

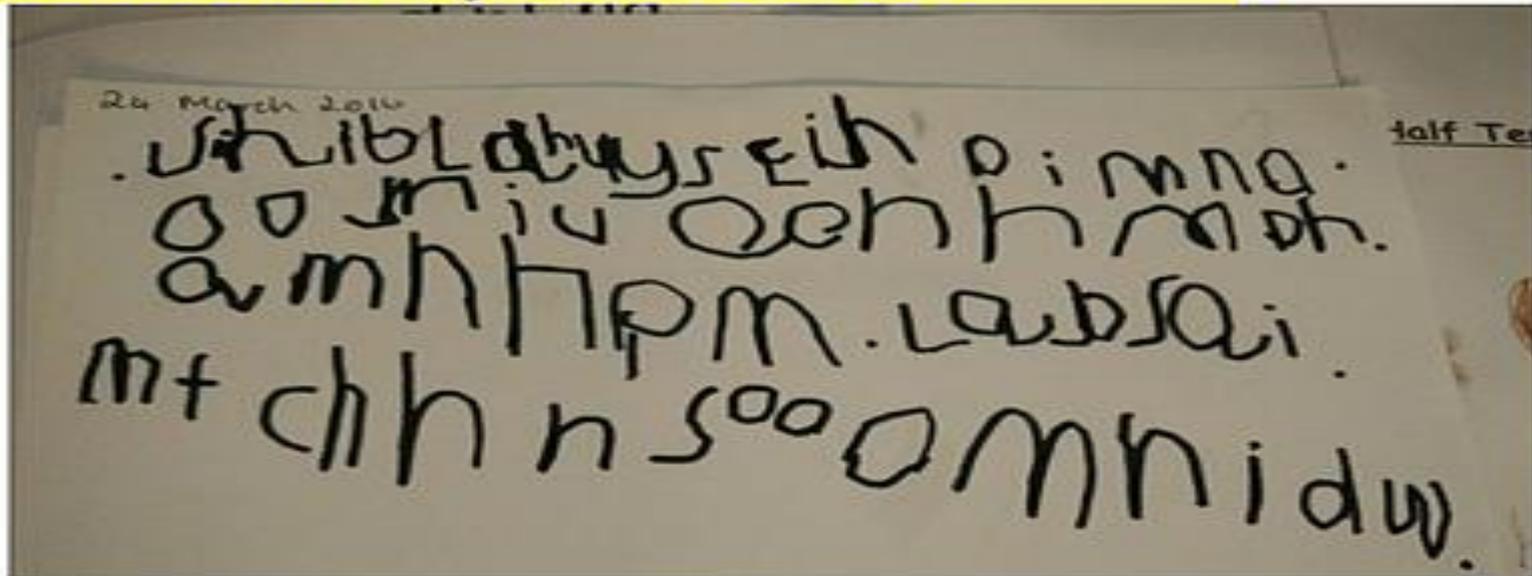
WRITING

St. Peter's C of E Primary Academy

Exemplification Materials for Writing

Early Years

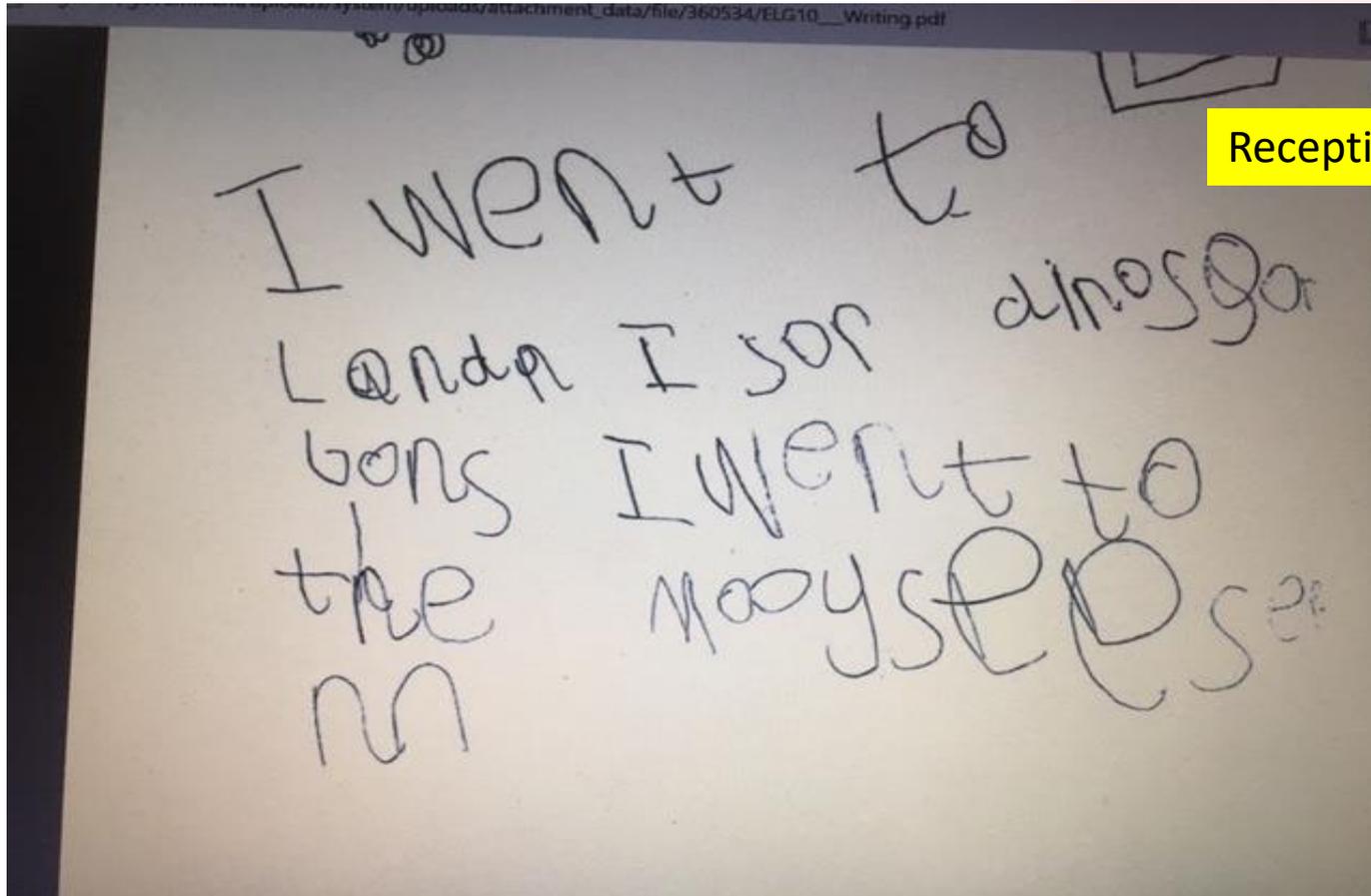
EYFS: Writing: EMERGING



Emerging. Using recognisable letters to communicate meaning, but can't be read by self or others, not phonetically plausible. Child read his writing as "snails like leaves".

