

Pupil C

This collection includes:

- A) a letter of complaint
- B) a narrative describing a single episode
- C) a narrative describing a series of events
- D) an explanation text
- E) a persuasive letter
- F) a diary entry

Key stage 2

Pupil C – Piece A: a letter of complaint

Context: pupils had read half of 'The Boy in the Striped Pyjamas' by John Boyne and collected ideas about characters who might like to write a formal letter of complaint.

Pupil C chose to write a letter from Bruno to his tutor Herr Liszt.

The Main House
Out-with
Poland

Dear Herr Liszt,

Tuesday 19th March 1942

I regret to inform you, that your lessons are boring and pointless. During my time in your teaching space, I have come to realise how selfish you are. You only pick certain subjects, you do not listen to my opinions and you most certainly do not care about the insults that slip out of your mouth. Also, did I mention the 'bone-shaker'? It is noisy and very interrupting. All these issues should be changed before your next arrival at Out-with.

Over the past few days, it has come to my attention that the majority of your lessons have been ~~history~~ and history and geography, which is unacceptable as I should be taught a wide variety of lessons. When I have complained to you about this, I have been told that they are the most important subjects and should be taught more often. I disagree with that. I believe that art and reading should be taught more because they allow me to be creative and use my imagination more. Now don't think think this is the only complaint letter I ~~write~~ ^{have written}, because it is not. I have already complained to Mother and Father so if I were you, I would sort your lesson plan out.

Now, have you heard how noisy your bike is? I will take that as a no. That 'bone-shaker' is loud and interrupts my only time to read my adventure books that include a series of explorers. I am not the only person to complain ^{about} your bicycle, yet I am the first to bring it to your attention. Allow me to give you some recommendations of what you could do; set it on fire; crash it into a wall or just get it repaired. I hope my recommendations have made you realise how rickety your bike is, as something should be changed about it.

Recently, your attitude has been an utter disgrace to listen to. You better think about those insults that are flying out of your mouth as they are affecting me mentally. Also, I don't understand why you disrespect me and not my sister (Gretel). I am still a person who is no different to Gretel. You also think of me as an older child which I do not like, as I am a child who does not want to read giant history books in their spare time. Your attitude should be fixed immediately!

You should of now realised how disgusted I am with your behaviour. Due to my multitude of complaints, I expect you to be able to fix your bike and your attitude ~~out~~. To be completely honest, you are lucky I still want to come to your lessons.

Yours faithfully,

Key stage 2

Pupil C – Piece B: a narrative describing a single episode

Context: pupils had read 'Holes' by Louis Sachar and chosen to write their own suspenseful version of Stanley's encounter with The Warden.

He climbed out of his hole. The journey wasn't that bad, as the cool breeze from the open window landed on Stanley's hot, sweaty face. He could imagine his "friends" laughing. He could imagine them stuffing their faces with stolen sunflower seeds. But, he honestly didn't care, he was more concerned for Mr Sir, who had been chewing on the sunflower seeds to help stop his addiction to smoking.

Stanley stepped out of the truck. Mr Sir was ~~chewing~~ ^{chomping} crunching on sunflower seeds whilst Stanley ~~took~~ looked out into the distance. The other boys had told him that the cabin was engulfed in shade (one thing he had missed). The truck had stopped a few yards away from the cabin so they had to walk. The walk wasn't that bad as she owned the shade. Stanley had met her before and she seemed fairly nice, but that was when he wasn't in trouble.

The warden opened the door. She was wearing shorts and a t-shirt and her hair was glowing down her shoulders.
"Well, if it isn't Caveman!" she started, "^{Simon} ~~please enter~~" Stanley didn't know if she was happy to see him or if she was angry and putting on a smile.

"Ma'am I am so sorry I had to interrupt you, but Stanley here claims he stole my sunflower seeds but I think he is covering up for X-ray or Magnets," explained Mr Sir grabbing the empty bag of sunflower seeds out of Stanley's hands. Stanley ~~just~~ stayed silent.

"Alright, Stanley do me a favour and go and wait in that room," she said pointing to a door, ~~in the~~ Stanley did as he was told.

The room was filled with boxes and shelves. He could hear the muffled voices of the warden and Mr Sir talking outside. Stanley walked around peeking into each box. One box caught Stanley's eye. It was slightly smaller than the other boxes and had holes poked into it. The door opened.

"What are you looking at?" shouted the warden walking over to Stanley, who was now holding the box. Stanley wanted to say something, but couldn't.

"Get out now!" her voice boomed. Stanley ran out of the cabin and into the truck. ~~Mr Sir's face was full of fear. He had three~~

Mr Sir's face ^{all being different things} was full of fear. He had three bulging marks on his left cheek. Whatever had happened, he clearly didn't want to talk about it. The deafening silence was too much for Stanley.

