



Narrative Writing Progression

Aston St. Mary's School

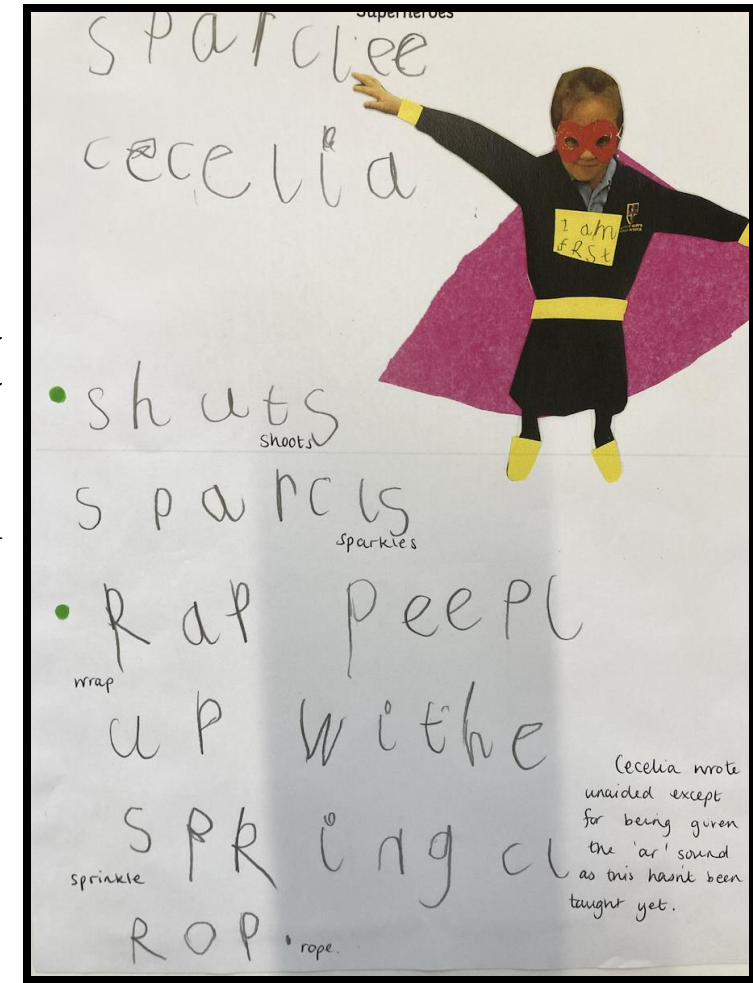
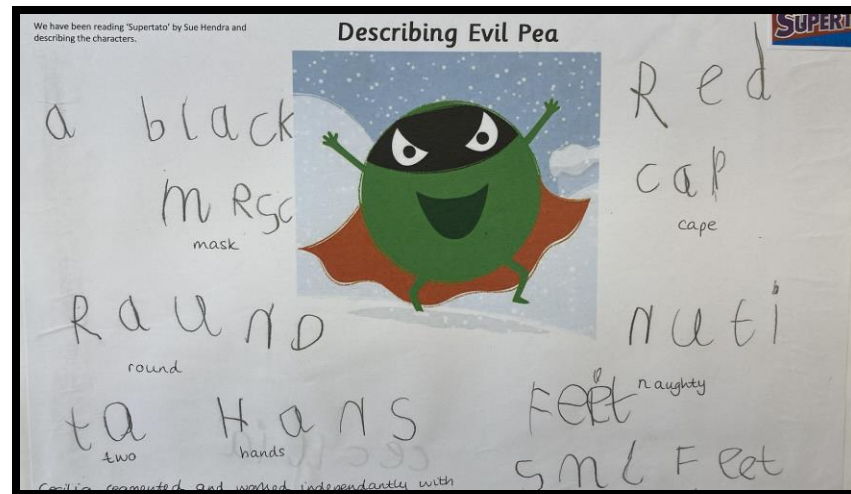
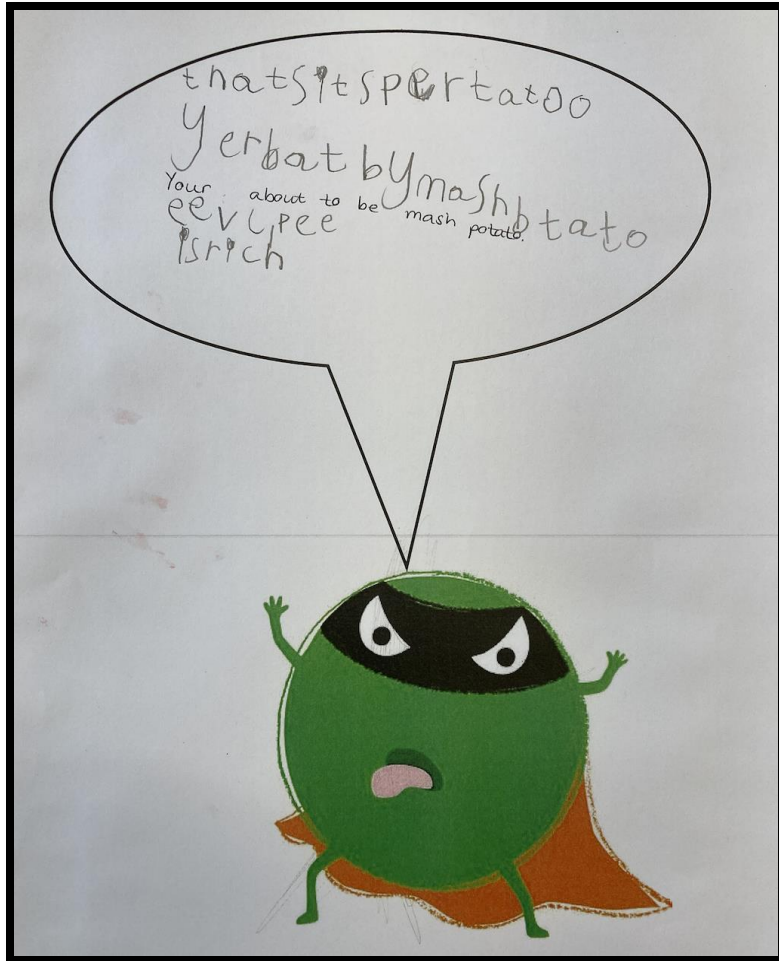


