



## Key stage 2 English writing standardisation exercise 3

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

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

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

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

All assessments should be made using the [Teacher assessment frameworks at the end of key stage 2: English writing](#) – 'working towards the expected standard', 'working at the expected standard' or 'working at greater depth'. You should not assume that the exercise includes one collection from each of the standards. Each collection should be judged individually.

### Pupil A

This collection includes:

- A) a diary entry
- B) a formal letter
- C) a newspaper report
- D) a postcard
- E) a narrative opening
- F) a children's story

## Key stage 2

### Pupil A – Piece A: a diary entry

Context: while learning about evacuation during World War 2, pupils read and discussed diaries written by evacuees then wrote their own diary entries.

Dear Diary,

I will remember this day for as long as I live. It all began at six-thirty AM when my demonic mother grabbed me by the hair and dragged me out of bed. She told me that the authorities were evacuating children from the city to the countryside's host families on steam trains.

Without further ado, she packed a pair of socks and underwear ~~it~~ into a small box and struck ~~me~~ <sup>me</sup> on the side of my head. The message was clear: Get. To. The. Train! My head still throbbing from that unpleasant ~~per~~ piece of abuse supplied by my mother, I ran out of the house, dodging chunks of fallen debris. Once I'd arrived, I was met by a typhoon of goodbyes, tears and conductors frantically attempting to restore some sort of order.

Musding my way through the quite frankly ~~wet~~ babyish crowd, I was met by the sight of a crimson, glittering locomotive, followed by beetle black carriages bound for a little village in the Cotswolds. The now exhausted head conductor gave a half-hearted blow on his whistle as the train doors hissed open.

Not completely able to fathom the thought of freedom, I stepped onto a carriage, into a compartment and sat in ~~at~~ the seat closest to the window, so lost in fantasies of future life that I didn't ~~a~~ a little girl entering my compartment, or the train starting ~~at~~ its two hour long journey north. When I recovered from my state of wonderous stupor, the little girl - couldn't have been more than four or five years of age - asked about the

Notice  
notice

bruise on my head.

"My foul mother struck me."

"Oh," she replied. From there, our conversation escalated to how we were treated at home. Turned out her stepfather was just as abusive as my mother and that leaving London was the best thing that had happened to her. As soon as there was nothing left to talk about, I fell into a dreamless sleep.

Soon after, Emily (the little girl) shook me awake. She pointed out a black and white creature on a large expanse of green. We were moving too quickly to see it properly and as quickly as it came into my line of vision, it disappeared. I was thrilled at all things I saw; trees, hedges, more black and white creatures, birds and a fluffy white creature that looked like a cloud. There were also little cottages and farmhouses scattered here and there.

What felt like soon enough, the train started decelerating through Naunton Station and eventually stopped still. The umpteenth whistle of the day pierced the air and the doors reopened, making way for the children filing out, some looking ecstatic, others, like they'd died of depression.

An old man, rather tall with greying hair came to greet us with a thick Irish accent and led us to the town hall where a motley assortment of old men, nuns, young couples and an incredibly evil looking woman with a foamy-mouthed bulldog were waiting expectantly, waiting to take a child home. An immense feeling of anxiousness washed over me. I started to think that nobody was going to choose me and that I would be sent back

to my mother, waiting to flay me with my dead father's iron-buckled belt. The Irish man who'd brought us there lined us up and considered those who were in desperate need motherly care. Emily wasn't crying now but I suspected that she soon would be, as the woman with the dog chose to take her in, Lord have mercy on her.

As for me, a young woman and her husband (who looked like a soldier) chose me and brought me to their home, a small cottage on the outskirts of the village with an inviting fire in the hearth. They took me up to my attic, ~~par~~ painstakingly prepared for me, which is where I am now, writing about my day.

I'll write tomorrow,

James

## Key stage 2

### Pupil A – Piece B: a formal letter

Context: as part of their World War 2 studies, pupils read 'Goodnight Mr Tom' by Michelle Magorian. They also examined the structure and vocabulary used in persuasive letters. They were then tasked to write their own letter in the character of Mr Tom writing to persuade the council to allow him to adopt William.

British Evacuee Society  
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London  
SW11 8BN

Thomas Oakley  
Stonemason Drive  
Little Weirwood  
NS21 7UX

27<sup>th</sup> September, 1940

To whom it may concern,

I am writing with regards to William Beech, an evacuee put in to my care at the beginning of the war. I have noticed very peculiar behaviour that I believe is the result of physical abuse supplied by his mother, Lucy Beech, stunting his mental growth. It is ~~my~~ of my opinion that him staying to live with me would be immensely beneficial for not only William, but for me as well.

The first reason for this is that at his home in London, he is neglected, beaten and made to feel sinful. To further prove my point, he is covered by bruises and shockingly expects beatings for asking questions. If you knew someone who was treated like this, would you just stand and watch, or would you intervene? If he came to live with me, he would never have to endure that kind of treatment again.

