Example texts

The texts reproduced here illustrate each of the main quantitative tendencies described in the main article. Texts included under each heading have been selected to be representative of their year group and genre in that they are close to the mean value for their group for that variable. For ease of presentation, we have not preserved all of the formatting features of the original texts and all spelling has been corrected to standard British English.

Part A: CTTR

Year 2: Literary
Once upon a time the meerkats had some scorpions. They were full-up and tired so they fell asleep. Suddenly they were in danger but they were all asleep. But suddenly they heard a sound they were not expecting. Quick ILLEGIBLE_TEXT to do the alarm. So they ran away but they were surrounded by predators but they eat them. (Text 2_50c)

Year 2: Non-literary
I want a queen who cares about everyone and who doesn't put good people in jail and who doesn't make children work very hard and punish children and makes sure that everyone has a home and food and a queen that everyone is kind and loving. (Text 5_317b)

Year 6: Literary
As I stepped on to the golden warm beach on Treasure Island I looked at the light sky. The sun was shining brightly on to the Island. I looked up at the abandoned and decayed forest in front of me. No wonder no one came here! It is mid-day. Whilst everyone is unloading the vital equipment quickly I have a look around and I decide to go into the gloomy woods. Quietly but quickly I sneak off. As I enter the woods the rare tropical birds are squawking and singing. The wood is dark and an undesirable smell of rotting fruit. The trees are all covered in dark green ivy. Some of the tall, thin trees have fallen over. I carry on rapidly running. I come across an old, crumbly temple. The entrance has two ancient statues. I walk in slowly. This place looks ruined. I'm exhausted, but as I stop I'm at the edge of a tall and high cliff. I see our boat in the salty blue sea, but there are no people to be seen. (Text 5_334a)

Year 6: Non-literary
Icarus Daedalus Ancient Greece.
Dear Daedalus,
I am writing to you to argue about "the world's best wings". These wings which were delivered in the early morning were not what it said they are. When I opened the box, the wings were used and melted already. I am extremely disappointed with this product. I paid a lot of money for these useless wings. As I removed the product from the packaging, I realised that the wings were broken. To improve your product, I recommend you use a much stronger material and waterproof wings. They would save people's life and also have new adventures. Before giving them to the people, I suggest you check that they are strong and waterproof. I would also suggest to write a minute warning on the box, so people would know the danger. When I used the item it was all wet and dirty. I was immediately disappointed about it and incredibly angry. Now I am asking for my money. Do something about it! Yours sincerely Personname. (Text 15_855a)

Year 9: Literary
As I walked slowly, alone in the city I felt something. I felt shocked to see everything was destroyed. I smelled the burnt city, that suffocated me, so I couldn't breathe. It stood still like it had no life; it felt like the end of the world. I looked up to the sky, that had once been blue, turned suddenly black in seconds. As I walked further I heard something. Buildings collapsing. Bang! Crash! Thump! Right in front of me. Everywhere I looked I could see ruined rubble, that looked at me to say, the special place I once knew, was gone... In a split second I blanked out, until I heard screaming. William was telling me that the creature was coming to get us. I didn't know what to do, I was only 16 years of age. "William, William! What should I do?" I shouted at him. "Just do what is required of you to do." He answered back. "How I am meant to kill this horrific creature, unless you tell me!" No answer. "Please William you're the expert here!" No answer, again. The creature was coming closer and closer, until I felt heavy breathing on me. Help! This villain creature, was huge. It must have been three times the height of me. It had an ugly face, that now still haunts me in my dreams. At this point, William said nothing still. I felt loneliness and helplessness. I thought I was going to die in the next minute or two. My heart thumping hard out of my chest as this ugly thing grasped hold of me. I knew this was the end. Bang! I fell to the ground in a big thump. I was knocked out. I couldn't see, I couldn't hear, I couldn't breathe. I was dead. My eyes began to open. I could see this figure staring at me, it was a big figure. Then that moment I heard someone calling my name. It was William. I was in his arms, he was caring for me. As when I fell I knocked my head on the rubble. It was sore. After a bit, I slowly stood up and when I looked down there it was, the zombie... (Text 4_230)

Year 9: Non-literary
In the extract, Lady Macbeth is presented as very commanding and in charge. This is shown in the quotation "make thick my blood". and "Give him tending; he brings good news". This shows us that she is commanding/telling other people do things for her. This could impact on the audience and make them be more afraid and scared of Macbeth's character because they don't know what she could make people do. Elsewhere in the play, Lady Macbeth is shown as a weaker character in the play. This is shown in the quotation "Out damned spot out I say". This shows that she has completely lost her mind. She is saying this whilst she is sleepwalking and making a washing hands action. The reason for this is because she thinks she has blood on her hands from the murder still. This would make the audience think she's crazy but would also create some tension because no one knows that she has committed a murder. In the extract Lady Macbeth is also presented as, a strong character. The evidence for this is "shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between" "come to my woman's breast and take my milk for gall". When she says this it shows that she doesn't care and will do anything. "Come to my woman's breast and take my milk" shows us that she wants to be strong. This could impact the audience in a way that makes them feel like Lady Macbeth is powerful. Elsewhere in the play Lady Macbeth is shown that she wants to be powerful like a man. This is shown in the quotation "unsex me here". This shows that she wants to change so she can have power. (Text 16_876c)