Writing at Aston St. Mary's

At Aston St. Mary's, our reading spine provides a wide and varied range of high-quality texts which teachers develop into text-based teaching sequences as a stimulus for writing. The teaching of grammar is embedded within these sequences and is therefore taught within the context of the text before being applied in writing. Some sequences of learning are based upon Herts for Learning units, some are taken from the Bob Cox 'Opening Doors' resources and others are texts chosen to enrich and enhance our wider curriculum. We are continually updating our reading spine to incorporate newly published books, ensure diversity and to meet the needs of particular cohorts.


Early Years

In the EYFS, children are taught to read and write through daily phonics lessons. We follow 'Little Wandle for Letters and Sounds revised', a complete systematic, synthetic phonics programme. The programme is effective and ensures learning stays in children's long-term memory and enables children to apply their learning to become highly competent readers and writers. The children use their phonics knowledge independently and apply it to their own writing in a natural way once they have been taught the phonemes that they need. Here the children have been learning about Superheroes. They are using the phonics knowledge they have been taught in phases 2 and 3 to write descriptions and speech bubbles about characters.



Year One

In Year One, children learn to sequence sentences to form short narratives. They include some story language and patterns following models and they enjoy re-telling familiar stories. Children in Year One write single clause sentences and also learn to join two clauses using the co-ordinating conjunction 'and'. Sentences are punctuated using a capital letter and a full stop, question mark or exclamation mark.