I would also like to bring to your attention that even at his age of eight years old, he is ~~frank~~ incapable of reading or writing: he is greatly behind the average of the children of the local school. Furthermore, his mother expects him to read the Bible every evening. How, may I ask, can he do this when there is an ~~absence~~ absence of literary ability? William has also revealed that his schoolmaster spends more time whipping students than actually teaching. In addition, Mrs Beech also seems to have a certain disregard

for feeding him. I have drawn this conclusion from the fact <sup>that</sup> his ribs protrude from his chest like mountains.

You may find that others rightly think that the bond between mother and child is too strong to break and in most cases, I'd agree. But in a scenario where one is abused and neglected, it is for the best that they be moved to a place where they are cared for, not shunned to the side.

Ultimately, William's future lies in your hands. Will you return him to his mother where he will continue to ~~be~~ in misery, or will you give me permission to keep him in my care? Only you can decide.

Yours truthfully,

Thomas Oakley

## Key stage 2

### Pupil A – Piece C: a newspaper report

Context: as part of their work on the 'Windrush generation', pupils read passengers' accounts of their journey from Jamaica and arrival in England. They studied newspaper articles, noting the structures and language used, and then wrote their own articles describing the arrival of the Empire Windrush.

# THE DAILY MAIL

£3.50

## WIND-RUSHING TO BRITAIN'S AID?

28<sup>th</sup> June 1948

Reported by  
Travelling correspondents

Yesterday, HMT Empire Windrush dropped the anchor at Tilbury Docks, Essex, carrying over a 1000 strong crowd of West Indians to not only rebuild the centre of the British Empire, but also to restart and rebuild their lives.



The stern of HMT Empire Windrush, full of excited West Indians

Following an advertisement in Jamaican newspapers of £28 passage on the Windrush, around 800 Caribbean men, women and children boarded the former German troopship with high hopes about new lives and jobs they would find in the famed 'motherland'.

Sam King, an ex-RAF serviceman, was approached and stated, "The food was revolting. At lunch we were served tinned cabbage. At dinner it would be served with mashed potato and if it wasn't finished, it would be served fried for breakfast."

Many West Indians saw no future for themselves in hurricane-ravaged Jamaica and were looking for jobs, others just wanted to be able to see the United Kingdom for themselves.

John Hazel, 21, a boxer, revealed that the men on board slept in open spaces on the troopdeck where they held boxing matches and played music and dominoes to entertain themselves for the 30 day journey. The vessel, known as N.V. *Monterosa* before it was captured by the British ~~Navy~~ Navy in World War 2, is a 500ft long steel giant built by Blohm & Voss (a German ~~ship~~ shipbuilding company) and is able to reach 14.5 knots.

After thousands of miles of travelling and England finally in sight, the air

was buzzing with excitement and expectation. The anchor dropped and the gangway put down, 1027 passengers descended from the *Windrush*, slightly disappointed by the cold, dull England they were greeted with.

Edward Casey, 53, a British shopkeeper, remarked, "These Blacks are going to steal all of our food housing, which is already in short supply! I say to send them back to where they came from!" Many other white locals replied in a similar way. The question is, will these ambitious West Indians be accepted in British society?

## Key stage 2

### Pupil A – Piece D: a postcard

Context: pupils studied informal writing typical of postcards. They then wrote a postcard in the role of a young boy or girl recently arrived in England on the Empire Windrush, imagining how they would describe their new home to family and friends in Jamaica.

Dear Robert,

I am writing to you from a damp, smelly room in Liverpool and the closest patch of grass to play football on is really far and even if it was closer, it's cold enough to get frostbite the moment you step outside. I feel totally scammed! I thought that the 'motherland' would be paired with gold and would be so much better than Jamaica. I imagine my disappointment when I get here, everything is cold and gray and sad.

You won't believe me when I tell you that my parents, who aren't really rolling in money, spent £30 on tickets

16<sup>th</sup> January 1949



Robert Thorne  
27 Washington Street  
Port Antonio  
Jamaica

for all of us on the boat journey here and - I kid, you not - we were forced to share a dorm with a hot-headed couple (who were always arguing about rather petty subjects) and a motorcycle gang. I sincerely doubt that I will ever be able to make up for the sleep I missed on that journey.

Don't even get me started on the food! It's so greasy and bland that if I could I would have been straight on the return boat to Jamaica the moment my tongue made contact with English sausages. To make things even worse, I have not received a single compliment for my requisite good looks. Why,

they even told me that my skin colour was frightening their children! Some welcome, eh?

It's not all bad though, Bob. The cars are really fancy and it is really easy to watch football games of the English league on the television box (You can find these in EVERY household) and I am currently supporting Liverpool F.C. which is currently at the top of the league. Gloryhunter!

But I still wish I could be back back with you, eating spicy jerk chicken in the garden after a good kick around with your football, not writing to you from thousands of miles away.

knowing that I may never see you  
again...

