

## Pupil C

This collection includes:

- A) a diary entry
- B) a narrative focused on an encounter
- C) a biography
- D) a narrative that builds suspense
- E) a description of a setting
- F) part of a modern 'traditional tale'

## Key stage 2 exercise 3

### Pupil C – Piece A: a diary entry

Context: pupils completed research about what it would be like to live on the island of St Kilda. They came up with points for and against this and wrote a diary entry imagining that their parents had told them they were going to move there.

Dear Diary,

Today was the most exciting day I've ever had! You won't believe that I am right now on a tiny rowing boat, heading to St. Kilda, a group of remote Scottish islands off the western coast of the UK! Last week, Mother told me that Father found a job studying wildlife on ~~St Kilda~~ Herta, the largest of the islands which form St. Kilda. The week has flown by, borrowing books out of the library about our new home and talking to my friends at school about the move, and now the boat has set sail, off to St. Kilda!

In researching the islands of St. Kilda, and Herta in particular, I found out that we will be living in a little stone cottage in a tiny village - Father was happy about that because it meant cheaper housing. Also, you can have your own sheep and cows to provide milk and wool. That would be amazing, and Mother said that I could look after them! I also think that Herta has less large crowds and less pollution, so the air must be much cleaner than on our busy roads with all of the smelly, black motor cars trundling down it. The people living there must be very close too - like one big family! I hope I can become one of the 'family' too... Another reason why I am really looking forward to life on St. Kilda is that there is going to be loads of fun activities for me and other children my age, like watching the sea, playing on the rocks, hiding around the village, collecting things... It will be amazing!

Although, on the other hand, there are quite a few things that I am not looking forward to. The most important thing is that Mother told me that I will only be able to see Grandma and Uncle Richard twice a year from now on because of the stormy weather at sea - I will really miss them. I am also quite worried because ~~of the~~ there is no hospital or proper healthcare service on Herta, so if one of us gets severely ill, then we might have to wait a month before help arrives. That is why Father has brought a large box of medicines with us. Also, school on Herta is only one class with mixed-age children, so I've only made one friend so far, and once I have finished school, there is no college or university to go to. Father told me to not worry about it just yet. Also, there is no bookshop on St. Kilda so I cannot buy new books which I like.

Anyway, overall I am really looking forward to life on St. Kilda, but I will also miss a few things from life on the mainland as well - Mother and Father say the same. Sam told me that he will send postcards once a month too, so we can keep in touch. Herta does seem like such a pleasant and tranquil place! I should probably head to shelter now because I can sense a storm brewing rain is hitting the page as I write. Goodbye!

## Key stage 2 exercise 3

### Pupil C – Piece B: a narrative focused on an encounter

Context: after reading part of 'Skellig' (David Almond), pupils re-wrote part of the story, focusing on using descriptive language to explain Michael's first meeting with Skellig.

The ominous, purple clouds of dusk closed in on the rickety, old garage as I trudged through the thick blanket of snow, my breath steaming in the bitterly cold air. Surreptitiously, I crept along the path, trying to blend into the night, but I slipped on an unforeseen patch of ice and hit my knee. I limped ungraciously through the biting, howling wind without looking back, because I knew that if I saw the glowing, comforting lights of my home, my legs would run straight back of their own volition and jump into bed. I knew that I should have turned back, but I carried on towards the shed, curiosity pushing me forward and battling the almost irresistible urge to go home. The shed carried on looming closer and closer to me, and after what seemed like an era, I reached it - only to find that the door handle was broken beyond repair. I groaned and kicked the ebony, wooden door in pure frustration, and to my surprise, it swung open...

A swirling storm of dust billowed out of the garage, choking me in a frantic bid to escape from its cell. As it settled, I could properly see the inside the building... The silvery moon cast an eerie, white glow that lit up everything inside the shed: boxes securely taped; retro-style magazines with pages torn out, and a tiny, rusty bike with a ripped saddle and damaged handlebars. I crept inside, peering at everything, dribbling the leather ball, reading articles from vintage newspapers. This place was like a museum! I carefully picked up a filthy blanket that would have once belonged to a baby and shook it out, spraying yet more dust clouds everywhere. Then, as I looked out at the grotty, filthy floorboards that were plastered in bluebottles and bugs, I noticed something terrifying. Something spine-chilling. Something that made my heart race - a white face.