Monday 30th January 2023

LO: use words and phrases to describe a character in a book.

She has a big red ~~face~~ face. ✓
~~to~~ and she is blushing. ✓
She ~~likes~~ likes nature. ✓

She has green ~~degrase~~ hair. ✓
she ~~big~~ big eyes to see. ✓

She is very happy. ✓

She is a cave lady. ✓

I felt down heated ^{wh} ~~went~~ I lost my
teddy and I could not find him. ✓

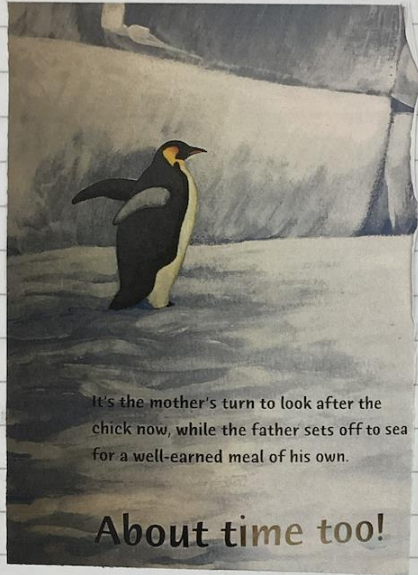
I looked ~~for~~ ^{wasn't} him under the chair and
He still ~~woz~~ ^{wasn't} there. then I
found him. I felt happy.

I saw the old woman and ~~buter~~
~~buter~~ fly dancing in the
light of the ~~moor~~ moon. ✓

I saw a ^{family} famale of horses
^{slicing} ~~slising~~ ^{through} throo the air. ✓

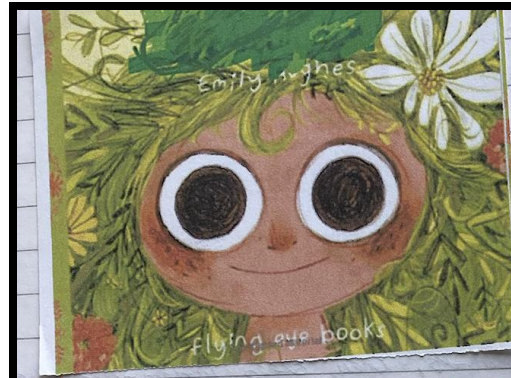
Year Two

During Year Two, children begin to write their own narratives with a sequence of events building upon their knowledge and use of story language. They learn to adapt familiar stories with events in sequence and they begin to include some dialogue. Their narrative writing begins to include some description of characters and setting. They use complete sentences which are grouped together to tell different parts of the story, linking their ideas with conjunctions.



I have heard that annoying racket for hours. But now mum is feeding tasty fish to the hungry baby. And I have all the time I need to yill me up.

Now I don't have to feed the noisy baby. Because mum is back and I don't have any milk left. And mum's back with a lot. And it's more than enough for the baby to grow.



Her small freckles dotted her rosy pink cheeks and her tangled hair beamed green in the sunlight as it tumbled down her shoulders. She has

large brown eyes which helps her to see nature well and properly. In the daytime the sun is like the hottest star glaring into her eyes. At night before she slumbers and takes a good rest, she would reach up to the starry night sky and she would imagine she could just touch the stars that glistered in the moonlight. Her pale green hair is like a shower of green rain and her shy thin smile is like a half curved moon.

Year Three

As pupils move into Year Three, they begin to develop events in a narrative sequence. As writers, they begin to include language more likely to be found in written texts rather than spoken language. Dialogue is used within story writing and this can be used to reveal details about character. Writing will include some detail in the description of setting as well as characters' feelings or motives. Pupils begin to select vocabulary appropriate to the purpose. Writing is enhanced by the inclusion of a range of conjunctions and adverbs. Pupils will use a variety of sentence structures including single clause and multi-clause sentences (using both co-ordinating and subordinating conjunctions). Understanding of punctuation from Key Stage One will be embedded during Year Three. They will use inverted commas for direct speech and use commas in lists as well as beginning to use them to demarcate clauses.

