



Excellence Together with Christ at the Centre

What is the 'expected standard' for writing in Year 6?

This document contains a collection of work from a real year 6 pupil, Morgan (whose name has been changed), that meets the requirements for 'pupil can' statements within the statutory teacher assessment framework for 'working at the expected standard'. It shows teachers how they might judge whether a pupil has met the relevant standard.

Morgan's work provides **just sufficient evidence** for a teacher assessment judgement of 'working at the expected standard'.

Pupils who are **working at the expected standard** will be able to do the following independently:

- 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

* based upon *Teacher Assessment Exemplification: End of Key Stage 2 English Writing - Working at the expected standard: Morgan* published the Standards and Testing Agency (2018)

https://assets.publishing.service.gov.uk/government/uploads/system/uploads/attachment_data/file/653133/2018_exemplification_materials_KS2-EXS_Morgan_.pdf



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Morgan: pupil scripts

Piece A: Short story

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

"Thanks mum," she grinned; "but you really didn't have to get me anything."

"Ahh, come on, I did it!"

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

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

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~~ ^{to the front}.

"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.

"Umm... 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."



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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} ~~congestion~~ 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} ~~sinking~~ mud: mixed with scarlet blood. Before she knew it, there were millions of injured and bloodied soldiers lying on the muddy floor ground...

"Ahhhhhhhh!" She screamed with fright ^{while} ~~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 ~~man~~ 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} down her cheeks. Ana knew it, this was the end...



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"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 bogglement.
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 stamled took a glance at the Soldiers shot-gun
wound, ^{while} ~~and~~ ^{propped} ^{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 broth a huge
sigh of relief.



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"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!"



Piece B: Recount

Viking Day

When I walked into the hall, I turned my head around and saw the most peculiar sight. It was a man, dressed in linen, who had very long hair. He was very ~~pleasant~~ welcoming, of ^{course} ~~course~~, but had a lot of weapons ~~and swords~~ surrounding him. The first words he said were G'DAR! I didn't know what he meant but I repeated the words back. No one knew what he meant but he explained that they meant, good day. It was Viking language. I knew this by the weapons, fur, runes and by the fact that it was Viking Day.

Firstly, he told us to turn around. We saw some tunics, ropes, head scarves and hats. We had to put these on, starting with a tunic. Then we sat down again, and he told us about the Vikings and that people had completely got them wrong. The man's name was Gary, and he was really funny. Suddenly DONG!! The bell rang for playtime. During break everyone was looking at us, obviously, because we were wearing head scarves, tunics ^{and} ropes.

After break the man told us more about the Vikings and their lands and family. He also told us some Viking legends and stories, in which he included the fur skins of animals. It was really fun. After lunch we did a load of activities.



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including making oil lamps out of clay, learning to fight with a spear and ~~making~~ drawing a board game on a piece of cloth with charcoal (which was really hard), and ~~the~~ Gary kept on blowing this really loud horn that I'm pretty much certain that the whole school heard. But then the day came to an end and we had to give Gary back our tunics and pack away. Then Gary let us ~~answer~~ ^{ask} a ^{few} questions, some of which ~~were~~ ^{had} very interesting answers.

At the very, very end Gary told us how to remember all the things we learnt about: sailors, farmers, raiders, settlers, traders and crofters - and that was the end of the day.



Piece C: Letter

Dear Gary,

I would like ~~to~~ to thank you for teaching us a lot about the Vikings. It was really ^{good} fun. I enjoyed it because it was very entertaining.

First of all, I loved it when we were sitting on the carpet and benches, and you were telling us that story about the man and the heacons. We were all just gazing at you, when all of a sudden...Ding!! You hit the shield with a silver sword. That was one of my favourite parts ~~of~~ ^{of} about the day. Another one of my favourite parts, was when you were telling us about the marriages and honey moon, because it was very interesting and intajing.

I liked it when we were all lined up with shields and some spears, and you told us to shout as loudly as we could, when already everyone was looking at us. I tried as hard as I could not to shout too loudly, otherwise we would have blown the roof off! I enjoyed this part because it made me feel alive. It made me feel indescribable. I also loved making the board game, although it was really challenging, but I love a challenge.