"I can walk if you want?" spoke Stanley in a quiet voice. Mr Sir sighed.

"What a great idea," said Mr Sir sarcastically, as he stopped the truck allowing Stanley to get out. Stanley clambered out and Mr Sir left in a ~~cloud~~ ^{cloud} of dust.

Key stage 2

Pupil C – Piece C: a narrative describing a series of events

Context: pupils had been reading 'Night Bus Hero' by Onjali Rauf and discussing the pranks played by the main character, Hector. They made up and wrote about a new prank carried out by Hector and his friends.

Stood outside the gates, were the school's most geared tricksters. Scanning the perimeter, their eyes ~~too~~ locked onto the door they had previously left open. "They will give me a boost and I'll pull youse over," spoke Katie, as she walked towards the gates. They all climbed over and began to approach the door.

"Alright d'ya know the plan?" Hector asked, opening his backpack to check he had everything. His friends nodded and they entered the school.

They sprinted down hallways ^{and} ducked when they saw the cleaner. Before they knew it they were stood outside the main office; the trophy cabinet reflecting the moonlight. Hector pushed down lighted his back pack off his shoulders, as Will and Katie left to get the ladder from the caretaker's office.

"This is my moment. I'll show them not to mess with me," muttered Hector, as he pulled a bag of goldfish from his bag. ~~straight~~

"We're back with the ladder! Now all three off us need to get the hose," spoke Will, helping Katie set the ladder up. (She was always useful ^{at this}) "Alright let me finish sorting the fish out," said Hector, pulling another bag out, before standing up and following his friends down the corridor. Hector had never been in the caretaker's office, but he had a pretty good idea of what to expect. He entered the room. It looked alot like a garden shed - full of gardening tools and confiscated items he had stolen from children at breaktime. He thought: I might use this ^{one} slug ^{day}. "Hello, earth to Hector?" started Katie snapping him out of ~~day~~ his daydream. "Me and Will were just saying how you will stay here to turn the hose on and we will ~~take~~ ^{it} ~~the~~ hose down." Will and Katie carried the hose down and Hector turned the tap on, filling the tank up.

Once the 'tank' was full they one by one released the gish into their new home. ^{then} they ~~tegs~~ made their exit.

"Good morning Mr. Lancaster!" Spote greeted Mrs. Vegara, as she exited her car making her way up towards the main office.

"Good morning Mrs. Vegara," replied Mr. Lancaster. They both entered the building. One thing Mr. Lancaster did everyday was check the notice board; so he obviously checked it today. Everything looked

"No notices, how strange. Oh wait what's this?" questioned Mr. Lancaster, picking up a bright yellow post-it note. Written on the post note in scribbled handwriting was "remember to feed the gish!"

"Fish? What gish?" said ~~Mr~~ Mr. Lancaster confused.

"Sir, you might want to turn around," whispered Mrs. Vegara.

* * *

Hector and his friends walked down the corridor.

"You don't think this assembly is about the gish?" asked Will. The three of them were in a line; Katie at the front, Will in the middle and Hector at the back. Hector and Katie shrugged.

"It's probably one of Mr. Lancaster's boring assemblies, where we have to sit and listen to all the dribble he has to talk about," spat Katie, whilst rolling her eyes. The two boys nodded and entered the hall.

"Good morning everyone!" spoke Mr. Lancaster. He was stood at the front in his usual spot. Hector could sense the anger in his voice.

"Now last night me and Mrs. Vegara think that a pupil broke or pupil's broke into ~~school~~ ^{the building} and played a malicious act on the school."

He started, as he pulled something out of his pocket, "They left this note and so we ask throughout the day each and everyone of you will write this out so we ~~know~~ ^{have an idea on} who did it, otherwise this will be taken up with the police." The three troublemakers stared at each other.

"Oh no!" the three of them said together.

Key stage 2

Pupil C – Piece D: an explanation text

Context: while reading 'Night Bus Hero' by Onjali Rauf, the pupils noticed that the thief was using a special device to make light disappear. They created their own piece of equipment and wrote an explanation of how it worked.

How can the Fomo Port change your life?

If you are lucky enough to get your hands on this illegal piece of science technology, known as the Fomo Port, you are probably wondering how to use such a dangerous device without causing a worldwide powercut. This simple guide will give you all the information on how to use this contraption so you won't be stuck in hospital because you accidentally electrocuted yourself. (again).

How to use this high-quality piece of technology.

To activate your Fomo port, connect the device to your phone by inserting it into your charging port. Once the screen on the machine lights up, click the switch labelled: 'on/off' and a green light should appear - letting you know that the light will be stolen shortly. The device then connects to your WIFI and personal documents before hacking into the main source of light. The Fomo Port sends powerful viruses to the main circuit board, which enables power to reach the light with ease and traps the light within your appliance.

