of paper-planes, cringing when he said about storming out of his work building in a storm of files. Tentatively, she pulled out the paper she had followed to get to Tim. It had a smudge of lipstick in the centre, blood-red, shining boldly on its dull, grey, lifeless background. Rosa pointed at it, queerying how it had moved in the first place. They sat there, thoughts running through their heads, words spilling out of their mouths. Tim's watch beeped once, twice, three times. By the fourth he glanced at it: it was almost 9:00 P.M.!!! He sighed, looked up, and saw Rosa's face. She had an all-knowing expression plastered across it,

blue-green eyes shining in understanding. She quickly scribbled her phone number and contact details on a paper napkin, and handed it to him. He did the same. They said their goodbyes, both of them hoping for the future. Hearts full, they left the cafe, and went their separate ways.

## One Year Passing...

Crowds gathered round, gasping in wonder at the wedding venue. Blossom trees dropped their delicate, dancing petals, and lights shone like a million stars. Tim stood there nervously, wringing his hands together and tapping his foot. A sweet symphony was dancing out of the surrounding speakers, making him even more distressed. After-all, this was it; but what if she doesn't show up?!; or she does, but she refuses his marriage?! Or... The music switched to the traditional bridal song. And out Rosa came, in a dress as white as a cloud of snow, flowers entwined into the bodice and hem, a gold veil contrasting beautifully with her brown hair. She walked down the aisle in, surprisingly, trainers (at least they were white), she looked incredible, a positive rhapsody. Reaching out for her hand, Tim gently helped her up onto the platform, and they gazed into each other's eyes. All-throughout the Sermon, the young couple were bursting with excitement. Just like on their first date, their hearts were pumping. They announced their wedding vows, and then Rosa, beaming from ear-to-ear, threw her bouquet of flowers up, up, up, high into the air, for another- very lucky one- to catch.

The after-party was wild, people here, their, and everywhere!!! Drinks were spilling on the floor and confetti shooting through the sky. And in the dark, lurking in the corner of the venue, was a man. He was grimacing at the scene in-front of him. He had a deep loathing of Tim, and he had many reasons why. It was the monstrous, malevolent, Mr. May.

## Many Years Passing...

In the weak light of the early-morning-sun (before the mist had cleared), a young woman was standing with her parents at a train-station. Her name was Ellie, and she was on her way to her first job-interview.

"You ready Ellie?" asked her father, Timothy, anxiously, gazing up at the sky, then at her face. Her eyes were a blue-green, just like her mother's.