I ~~loved~~ ^{was most intrigued} ~~loved~~ it when you told us some of the Viking legends, especially when you told us about the Odin one, and that some of the days of the week were named after Viking gods. It was really, really cool.



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The only improvement, I'd say would be maybe more activities because we had a little more time at the end. But apart from that I loved it. It was an amazing day. Thankyou very much for the wonderful visit. I hope you can take my idea on ~~board~~^{board} board.

Yours sincerely

Mxxxxxx



Piece D: Narrative

Macbeth

One spooky midnight two weary knights, who came by the names of Macbeth and Banquo, were trucking through the misty, murky moors ^{while} celebrating their late victory of defeating the Norwegians in battle. All of a sudden, three raggedy hags ~~appear~~ appeared!

"Thane of Glamis," the first witch, as that's what they were, cackled loudly.

"Thane of Cawdor!" the second haggard witch spat.

"King," the third ~~was~~ whispered creepily.

"But how can that be?" asked Macbeth with confusion, "I am nothing more than Thane of Glamis."

But the disgusting hags were no ~~hard~~ ^{where} to be seen.

Suddenly Macbeth's messenger arrived ~~excited~~ ^{excited}, and bowed.

"Macbeth," he took a breath, "Thane of Cawdor."

Oh how ^{Macbeth} he started to scheme!



When Macbeth got back to his home, he told his wife all of that had happened and to him that day, and how they started to plot!

"Come on," Lady Macbeth said ^{grinned} ~~slightly~~. "You know you want to."

"But he's the king," Macbeth said, unsure of ^{their} his plan to kill ~~the~~ ^{their} king. "Won't we get caught?"

"No," Lady Macbeth said giggling. "We won't, you might. But that's why I've got this," she said greedily holding up a jar of sleeping pills. "We'll ~~do~~ invite the king over for a celebration. While he's sleeping, ~~we~~ drug the guards, you sneak into his room and do the dirty work and we plant it on the guards. Just think of the power!"

"Ha. Ha. Ha - ~~years~~ years."

The next night, Macbeth and Lady Macbeth invited the king to ^{go to} ~~around~~ their house; they had a glorious feast.

"Sleep now," Lady Macbeth mischievously ^{said to the king}, "you look very tired." ^{ok} The king yawned, as he slowly got into ^{an} ~~an~~ bed.

Sleepily, Duncan drifted into his final sleep.

Meanwhile, Lady ~~Macbeth~~ Macbeth was drugging the guards outside the king's ^{window} door. ~~Once~~ Once the guards were sleeping, Macbeth sneaked into the room. He stared at the ^{like} room he was about to take for ^{four} ~~two~~ seconds, and thought, is this me? Has she climbed into my mind? He had so many questions. Then



Suddenly, the dagger dropped into the king's wounded body. Woosh! Squish! Drip! Quickly, Macbeth pulled the bloody blade out of the ^{now} lifeless body. He tried not to get blood everywhere but he just couldn't help it! Flesh and blood dropped everywhere, as he tip-toed out like nothing happened...

On the morning of their coronation, Lady Macbeth and Macbeth hired someone to kill Banquo, as he knew Lady Macbeth and Macbeth had killed the king. Macbeth hired someone because he couldn't take the excruciating pain of ruining Macbeth and Banquo's friendship. In fear of their own lives, King Duncan's sons ran away! After their coronation the Macbeth and Lady Macbeth trudged back to the misty murky rooms where Macbeth and the late Banquo saw the cackling witches. Suddenly three ugly hags appeared, the same ugly hags that read the prophecy.

"Beware Macduff!" the first witch cackled.

"Beware man born by no woman!" the second witch spat.

"Beware Birnam Woods!" the third hag whispered sneakily.