Little Lila started her ^{journey} journey, but half ^{gounded} ^{sneaky} way through the hot savan she finds a ^{fox} fox

"^{here} ~~were~~ are you going on this fine day?" asked the fox cunningly.

"I'm going to my sister through the savana" replied Lila happily.

As Lila continued her journey she felt ^{something} ~~some~~ following her so she turned around but there was nothing.

As Lila looked around she wondered if the fox she ~~met~~ was following her but she couldn't ~~see~~ ^{hear} or she would ~~kill~~ ^{kill} and all the things in her bag were for Melody so she kept on going and finally ~~arrive~~ ^{positive} but the house looked less ~~strong~~ ^{strong} as normal so she knocked but no one came. So she waited under an umbrella tree and fell into a deep ^{strong} ~~sleep~~ sleep...

Hello my name is Theo Jr and Theo Jr wait for a little
 5 min and after he went to eat he didn't realise that
 a shark was spying on him and the shark was even
 more hungry than Theo Jr. There was nothing to eat
 for Theo Jr or for the shark. They even looked in the
 shop's.

The setting is in the sea.

The shark was so hungry he even tried to eat the little boy.
 The little boy screamed NO!!!! to the shark the shark even
^{so} ~~start~~ Theo Jr's finger ^{nearly} he nearly died.
 The shark even said I must your friend anymore to Theo Jr.
 so they began fighting.

After ^{the} fight the shark ^{ate} Theo Jr's whole leg
 he almost died ^{but} he luckily is alive and then the
 little boy ^{ate} the shark's ^{arms} little ^{ate} arms then the shark
 got very angry so he ^{ate} the whole body
 then ^{ate} the little boy then the shark was never
 seen again.

Year Four

Pupils in Year Four write narratives with increasing development of detail across the sequence of events. They begin to develop mood and atmosphere, including dialogue between characters. These characters are described both physically and through their actions and speech whilst settings are described across the text. Events are clearly sequenced showing how one event leads to another, using appropriate conjunctions and adverbials. Variation of sentence construction will continue to be a focus in Year Four; pupils become more secure and deliberate in their use of single and multi-clause sentences using an increasing range of co-ordinating and subordinating conjunctions appropriately. During Year Four, children refine their use of punctuation to include commas after fronted adverbials, apostrophes to mark plural possession and accurate punctuation of direct speech (including end punctuation and starting on a new line).