How to maintain and care for your Fomo Port.

When getting to know your 'new technology, you could consider reading the instruction manual. You might be worried about


damaging it or using it in the wrong way. If you inadvertently press the emergency ege button, the screen will flash red giving you five seconds to unplug the gadget from your mobile. You will then need to discard the device before it self-destructs, leaving no trace of its activities. Because damaging property is something everyone worries about, the Fomo Port can be easily fixed; all you need is a screwdriver and it is more than likely that you will find the broken part at a local shop or online. Additionally, because you can never predict the british weather, you can buy a waterproof spray to keep water out of your equipment.


Now that you have some form of understanding of your new contraption, you should be able to look after it properly. Being the proud owner of a device like this is a big responsibility. This guide should have answered all of your questions and taken some of the weight off of your back. If you have any further questions, use a popular online browser to answer them.

Key stage 2

Pupil C – Piece E: a persuasive letter

Context: as part of their topic work on climate change, pupils wrote persuasive letters to their local authority to ask them to help.


Dear 

I am a year 6 student who attends 

The main reason I am writing to you is to share my concerns for climate change and how it is negatively impacting our planet. I have plenty of reasons on how we can make a difference and plenty of reasons on why you should listen to me. I just wish I can share my worries with you so not only me but many people amongst our local communities can have a brighter and better future.

As a class, we have been studying in depth about climate change. One of our tasks was to contact our grandparents to ask about their way of life. Since then we have realised the difference between our carbon footprint. I believe that if we cut our carbon emissions in half, our lives can be somewhat of a more modern version ^{of our} grandparents lives. Thought it may be difficult for some people to make a change, but we can put policies into place to reduce emissions today.

Global climate change has already had observable effects on the environment. Glaciers have shrunk; ice on rivers and lakes is breaking up earlier; plant and animal ranges have shifted and trees are flowering sooner. All of these natural occurrences are happening alot sooner because of climate change and global warming.



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As the earth continues to warm, crucial habitats may no longer be hospitable for certain animals or plants. This puts a variety of species at risk, depending on whether they can adapt or move. The land that we stand on isn't just getting warmer; there are changes to the water causing algae to leave coral reefs, turning the coral white and vulnerable to disease and death - a phenomenon known as coral bleaching.

Finally, I would like to thank you for taking the time to read about my ~~concerns~~^{worries} and I would ^{like} to leave you with one final thought. ~~Without a thriving natural world, humans will die. We~~^{we should be changing our life styles, not the planet.} we must protect our planet before it's too late!

Yours sincerely,

Key stage 2

Pupil C – Piece F: a diary entry

Context: following a history topic examining the Peterloo Massacre, pupils were given the option to choose from whose perspective they would like to write about it. Pupil C chose to write as one of the horses.

Dear diary,

What I did today makes me want to tussle my hair with pride. This morning I woke up and thought it was going to be another boring day in the Stables, until he came into my room with a tall man, who was wearing one of the most magnificent uniforms I had ever seen. Being an off-duty member of Service, I rarely see people like this, but fast forward to a few minutes later and I was slap bang in the middle of a warzone.

I was positioned down the ^{side} of a tall building; a building that I had watched many people enter earlier that day. As the day went on, more and more people gathered around a wooden platform about two hundred yards away from me. If I'm honest with myself, I found it rather intimidating. Finally, after what felt like forever watching a field crowded with people, a man appeared on the platform. I couldn't hear what he was saying properly but the humans who had gathered seemed to of found it entertaining due to the loud cheers that stopped me from fully focussing. Despite wearing my finery, the jeers from the crowd continued to deafen my ears. Although I was continuously moving forward, my legs ached. That's when everything went downhill - and I don't mean literally because that's my favourite type of turning.

I felt a sharp pain in my side and saw my friend edge closer to me walking forward as they did; I followed. Me and many of my kind moved gracefully along a cobbled street in some kind of formation. I was nervously close to the crowd, which unfortunately made me knock a smaller being out of a person's arms. Others behind me crushed the body as we carried on. Once we reached the end of the path, I turned to face the herd of people with my back to the building I was previously stood next to. After one swift kick in the side, I had no choice but to charge forward.

I pushed past many people, making my way to the platform. All around me people collapsed to the floor as they tried to run from me and my companions. From the corner of my eye, I could see thousands of people rushing to a side street, making me jolt in that direction. I continued charging through the crowd until the field had cleared. I don't know what came over me; the adrenaline was rushing through my entire body.

I fought with the heavy lump on my back. He wanted me to continue fighting even though I had nothing left to give. What I look part in today makes me long for a permanent position in the field. After a good grooming, I think my comrades would agree that I am definitely a strong candidate should the opportunity arrive.