Year 11: Literary
The sweet smell of freshly cut grass fills the nostrils, each blade incised to perfection. The posts of each goal gleam invitingly under the sunlight. The moving honey-comb like shadows chop under the blades of glass as the wind toys with the nets. Thin white lines of chalk stretch around the outskirts of the green, and meet conveniently at the centre. This battlefield has experienced bursts of ecstasy, cries of pain, and groans of despair. It is a place where my emotions can run free, and where burdens and stresses of the outside are temporarily forgotten. As magnificent as it is, if not treated properly it can be as unforgiving and deceitful
as the devil. Sudden rushes of joy can be equally met as quickly as feelings of despair. Yet for today on this visit, there was no such feelings of joy, and those feelings of despair slowly morphed into feelings of embarrassment. And as I take my last few steps on the field, darkness ensues, and the demons created on that pitch torment you, filling you with regret. But within the darkness one light of positivity flickers on and off, glowing upon an imaginary scroll, reading "at least we conceded eight less than last year." Now it's back to our humble home, where the overcast skies embody our mood and where the grass takes shape of a metropolitan city. A home where helpless coaches hopelessly try to get their messages across to a group of footballers. (Text 22_1060f)

Year 11: Non-literary
Dear Editor,
I was rather disappointed to read your article saying that “festivals should be banned”. Where I live in the city is very crowded and to get away to the countryside once a year is something I cherish. Although there are issues surrounding behaviour, at almost every festival I have been to there are families all smiling and children having fun, surely these families aren’t responsible for this occasional bad behaviour? Furthermore, many of these festivals donate a large amount of money to local charities, and to take away these festivals would have a huge impact on these charities. I am aware of the issue surrounding drug use and illegal substance abuse, but aside from the small minority that do, these places give young people a safe and respectable place to enjoy themselves. A recent study showed that the attendance rate for festivals of over 50 year olds has increased nearly 60%. So the older people can release their inner youth!
Kind Regards (Text 23_1092a)
Part B: Mean frequency for each part of speech

In the following texts, low-frequency words (i.e. those appearing less than 20 times per million words in the Corpus of Contemporary American) appear in red; high-frequency words (those with frequencies of greater than 100 per million words) appear in blue.
One sunny day there was a fluffy brown and was flying around the earth. Next she saw a glowing missing. Next then when he went higher it started to go round and round. Next she saw it was a tumble dryer. Next a little girl with her mum. Then the little girl said to her mum can we have it and her mum said yes. Finally they took it home and kept it as a pet.

Year 2: Literary
Dear Mum it was great at the zoo. And we saw large hungry giraffes and a large big rhino and cheetahs living down in the sunshine and the lion. And then we saw the swimming sea lion. Love from Personname.

The weather was so windy that my lunch almost flew away. And I learnt penguin's worst enemy is polar bear. Love from Personname. I felt cold and freezing.

Year 6: Literary
Deep dark in the forest, was ILLEGIBLETEXT of ILLEGIBLETEXT. Standing in the distance was three silhouettes called Enndlonynn, Gewdolynn and Meralynn of callous, heartless witches. That is were they live and no one would ever dare to go there. They cast spells, make poisons to kill or turn people into animals or animals into people. Enndloyynn is the eldest witch and the smallest one. She has a mysterious pointy nose with a ginormous wart on it and a one metre black hair coming out of it. Gewdolynn is the second oldest but the tallest. She makes all the spells and poisons as she is tall so she can peer over the cauldron. Meralynn is the youngest but yet the fattest. She has a wart on her neck as big as a watermelon and she sings all the songs when Gewdolynn is mixing the spell to bring luck. "The wart has brought a wonderful thought. A drop of blood for a witch's love. The witch's broom glows in the moon casts a spell for the moon, Foot of a human, witch's boil, head of a sunflower, pinch of ILLEGIBLETEXT, stir the spoon under the moon and the poison is all done." Standing in the distance, waiting for King Falk to come through his shining silver door, was a man dressed in deceptive clothing. Was Xsavider. He wanted to kill King Falk because he wants to be king. Step by step, King Falk came through his door. Xsavidre stepped and took out his knife and... he got into action. Lady Kear came out first with her hand out. She managed to turn the knife around. With King Falk Fredrik the frog luckily came and jumped of off King Falk and jumped on Xsaverder's shoulder and put a poisonous venom into his blood. Everyone was cheering that he was dead. Fredrik the frog saved the day.

Year 6: Non-literary
65 million years ago a meteor crashed into Earth. This caused a giant tsunami and the temperature to drop & so there was not much light.

Mammals are small and furry animals. This helped them when the meteor hit earth because they could burrow underground and eat insects. Mammals are warm blooded animals which acts like central heating. Because of this they can cope in cold weather. Their predators died out because it was too cold for them but the number of mammals grew. Mammals are clever because they have the biggest brains for their bodies. Their parents educate them but they learn through play as well. They are feed milk because it contains all of the vitamins and goodness that they need in.
Reptiles are scaly. Their scales keep in moisture but they do not keep in heat which was not too good because the meteor cold the earth. In the cold reptiles became slow but when it was warm they became fast so they hunt a lot. Lizards and snakes found shelter. Shelter was not need very much for snakes because they have and natural anti-freeze. Many months later the sun came back which gave them more energy for hunting. Reptiles are scavengers so they ate the flesh of the rotting dinosaurs. (Text 2_62a)