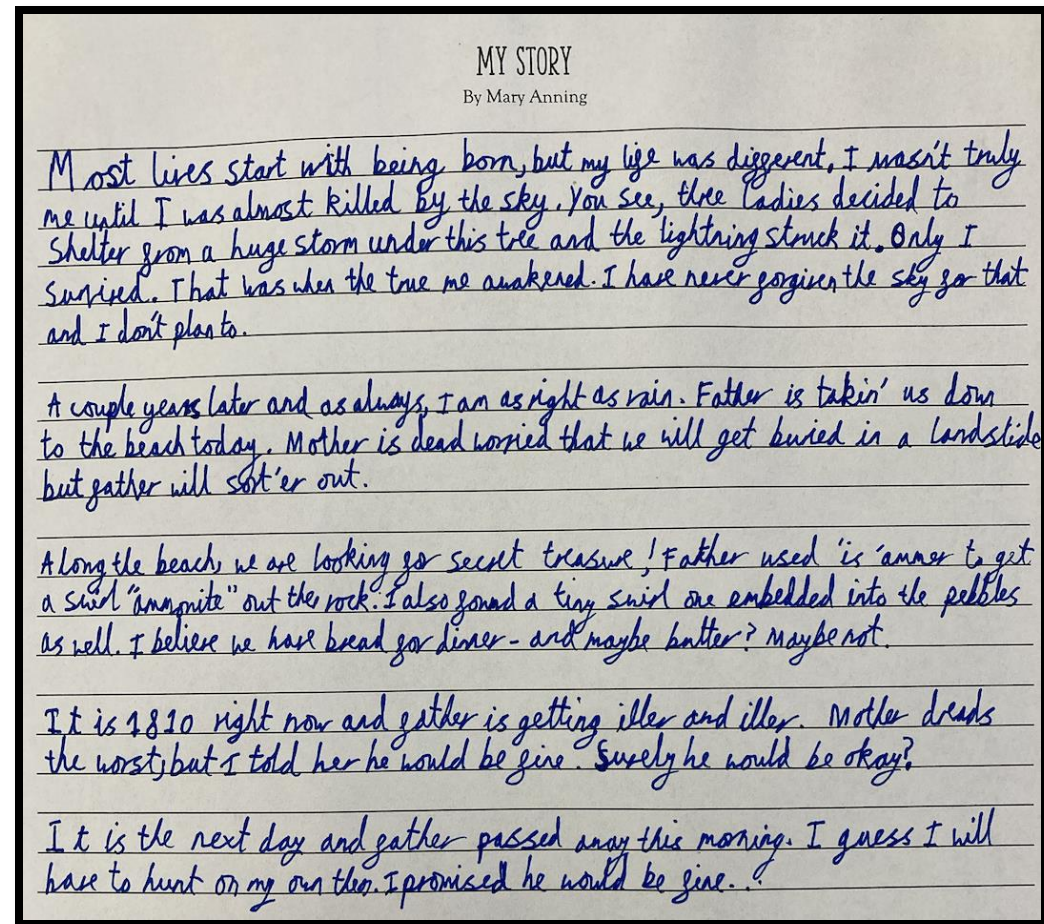
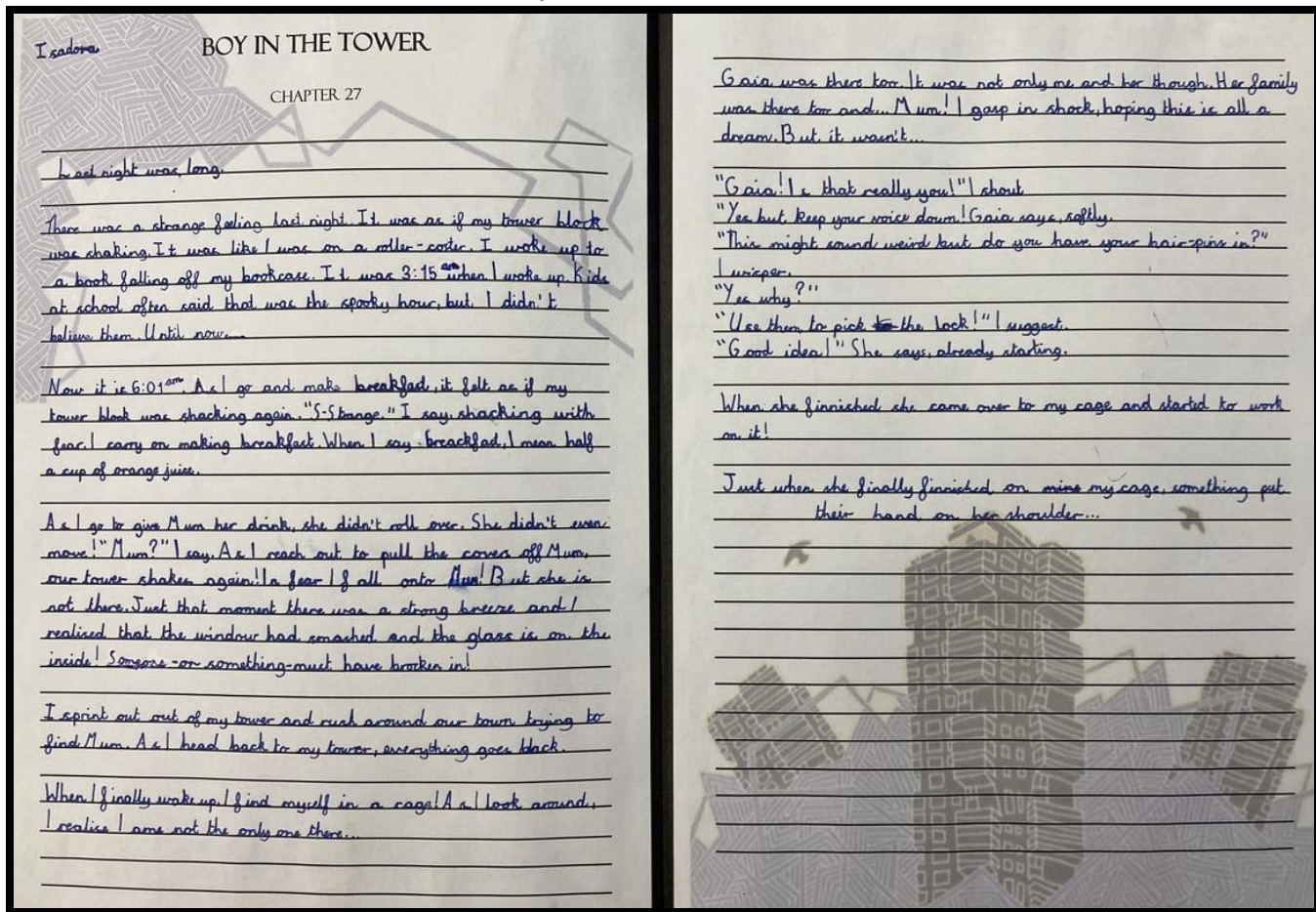
Friday 24th February 2023

