

2016 national curriculum assessments

Key stage 2

2016 teacher assessment exemplification: end of key stage 2

English writing

Working at greater depth within
the expected standard: Frankie

Without annotation

Revised March 2016



Standards
& Testing
Agency

Updated version March 2016

Updates reflect the information contained in [Clarification: key stage 1 and 2 teacher assessment and moderation guidance](#), published on 8 March 2016, at www.gov.uk/sta.

If you are already familiar with this guidance, you do not need to re-read it but should refer to the updated sections below:

- use of the exemplification materials - new section
- note referring to the Teacher Assessment frameworks added on page 4

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2016 teacher assessment exemplification: end of key stage 2

End of key stage 2 (KS2) writing teacher assessment (TA), using the interim TA frameworks, is statutory for 2016.

This document is part of a suite of materials that exemplifies the national standards for KS2 writing TA. The full suite, including the interim TA framework, pupil scripts and annotated versions is available at <https://www.gov.uk/STA>.

Each collection exemplifies one pupil's writing that meets the requirements for statements within the interim TA framework for one of the following standards:

- working towards the expected standard
- working at the expected standard
- working at greater depth within the expected standard.

Use of the exemplification materials

- Schools must use the interim TA frameworks to reach their TA judgements.
- If teachers are confident in their judgements, they do not need to refer to the exemplification materials. The exemplification materials are there to help teachers make their judgements where they want additional guidance.
- Local authorities (LAs) may find it useful to refer to exemplification materials to support external moderation visits.

Each collection is available in annotated and unannotated versions. The annotated version demonstrates how the statements have been met across the collection of work.

Each collection consists of a sample of evidence (typically 6 pieces), drawn from a wider range of one pupil's writing. Teachers will draw from a broader range of evidence when making their judgments.

The frequency of evidence for the statements may vary across individual pieces within a collection, e.g. evidence of a range of cohesive devices would be expected in every piece, whereas evidence of integration of dialogue to convey character and advance the action is unlikely to be appropriate in every piece (KS2 expected standard). The exemplification materials illustrate how the statements containing qualifiers ('some', 'most') may be applied to a particular collection of work.

Note: you must also refer to the 'Interim teacher assessment frameworks at the end of key stage 2' on GOV.UK as they have not been fully duplicated here.

Interim teacher assessment framework at the end of key stage 2 – writing

Working towards the expected standard

The pupil can write for a range of purposes and audiences:

- using paragraphs to organise ideas
- describing settings and characters
- using some cohesive devices* within and across sentences and paragraphs
- using different verb forms mostly accurately
- using co-ordinating and subordinating conjunctions
- using capital letters, full stops, question marks, exclamation marks, commas for lists and apostrophes for contraction mostly correctly
- spelling most words correctly* (years 3 and 4)
- spelling some words correctly* (years 5 and 6)
- producing legible joined handwriting.

Working at the expected standard

The pupil can write for a range of purposes and audiences (including writing a short story):

- creating atmosphere, and integrating dialogue to convey character and advance the action
- selecting vocabulary and grammatical structures that reflect the level of formality required mostly correctly
- using a range of cohesive devices*, including adverbials, within and across sentences and paragraphs
- using passive and modal verbs mostly appropriately
- using a wide range of clause structures, sometimes varying their position within the sentence
- using adverbs, preposition phrases and expanded noun phrases effectively to add detail, qualification and precision
- using inverted commas, commas for clarity, and punctuation for parenthesis mostly correctly, and making some correct use of semi-colons, dashes, colons and hyphens
- spelling most words correctly* (years 5 and 6)
- maintaining legibility, fluency and speed in handwriting through choosing whether or not to join specific letters.

Working at greater depth within the expected standard

The pupil can write for a range of purposes and audiences:

- managing shifts between levels of formality through selecting vocabulary precisely and by manipulating grammatical structures
- selecting verb forms for meaning and effect
- using the full range of punctuation taught at key stage 2, including colons and semi-colons to mark the boundary between independent clauses, mostly correctly.

[No additional requirements for spelling or handwriting.]

Key stage 2 writing teacher assessment: exemplification 2016

Working at greater depth within the expected standard: Frankie

- A Narrative
- B Description
- C Explanation
- D Newspaper report
- E Diary
- F Letter

Piece A: Narrative

Prior to writing a short story set during World War 1, pupils wrote these short pieces to practise their skills in developing suspense and building tension in a familiar, everyday situation.

Opening the Fridge

Slowly, Ewan peeped through the crack in his door. All was black. He took a step out. He could hear distant snoring as he ~~creeped~~ ^{crept} across the landing. As his heart raced he stared into the darkness; he could hear the fridge urging him on-willing him to move. Now the stairs. The tricky bit. Suddenly a THUD!... He raced down the creaking stairs—even the seventh one that makes an earsplitting creak noise. He could see the ~~re~~ white rectangle straight ahead of him. Then he opened it. He took a quick glance and saw the chocolate digestives. ~~Then~~ He could feel pair of eyes watching ~~her~~ in the darkness. Who was it? Had he been seen...? ~~My~~ His eyes darted around the room, his heart in his mouth. He grabbed the biscuits and ran for it.