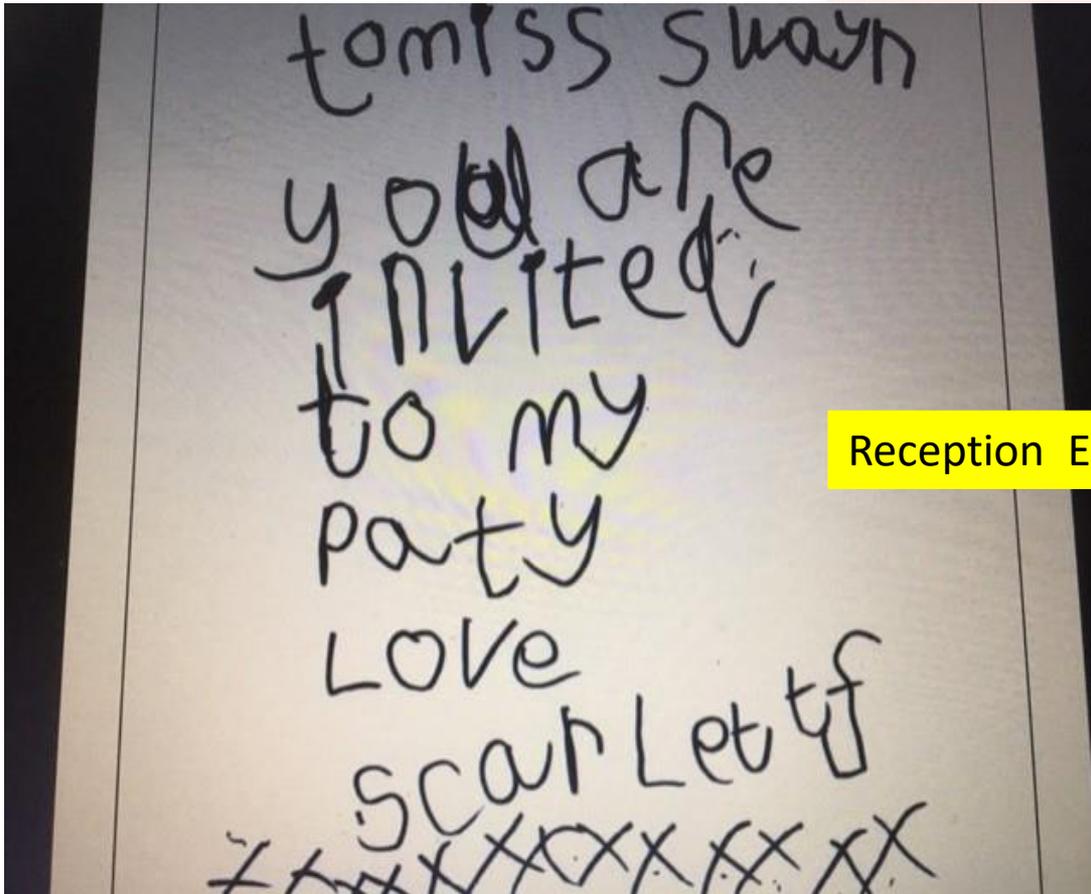


Early Years



Reception Expected

Early Years



Reception Expected

Early Years

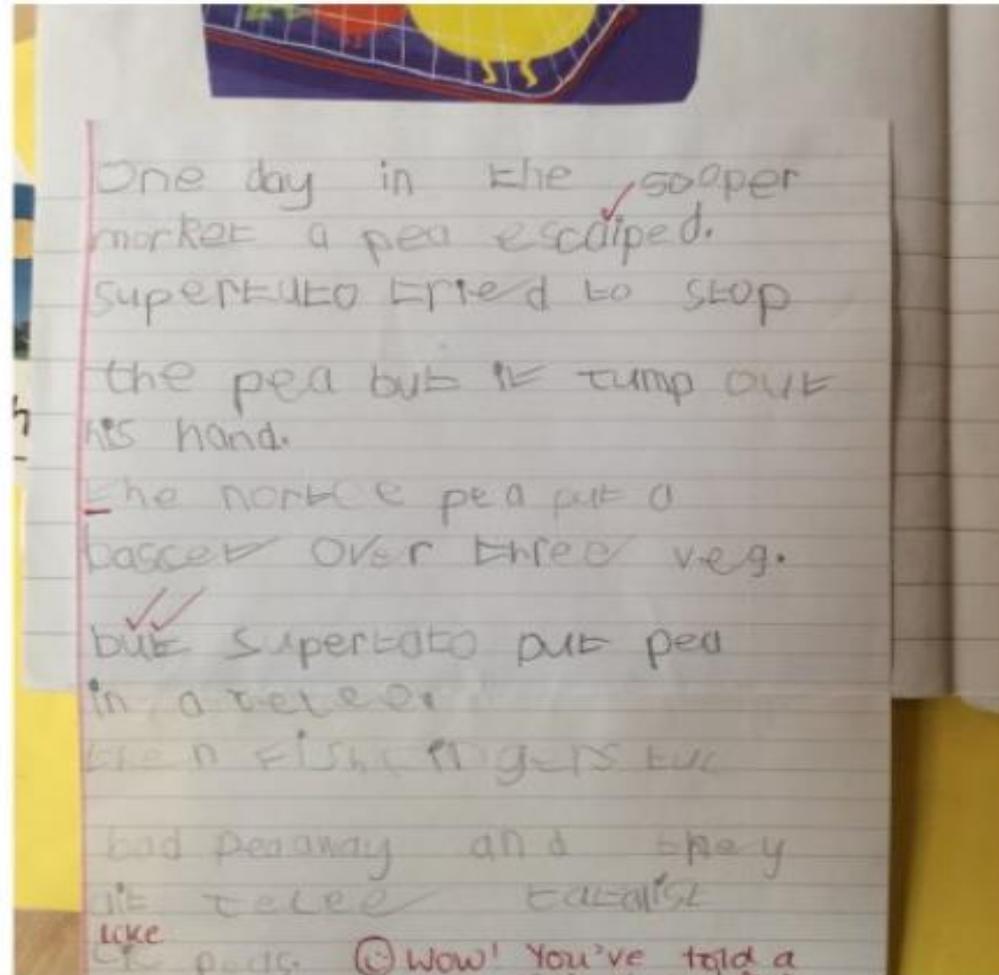
- How do you know if EY Writing is Exceeding?

Exceeding: “Children can spell phonically regular words of more than one syllable as well as many irregular but high frequency words. They use key features of narrative in their own writing.”