With fear of Macduff, Macbeth and his army charged at Macduff's country mansion and killed every soul inside. Luckily for Macduff, he was on a trip and wasn't at home, but sadly, Macduff's wife and children were at the mansion



and died. When Macduff found out he was full with rage and wanted to take revenge. While Macbeth was at Macduff's mansion, Lady Macbeth committed suicide with regret. Surprisingly when Macbeth found out he wasn't full of sorrow - he was happy! In fact, he didn't even care! He was more distracted by the fact that he kept on seeing Banquo's ghost!

Macbeth found out, by his messenger, that Macduff wasn't killed and was furious. So furious that he ~~was~~ charged - once again - to into Birnam Woods with an army, even though the witches told him to beware. So B. Saelly got Macbeth, his army ran away because they were afraid. So Macbeth ran triumphantly to Macduff's country mansion. When he got to Macduff's home, Macduff and Macbeth battled, ~~alone~~ each swinging a sword, throwing a punch. The goal for Macbeth was power, but the goal for Macduff was vengeance. Macbeth thought he could ~~not~~ beat Macduff but Macduff was the one who could defeat Macbeth, according to the prophecy. Suddenly, Macduff swung his sword, aimed at Macbeth's neck and 'Chop! Woosh! Squish! Dip!' Macbeth was dead! Macduff walked back to the castle with Macbeth's ^{bloody} head in his hands.



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"Rejoice!" Donalbain, ^{one of} King Duncan's sons, shouted happily.
"Hail King Malcom!" ^{the oldest} ~~another~~ ^{one of} King Duncan's sons laughed.

Everybody was celebrating ^{because} ~~as~~ Prince Malcom became King Malcom.

"Yay!" a person dressed in green yelled.

No More Death or Murder. Justice had been done.

The End.



Should Graffiti be made legal?

Some people ^{argue} say that graffiti symbolises a declined neighborhood. Others say while other people believe it is an ^{expressive} ^{reasonable} piece of art, but ^{constantly} continuously, both of these opinions are being judged. There is no doubt that this is a raging argument that no is in desperate need of solving.

It is a fact that some graffiti can be considered a work of art yet, on the other hand, some can be spiteful and rude. Consequently, graffiti is mostly on places it shouldn't be on, however there are allocated places for graffiti, so artists can be recognised without getting into trouble.

No one can deny that ^{some} graffiti is offensive and quite scary but if perpetrators get caught writing rude and offensive things then they will be compelled to clean the vandalism off and as well as ~~also~~ get a fine or community service. Some people say it is a bad influence for younger children but, on the contrary, children can be informed that its graffiti vandalism is against the law and ^{can} be brought up in a kind but firm way to be against bad graffiti offensive material.

To conclude my balanced argument, clearly the art version of graffiti is ~~clearly~~ misunderstood unlike ^{think} unsightly vandalism which, if the artists are caught, they should get severely punished. I hope you have formed a clearer view on the matter.

Piece F: Science investigation

Which out of a potato, a lemon and a bread roll acts as a battery?

Method:

Last week, we did an experiment testing whether a potato, lemon or a bread roll acts as a cell. My prediction was that the lemon was going to work, and the others weren't. We used two pieces of metal called copper and zinc. Firstly, we would stick the two pieces of metal either side of the object. Then we would connect the red wire to the copper and the black wire to the zinc; after that, we would listen for a buzz. If it buzzed, then that would mean the object acted as a cell, ^{and was a conductor of electricity,} but if it didn't then that would mean it wouldn't ^{conduct} electricity.

Object	WHY?	X	✓	Equipment
Bread Roll	No moisture.	✓		- Zinc Strip - Copper Strip
Potato	It has moisture.		✓	- Lemon - Bread Roll
Lemon	It has moisture as well.		✓	- Potato - Wires - Buzzer

Conclusion:

It turns out that the potato and the lemon both worked but the bread roll didn't. This is because of the citrus acid in the lemon and the chemicals in the potato - they act as a low-power battery. As we wait for the buzz, the chemicals in the ^{lemon} lemon and potato create a negative charge in the zinc strip, then electrons move from the zinc strip and travel up the wire attached, and travel up to the copper strip, which becomes the positive end of the circuit.

