

Pupil C

This collection includes:

- A) a persuasive leaflet
- B) a narrative
- C) a non-chronological report
- D) a diary entry
- E) a short narrative
- F) a diary entry

Key stage 2

Pupil C – Piece A: a persuasive leaflet - transcription

Super Sutie

Attention everyone! Are you tired of always being in danger? Are you sick of always mourning lost love ones? Well don't be scared, be prepared with Sutie, the all inclusive natural disaster protection suit. We will save lives across the globe for only a small price. Landslide? Too easy! Hurricane? Sorted! Tsunami? You betcha! Every natural disaster you can think of will be no match for our Super Sutie.

Now let's get talking, what can Sutie do? Well Sutie has a wide range of features to keep you safe & sound. Sutie is built with special shock absorption, grip boots. These boots will keep your feet nice and warm and make sure your toes don't over-heat! The soles of the boots are made of elasticated veagen leather so you can run away at top speed! This Suit has an inflatable feature, perfect for non-swimmers. Worried about falling off a broken plane? Not to worry! Sutie has veagen sails built in for the arms and legs. Sutie is built in with air tubs and a water tube so you don't have to worry about air in a tsunami. Are you worried this is all too heavy for the run? Not to worry! Everything on this suit is light-weight and veagen, plus this suit comes with a lightweight, compactable electric bike. Worried the bike will run out of juice? Don't worry! This suit is built with a charging point. We also make a special customisable suit for kids, which additionally comes with a fidget toy for stressed kids and a phone to distract children, with age friendly apps.

Lux (age 12) says:

I loved the addition of the fidget toy. It really helped me calm down.

Alice (age 42) quoted:

This suit is brilliant at keeping me and my family safe.

Ben (age 5) says:

The inflatable thing helped me in the big waves cause I can't swim.

Features!

+ Night Vision/ Ski goggles A

+ a GPS O10

- + temperature control A
- + radio's O10
- + flashlight A
- + water/O² tank A
- + first aid kit O10
- + food pouch A
- + flare AO
- + grappling hook/gun AO
- + a rope A
- + waste bag A
- + grip pads A
- + pockets A
- + bike O10
- + back pack lead U10

Key

AO = Over 18

A = All

O10= over 10

U10= under ten

This suit is AO

Come to our website to order one now! Reduced from £1000 to £500!!!!

Get swept away with our summer sales!

People are erupting to get their hands on a Sutie

Come today! Don't risk survival!

Key stage 2

Pupil C – Piece B: a narrative

Context: as part of their 'Victorians' topic, pupils read 'Wild Boy' by Rob Lloyd Jones. After reading a chapter opening, pupils were asked to predict what they thought would happen next and to write the next part of the story in the style of the model text.

Chapter 9

Wild Boy awoke in a musty foreboding darkness. A deep rumbling alerted his ears. Discomfure rose up in his throat. He felt rotting pannels underneath his grimy palms, straw littered the floor coated in... was that...? Realisation dawned on him in waves of panick. The taste of blood and the rancid ^{smell} of manure overwhelmed his senses and he fell to the floor. He felt a soft, silky... paw. He started panic-ringing and frantically started rattling the rusty iron bars.

"Please..." He moaned, "let me out of here..."

A growl broke the stale silence and a huge head came into view, ^{adorned} with a matted, sandy mane, deep hazel eyes you could swim in; sad, sharp and lonely. Teeth yellow, plaque laden, but sharp and fierce...

The lion growled, padded closer, his legs illuminated in the small shard of ghostly light.

"Please... don't hurt m-m ee..." Stuttered Wild Boy.

The lion spat on the ground, and rolled over and fell asleep in the manurey straw. Wild Boy gasped, had the lion obeyed him? Was it their similarity in appearance?

Or was the lion not willing to kill, because he was lonely?

What seemed like an eternity passed before the damp rag covering the cage was pulled back, and a ghostly face loomed into view. The pasty makeup had crusted on her face, her eyes bloodshot and swollen.

Mary Everet spoke,

"How did you kill him?!" Mary Everet spat.

"I need answers!"