Expected: “Children use their phonic knowledge to write words in ways which match their spoken sounds. They also write some irregular common words. They write simple sentences which can be read by themselves and others. Some words are spelt correctly and others are phonetically plausible.”

Early Years

EYFS: Writing: EXCEEDING



Evidence of:
Spelling of regular and
irregular words (one/
market/ tried/ over/
fingers/ away)

Narrative language

Assessing Writing: Year 1 Expectations (Focus Education)

Year 1 Writing: Composition

Compose a sentence orally before writing it

Sequence sentences to form short narratives

Sequence sentences in chronological order to recount an event or an experience

Re-read what they have written to check that it makes sense

Leave spaces between words

Begin to punctuate sentences using a capital letter and a full stop, question mark or exclamation mark

Use a capital letter for names of people, places, the days of the week, and the personal pronoun 'I'

Use 'and' to join sentences together

Know how the prefix 'un' can be added to words to change meaning

Use the suffixes: s, es, ed, er and ing within their writing

Year 1 Writing Transcription

Begin to form lower case letters in the correct direction, starting and finishing in the right place

Form capital letters Understand which letters belong to which handwriting 'families' (i.e. letters that are formed in similar ways) and to practise these

Identify known phonemes in unfamiliar words

Use syllables to divide words when spelling

Use knowledge of alternative phonemes to narrow down possibilities for accurate spelling

Use the spelling rule for adding s or es for verbs in 3rd person singular

Name the letters of the alphabet in order

Use letter names to show alternative spellings of the same phoneme

LI Tuesday 27th December
 "Aaaa!" I screamed the witch
 As fast as her broom
 and she zoomed and she
 zoomed (and she zoomed)
 until she met a
 bad wolf with his
 book turning to be
 a scariest wolf. Why? Because
 you'll damage so fast won't
 the sun in shining so
 brightide said the wolf.
 First of ^{pumpkin} pumpkin spoke
 to me "Next my cat and
 fight the sun beans
 said the witch. The
 in the but said the man

Year 1 What do you think?

Name: clementine

Once upon a time there lived a golden sparkling princess named Vilat. She lived in a palace the palace was silver. The palace was surrounded by a green garden. The garden had different color flowers in it. With green sparkling green leaves. One day a greedy warlord who came to the palace. She came to a part of the outside where there was no window. She brought a King's soot with her. She put the soot on and

Year 1 What do you think?

She went to the door and
she knocked on the door nobody came
she knocked again and somebody came
Vilal said come in she said
you a witch go away. Then
she knocked again she said go
away. She slammed the door
shut. Then the woodcutter came
and with the ax he slammed it
on the witch.

Year 2

- **Working towards the expected standard**
- The pupil can, after discussion with the teacher:
 - write sentences that are sequenced to form a short narrative (real or fictional)
 - demarcate some sentences with capital letters and full stops
 - segment spoken words into phonemes and represent these by graphemes, spelling some words correctly and making phonically-plausible attempts at others
 - spell some common exception words*
 - form lower-case letters in the correct direction, starting and finishing in the right place
 - form lower-case letters of the correct size relative to one another in some of their writing
 - use spacing between words.

Year 2

Y2 Working
towards

Standing on the tall cliff reefer
the see and the air was a see master.
I called the boys over and told
them my friendishly, clever plan.

Fuerst I will need sever both horns.
To make a sever both horn
you need severs from a
part. I slid and then I sor
the seedrigo and then the boys
said drop the both horns.
His tung felt tingly and ticky.
He had swmd awye and we
said awer plan wuct.

The Barracks Hospital
Safarik, Turkey 1st Decembe
1854

Dear Mother and Father

I am writing to tell you I have arrived
safely.

When I arrived there was a bad smell. There
were no beds and no clean bandages. There
were lots of rats scuttling around the wounded
soldiers. I worked hard to help the wounded soldiers
the nurses helped me too.

As I write the sun is setting and I am
going to say good night to the soldiers.

Lots of Love

Florence

- **Working at the expected standard**
- The pupil can, after discussion with the teacher:
 - write simple, coherent narratives about personal experiences and those of others (real or fictional)
 - write about real events, recording these simply and clearly
 - demarcate most sentences in their writing with capital letters and full stops, and use question marks correctly when required
 - use present and past tense mostly correctly and consistently
 - use co-ordination (e.g. or / and / but) and some subordination (e.g. when / if / that / because) to join clauses
 - segment spoken words into phonemes and represent these by graphemes, spelling many of these words correctly and making phonically-plausible attempts at others
 - spell many common exception words*
 - form capital letters and digits of the correct size, orientation and relationship to one another and to lower-case letters
 - use spacing between words that reflects the size of the letters.

Year 2

Year 2 Expected

Meet Fred. Fred loves to find things. one day Fred said to his mum I'm bored. GO INTO THE ATTIC! said his mum. And so he did. Fred went into the attic. ^{It} was really dark in the attic and there were messy deep holes in the floor. Just then some thing caught his eye. ^{It} was some boxes on top of each other. One was long and one was fat and the other was a silver case. Fred ~~took~~ ^{took} ~~took~~ ^{took} them all down stairs. First he opened the silver one which had wires in it. ^{Soon} ~~soon~~ he had opened all of them.

Fred put all the parts together. it made a computer. Suddenly he ^{Spotted} ~~noticed~~ a white box ^{with} ~~with~~ 3 pins. It was a plug Fred plugged in the plug. The computer said DELL. Whatever does that mean? I thought Fred. He made jumpers, bread and before he had finish ^{every thing} writing ^{down} the machine went boom. Fred was sad. ^{So} ~~for~~ he went to the garage got some tools and put it back together. From that day on Fred used his machine every day ^{to knit} ~~to knit~~ his school jumper.

There were lots of spiders in the
 attic. Some thing was clapping its
 wings behind a * enormous box. I
 wonder what is in that box thought
 Elliot. He crept closer to open
 the ^{box} but suddenly a ~~pigeon~~^{pigeon} came out
 from behind the box. Go away! said
 Elliot quietly. The ~~pigeon~~^{pigeon} ~~se~~ went out
 the window. ^w ~~f~~ew ^{al} said Elliot that was
 close.

Year 2

- **Working at greater depth**
- The pupil can, after discussion with the teacher:
 - write effectively and coherently for different purposes, drawing on their reading to inform the vocabulary and grammar of their writing
 - make simple additions, revisions and proof-reading corrections to their own writing
 - use the punctuation taught at key stage 1 mostly correctly
 - spell most common exception words*
 - add suffixes to spell most words correctly in their writing (e.g. –ment, –ness, –ful, –less, –ly)*
- use the diagonal and horizontal strokes needed to join some letters.

Poppy and the beanstalk

Once upon a time there was a girl called Poppy who lived with her poor mum. They lived in a tumbledown, old and wooden house. They got their precious money by milking their old, spotty cow (Daisy).