Have you ever heard of pitch black? Well, if I could describe this creature's face, I would say that it was pitch white. He was as white as chalk and his skin was so tightly drawn to his face that I could see his bones. His sorrowful, brown eyes stared out at me unblinkingly, reminding me of a ghost from a movie that was going to haunt our

garage forever...

"Wh...who are y...y...you?" I stuttered, barely being able to form a sentence. The creature gave a disgusting cough, spitting out dust.

"Nobody," he croaked in a hoarse voice, "and nothing. I will never be anything."

"You're evading the question." I said sternly.

"And you're disturbing me."

I groaned loudly (then coughed because I had inhaled some dust). I was definitely not getting anywhere with this. I actually almost turned back, but I found myself coming back towards the creature. He needed my help, didn't he?

"If I were you," I told him, "I would eat some more nutritious food. I can get you some of Dad's fruit if you like." And that was the end of that.

As I walked home, I thought - could I trust Skellig?...

## Key stage 2 exercise 3

### Pupil C – Piece C: a biography

Context: the class looked at the features of a biography. Pupils used computers to find information about Guy Fawkes and wrote their own biography of him.

#### Guy Fawkes



We all know that this man is infamous for planning and staging the well-known and notorious Gunpowder Plot, but what else do you actually know? Here are some facts...

#### Early Life

Guy Fawkes, also known as Guido Fawkes, was born on 13<sup>th</sup> April 1570 to Edith Fawkes (née Jackson) and Edward Fawkes in York. Tragically, his father died when young Guy was only eight years old. After his father's death, Edith remarried a Catholic man - this was a pivotal moment in Guy's life because the family were strictly Catholic from then on. Historians still have many unanswered questions about this to-be plotters' early life - such as what the name of Guy's new father was - because there would have been limited sources back then.

#### The Gunpowder Plot

In 1603, a new king ascended to the throne, and he heralded a new era of royalty. This was King James I. As he was a strong Protestant and stood firm to his religion, he absolutely loathed Catholics and persecuted anybody who did not go along with his beliefs. Many rebellions took place, but all of them failed. Guy was friends with twelve other Catholics - these included Robert Catesby, John Wright, Thomas Percy and Thomas Wintour. They desperately wanted freedom so that they could speak their mind and go to churches which supported their religion. They decided to form a plot to kill the King and all of the Protestants with 30 barrels of a highly explosive, defensive material - gunpowder. Soon enough, the plan began to take shape and become reality. They had hired out a cellar underneath the



House of Lords and shipped 34 barrels of gunpowder into it. Guy Fawkes chose to be the one to light the fuse on November 5<sup>th</sup>, the day of the State Opening of Parliament...

On that fateful day, Guy himself was in that cellar with a match and also some slow-burning touchwood so he had time to escape. Little did he know that an unsigned letter had been sent to Lord Monteaule telling him not to come to Parliament that day. He said that the building 'shall receive a terrible blow yet no-one shall see who hurts them'. Of course, being a faithful Protestant, Monteaule went straight to the King and told him everything. The King ordered his officers to search every cellar nearby - and they found Guy Fawkes...

### Punishment and Death

Guy Fawkes was immediately captured and immobilized and taken straight to the King James, who formally arrested him. In the Tower of London, he was taken through Traitor's Gate and tortured. At first, Guy was implicit about his plot, the accomplices and even his personal details, claiming that his name was John Johnson until the end of his second day of punishment. After a few days, he confessed and was therefore sentenced to be hung, drawn and quartered. However, Guy Fawkes jumped from the noose and broke his neck to die. We now place effigies of him on bonfires to commemorate and celebrate Guy, and how we saved the King...

### Interesting Facts!

- The letter to Monteaule is thought to have been sent by his brother Francis
- The King was James I of England and James VI of Scotland.