Your best-friend that misses you a  
lot,

Jeremiah

## Key stage 2

### Pupil A – Piece E: a narrative opening

Context: pupils read suspenseful extracts from 'Kidnapped' by Robert Louis Stevenson, 'Wolf Brother' by Michelle Paver and 'The Invisible Man' by H.G. Wells. They selected an image depicting a setting and were asked to write a story which built tension through setting and character description.



### THE ESCAPES

The darkness of night enveloped London as Ash Silverthorne, son of a prodigious inventor and an equally prodigious explorer, piloted his mother's airship over the M25 when a sharp burst of gunfire sounded in the sky. Thinking quickly, Ash steered the zep into a steep dive, attempting to throw off his assailant. But shaking them off proved to be as difficult as shaking off a particularly resilient wart. Before he had a chance to think, the gondola had been pierced by multiple harpoon hooks, slowly reeling it in; Ash put the airship on full thrust to no avail. Desperate to survive, he slipped on a parachute, wrenched open the escape hatch and jumped. The hail hacked at Ash's cheeks like knives and the wind lashed him with punches, making him regret his hasty bid for freedom.

Careering earthwards, he pulled his parachute open and floated down to earth with a thump. and Once he regained his senses, it dawned on him that he had landed in the middle of a beautifully manicured garden.

"Are you alright, dearie?" inquired a voice that was smooth and warm like a glass of hot chocolate. When he searched for the source of the words, his eyes came to rest on an elderly lady of about 70 years, clad in a silk dressing gown.

"I think so. Where am I?" replied Ash "Are we in London?"

"I'm afraid not, darling. We are in Surrey, just south of London" answered the old dear "Come in, come in! You look freezing! I'll make you a steaming mug of tea."

With that, Ash followed her into the stately manor's living room, where the elderly lady shuffled off to the kitchen to prepare the tea. She returned a few minutes later carrying a dainty little tray with on it a porcelain mug and teapot and set it on the coffee table.

"Here you go, my darling Ash," uttered the lady

"Thank you- wait, how do you know my name?" demanded Ash as the lady prodded a button on the wall, causing leading to steel shutters clanging over the windows and doors, blocking all exits.

Cackling with glee, the lady pulled a pistol from her thigh holster, and pointed it at his face, finger on the trigger. Ash's heart started beating harder and faster against his ribs. His breath grew shallow and sweat was pouring out of his skin. Then, as if on automatic, he made a prompt dash for the tray and slammed it over her head.

"My sincerest apologies," he muttered over her limp body and <sup>grasped</sup> took the pistol from her grasp. Shaking, he stepped over to the

button and pressed it. "Imagine that," he thought, "Two attempts in one night to kill me!"

As walking through the doorway, he picked the Maserati keys he saw on keyholder and ~~was~~ crunched across the gravel driveway to the car. Once comfortably sat in the car, Ash recalled his mother's driving lessons, switching on the ignition key and put the car into gear, preparing for the journey back to his father, safe at last - or so he thought..

## Key stage 2

### Pupil A – Piece F: a children's story

Context: the pupils read a series of short stories by Pie Corbett, identifying the use of repeated words and phrases to add humour. They studied landmarks of London and watched 'Jubilee the Movie' before each writing their own short story for younger children. Pupil A chose to describe the London adventures of an origami tortoise.



## THE RUNAWAY ORIGAMI TORTOISE

James was a big origami fan and would go to an origami club every week. This week he'd made a tortoise he was especially proud of, but as soon as he set foot outdoors, a powerful gust tore it from his grasp and swept into a London bus.

Not wanting to lose his precious origami, James ~~leapt~~ leapt onto the bus. But the gust hadn't finished its little game and swept the tortoise through the other exit just as the doors slid shut.

"Stop the bus!" James yelled at the driver.

"No ~~can't~~ can do, amigo," replied the driver.

"Please sir! It's really important!" begged the boy.

"Alright, ALRIGHT! I'll let you off," sighed the man as the doors slid back open. Thanking the driver, James continued the chase.

But the gust hadn't finished its little game and swept the tortoise to the very tip of the Shard.

"Let me in!" James yelled at the Shard's porter.

"I cannot, mon ami, unless you have a reservation," replied the porter.

"Please sir! It's really important!" begged the boy.

"Alright, ALRIGHT! I'll let you in," sighed the man. Thanking the porter, James took the lift to the topmost floor and opened the hatch. But the gust hadn't finished its little game and swept the tortoise into one of the cannons on the HMS Belfast.

"Let me through!" James yelled at the ticket collector.  
"Only if you have a ticket, mein Freund," replied the collector.  
"Please ma'am! It's really important!" begged the boy.  
"Alright, ALRIGHT! I'll let you through," ~~sigh~~ sighed the ~~man~~ woman. Thanking the collector, James stepped onto the deck and searched for his origami.

After a few minutes of lazy searching, he ~~gave~~ gave up and pulled a random lever down. "Just for fun," he whispered. But instead of the pleasant ~~stick~~ click he was expecting, an ear-shattering explosion rang through rang through the sky and James' origami tortoise blasted out of a cannon, ignited by the gun powder.

"My... My... My origami!" bawled James, as his flaming tortoise soared through the sky...