Early the very next morning it was as sunny as a sunshine. That very particular day Poppy's mum asked Poppy, "Can you sell Daisy because she is too old and in return ^{get} some money?"

"Sure," replied Poppy and set off in the dusty alleyway.

On the dusty alleyway she trotted, until she met a stranger.

"Who are you?" whispered the stranger.

"I am Poppy," suggested Poppy.

"It does not matter, anyway I will give you five magic seeds for your cow," announced the stranger. Poppy thought it was an extraordinary idea, so she agreed and took the five magic tiny seeds.

Later on she strode down the alleyway and finally arrived home. When she arrived, her mum was furious and she was so stubborn with Poppy. She threw the beans out of the glass delicate window as fast as a cheetah.

Dear Ellie's family,

Year 2 Working at Greater Depth

I am writing to you because I want to apologise to you for what I have done to poor, old Thumper. I am going to change my fierce behaviour to a normal pet^{cat} behaviour.

First of all I ^{am} sorry ^{got} bringing Thumper into the carpet with mud, grass stains and other disgusting things. Also, I am sorry that the stains can not come off the carpet, and the housekeeper ~~would~~ ^{will} be very dissapointed and upset because of it.

Second of all from this day forward I will be a good citizen, and be treated much better, because I am more respectful. I ^{will} also try not to scath scratch any more furniture like your favourite chair and the couch.

Please accept my apology because I feel so ashamed of myself and so sad. I feel very guilty as well because I bring dead animals into the house without any reason. Please forgive me!!

Love from Tussy

Diary of Killer cat

Did I enjoy the book?

What a great book that was! I loved the story. I also loved the sarcasm in it as well. The detail of it was great, and I loved the story language. How Tuffy lies and explains that he didn't do it makes me laugh, and how the dad describes Tuffy also makes me laugh.

What was my favourite part?

I really enjoyed the whole book - but if I was to choose a favourite book part I would choose when the family pretended and acted that they didn't know that Thumper died and was like, "Oh no," and "Poor Thumper."

Who is my favourite character?

That is an easy question because it is very simple that it is Tuffy! I take a love Tuffy because every second that Tuffy speaks it makes me think that if I was an author when I grow up, I would be an author just like that.

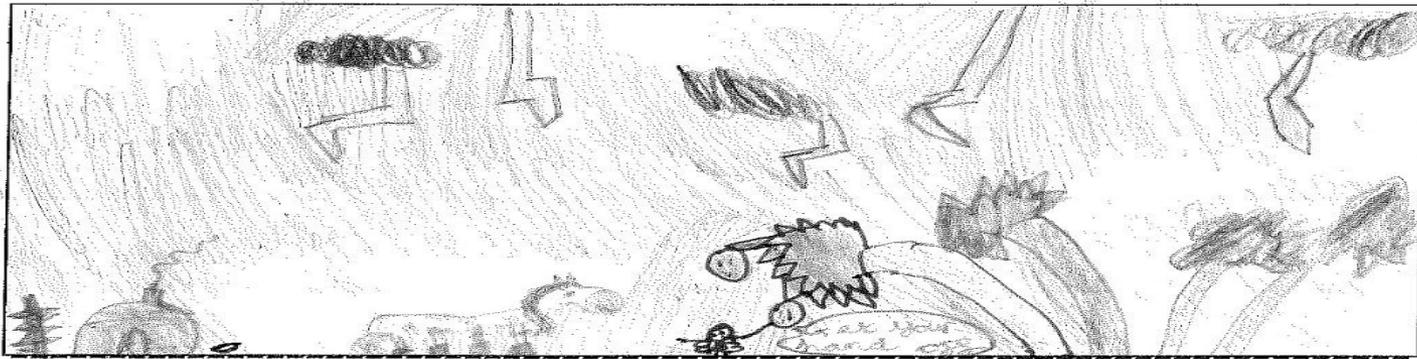
Year 2 Working at Greater Depth

How did I feel about the book?

I felt very excited from Friday because it said that they nailed up the cat flap, it left a real excitement of what was going to happen on Saturday.

Who would I recommend this to?

I would recommend this to my sister because she is always talking to her friends on the laptop, so she can read for a while and forget about talking to her friends.



Wednesday 2nd December

Year 3 Greater Depth

The coconut that spoke

In an enchanted land miles away, there lived a tiny fairy called fairy Fluttershy. Then, she remembered she needed a yummy coconut for the fairy land fruit festival. However, when she picked up the hard hollow coconut it shouted "Get your hands off my glorious self!"

"Did you say that!?" Fairy Fusticise asked her tiny pony Patch worried. Offendedly "no it was the coconut!" replied Patch very angrily.

"Cheese and Sprinkles!!!" Fairy Fusticise squealed. As fast as her gloopy wings would carry her she gluttered and gluttered and gluttered until she met her beautiful friend Apple.

Casually they talked about what happened in Apple's neat tree house. "Why are you gluttering so fast when the lightning is flashing so bright?" demanded Apple! With her hands on her hips.

"First a coconut spike to me next my tiny pony!"

Answered gaily Flutterbye!

"That's impossible!" cried Apple.

"It is most definitely not!!" shouted Ziggy.
retra Apples giddy pet.

"Cheese and Sprinkles!!!" gaily Flutterbye

squealed. As fast as her flappy wings would
carry her she gluttered and gluttered and gluttered until
she met her lovely friend Emmy etc.

Standing outside her small spiky mushroom house

Emmy etc demanded, "Why are you gluttering

so fast when the lightning is flashing so bright??"

is glashing so bright!"

with her hands on her hips. Flutterbye
replied "First a coconut spoke to me next
my tiny pony after that a giddy zebra
and finally an alligator!"

"That's impossible! Get out of here you silly
gairy," cried the queen. With her wings drooping
she walked home. The queen swayed side to
side, side to side, side to side. "How silly
of her to think that things can talk!" the queen
muttered.

There was a long silence then the golden throne

With her hands on her hips? "First a coconut
spoke to me next my tiny pony and after that
a giddy zebra!" Shivered Flutterbye.