Her husky voice dimmed until it was a threatening whisper.

"If you don't tell me, I'll ring your ugly neck or I'll feed you to old Daisy over here," her breath stank like cigarettes and lard, but still Wild Boy stayed muted.

"Well then I guess Daisy will handle you," she spat, "Daisy! Bet up you moth eaten flea bag!"

Daisy, the lion, rose magnificently and bore ~~her~~ his bangs...

Suddenly, a cry broke out in the tent, that distracted Daisy, Mary Everet and Wild Boy, what or who was it? Then Mary Everet slumped to the ground and behind her stood Clarissa:

"Stay absolutely silent while I bust you out!" Hissed Clarissa, drawing out a rusty key from her leopard. She slipped it into the lock and, click! The door slid open and Clarissa stood there tapping her foot. Daisy promptly fell asleep, disgusted by

the Slushy reunion.

"Come on," hissed Clarissa, "the wagon's departing in 2 minutes, so if you don't want to rot in the Grease Show for the rest of your short life, I suggest you come with me."

They took off and made it to the wagon just as it took off. A new life, Wild Boy thought, with a murder to solve...

Key stage 2

Pupil C – Piece C: a non-chronological report

Context: pupils were asked to research child labour during the Victorian era and to write a non-chronological report on the topic.

Victorian Child Labour

During the Victorian Era, children from poorer households were expected to work long, tireless and sometimes dangerous hours in places such as mines and factories for a pitiful sum of money. Others had to work as chimney sweeps, sellers or mud larks to name but a few. Life was very difficult for these children and many died as a result of the poor conditions children were expected to work in.



FACTORY WORKERS

Factory work for young children was perilous and could result in severe injury or even death. Children had to work for at least 12 hours a day. There were no health and safety regulations and children were expected to clean the machines while they were still running.

CHIMNEY SWEEPS

Chimney sweeping was a common job for boys of about 5 or 6 during the Victorian times. They were forced up chimneys which in some cases were only 30cm wide. When the children came down they were often bleeding so their masters rubbed their wounds with salt water and then booted them back up another. In some cases the children got stuck up inside the chimneys and suffocated from the coal dust and lack of space.

STREET SELLERS

A popular job in the cities was to sell a variety of food and other products. Children sold herbs, shellfish, flowers, matches, buttons and ribbons on the streets to passers by. Some children hunted for 'Pure' (dog poo) to sell to people to clean the leather to make products such as gloves. Life as a seller was tough because people didn't pay a lot and they were usually scared away by the police or gangs.

MINERS

A number of children worked in the coal mines from a very young age. They were either trappers or drawers. The trappers sat for long hours by themselves in the dark opening and closing the traps as the carts travelled along the tracks. The drawers were children who had a cart tied to them with a chain and they had to crawl through the endless tunnels with a cart full of coal. Most of the time the tunnels were damp and when they emerged they were wet and covered in coal dust.

Key stage 2

Pupil C – Piece D: a diary entry

Context: as part of Black History Month, pupils took part in a workshop about the Bristol Bus Boycott. After the workshop, they were asked to write a diary entry in the role of a child of someone wanting to drive the buses but not allowed to due to their race.

5th June 1963

Dear Diary,

09:00

The Bristol Bus Boycott has been going on for almost two whole months now! I so wish the bus company would just let Dad work on one of their fine buses, it's not fair! We have been walking everywhere and it's exhausting - if only the bus company would give in.

We have been going on marches through Bristol with students, businessmen, children, black people, Asian people and white people but they still won't budge! Daddy has organised another march which will take place later today. He is so upset and angry and says that this race-based discrimination has to end. I don't really understand everything he says but I know he wants a better world for me growing up. Me and mummy and my friends have been making banners all week!

I do hope daddy does get a job on a bus like he's always dreamed of! I though, would not like to work for a company who is racist and horrible to people who are not white and English, but he has always dreamed of it since he was a tiny boy so I'm not going to say anything and question his dreams.