LD: Write a powerful description.

The eagle took off into the powerful updraft. The eagle was a bit shaky for it was its first time flying. It flew over land and sea, desert and mountain. It took in all of the sights of the green trees, the snowy mountains, and the mighty desert pyramids. It saw fish as blue blue as the ocean and birds as white as the ~~max~~ clouds. The eagle flew for hours and eventually stopped on a tree before shooting back into the sky. It dived back down to the sea with its head straight and its wings tucked in. It sensed prey many miles below and dived, talons outstretched, it grabbed the fish and so swallowed it while flying. It scanned the trees for another place to land. With its sharp eyesight, it saw a tree in ~~no time~~ ^{no time} although it didn't ~~know~~ ^{know} there were on earth it was because it had only been in a farm. It didn't know ~~because~~ ^{though} because it had sensed ~~a~~ another updraft, it effortlessly rose into the sky.

Year Five

During Year Five, pupils begin to experiment with form in narrative writing. They learn to adapt their writing to distinguish between the language of speech and written texts. An appropriate balance is maintained between dialogue and narrative. Some aspects of characterisation are developed through what characters say and do and this is beginning to be integrated within a text. Setting descriptions, characterisation and action are woven together. Expressive and figurative language is used to create mood and atmosphere. Vocabulary, word order and punctuation begin to be used for effect and pupils consciously control sentence structures.



MY STORY

By Mary Anning

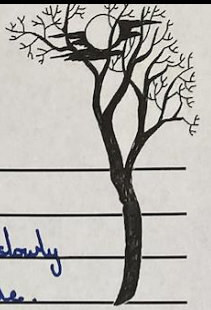
I had the most wonderful time on the beach today, but as usual it started with me Ma. She's been worrin' so much since me Pa died. So, as I always do, I told her I would be fine and I was on my way to me rocky paradise, known as the beach.

"Stone girl, Bone girl, always on your own girl." shouted a couple children across the street. It was so tempting to go and yell at them; I knew I couldn't, the last thing I need right now is problems. So I made my way onto the beach to find some precious curiosities.