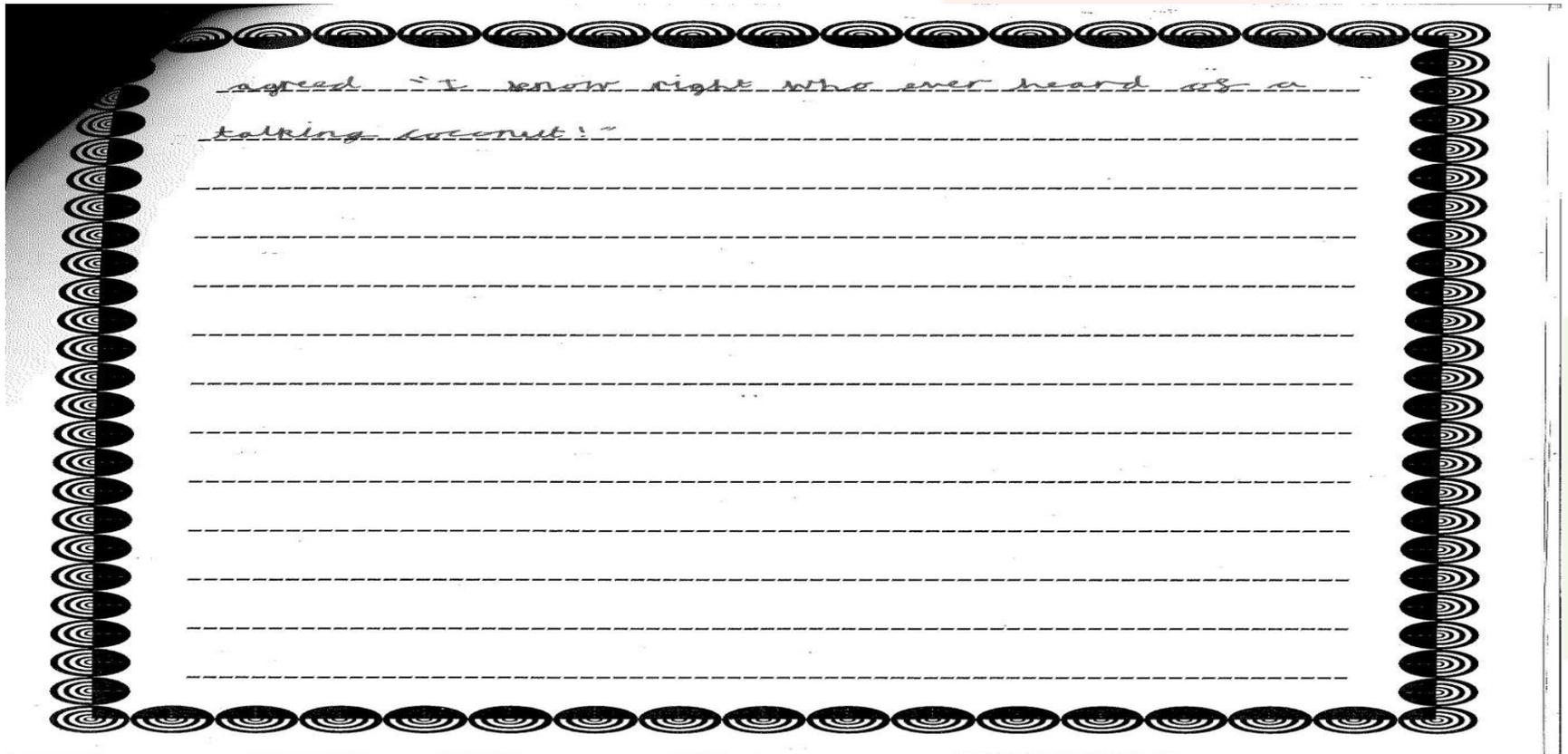
"That's impossible!" cried Emily.

"I know definitely not!" snapped Emily's angry
pet Ayla alligator!

"Cheese and Sprinkles!" Gaily Flutterbye squealed.
As fast as her happy wings would carry her
she gluttered and gluttered and gluttered until
she came to the graceful gaily queen's palace.

Looking confused, the gaily queen demanded

"Why are you gluttering so fast when the lightning



Years 3 & 4

- **Writing - vocabulary, grammar and punctuation**
- Pupils should be taught to:
- develop their understanding of the concepts by:
 - extending the range of sentences with more than one clause by using a wider range of conjunctions, including: when, if, because, although
 - using the present perfect form of verbs in contrast to the past tense
 - choosing nouns or pronouns appropriately for clarity and cohesion and to avoid repetition
 - using conjunctions, adverbs and prepositions to express time and cause
 - using fronted adverbials
 - learning the grammar for years 3 and 4 indicate grammatical and other features by:
 - using commas after fronted adverbials
 - indicating possession by using the possessive apostrophe with plural nouns
 - using and punctuating direct speech

Years 3 & 4

- **Writing - composition**
- Pupils should be taught to:
- plan their writing by:
 - discussing writing similar to that which they are planning to write in order to understand and learn from its structure, vocabulary and grammar
 - discussing and recording ideas
- draft and write by:
 - composing and rehearsing sentences orally (including dialogue), progressively building a varied and rich vocabulary and an increasing range of sentence structures or
 - organising paragraphs around a theme
 - in narratives, creating settings, characters and plot
 - in non-narrative material, using simple organisational devices [for example, headings and sub-headings]
- evaluate and edit by:
 - assessing the effectiveness of their own and others' writing and suggesting improvements
 - proposing changes to grammar and vocabulary to improve consistency, including the accurate use of pronouns in sentences
- proofread for spelling and punctuation errors
- read their own writing aloud to a group or the whole class, using appropriate intonation and controlling the tone and volume so that the meaning is clear

Year 3 / 4

- **Writing - transcription**
- **Spelling** - Pupils should be taught to:
 - use further prefixes and suffixes and understand how to add them -
 - spell further homophones
 - spell words that are often misspelt place the possessive apostrophe accurately in words with regular plurals [for example, girls', boys'] and in words with irregular plurals [for example, children's]
 - use the first 2 or 3 letters of a word to check its spelling in a dictionary
 - write from memory simple sentences, dictated by the teacher, that include words and punctuation taught so far

Years 3 / 4

- **Handwriting**
- Pupils should be taught to:
- use the diagonal and horizontal strokes that are needed to join letters and understand which letters, when adjacent to one another, are best left unjoined
- increase the legibility, consistency and quality of their handwriting, [for example, by ensuring that the downstrokes of letters are parallel and equidistant, and that lines of writing are spaced sufficiently so that the ascenders and descenders of letters do not touch]

Year 4 Working at Greater Depth (thoughts...)

Dear diary,

Today I took a tour around Beacher Prep school. I felt very apprehensive, because other than my little sisters performances, I'd never been to a school before.

When I first arrived, it smelt like a hospital; it looked like one aswell. The walls were a pale white and the never-ending corridor was full of doors. Suddenly, I saw a tall, old, but not that old man - who was wearing gleaming red Addidas trainers. I only noticed that because it stood out the most compared to his jet black suit. At first, he made eye contact and gradually made a little smiley wave.

"Hello, you must be August Pullman!" exclaimed the headmaster trying not to look at my face.

"Hi." I mumbled staring at his red Addidas shoes.

"Your Mom told me alot about you!" he said kindly.

"Like what?" I questioned.

"Oh, lots of things!" he exclaimed, "Like how intelligent you are and how much you love science!"

Auggie's Diary - Hands Off!



he said.