## Key stage 2 exercise 3

### Pupil C – Piece D: a narrative that builds suspense

Context: as part of their history topic exploring the Victorians, pupils read 'Street Child' (Berlie Doherty). They were asked to write part of the narrative, based on Jim escaping from the workhouse, and to focus on creating suspense.



Jim wandered around the grounds of the workhouse, his stomach rumbling with hopeless hunger. The enormous workhouse building loomed ferociously over the boys' heads, and the evil guards in their smart blue uniform and tall helmets glared at them suspiciously, their beating sticks slung over their shoulder. Sullenly, Jim glanced up at the rusty, filthy clock on the nearest wall. It read 2 am - which meant that it was actually 3:03 pm. The workhouse boys had learnt how to understand that clock. Then, suddenly, a thought struck Jim - the thought of a slight chance of escape... There were two minutes left until the end of the 5-minute recreation time that the workhouse residents got every 3 days (or so), so there was no time to lose... Jim rushed over to his one and only friend Tip, who was at this moment dabbing the corner of his grubby, brown jacket onto one of his bleeding fingers, and he told him his daring and adventurous plan. Tip simply replied, "Oh, Jim, no! I ain't coming with you! You mustn't! P...pp...please don't go! They catch 'em folks, you know - I couldn't bear to see you down there with the others they caught!"

"But Tip," Jim whispered in exasperation, "this is our only chance!"

Tip didn't respond to that, so Jim got furious.

"Okay then, you stay here - but I'm going to get out of this wretched, predatory place! Goodbye." And with that, Jim stormed off towards a large, black door...

Jim peered cautiously through the door that had been carelessly left ajar - beyond it, there was a minuscule crate standing solemnly in the corner of the room. He knew that if he was ever going to escape, then he would definitely need what was inside that box. Taking one last look behind him at the boys he might never see again, Jim slid through the door and immediately



yanked the lid off the box with all his strength. Inside were neatly folded, immaculately washed, spare clothing for the teachers, matrons, cooks and guards that ran the workhouse.

## Key stage 2 exercise 3

### Pupil C – Piece E: a description of a setting

Context: as part of their history topic exploring the Victorians, pupils read 'Street Child' (Berlie Doherty). They researched what it would be like to live in a Victorian workhouse and created a setting description written in the first person.

I sullenly trudged down the blank, bare hallway leading from the workhouse changing rooms, my head hung low. I now deeply regretted coming into the busy, bustling streets of London to collect food - a guard who patrolled the areas near workhouses had found me, and taken me here. I reached the end of the hallway and heaved open an imposing, ominous-looking wooden door. As soon as I stepped out of the hallway, another guard immediately grabbed me by the shoulder and marched me down a long hallway that smelt like off milk, his large, bushy moustache jumping up and down importantly as he walked. He abruptly halted, pushed open yet more heavy wooden doors, and shoved me through them - I was suddenly surrounded by noise. I realised that I must be in a workroom. The tumultuous crashing and smashing sound coming from the seemingly endless row of dangerous and unstable machines that lined the back wall hit me like the wall itself, and I staggered backwards. As I walked shakily towards the nearest mechanical monster, the creaking cracked, filthy floorboards groaned and bent almost to breaking point under the heavy bulks of the machines. I knelt down beside a great, evergreen cotton machine, and fed the roaring fire inside it. Its engine clattered and its wheels spun, while mechanical pumps hissed and pushed themselves up and down, up and down, up and down... I could also see the other children, some skinny, some tall, some very young, gathered around other machines sobbing, their fingers bleeding, as they worked non-stop. I could now see why everyone was always wary of the workhouses back in the shack where I used to live. The coal dust and the inky black smoke was wafting into my nostrils like a massive, undefeatable, invading army of darkness and making me want to choke. I started to feed some waxy cotton into the greedy beast that was the colossal machine looming over me...

After what seemed like an era, a bell somewhere in the distance clanged loudly, making me jump. Something that could be vaguely described as a smile came over everybody's faces as they poured through another door. Eager to get

away from the thunderous, penetrating noise of the workroom, I followed them...

