

## Examples of Year 6 writing at the expected standard

5<sup>th</sup> 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

## 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.