After that, he lead ^{me} into his office. I liked his office, it was full of little kids paintings - like they were special in frames.

"I need to introduce some people:" he said enthusiastically.

"This^{is} Mrs. Garcia, if you have any worries you can speak to her!" he said the headteacher.

"Hello!" she said cheerfully.

"Oh, not forgetting me, I'm Mr. Tushman!" he added

A smile suddenly began to show on my face, after dad's jokes about butts - tush... butt... ha ha!

"There are also some kids I'd like you to meet!" he gleamed happily.

The moment he said kids - my heart sank. My breathing began to go faster. Sweat drizzled down my cheek like rain.

"It'll be fine!" he consoled, holding my hand.

Three young kids came in looking shy. Each of them shook my hand without looking at my face - then they told me their names.

These were their names: Jack, Jullian and Charlotte.

First impressions, ok, but I need to get to know them more before I judge.

Auggie's Diary - Hands Off!



THE DAILY NEWS

www.dailynews.com

THE WORLD'S FAVOURITE NEWSPAPER

Date: 15/11/40

COVENTRY BLITZ

Last night, the historic city of Coventry was almost obliterated by the German air force. It was the biggest bombing raid up to date.

At 7AM last night, the ear-piercing air raid whirled over the city of Coventry. Twenty minutes later, the German Heinkel bombers started and started to drop incendiary bombs that set fire to loads of buildings. Soon after, the 5000 high explosive bombs plummeted from the Luftwaffe's Junker planes causing mass destruction. The bombing seemed to be totally indiscriminate. Not only factories but houses and even hospitals got demolished.

According to civilians, the city had been demolished through so many bombs they had dropped.



The cathedral demolished.

"We hid under the stair because half of the house and garden were destroyed," explained Roy McLeod. "If I was in an Anderson shelter I would be dead."

Coventry is now at a standstill. Gas and water pipes are no longer in use.

Y6 Working towards expected

- **Working towards the expected standard**
- The pupil can:
 - write for a range of purposes
 - use paragraphs to organise ideas
 - in narratives, describe settings and characters
 - in non-narrative writing, use simple devices to structure the writing and support the reader (e.g. headings, sub-headings, bullet points)
 - use capital letters, full stops, question marks, commas for lists and apostrophes for contraction mostly correctly
 - spell correctly most words from the year 3 / year 4 spelling list, and some words from the year 5 / year 6 spelling list*
 - write legibly.¹

Dear Princess,

Year 6 Working
towards

How is everyone? Is everyone all right? I am over well I'd be fearful at the same time because my friend George was brave for fighting but he wasn't lucky for surviving and got shot 5 times in his face Joshua nearly got shot in his head. How are the twins Snow Ball and Lightning Dust? How is the cat Tom? Still fat? I miss you him terribly. What about you my love, how are you? I think of you every day and every night.

When the war is over we will go on Holiday somewhere. That is all for tonight.

Love from,
Terrell

What will happen to Jim Jarvis?

I think that the street child called Jim Jarvis will leave the white house and try to find Emily and Lizzy before it gets dark and has to sleep on the streets till it is morning again. Then the street child will find a dog which he will call ~~sa~~ him Snipe, and they will become friends although he misses his friend Tip. Next Rosie will find Jim and will take him to her house. Jim will find his friend (Shrimp) who he will dance for with so the people will buy Rosie's seafood. When it gets dark (at night) Jim will go outside and play with Shrimp. Jim and Shrimp will start dancing for a crowd of people. Rosie will compliment them by saying, "You both should go to a show and dance for a crowd but watch out for the police." This man named Al Nick will come and everyone will run for their lives. After that Jim will ~~continue~~ continue to dance, until he ~~mea~~ meet a kind doctor called Doctor Bernardo.

Immediately, I smell the goodness of ~~bread~~ ^{fresh} bread and Salty ~~fish~~ ^{fresh} Salt fish as I walk ~~down~~ ^{down} the Kaos street's. AS I rappidly rushed down the street, I hid Carefully so the police-man ~~do~~ did not see me & or ~~he don't~~ send me back to the work house and the smoke.

Hardly out of breath, I ~~walking~~ ^{walk} ~~down~~ ^{down} the wet ~~path~~ ^{pathment} past the dog and hard the horses trotting across the brick ~~roads~~ ~~paths~~ ~~paths~~ ~~paths~~ and the noise of two women having a argument about something that I don't even X know about.

I feel really scard because my mother isn't with me and news because some one ~~could~~ ^{or} ~~snatch~~ ~~me~~ like the police could snatch me and take me to there house or take me to g Jail till I get dder and let me out.

The Sight that I see are shops, biludings, people and Structures like the Shard, the Big ben and the spear.

Year 6 Working at expected

- **Working at the expected standard**
- The pupil can:
 - write effectively for a range of purposes and audiences, selecting language that shows good awareness of the reader (e.g. the use of the first person in a diary; direct address in instructions and persuasive writing)
 - in narratives, describe settings, characters and atmosphere
 - integrate dialogue in narratives to convey character and advance the action
 - select vocabulary and grammatical structures that reflect what the writing requires, doing this mostly appropriately (e.g. using contracted forms in dialogues in narrative; using passive verbs to affect how information is presented; using modal verbs to suggest degrees of possibility)
 - use a range of devices to build cohesion (e.g. conjunctions, adverbials of time and place, pronouns, synonyms) within and across paragraphs
 - use verb tenses consistently and correctly throughout their writing
 - use the range of punctuation taught at key stage 2 mostly correctly[^] (e.g. inverted commas and other punctuation to indicate direct speech)
 - spell correctly most words from the year 5 / year 6 spelling list,^{*} and use a dictionary to check the spelling of uncommon or more ambitious vocabulary
 - maintain legibility in joined handwriting when writing at speed.²

Year 6

"Happy 13th Birthday Ana!" Anabeth's mother exclaimed loudly, while handing Anabeth her birthday present.

"Thanks mum," she grimaced: "but you really didn't have to get me anything!"

"Ahh, come on, I didn't!"

Suddenly, Ana tore off the blue and pink polka dot wrapping paper, and laughed.

"Wow! Thank you so much! It's just what I ~~wanted~~ ^{needed}!"

She smiled at the neon blue pumps.

"Ok... I'm going to go and try them on!" She got up and ~~walked out of the room~~ ^{walked to the couch}.

"Oh... Wait dear, there's another present!" The excited mother was holding a rectangular box wrapped in brown, crusty paper.

Ana stared at the present with sadness. She knew what it was. She knew that as soon as she opened it, she would weep.

"Um... Oh," she cried, "I always tried to forget about that!" Her mother, now whimpering, placed it gently in Anabeth's cold peach hands.

"It's ok," she said sighing, "you don't have to open it."

Ana's mother stroked her daughter on the back.

"No," Ana murmured, while letting her tears fall like raindrops. "I'll open it."