Year 9: Literary
A cold and rainy November, a crowd of middle-aged people gathered around a rusty fireplace. Some just arriving, trickles of water escaping strands of their hair. Most investing in Caroline De Ville's story of becoming famous, her voice is like a broken record. But I, lurk around in the darkly shaded corners listening in to everyone's speaking, waiting for the Perfect moment to make my existence known. I batted my lightly mascara eyelashes simultaneously with my glossy lips moving in sync. Look at all of these losers, sucking up to me like they're some kind of leech. I just put on my best face and they believed that I actually liked them. I'm just doing this to make me look good. I go up and pour a much stronger drink, again and this time it would be my last. I have been planning and waiting to do this for a while now. This can not fail. My lipstick was ruined! Luckily for me I have my makeup bag. I best head to the bathroom to fix it. As I made my way to find the bathroom, I saw this strange man standing across the hallway, blocking my entrance. Maybe he knows where the bathroom is. With a light, soft tone in my voice, I politely ask him where the bathroom is. He brings his dirty, grubby fingers up and pointed down the hallway. Like that's going to help anything. He took a large sip which then he had completely finished his drink and his croaky voice sounded "to the left". I nod and thank him. A few moments passed and I completely saw no sign of this "bathroom". I was then starting to worry. I could also feel his presence but I couldn't see him. I decide to turn back because my lipstick isn't the most important. I can always wipe it away with my hand and anyway I'm only just going to ruin it again. I turn away from the dimly lit hallway, only to be forcefully held in a grip a man, the man before he said with a stern tone; Say your famous last words. (Text 16_887a)

Shakespeare shows conflict in the prologue when he presents the hatred between the two families: "from ancient grudge break to new munity". Shakespeare may have done this to build tension which would have made the reader carry on reading to find out what will go on with the two families later on in the play. This could make the contemporary audience think that the two families will argue and fight until someone is victorious, because that is the sort of thing they were used to. Whereas, the modern audience will be thinking that they will just argue and cause mayhem and anger, because killing people nowadays can get you into a lot of trouble. The word 'ancient suggests that something is very old or that something could be going on for a long time before. However, another interpretation is that someone could be very ancient/old. Shakespeare could be suggesting about the two families. This links with the two families and their long lasting hatred against each other. Shakespeare uses the theme of love to show the two teenagers, "Romeo and Juliet": "A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their
life”. Shakespeare may have done this to show how much they do love each other but they must die because of the hatred between their two families. For the contemporary audience, they may feel that this is normal because things back then may have had to happen. However, the modern audience would have been shocked by the fact that they will have to take their lives for their love. The word 'star-crossed' implies that they are a nice loving star but with the bad things crossed on them. Another interpretation is that the two lovers and their love may not turn out well and may just be pointless. Shakespeare could be suggesting this, even though they make out that they love each other so much, all the bad things on their shoulders could make their relationship a failure. Shakespeare uses the prologue to give a briefing of the story and makes the reader feel excited about the book. (Text 7_471c)

**Year 11: Literary**

Walking through the dark, cold, desolate street in the dead of the night in the quietness of winter creates an eerie anxiety overall. The perception of solitude and not knowing who or what is lurking around every corner. The streets surrounding you appear to be closing in on you while you are stuck in a deafening silence. You increase the speed of your walk. To get away from the outside world, the unknown. To return to a place where you truly belong, home. Peoples homes can be very different, some can be big or small yet no matter what size or what it is, it is good enough for you to return to. After long hot summer days you always return. After the icy temperatures you return home. My home lies among many others on the same street, all identical, all camouflaged away waiting for your return. My home has a layer of dust covering it from the toxic London air. My home, which was once many vibrant colours, has now just turned into a forgettable grey. Its hidden in the vast network of London boroughs, forgettable to anyone else apart from me. My street is lined with cars which disappear every morning and reappear every evening. The street is filled with sounds of cars speeding by on the main road nearby. Occasionally the sounds of footsteps rushing across the street are heard. Yet during the night there is a comforting, familiar silence that allows sleep. This accustomed situation can only be experienced at one place, at home. When I turn the corner and I see the familiar sight of my house I feel a sense of warmth that throws away the winter. When I open the door and walking through into my house I smell the familiar scent of my home, where I belong. I look around at the furniture, where it always has been, which truly belongs to me in the same way I belong to the house. No matter where I have been in the day, what I have done I know that my house will always be there for me to return to. The place where I truly belong, my home. (Text 22_1058f)

**Year 11: Non-literary**

Jane Austen uses many different ways to present attitudes towards men. Austen compares and contrasts men to portray the attitudes towards men. Mr Bingley was good looking... Mr Darcy... tall person, handsome features. Austen describes men in the novel as handsome and attractive, however, she describes Mr Bingley as having an easy, unaffected manner whereas she describes Mr Darcy as Proud. This large difference between the men is used to present attitudes towards men. Mr Darcy was seen as completely opposite compared to Mr Bingley and so the attitudes towards them were different. As a reader, we are forced to immediately love Mr Bingley and dislike Mr Darcy. Later on in the novel, Mr Wickam a soldier is also compared with Mr Darcy as Mr Wickam was romanticised and made to seem perfect in contrast with Mr Darcy. However, as the book goes on, we know that Mr Wickham is actually not perfect and has many flaws which is worse than Darcys. Wickham is also one of the main reasons that Darcy is made to seem so bad towards Lizzy as he feeds Lizzy with complete lies and makes Lizzys judgement on Darcy negative. Austen also uses language to present attitude towards men. Principal People is the alliteration used to describe those
Bindley associates himself with. The use of the alliteration makes him more angelic and heroic compared to Mr Darcy. The word Proudest is also used to describe Mr Darcy and his personality. The uses of the est ending makes the reader impression on Darcy worser than it already is. Austen uses humour to present Mr Colins into the novel. Mr Colins is introduced into the exam straight after Mr Wickham and the structure of the novel can be used to compare the two men. Both men are unappealing, not very well mannered and do not act gentlemanly. However, Mr Colins blatantly and openly show his behaviour by constantly complimenting Lady Catherine de Borgh and ridiculing the servants. Mr Wickham however lacks his flaws with lies, but is seen exposed of and shows his true colours. (Text 20_1021d)
B2. Mean adverb frequency