Hopefully the men at headquarters will rethink their policies and realise that prejudice is not helping them. I really hate the way they treat immigrants in this country but I want to be able to go on the buses soon because I'm getting blisters from walking around non-stop. I feel awful writing this down as it sounds so trivial in the grand scheme of things and it makes me awfully guilty when Daddy is putting himself on the line. I get so scared that he will get hurt or be arrested - what will we do then?

Got to now, write later!

20:00

I'm back! The march was huge; loads of people showed up but still no luck! There was a police line waiting for us today - more than I have seen before. There were some people scuffling with them but most people were marching peacefully. I tried to keep my eye on my dad to make sure he was ok, but Mummy and I got separated from him early on in the march. Luckily, we caught up with him again down by the harbour.

This is so annoying! I hope they give in in the next two weeks, otherwise I shall march into town and scream at the mayor myself. That will show the lot of them!

I'll Write again tomorrow,

Lila

Key stage 2

Pupil C – Piece E: a short narrative

Context: after a whole-class writing workshop on the football World Cup, pupils were asked to write an imaginary narrative about taking a penalty kick in the World Cup final.

World Cup Wonder

The roar from the crowd of onlookers filled my ears; their desperate cries like vultures about to pounce on a decaying carcass. The ball just sat there on the grass - so harmless looking and yet so deadly.

The pitch was silent. The stadium was silent. The world was silent. A lump formed in my throat like a hot, dense coal. Fear curled in my soul like twisting tendrils, gripping my heart. The crowd's eyes widened, waiting for the whistle. The goalkeeper flexed her muscles and stared me down.

My shirt stuck to my neck, the pressure grew, and pounded in my ears like a drum. Boom! Boom! Boom! The piercing whistle howled in my ears. I ran. My foot made contact with the ball, and the ground shifted beneath my feet...

The ball flew through the air, all eyes trailing the comet of the soaring ball. Tension gathered on the pitch and the stadium hummed with pent up energy – everyone wanted to see the final result. My eyes were glued to the destructive arrow which is called a ball that bring nations together and wrenches them apart. Everything that mattered to me in life was forgotten when the golden ball bit the back of the net.

The crowd erupted - some in joy, some in sorrow - as I basked in my glory. Fans came flooding onto the pitch, my team mates lifting me up in celebration.

I had done it. I had won the World Cup.

Key stage 2

Pupil C – Piece F: a diary entry

Context: pupils were asked to write a diary entry in the role of the grandchild from the 'The Long Walk' by George Layton, in the style of the model text.



I put on my mason windmasher, said goodbye to mum, kissed Grandad on the cheek and we headed out.

Grandad said we would be taking the "trackless" (the bus, but he liked to call it that) to a "secret" destination. As I ran up to the top deck of the trackless, I started to worry about Grandad, who was still shuffling up the ever so steep stairs. When he reached the top we took front seats and waited for the conductor to come over.

Grandad asked for 2 tickets to Basin and shakily dropped a few coins into the conductor's hand. Basin? Where was that? Where were we going?

57 minutes and 22 seconds later the conductor yelled "Basin!" And we got off and watched the trackless chug out of sight. We were standing in a little street filled with tightly packed houses, washing lines were strung with a variety of bright, colourful clothing ~~long~~ which hung across the cobbled street.

We came across a cul-de-sac and Grandad revealed a narrow passage with his stick. He urged me to go forward, I was apprehensive, but I squared my shoulders and went through.

I appeared by the edge of a shallow but beautiful canal. Grandad came out a few moments later and slowly sat down. We unwrapped our sandwiches and we chatted about barges and boats. I told Grandad it was probably time to start heading back, but he said he had one more thing to show me.

He led me to some stairs. There were 115 in total. We walked down them, Grandad hobnobbing behind me. I was really worried about him. He led me into a grave yard and my stomach plummeted into an icy ocean. He led me to a small pot. In a raspy voice he told me he was going to be buried here. I fought back tears. I told him not to leave me, but he told me his time was up.

We caught the train back home, we sat in sodden silence. When we got home, I waved goodbye to him in the drive and watched him shuffle out of sight.

So that is my day in a nutshell, wonderful but sad. I hope I can say goodbye to him one more time before he dies. Promise to write again soon,

Jacob