Year 6

She tore off the mud colored wrapping paper and fell to her knees.
"Dad..." Anabeth cried.

Suddenly, everything started to shake, everything started to disappear, everything was gone, exactly, gone. Soon, it was just Anabeth and the photograph of her family; darkness...

"Mum?" she asked with bewilderment. "Mum? Where am I?"

All of a sudden, Ana fell, and fell, and fell. Then, landed on a mossy surface. The light found itself again. But she was not in her stark living room, like she was seconds ago. Anabeth found herself lying on a battlefield.

Slowly, she got up with ^{congestion} ~~bewilderment~~ in her head, and gear in her eyes. She looked around, and noticed a figure; a tall figure; with dark hair and ocean blue eyes, just like hers. Soon after, there were 5 more figures, 10, 11-thousands... She turned around with gear and legs ready to run; but she couldn't run, she was planted in ^{squelching} ~~scribbling~~ mud: mixed with scarlet blood. Before she knew it, there were millions of injured and bloodied soldiers lying on the muddy gloom ground...

"Ahhhhhhhh!" She screamed with fright ^{while trying} ~~and tried~~ to move her feet, but they wouldn't budge! She needed to get out, she needed to get! But how? Suddenly, she remembered the photo, maybe that was the way back; back to home; back to ^{see} her mother. She started to search around her, but she could just not find the picture, it was gone. She Anabeth, allowed her clear tears fall ^{gently} ~~gently~~ down her cheeks. Ana knew it, this was the end...

Year 6

"He...hello?" She heard a voice, a voice familiar.
"Hello?" she cried, "is anyone there?"
Ana looked around with hope.
"err... look down," the voice whispered.
She peered down at the young Soldier, with baggament.
The man had brown hair and ocean blue eyes...
"Dad?"

"Umm?" He questioned, "Do I know you?"
"Yes. Umm... Come on, we need to get you to a hospital."
"Please?"
Anabeth ^{while} stared took a glance at the Soldier's shot-gun
wound, ^{and} ^{pretend} ^{helping} him up.
"Only one problem..." she mumbled, "I'm stuck."
"oh."

With all his power, he pulled; and pulled and
finally... POP!
"Thank you. Now come on."
They hobbled and limped to the nearby hospital.

Anabeth sat next to her injured father, thinking about
the picture and where it would be. All of a sudden,
her knees buckled and she felt like she was leaning forward.
She blacked out...

"Dear? Dear?"
Ana noticed that voice, and to her ^{it was} a relief.
"Mum?" She managed to open her eyes, "Mum?"
She threw herself at her mother.
"You've been asleep for hours!"
"I had the most craziest dream!" She noticed that she
was back in the same old living room; and breathed a huge
sigh of relief.

Year 6

"Your father and I have been worried sick!"
She peered at her mother.
"Wait what?" she asked, puzzled, "dad's dead, dad's gone!"
"Oh, don't be so silly!" her mother laughed "Your father's
upstairs!"
She had to see this for herself; She crept upstairs and
opened the ^{cream} ~~green~~ wooden door...

"Dad!"

Y6 Working at Greater Depth

- **Working at Greater Depth**
- 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 (e.g. literary language, characterisation, structure)
 - distinguish between the language of speech and writing³ and choose the appropriate register
 - exercise an assured and conscious control over levels of formality, particularly through manipulating grammar and vocabulary to achieve this
 - use the range of punctuation taught at key stage 2 correctly (e.g. semi-colons, dashes, colons, hyphens) and, when necessary, use such punctuation precisely to enhance meaning and avoid ambiguity.[^]
- [There are no additional statements for spelling or handwriting]

The Applause

Year 6 Working at Greater Depth

I am in the dressing room with the music ringing in my ears; the small room is bustling with tall skinny girls chattering and giggling. But - but all I can think of is the stage and the applause. My racing heart thuds underneath my silky tutu. Thud. Thud. Thud.

Then suddenly the stage director is at the door, calling my name. My name. My stomach gives an unexpected flutter and I take a deep breath. As the stage door swings open, I tell myself everything will be okay - nothing could possibly go wrong. I have been training for this since the age of three. Tall Bulky men with headsets and clipboards keep ushering me in the right direction. Half of me wants to run onto stage and dance my heart out but there is also a part of me that wants to go and hide away. Adrenaline ~~was~~^{is} circling its way

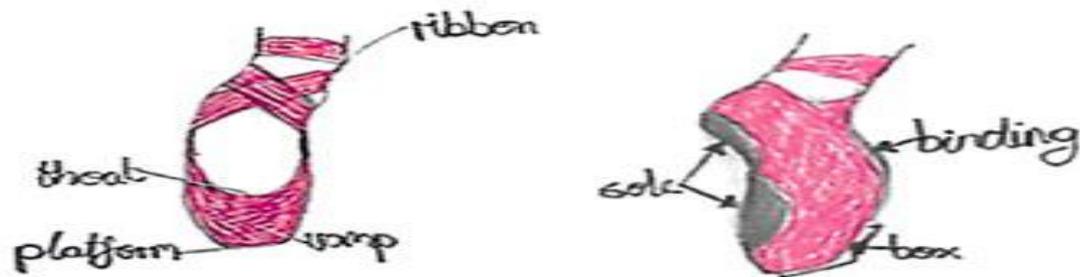
around my body and rushing into my fingertips.

Walking into the wings is like waiting for your death. Although I was extremely excited, I was even more nervous. I stopped a few centimetres from the stage entrance with the whole *quer de ballet* behind me and slowly took a shaky, deep breath. The stage was ~~like~~ a lit up arena waiting to be danced on. The crowd, which seemed to consist of about a million people, erupted as I walked on to stage. I gave a little smile, and began to dance.

How Pointe Shoes Came To Be

Have you ever wondered why ballerinas look so beautiful and graceful on stage? Keep on reading to find out about what makes the Nutcracker you saw at Christmas the magical story that it is.

Pointe shoes are what make dancers different and beautiful. With their pink satin and silky ribbons, these shoes have been around since 1795. They were invented to make ballerinas look weightless when dancing, so they started spinning, balancing and jumping en pointe (on the tips of their toes). They are traditionally worn by women for a beautiful *pas de deux* (a solo dance with one man and one woman) but in some ballets men go en pointe too. There is an all male ballet company called Les Ballet Trockadero that had a very famous production of Swan Lake featuring men dancing en pointe as the female swans.



A diagram showing all the technical parts of a modern pointe shoe.

Most people might ^{ask} think 'why hurt your feet like that?' But as soon as you get into the ballet world your life ~~ambition~~ is to start pointe work. This exact thing happened to me. Pointe shoes are very desirable to young dancers too. Pointe work is meant for dancers ~~at least~~ over the age of 11 as it is ideal once your feet have stopped growing. Meanwhile, at the Royal Ballet Lower School (White Lodge, Richmond Park, London) the pupils start at the age of 13. It was also thought (until very recently) that the London Royal Ballet School was the only way to go if you wanted a career in dance but now there are many options for non-boarders.