The buzzing crowd of boys soon turned and streamed into a huge room crammed with old, long, wooden, dusty tables, and then scattered like ants to get seated. I wandered down to a table at the back, jam-packed with children gobbling up their food like hungry hippopotamuses at the waterhole! I stared down uncertainly at my unappetising bowl of gruel. The vile food probably tasted as unhappy as it looked, and it sizzled menacingly as though it were as evil and cruel as the guards strutting about the hall. I uneasily dipped my hunk of bread into the bowl of thin, watery, cold broth and began to eat. I could hear the disconcerting mumbling coming from the crowd of unhappy children until the cook barked at them to stay silent, then an immediate hush spread like wildfire over the room. I smelt the stale, unwelcoming stench of the rotten, disgusting food that we were forced to eat. I started to weep (then I suddenly remembered that the guards would cane you if you cried, so I sat back up again). Then, without warning, a hand came and tapped me on the shoulder. Startled, I jumped and knocked down what was left of my gruel - it all spilled down the front of my brown, threadbare jacket. The cook was furious, and she bellowed at me to change my jacket in the dormitory. Not waiting to hear what else she had to ~~say~~ say, I swiftly ran out of the dinner hall...

I should have asked someone where the dormitory was but I was so terrified of being found and cased that it didn't even cross my mind at the time. I sprinted up and down the random hallways, more than once accidentally entering an out-of-bounds room and having to run straight back out again before I was seen. When I finally found the dormitory, I gave out a sigh of relief, and collapsed onto the nearest bed - then immediately jumped back up

The bed was like a pile of bricks. I wondered how I would survive in this room, let alone sleep in it! I then suddenly remembered what I had come for... I quickly pulled off my grubby jacket and replaced it with another (this one was not much cleaner!). I was just about to leave the room when a crowd of children knocked ~~off~~ me off my feet - they were getting into bed. Twenty minutes later, I lay in my rock-hard bed silently, listening to the snores of the person I shared my bed with. Without warning, the room suddenly went dark and quiet. I stole a glance at the rusty clock, only to see that it was 6pm - the night-time curfew had begun.

## Key stage 2 exercise 3

### Pupil C – Piece F: part of a modern 'traditional tale'

Context: after reading part of 'The Ickabog' (JK Rowling), pupils wrote the next chapter. They explored speech punctuation and were asked to include speech in their writing.

#### HOW THE ICKABOG CAME TO BE...

The people of Cornucopia say that the Ickabog is as old as time itself, and there have been records of it dating back to the times of the first people. Ancient cave paintings from prehistoric times feature a monstrous dragon with sharp, deadly talons and colossal wings. Records of the beast have been discovered in notebooks and diaries from the archaic period. However, it is believed that the creature did not always live in that country famed for its food and wine, but in the neighbouring country of Pluritaria. It lived joyfully in wild woodlands and lush, green fields with a wide selection of food to choose from, and it had never harmed anybody in the entire kingdom. That happy creature, which lived a wonderful and luxurious life, would never have guessed that he would soon need to move home urgently...

Soon enough, everything changed. King Porfirio came to power and he demanded for more industry and less nature in his country - and the citizens were more than happy to carry out his bidding. Within days, the air was filled with chokingly thick, black smoke and the noise of cogs and chainsaws whirring. Trees fell before the Ickabog's very eyes, pulling the country's fortune down with them. Habitats were destroyed and factories sprang up in their place. If he didn't move, the creature would become extinct too - so he fled. The creature spread his wings and took off in one fabulously fluid movement and flew towards the promising, blue skies of Cornucopia. The only suitable place he could find was the desolated Marshlands so he hid there.

Almost as soon as he arrived, the Ickabog began to hear of people coming to the marshes and living there - the Marshlanders. The creature had the sense to steer well clear of them. Then, the dragon-like beast heard the clattering of weapons and horse's bridles and shouts from hundreds of men... King Fred's troops, after that life-changing Petition Day, when they set out to hunt the Ickabog. He went to investigate... As he was soaring over the foggy bog, he heard:

"HELP! HELP ME, MAJOR BEAMISH! I CAN SEE THE MONSTER!"

The Ickabog fled at these words, but returned to the king's palace to find out more. Through an open window, he heard some heart-stopping conversation:

"Of course, Flapoon. We are on the path to riches and nobody can stop us!"