Year 2: Literary
Zappee the shark felt angry and then he decided to sneak up on the other fishes and he said "ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh!" Then the shark felt angrier than ever. Then he stopped slapping the other fish. And then he went to call the other fish and then he said sorry to them and then they all lived happy ever after. The fish returned from that day they all lived happy together and then he made sure the other fish were safe. Who would you go with terrible slappy shark would you? (Text 24_1120a)

Year 2: Non-literary
Dear Romeo. I am going to drink a special medicine but I will sleep for 2 days. Here is the plan. Oh Romeo didn't leave any poison for me. Then we can get married. Juliet loves Romeo and wants to marry him too so they decided not to fight. But Juliet's family thinks that's Juliet is dead. Romeo heard that Juliet is dead. Romeo is so upset. Too late Juliet had waked up. Why are you a Montague. But I will still love you, we will stick forever. They are sad because they miss each other. I will always give my vote to you hopefully use just only you. I hope you will be still with me how Romeo didn't get the message they are both dead together. Love Juliet. (Text 15_832c)

Year 6: Literary
I am Philomena - the king's daughter - and right now, I feel like the most luckiest girl in the whole world. My dad gives me anything I could wish for. I have so many silk dresses and even, some of them are literally made of gold. One day, Silenus (a friend of Dionysus, the god) came to visit us in the palace. Dad was so happy seeing him. So Silenus stayed with us for a night and in the morning, when it was time for him to go, Silenus offered Dad a wish! But Dad asked him to give him time to think. After a while, Dad went out for a walk as the sun was shining bright. The rays shone down on him and that's when he said, "I wish I had a power like the sun". When he returned home, he felt hungry. He reached out for an apple it. He had turned it into gold. I ran to him feeling sorry for him because he would be hungry. Before I knew it, I had turned into gold. Dad ran out of the palace and started weeping. Dionysus felt sorry and forgave him. Then it was back to normal. (Text 15_845b)

Year 6: Non-literary
We went to the College to grow microbes in petri dishes. We divided the petri dish into three sections then we added a finger with compost on in section one. And in section 2 we put a finger with nothing on it and in section three we put a finger with antibacterial gel. They were put back in the college over the weekend. We observationed that the finger with compost grew the most. And the finger with nothing on it grew quite a lot but the finger with the antibacterial grew little. My conclusions is that we must wash our hands because if we don't we'll have all the bad ones all over us. So wash your hands. (Text 6_446i)

Year 9: Literary
It was dark and gloomy. The sun was setting. I was waiting. It was quiet; almost too quiet. It was cold as the Antarctic. I started moving but at that same time I heard something... I started running but I ran into a broken car. I fell arm first and I thought I broke my arm. It would not move. Someone shouted Jordan behind me. I turned around and there was a head cut off tied to string from a tree! Something tapped me on the shoulder. I turned around; there was no-one there... Suddenly I heard screaming from a river. I looked. There was a girl. I jumped in and saved her. We were both wet and cold. I told her we had to run for shelter and get a fire going. So we ran to the nearest building. I looked back. It looked like she was a zombie and
she jumped on me, trying to bite me. I head-butted her and she fell then I struggled to get up and pegged it. I slipped and fell in a humongous ditch. Then ghosts started chanting kill him, kill him, kill him. I looked about then a horse ran so I ran to it and jumped on it. I rode it to the ditch and jumped and ran in the middle of a bridge. I was surrounded by zombies... (Text 4_285)

**Year 9: Non-literary**

A new subject has been born into this world; Should children of a school age be working? Along with local councillors, I have come to the agreement that they should not be working at all. They should be focused on their school work and helpful to their parents. Working for money comes later. Why do I/we believe this? There will be a quantity of disagreements so let's start with education, which I know will lure some people in. On average, children are expected to indulge in their education every day for 3-5 hours not including school. Children who take a duty upon them and act at this 9 / 10 get all As in their GCSEs. Other children who are in the working businesses roughly achieve not even 2 hours or sometimes none regarding their working cycle. Those children manage to get Cs/Bs and sometimes As but not as much as those who take time to educate themselves further. The disagreement to this is that people say children need the experience sooner or later, so why try and abolish that for them? Well, children are vulnerable, it's too much pressure. Yes the experience will be great but is it really necessary to push them into the real world now so they have no childhood left. Everything that stays in their head is money - no chemistry, maths, English, physics, just money. It seems weird, right? And what happens if this obsession goes too far and they want to leave their school ASAP? Yes that is scary. Now we need to make sure this doesn't happen... ever again... Just think, those jobs down at the "Chippy" or in "Tesco" they consume time and require no real talent at all. Every day/hour spent there devours a whole new block of learning/understanding - they'd be stuck with these jobs forever! And now, if they didn't have these jobs, all that dead time would be used as an advantage. By the time the children are 18, they could become a NASA scientist. All of this could/can be achieved by a simple abolishment of children working. What do children really desire money for anyway? Unless they were thinking of applying to Oxford. Well then, why don't they work extremely hard with no pressure from work/evil bosses and achieve all As - Oxford would be begging to fund them with those results. So, just think, is 4.00 a day - maybe three days a week, 12 days a month - really worth their education? Your education? (Text 3_130)

