



Golden Eagle Target Card

Step 3



All targets must be achieved to move to the next step. Get a stamp once you meet your target!

Use what you read independently to *write effectively for a range of purposes and audiences*. E.g. language, characterisation, structure.

Know *the difference between the language of speech and writing* - being able to switch formality depending if the narrator or a character is speaking

Choose *vocabulary and sentence structures that are formal/informal* when needed - your work must sound grown up and mature!

Use *all the punctuation taught across KS2 to avoid ambiguity* and enhance meaning - make it clear how your work should be read, place emphasis etc.

Use *all the punctuation taught across KS2 when needed*, choosing to put it there because it affects how the sentence sounds. (e.g. semi-colons, dashes, colons, hyphens)

Wednesday 11th March 2020

My adventure story:

The jungle incident

✓
The engine purred and, like a steel canary, the plane took off. In the cockpit, Fred sank into his seat and clawed at its arms, staring ahead timidly. Behind him was a girl and a young boy. Both smaller than him. They had the same nut-brown hair and sky-blue eyes. The girl singing softly to her toes, the boy sliding around in his seat. At the rear of the vessel sat a well-dressed girl: a grilly bonnet
✓
perched on her head and every now and then, she tugged it down and pulled a winy grimace.

✓
Beside Fred, the pilot bore his eyes ahead with his veined hands sprinting across the dashboard. His long winy moustache ~~gurling~~ ^{curling} up at the ends, and turning from auburn to grey. He lurched back his head and began to shudder violently, his hands gripping then straining at the joystick. The pilot bared his golden teeth ahead and began spluttering, geociously at the windshield. The plane passed through a cloud and everything darkened. "Excuse me, is there anything I can do to help?" stammered Fred. No answer.

✓
The boy in the back began to wail ^{like a siren} as he pointed, ~~his~~ mortified, at the window beside him. The plane yell and it made a noise like an injured dog. The pilot lost all his colour as he reached

Example of Writing at the
Meadlands Greater Depth
Standard

desperately and cut the engine. Then he slumped his forehead hard against the dashboard and sparks flew catastrophically. The trees rose up. The sky span away. The plane flew the wrong way, into the Amazon jungle.

Fred awoke to the smell of singed hair and wet grass. Dark rain splattered on his face. He had a throbbing pain in his head and a sharp sting in his shoulder. The night was black; the plane was fire. As Fred rose to his feet, a cloud of soot burrowed in his throat and he retched it back out. Everything hurt. To his left, the plane was engulfed by flames and a tsunami of fire was crashing towards him. Fred stumbled away, only just in time because a mountainous tree came falling, then landed heavily onto his footprints. Sending up a fountain of fire.

Then he was bombarded with questions. Where is everyone? Am I dead? But if he was dead, he wouldn't feel pain. What was that? A rock smacked hard into the back of his skull and his head felt like jelly.

Fred turned around swiftly, blinded by dizziness. Then this time, words pierced his ears, "Who are you?" It was coming from a bush up ahead. "Don't come near us!" The voice was shrill and ordering. Fred replied, "Alright, are you from the plane?"

"Yes, why?"

"It is great to know I'm not the only survivor," he called back.

"Are you the boy in the cockpit?" came the voice.

"Yes, would you come out, I don't recognise you," said Cockpit Boy with excitement building up in his throat. Out of the bush came bonnet girl; now she had half a plait, a blood-stained bonnet, only one shoe and a deep cut in her leg.

"My name's Con, short for Constantia, but call me that I'll kill you!" She was clearly used to bossing people around. "Call you what?" stammered Fred in surprise. "Con, I'm Con!" She shrieked.

At that, a wail occurred from the bush and the young boy crawled out, followed by his sister.

"Hello, my name is Lila, and this is Max," she murmured. "Blah!" babbled Max as he spat out a handful of grumbling mud. "I'm really really hungry!"

"We will eat soon enough," soothed Lila.

"Or will we, I mean look at us! I don't think I can even move with this stupid leg, so useless!" Con cried in despair. "Monster! Big boy!" shouted Max in an ear-piercing tone. He was pointing a chubby finger at a huge, hairy - "Spider!" retorted Con, "Cockpit Boy!" Clinging to Fred's shin was an abominable insect with razor aimed at Fred's shin. "Run!" spat Con.

"Stop running! We're wasting precious energy!" wailed Lila, "Spiders can't run!"

Soon the breathless survivors came upon a mysterious clearing in the trees. "I do have a proper name, Con!" said Cockpit Boy.

"Oh well, what is it then?" replied Con sharply.

"Fred," sighed Fred.

"Hey, sensibly, we should sleep! Not argue," explained Lila.

"And how do you know best?" screeched Con.