"Ewan!" echoed a voice.

Sneaking Downstairs

I lay under the covers, staring at the ceiling, my stomach empty. Slowly I get out of bed and crept towards my door. The handle shimmered in the darkness, urging me to turn it. My hand quivered as the brass handle turned and made a 'click'. I jumped. Shadows crept across the landing while I nibbled at my nail. My parents' room's door creaked and I bolted down the stairs - including the seventh one that makes an ear-splitting thud when you step on it. I stared at the human-eating fridge and my legs turned to jelly as I tiptoed towards it.

I reached out and...

Piece B: Description

As part of a focus on autobiography, pupils researched accounts of key moments in the lives of performers such as Olympic athletes and musicians. They then selected a particular performance or competition and described in detail the opening moments of their chosen event.

The Applause

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.

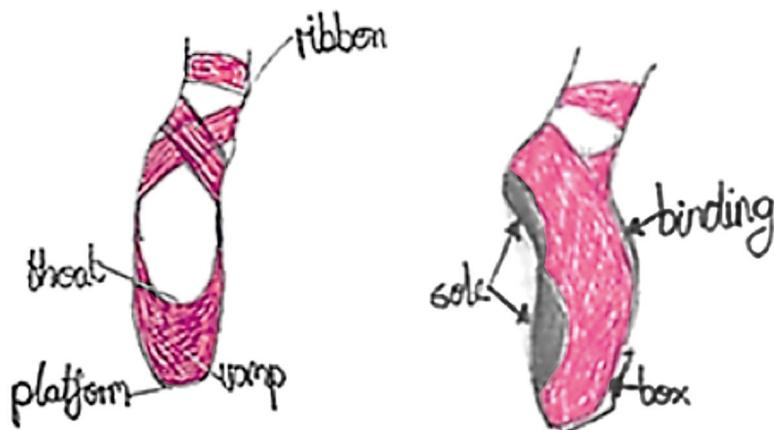
Piece C: Explanation

Following a science topic on health, during which pupils had written an explanation of how the heart works, they selected a topic about which they had both knowledge and personal experience in order to write their own explanatory text.

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 ~~think~~^{ask} '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 en 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!

After reading 'The Giant's Necklace' by Michael Morpurgo, and drawing on prior learning about the features of newspaper reports, pupils assumed the role of a journalist to report the story in the style of a newspaper article.

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

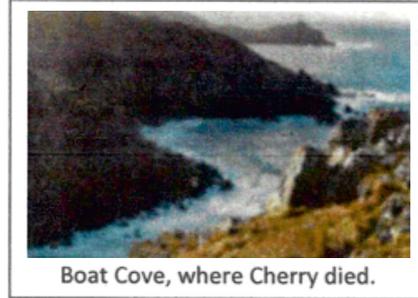
Mr and Mrs Stone have started a campaign to stop children being on the beach by themselves later than 5:00. Mrs Stone told us that Cherry was a very independent girl so they thought she would be fine. But nobody can be fine once they have been cut off by a tide and thrown around by an Atlantic wave.

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!

An Atlantic Storm

Zennor Head coast guards searched the cove all day until they found Cherry's dead body. She was discovered a mile or so out from Boat Cove, lying on the sand, surrounded by seaweed and cowrie shells. The search party believe that she was collecting shells and the sudden change of weather came quickly: she didn't have enough time to get away. Once she had been dragged under by the sea, she had been carried away from Boat Cove. Half way up a nearby cliff, searchers found a collection of perfect-looking cowrie shells wrapped in a towel. Cherry's parents confirm that these were Cherry's.



Boat Cove, where Cherry died.

A Funeral For Cherry

There will be a funeral for Cherry Stone at St George's Church in Cornwall at 5:45 on Saturday the 19th of June.

Piece E: Diary

Following reading and class discussion of 'The Giant's Necklace' by Michael Morpurgo, pupils wrote the diary of the protagonist, Cherry, revealing their insight into her character and feelings.

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 there~~ 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 yellow light glowing from the cliff face. My curiosity got the better of me. I scrambled to my feet and climbed up the cliff; it ^{quickly} 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 ~~but~~ 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 ^{at the speed of light} to knock and, ^{before I ~~it~~ 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~~ on a crumpled, sobbing heap. I was dead. Nobody survives a drowning in an Atlantic storm. I ~~was~~ ^{am} 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?

Piece F: Letter

The pupil wrote a formal letter of acceptance for an invitation to the Red House Children's Book Award ceremony that was held in London, and which the pupil attended on behalf of her school.

16th December

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,

Fxxxxxxx Dxxxxxx



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