**Year 11: Literary**

The carriage jolted to a stop. My body lurched forward as the bag in my hand fell to the floor. I frantically steadied myself as I reached the floor to grab my possession. Immediately I opened up the tattered bag and dove my hand deep into its content. My heart beat lowered as my hand wrapped itself around it. Picking myself up, making sure that the bag was tightly within my grip, I cautiously opened the door and peered outside. As I had suspected, the rain was furiously lashing out from the sky, banging down on to the cobbled streets, making thunder-like noises for each drop. On the side of the road, where a huge pit must have been, murky coloured water had all gathered up, forming water bubbles as more drops fell on top. I placed my foot on to the street as a huge gust of wind blew straight past me, nearly knocking me down. I then regained my balance and when I glanced up, I noticed my house. Well, what used to be my house. The rainwater had been falling for days now, my walls have been drenched in them. Some of the tiles were barely hanging on as a few of them must have already crashed down into my house. My heart sank as I started to question what I would do now. I tilted my head to look at the bag and I froze. (Text 20_1021b)
One turning point in the Clifton Suspension Bridge's history was when Hawkshaw and Barlow took over the building and designing after Brunel's death, in memory of Brunel. They rejected his bridge design and created a stronger structure, hanging from a re-worked three chain system. This was capable of carrying much heavier loads. This is important for the site because without these changes, the bridge wouldn't be able to hold modern traffic. Another reason that this had a big impact on the bridge was because if they hadn't taken over, it probably wouldn't have been finished. This is because they kept running out of money. Hawkshaw and Barlow are one of the main reasons that the bridge was actually completed, which makes this turning point very important. This has affected the site locally, because it has now been a Bristol landmark for 150 years, and is one of the most iconic bridges in the world. Without the help from Hawkshaw and Barlow completing Brunel's idea, it would never have become so iconic as it is today. It has also affected it locally because it has brought tourism to Bristol because it has also got a lot of national importance. For example it is important nationally because it is a landmark in Victorian engineering, and is very important in history, which is partly because of Hawkshaw and Barlow.
3. Mean noun frequency

Year 2: Literary

When the white dragon flew off to a huge white mountain the mountain had a dark cave in it. Then he fell fast asleep and the evil dragon twitched his ears. Another dragon hovered with a wisp of snow on a steep mountain. Freddie the ice dragon and his owner went to a field full of his kind of dragons. Freddie played with all of them until it was time to go and when he got home he fell fast asleep on a stone.

Year 2: Non-literary

Long ago in 1605 there was a mean King called King James I and there was a very sneaky man called Guy. There was other plotters. Robert Catesby was the leader of the plotters. Then Guy Fawkes went into the cellar of the Houses of Parliament and also put 36 barrels of gunpowder. Next Guy Fawkes hid behind the 36 barrels of gunpowder. Suddenly Lord Monteagle received a letter and said there's man who's trying to blow up the king. You must burn this letter. King James I called his soldiers to find that sneaky man and they found Guy Fawkes in the cellar. So they then executed them pulled Guy Fawkes' head that couldn't move. His was on a spike.

Year 6: Literary

The servants woke me; as they do every day; to give me my breakfast. Then I went to get changed into my rose red dress. There was a random knock on my door... I answered. It was my dad and Silenus. We all sat down. Silenus said "Thank you so much for your kindness. I'm going to grant you a wish. What would you like?" My dad answered and said "Can you grant a wish so everything I touch is gold please?" Silenus replied "Ok I will grant it but I don't think it's a good idea." My dad hugged me and I was gold. I knew it wasn't a good idea. Because now I feel sad for my dad because he won't be able to eat. I told him is wasn't a good idea so then after 2 days.

Year 6: Non-literary

Charles Darwin was born in 1809 in Shrewsbury. He was a young independent boy. His dad was a doctor and he wanted Darwin to be one as well. But unfortunately his mum died when Darwin was the age of 8. Darwin loved nature and watching the bugs closely. Darwin went to Edinburgh University but soon left because he couldn't stand blood. After that, he went to Cambridge to study about nature and that's where the Theory of Evolution was born. His Theory opposed religious thinking. To prove this, he set out finding evidence such as teeth and bones. He set up experiments to prove his theories. Eventually people believed in his theory. Darwin travelled to 8 countries for experiments. Darwin wrote 5 text books about his theory. Sadly Darwin died in 1882. If you don't know what he looks like you can find Charles Darwin on a 10 note. Pink fairy armadillo The natural history of these tortoises are curious and needs attention. The day was glowing hot but I found tortoises that weighed 200 pounds. Galapagos tortoise
Jamie and Billy eagerly looked at the tape. They brushed the dust off it. They read the label aloud "Government meeting". They put the tape in the projector. There was a speaker plugged in but no sound. They moved the speaker and it boomed into life. The two boys were startled. They turned the volume down and listened. On the screen it showed a date, but only a year which was 2015. There was tall but skinny man talking. He said "Today is the new day. Today is the day we put fear into our society." A man in a laboratory coat walked across a science study. In one hand he held a small needle with an injection. In the other hand he had a green solution. He placed the green solution in the injection. Another scientist said "Who is the test subject." The other scientist replied "It is me!" They continued to talk and then the scientist who was about to inject himself said his name. "My name is Dr Frank Goosebury." He then injected himself. Almost instantly he passed out. Monitors checking his heartrate began to flash and beep. The doctor re-awoke after many shocks to the heart. He was gasping for breath as if he had been submerged under water. As the medics left he got up. They told him to sit down. He put his arms to the side of the chair but restraints were then put over his arms. They put a film on and he watched all of it. They said did you enjoy the horror film. He started to see things scary things...