As soon as I got there, I immediately scanned the beach for curiosities. But, after a while I made a great discovery. I saw something sticking out of a big slab of rock. So, week after week, I came back to that same place and eventually I did it. I found the skull of an Ichthyosaurus.

Year Five

A Gothic Narrative



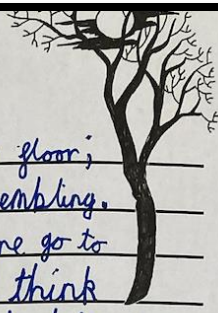
A sleepless night

"Agatha..." a wistful voice called my name, and I slowly put my book down on my neglected, crooked table.

"Who is there?" I whispered hoarsely, my voice had caught in my throat. I knew it wasn't my Grandma as she was away for the night. A quiver. A moan. And then, a sound that could only be described as horrifically demonic and lugubrious, echoed around the hallway. My candle was suddenly extinguished by a bone-chilling gust of wind. The wooden floorboards creaked outside my heavy, intimidating door - or rather... under my bed. I felt panic rise in my body, and I started to feel agitated - sitting up straight, I pressed my bald wrinkled cat to my chest.

"Who is there?" said I, more authoritatively, though every part of my twelve year old body trembled. "Reaper... please tell me it's all in my head!" I murmured to my stupefied cat.

"Agatha..." a goblin-like voice soundlessly called. It was then that I realized, I was defiantly not alone in my secluded little house. Ere' long steps seemed to creep all around me, perhaps in the plastered, peeling walls. A cold, peculiar, breeze wafted through my hair, and I shivered in my antique, patchwork blanket. Unseen, unseen, crept through my vulnerable body, as a fiendish shadow lurked outside my chamber door.



I had woken up to a creak in the dusty wooden floor; what could it be? "Who's there," I called out, trembling. I couldn't step foot out of my bed, I wouldn't dare go to see what was happening; the only thing I could think of was to wrap myself in the blanket. I wish I had kept my candle burning, I was panic stricken. I couldn't breathe, I couldn't move. Then I remembered it could be pilot. I sighed a sigh of relief. But then I heard a demonic laugh, I was chilled to bone.

I decided that someone had to go, I didn't want it to be me - but I had to. Carefully I lurked into the corridor, curious but also worried about what was going on. I crept an inch but everytime my foot stutters and shivers. Eventually I got to the door and I slowly opened it. All I could see was darkness and a candle unlit; whose was it? Who couldn't be walking the corridors at this time of night? Then something alive, something crazy was lighting up in Mr Rochester's ~~room~~ chamber, I ran in there without thinking. I didn't ~~to~~ know what it was but I knew it was bad. I got into his chamber and his bed was on fire.

"Mr Rochester wake up, wake up!"
He didn't budge. I grabbed the water jet and chucked it on him, I then grabbed the extinguisher and put the fire out. Mr Rochester was mad at me for chucking water on him, so I had to explain what happened, he thanked me and told me to return to bed, I felt a lot more calm now. I managed to get to slumber after a long night.

Year Six

Pupils in Year Six use a variety of narrative structures and they choose the appropriate register. Elements of dialogue, action and description are blended across the text ensuring a balance between dialogue and narration. Characters are developed through what they say and what they do whilst setting description is woven in throughout the text. Expressive and figurative language is used to create mood and atmosphere. Paragraphing is used deliberately to pace writing which flows cohesively within and across paragraphs. Grammatical structures and now secure and a range of punctuation is used precisely and accurately.

A Mystery

Inspired by 'The Woman in White' by Wilkie Collins

The clock was nearing 3AM. The dense fog licked my scruffy work trousers; the city was strange as night - it was perplexing and dark; the only thing that accompanied me was the chilling gusts of howling wind. I strolled along the road to Hampstead Avenue, the streets flickered in the limited lamp post light. The trees swayed through the gloomy shadows - as if they were waiting at me. Suddenly, an early screech came from the nearby park; the swings were swinging but no one swung upon them.