Every dancer has unique feet with a varying length, shape, arch, flexibility, extension and strength; consequently, most pointe shoe companies make more than one model of a shoe. Sometimes they are custom tailored for the best shoes. Occasionally ballerinas can go through more than one pair in one performance. There are two main parts of a pointe shoe:

- The box - the front end of the shoe that supports the dancer's toes.
- The shank - rigid material to stiffen the sole to support the arch for going en pointe.

Now pointe shoes are beautiful and (for me) the best part of ballet! They take a lot of care, eg. rosin for non-slip; extra elastic; complex ribbon tying; box breaking etc. but become totally worth it when you are on pointe. The conclusion for me is that pointe work is awesome and you should love it! I hope you liked my text and that you now are a pointe shoe fan!

The Cornwall News

Young Girl Drowns at Zennor Head

By F. Xxxxxxxxxx

Yesterday, at dusk, Cherry Stone drowned at Boat Cove, supposedly making a necklace of cowrie shells for a 'giant'.

The Giant's Necklace

Cherry, aged 10, had been determined to finish a necklace she had been making out of glistening pink cowrie shells. She had been told to be home for tea but little did her family know that she would never return again. Police officers and detectives have looked into the disaster and think that she was cut off in Boat Cove and then attempted to climb a steep cliff face. Had she already drowned? Was she already dead?

Zennor, located in Cornwall, is a usual happy annual holiday visit for the Stone family. It's very unusual for a girl of Cherry's age to be left alone on a beach late in the evening. The parents, Ed and Nicola, are distraught.

At The Beach

Mr and Mrs Stone have started a campaign to stop children being on the beach by themselves later than 5:00. Mrs Stone told us that Cherry was a very independent girl so they thought she would be fine. But nobody can be fine once they have been cut off by a tide and thrown around by an Atlantic wave.

The Stone's

"We were joking around with her just hours earlier and now she's dead!" said one of her brothers, Felix. Another one of her brothers recalled that she had been making a cowrie shell necklace since the start of their holiday two weeks before. They explained that she needed only a few more inches to reach the toaster – but tragically those inches cost her her life!

Dear Diary
Right now I'm not actually holding this pen-it is miraculously hovering in the air and writing down my thoughts for me. Because ghosts can't hold stuff, right? I've never really liked writing a diary but my parents always told me it would be fun to look back on when I am older. But I'll never be 'older'. I s'pose I can look back on the day I died.

It was all fine at first - my brothers teasing with me about my 'giants' necklace and Mum and Dad ~~cutting~~ brushing off the burnt toast. I thought, "Just a couple more inches of shells for my necklace - then I shall reach the toaster!"

Soon enough we were all lying on the beach staring out into the shimmering turquoise water. Everything was fine; it all seemed so calm. After about twenty minutes everyone started climbing back up to ~~the~~ the house to pack up. I thought that if I just stayed maybe another hour, I'd surely have enough shells to finish my necklace.

As I was bent over the sand, I realized that almost three hours had passed and I still had fifty shells to go. I looked up from my work and the sky had suddenly turned an angry grey colour and I could already see the monstrous waves gathering out in the Atlantic. Fifty ~~would~~ would take no more than ten minutes, right? Or so I thought...

By now the frothing water was thrashing against my ankles. The rocks were only a metre or so away... I was so determined that I was even collecting the glistening pink shells on my way to the Spiky rocks. I was so stupid. Why didn't I just go home as soon as the storm gathered? The rocks were slippery but the house seemed so close now. Suddenly the salty water was all around me. In my mouth, up my nose, stinging my eyes. The crashing waves pulling me down. I was conscious that I was drowning. Everything went ~~quite~~ quiet and still. And then the frothing blue water faded into black.

I woke up coughing and spluttering ~~out the~~ in a daze. My clothes were drenched. I wasn't just physically lost: I had no one - I had nothing. My first thought was my shells but only a few remained - scattered in different pockets. As I looked up, I saw a warm ^{around} yellow light glowing from the cliff face. My curiosity got the better of me. I scrambled to my feet and clomped up the cliff; it ^{turned} out there was a tunnel - strewn with little lanterns. Inside were two miners - one young and one a jolly man with a bedraggled beard. They were very kind to me but something was still bothering me. Mother had told me that the tin mining business had been ~~set~~ shut down over a hundred years ago so what were they doing here? Were they dead? Then how could I see them?

One of the miners kindly took me above the cliff and I finally felt safe. I couldn't wait to tell the whole ~~family~~ family that I had survived! I was okay! I ran as fast as I could all the way until the front door. My heart was pounding under my dripping sweater. My hands urged me to knock and, ^{at the speed of light} before I ~~to~~ I knew it, I was hammering on the door. There was no answer. I waited. And waited. So I tried again. No answer again. Why weren't they answering? Didn't they want to see me? Without thinking I flung open the door. The room, which was filled with official looking people, looked like it had been hit by a bomb.

"Hello!" I called, "It's me - Cherry! I'm home. I've survived." Why was everyone ignoring me? And then it dawned on me. The miners, the water, the no answering. I leant against the wall and slowly slid down it in a crumpled, sobbing heap. I was dead. Nobody survives a drowning in an Atlantic storm. I ~~was~~ a very stupid and very, very dead. Then I cried. I cried until there were no more tears ~~to be~~ I bit down on my lip until I tasted blood. Blood? The reality of it all came flooding into my mind. Innocent, young Cherry is a dead ghost. What now?
Reality?

Dear Red House Books

Thank you for your invitation. I am really thrilled to have been chosen to attend the Red House Children's Book Awards in London next term. I have visited your website to find out more about the Award Ceremony, which sounds interesting and exciting.

Sophie McKenzie is one of the shortlisted authors for the Older Readers' award. I have read "Split Second" which I thought was a thrilling story: in fact, it is a real page-turner and I have recommended it to several friends. Switching between the perspectives of each of the two main characters helps the reader discover their own separate, imaginary worlds. Reading the story, it is easy to become confused by all the different strands, but the author helps the reader start fitting them together like a jigsaw, even though the characters themselves can't yet see the whole picture.

Attending the award ceremony will give me the chance to discuss my love of books with children from other schools; I know that I will enjoy socialising and chatting to people I haven't met before. I am also very proud to have been chosen for this role and look forward to representing my school at the event.

As you can probably tell, reading books and visualising every detail is important to me. Meeting some of the authors who bring my favourite characters to life makes this invitation even more special. I really love the fact that this book award is voted for by children; that must really matter to the authors!

Overall, the day sounds amazing and I can't wait for it to arrive.

Yours sincerely,

FXXXXXXXX DXXXXXXXX