Year 9: Non-literary
Q1: a) One reason for conscientious objection was religion. Religious people refused to hurt another of God's own creations, even if they were German as, in the ten Commandments, they are told" Thou shalt not kill" and they refuse to go against God's word. b) Another reason for conscientious objection is pacifism, where a person believes that you "Can not fight evil with evil". Pacifists believe violence and war are never the answer and that dilemmas can be solved through other means and ways. Q2) In WW1 conscientious objectors were treated as cowards that were betraying their country. To expose their cowardice, when the CO is in public a woman would approach him and give him a white feather. The white feather symbolised cowardice and the fact that a woman, someone of the weaker sex, gave the man the feather made it all the more humiliating. It could also be mailed to them. 16,000 conscientious objectors tried to be granted exemption by going to a tribunal court. Tribunal courts were brutal and biased, they consisted of 5 wealthy men who were usually over 40. An ex-army member, who would have most likely fought in something similar to war and consequently be biased, would be present as well. The ex-army member would be more brutal to COs especially pacifists as he would believe you are letting your country down with your cowardice. The men would typically ask the CO a question to challenge their morals e.g. "What if your mother was shot by the Germans?". Most men would usually break. From the 16,000 men who tried to be granted exemption, 15,600 were turned away. 14,100 agreed to do anything other fight like dig trenches, or help wounded soldiers- making them alter - nativists, and 1,500 men still refused (the absolutists) and were sent to jail. 10 of the absolutists died in prison and 63 died after their release. The 10 COs that died in prison were subjected to torture. They would be put into solitary confinement and would be starved and be deprived of sleep. This would cause the men to get diseased, go mad, and, well, die. After release, 63 of the men died. The COs sent to jail were absolutists who completely refused to fight, or do any other work so it was seen as a crime.

Year 11: Literary
Parties are for feeling invincible, carefree "thought the Joker as he cunningly made his way towards the entrance. A sadistic grin laid upon his face as he saw people begin to cower
in fear at his arrival. Each of his steps towards the crowd seemed harmless, but the Joker could never be harmless. "Why'd the party stop so suddenly?" the Joker said, with a devious hint in his voice. A cry of distress interrupted the deafening silence and snapped the guests out of their shocked state. A sinister laugh erupted through the Joker's mouth. Barbarically, a gunshot pierced through, the sound echoing off the walls. All it took was a bang and the crowd would flinch in terror. "Pathetic" mockingly, the Joker thought. Manipulating the gun around his hand, he slithered around, almost snake like. The aroma of fear and sense of death spread around like wildfire - everyone was petrified. Reluctantly, the innocent guests parted as the Joker carelessly pointed his gun and paced around slowly. "Okay, stop!" a voice called with little hesitation. "Hello beautiful" smugly grinning, he circled around the woman, like she was his prey. Appearing brave, the woman looked him in the eye. At this point, all rational thoughts had left her mind as she braced herself for death. Batman appeared behind him. "You're going to love me" a vengeful voice spoke. The Joker grabbed the woman by her hair, pain shooting through her body. Holding the woman hostage, he teasingly ILLEGIBLETEXT the knife to her neck. "Let her go" the deep voice said again sternly. Batman plummeted the Joker towards the cold, marbled floor. Arising, the Joker rapidly pulled out his knife again pushing and ILLEGIBLETEXT anyone who got in his way. The knife sliced through the air, catching Batman in his grasp. Next, Batman punched the Joker, causing him to stumble. An opening had arose, bam! Repeatedly Batman punched and punched until he could do it no more. It was ultimate defeat. Conceitedly, the Joker spat out with what energy he had left. "I can never die, you'll never kill me." Another vicious laugh put everyone on edge. "Could it really be over?" the same doubt raced through the guests' minds, Batman's included. Seconds passed in silence. Batman spun around as he heard a loud noise. The Joker's body was gone... (Text 23_1091f)

Year 11: Non-literary

Source 1 was most useful as it gave me a method with the same variables as my investigation. Whereas source two did not use the same variables but did give a clear risk assessment and equipment list. The amount of water. You should test both ends of the values. You can also see if the independent variable is affecting the dependent variable. Lastly check to see if your results are reproducible. Method: firstly boil the kettle. Then fill the beaker to 100ml and then put the thermometer in the beaker and wait to it gets to 95C. Start a timer for 10 minutes. Take the temperature again after 10 minutes repeat for same temperature 5 times. Then repeat each temperature 3 times. The beaker, time and volume of water should stay the same. The second temperature is 55C. Do this to avoid any anomalies. Measure at 95C, 90C, 85C, 80C, 75C, 70C, 65C, 60C, 55C. Kettle. This will be used to boil the water to 100C then I wait to it gets to 95C. Timer: used to measure out the 10 minutes. Thermometer: which is used measuring the temperature of the water. Beaker: which will be used to put the water in. Measuring cylinder: to measure the amount of water. The measurements I am going to take are how long it takes for the water to reach the second temperature. The way I will make this a fair test is by carrying the investigation out the same amount of times for each temperature in C and each measurement should be read after a 10 minute period and lastly the same amount of water should be used. The independent variable is the starting temperature of water (C). The control variables are: the amount of water, the size of beaker and the time. The dependent variable is the temperature change after 10 minutes. Broken glass. Cuts. Do not touch and tell teacher. Hot water. Burns. Handle it carefully. Spillages. Slipping over. Tell teacher or put a sign near it. If you compare your results you can see if you have a similar pattern to them. Also you can see if you have any an anomalous results. If you do not have similar results you know you have done something wrong. (Text 12_650)
4. Mean verb frequency