The walk felt more latter than it was. Finally, the night began to torment me; in and out the bad memories went. Suddenly, a yellow-eyed cat ran in the road and froze staring at a nearby warehouse. Suddenly, the wind stopped, everything stopped even me...

A man in a black suit with black hair and a black briefcase stepped out the door into the clearance of moonlight. Slowly, I backed up behind the warehouse. I heard a click. I had heard a bang and a smash. Then the door closed; slowly, I walked back on the path wondering if I was on the brink of death. I had never seen this. Instantly, when I stopped, I heard a voice. "There's no way home," said the mysterious voice. "You can't leave," said the voice. And once again the wind stopped even me...



A Mystery

Inspired by 'The Woman in White' by Wilkie Collins

The dark of the night consumed the melancholy street. A solitary figure rocked back and forth. Slowly. Calm. Alone. The only sound alive was the wires above, sizzling like snakes and the faint humming of the dark figure rocking back and forth. Slowly. Calm. Alone.

"He has no face. He has a quick pace. He hides among the trees. He seized my dreams," she sang quietly. Slowly. Calm. Alone. Alone with nothing. Nobody. Not even her precious child. Is she still out there? But where? Why did it take her? Why? As she rocked, a single tear dripped down onto her wired feet. Pieces of glass were shattered everywhere. She picked one up and saw herself. The girl was purple. Silver, metal wires sprang out of her.

"Where did it go wrong?"

The trees surrounded her. The daylight was waving goodbye and the moon grinned at her. There seemed to be no escape. The cold seeped at her like a dog. Until, she saw a flickering light near the edge of the forest. She had not done anything without her mother but it seemed as if a curse was upon her.



"Forkeus Pizzareu?" she said through robes. She calmly strolled over to the light. Just like a moth.

The door was strangely wide open and the moss climbed up the walls. It was dark. The place was welcoming with bright lights and

Year Six

multi-coloured balloons on every table. Near the end of the room was a velvet, red curtain. As she pulled it back... The room was muffled and quiet.

The light flickered. She had not been down there for ages. Old blue-prints were scattered all over the dusty floor. It strangely did not feel as alive as she thought. All of a sudden, memories dumped down on her like bricks. The disturbing man she worked with who died in a fire at a pizza place. Something called... Forkeus Pizzareu? He was supposed to be on trial for creating murderous machines that killed children!

"Wait, I helped him make them." She picked up the blue-prints and put them next to a newspaper for Forkeus Pizzareu. They were, just like she thought, exactly the same.

Year Six

BOY IN THE TOWER

CHAPTER 27

So that is it

That's the reason I'm still here, in my tower - black.
With mum. No food, No water, No entertainment,
Nothing. Just me, mum, and the Bluchers.

But out of nowhere, I heard a crack. Dust starts to
fall from above. More and more by the second. The
walls begin to crumble, but my first thought was of mum.

"Mum!" I yelled. "Mum wake up!"

But she didn't react, not even a flinch. I tried to shake
her once again. "Mum, come on get up!" I shook her
harder and harder. But she just rolled onto her side and
ignored me. I had no idea what to do. Should I escape
while I still could? But I couldn't leave mum. Out of nowhere
came three loud bangs on the door. Bang. Bang. Bang. I
was chilled to the core.

"Police open up, or we'll come in."

After this, came one final thud as the door tipped over
and slammed on the floor. Four men dressed in black
and dark masks rushed in. One of them handed me a
dirty, grey mask with a large tank on the front.

Jack

"What's this?" I questioned.

"Just put it on!" they commanded.

So I did as I was told; a dark figure clenched my arm
and led me out of my tower as I struggled to break free.

"Stop! My mother's in there."

"Don't talk kid, it just makes it easier for them to get to
you."

I reluctantly stumbled out the door and glanced up at
my flat where mum lay. In the blink of an eye, more
and more bricks fell from the base until the tower finally
collapsed. I fell to my knees as tears roll down my face...
Now, it was just the Bluchers and me.