Year 2: Literary
One day the a meerkat mob was sleeping happily. The lookout post was asleep too! Suddenly a lion came. The lion got poisoned by a cobra. Suddenly the meerkats woke up. They ran as fast as they could but they got gobbled up. The end. (Text 2_52c)

Year 2: Non-literary
Long ago in 1605 there was a very naughty king and he like bossing people about. The plotters were led by Robert Catesby and they decided to kill King James the First. So they asked Guy Fawkes to help them kill King James the First because he knows about gunpowder. So he said yes. They were so happy. Then he listened to Robert Catesby when he spoke to them. (Text 2_49a)

Year 6: Literary
At the first tweet of sunlight, I went up to the top deck to mop the old wooden floor boards. Before I could start, I noticed black and grey clouds dotted around the everlasting sky. It didn't take long before the clouds started to join like a duvet cover. I felt worried. I felt very nervous that the storm was going to come. Therefore I rang the old metal bell to alert all the crew members and the captain that a gale was going to come. The captain rushed out of the cabin and looked up to the sky and shouted "brace yourselves!" Orders were given and my job was to climb the yardarm to shorten the sail. I felt anxious and had butterflies flying in my tummy. While climbing the yardarm, I looked down on all the crew members rushing around everywhere. Once I got to the top I efficiently shortened the sail. Just as I thought my chore had ended, an enormous gust of wind rushed past me and nearly pushed me off the yardarm but luckily I held myself on. Then I climbed back down to the top deck. As soon as the storm come, a tidal wave wooshed onboard. Then the captain lost control and hit a the planted rocks. There was an enormous flood in the cargo hold! The captain told me to block the hole so I went down to the cargo hold and swam through the dirty cold water and filled the hole with a barrel. I then had to go up and down with a bucket to empty the water from the cargo hold and chuck it overboard. When I got all the water out, I went up to the top deck to see if the captain was alright. On top deck it is a world of chaos, rain, crew members and water. It was a very cold and tiresome place. Now I must end because my best friend Tom fell overboard. I must now have a good night's sleep in my broken, soggy hammock because I will need to start my first chore of repairing the ship and cleaning it up from the storm. (Text 6_440a)

Year 6: Non-literary
In 2010 the volcano Eyjafjallajokull Eyjafjallajökull erupted on a glacier in Iceland. It disrupted, not only Europe, but many other places around the world, stopping planes flying with its terrible ash cloud. Many tourists couldn't leave and had to sleep in airports. The many villages around the volcano were evacuated for a few days, whereas tourists had to sleep in airports for one or two weeks. 4000 flights were stopped and over 600,000 people were effected. An Italian tourist said "I had to sleep under a row of disgusting seats". A few people ended up trying to sue the airports. The reason this was all happening was because big clouds of ash were blocking plain routes across the Atlantic ocean. On Friday 22nd April 04:00 the first flight was able to leave. "When I landed I was so happy I started laughing" said a British traveller coming into Heathrow. Many people were celebrating their arrival to their home countries. Volcanologists say that the volcano may erupt in the future. I hoped you enjoyed this summary of what happened last week. (Text 17_932d)
Year 9: Literary
The city, people, tragedy, the disease and the so long awaited cure. Fortunately, I got away from this mad, mad mess before things got really tough. As I stumble through the rubble remains, I stop and look around. London, my home city, used to be a happy place - believe it or not. We used to stay out in the summer nights. We'd do things like: rollerblading in our favourite sports centre; travel down to Brighton beach, and we'd even go to fairgrounds! Then it all changed...

Suddenly, a weight tonne of battered bricks came tumbling down, down, down, down from an old building. Some were burnt to a crisp, like a moth to a flame. The aroma filled the air with a thick stench of burnt flesh blood, sweat and tears. There really has been a struggle. Then, I turn down a dark, droopy diseased alleyway. Every blood stained cranny is so tired and helpless. I turn to face a giant metal door. It's jammed. I sigh and push hard on the cold, yet oddly heartless metal door. The door pushes open though they're in pain. Could this get any more creepy? I flick on the switch of my torch, I start to walk faster, faster and faster, looking round for any form of life. I hear someone... something? "Oh my god," I stutter. I'm not alone. My ears detect heavy breathing, unsteady but fastly paced walking. Without hesitation my legs try to take me further and further away from the grumbling and the groaning. I came to a halt. A dead end. The end? My hands scramble to the damp concrete wall, looking for an exit. The "thing's" pace quickens getting closer, closer and closer to me; I need to fight this. Will I make it through. This is not the end.

Year 9: Non-literary
People that didn't want to go to war were known as conscientious objectors. A reason that they would not want to go would be of their religious beliefs. An example of this would be the 10 commandments "Thou shall not kill". Another reason for a conscientious objection would be that they would be a pacifist. Pacifists were disliked by ex-army men or current army men. Even though they wouldn't fight they still could dig trenches or become medics. Only alternativists would do this. Conscientious objectors were treated badly. Throughout World War One people viewed them as cowards. People were always trying to get them to go and fight for the country. Evidence of this would be the propaganda around Britain. There would be posters around villages and cities, trying to persuade conscientious objectors to go to war by making them ashamed. A good way to do this would be by posters saying that they were disappointing the women. Furthermore some conscientious objectors were even sent to prison, tortured or both. Absolutists would not give into torture. Absolutists were COs who didn't want to be medics or dig trenches because if they healed soldiers they would be causing more death. Some ways of torture would be buried in the ground for days also getting put in a sack and getting thrown into muddy water, then pulled out by a rope 8 times. Prison guards were ex-army and would treat COs badly because they didn't like them. 10 conscientious objectors died whilst in prison. Finally there was another way of making COs ashamed or insulted. People would mail a white feather to them. The white feather represented men being cowards. It was an insult. It was even more insulting when a woman gave you the white feather in public. It was insulting because the women they meant to protect was calling them cowards. These are some of many ways COs were treated badly during WW1. People treated them like cowards just because they were a pacifist or it was against their religion.

Year 11: Literary
The roaring waves, which were once calm, now become ferocious, like a tame cat turned savage. Battering the innocent cliffs and jagged rocks with amendable force. They used to explode comfortably, lulling at the said rocks, as if to say a pleasant greeting. Now all they leave is destruction in their wake. Ridiculously resistant rocks and sharp cliffs have seen their fair share of life, being beaten repeatedly by these animalistic waves who take no prisoners. Yet now, after time has been ticking away slowly, they are battered and bruised, damaged and destroyed as if they are a shell of their earlier selves. These rocks have eyes and on stormy days like these they're seen unimaginable scary things that would scar you for life. Howling silently, in an angry whisper, is the wind that plagues the coast. It's the soundtrack that has no volume control, that you can't monitor the sound of it, it's just always there. Sometimes it howls at your ears, screaming that it's there and reminding you of all the damage that it can do to your house that's precariously perched on the top of a cliff. Yet another times, and these are the worst ones, it just silently whistles into your ears a blood curdling tune mocking you at just how much damage it can do. It's a promise of things to come, of the thing you fear the most. Once fluffy, now a thick layer of clouds hang over your head like a conscience, a debt that must be paid. They act as a blanket; not the cosy kind that comes to mind. You feel trapped, tangled, claustrophobic, underneath this suffocating blanket that just re-enforces the fact that there is no escape. Feelings of dread start to conjure up in the pit of your stomach tinted with a hint of fear as you try to convince yourself that everything is going to be okay. These feelings keep rising like a disease until you find yourself gasping for air struggling to calm down. Regret fills me with a solemn dread as I sit in the house watching the scene unfold out my transparent window. Loneliness consumes me and it dawns on me just how alone I am in times like these. No one around me: all on my own. The girl who lives in the house on the top of the cliff. (Text 13_758b)

Year 11: Non-literary
The Trees by Phillip Larkin is a poem describing trees, which, with the support of structure and literary techniques, seem to symbolise the cycle of life, continuity and death. This idea of life and death is brought back through hints hidden and engraved into the dimension of this poem. The poem starts with a refreshing and vivid idea of anticipation and hopefulness. The trees are coming into leaf/Like something almost being said; are the first two lines of the poem. The simile compared the sprouting leaves as something almost being said. The writer seems to deliberately use the word almost (instead of not using it) to evoke a feeling of doubt and of fear that its maybe not going to be. However, the smart use of the present participle being adds to the intro an idea of smooth continuity, thus projecting the fear and doubt into a room full of hope and optimism. Furthermore, the following line brings to the poem an idea of relief and innocent peacefulness. The recent buds relaxed and spread instantly make the reader feel comfortable. Words in this line such as relax and spread are long and smooth when read aloud. Contrastingly, the next line gives a sudden brutal end to all the innocence and calm smoothness of the previous lines. Their greenness is a kind of grief is a surprising line. Firstly, the contrast is brought with the two words greenness and grief. The e sound in greenness is much longer than the e sound in grief, thus reflecting an abrupt without warning end to this relax and spread part of the poem. Also, I've used the word innocence a few times, but this idea is brought to its peak with the word greenness. This is because it evokes the idea of youthfulness and this of innocence to the dark sides that life can bring. The word grief also brings an end to all the anticipation explored earlier. Going along the flow of the poem, an idea of legacy and destiny is added to this already intricately complex poem. Their yearly trick of looking new/is written down in rings of grain is a clever line referring to the yearly patterns within a logs cross-section. The lone fact that every year a line is marked onto the log, brings to the reader a thought that it is written down forever and cant be changed. This in
turn means that it is the trees destiny to age and thus it has an end: death. The idea of rings of grain is also reflected into the rhythmic pattern of the poem abba. This could symbolise the rings of the trees and this it going one step closer to death with every ring. In the last paragraph of the poem, Larkins choice of language and imagery help bring the trees back to life. The writer uses the word castles which could symbolise the idea of a safe, strong, hidden, powerful place or being. Also, the sibilance fullgrown thickness and thresh emphasise the idea of life, contrasting the idea of death in paragraph two. Fullgrown thickness is also a tautology. The last line Begin afresh, afresh, afresh ends the poem with the very pleasant idea of life. (Text 22_1054b)