

St Mary's 'Novel Approach' to Writing

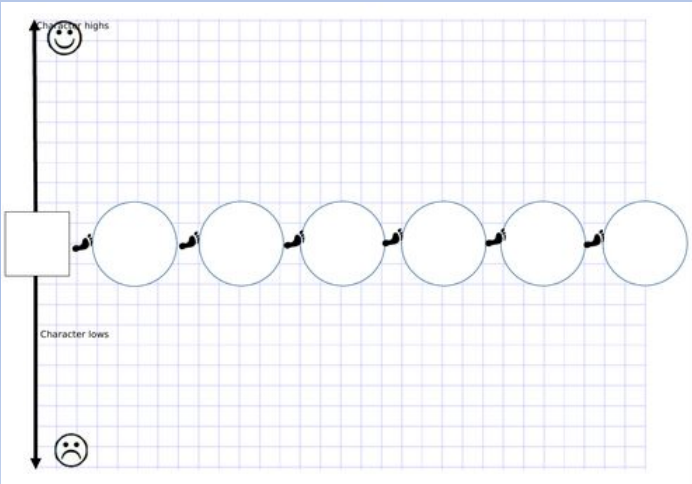
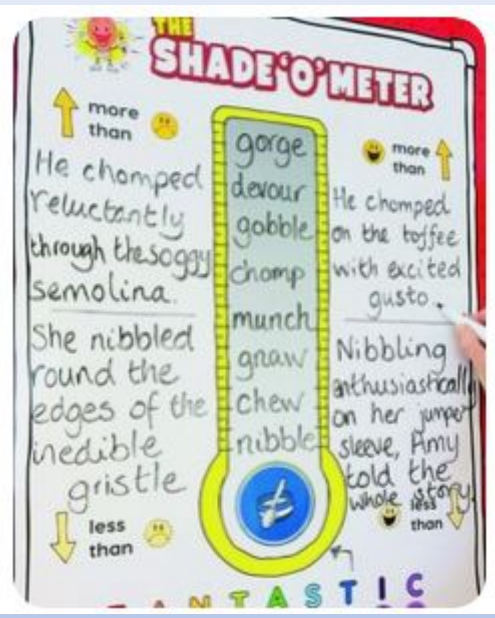


Intent

The BREW is at the heart of our writing curriculum. We know that diversity, inclusion and belonging matter. Children read the books and poetry we put in front of them. We want our children to feel represented in the literature they read. At St Mary's we believe that literature is a window to the world and with this in mind, we have selected our novels to reflect diversity. Encouraging our pupils to accept the myriad ways we all exist together.

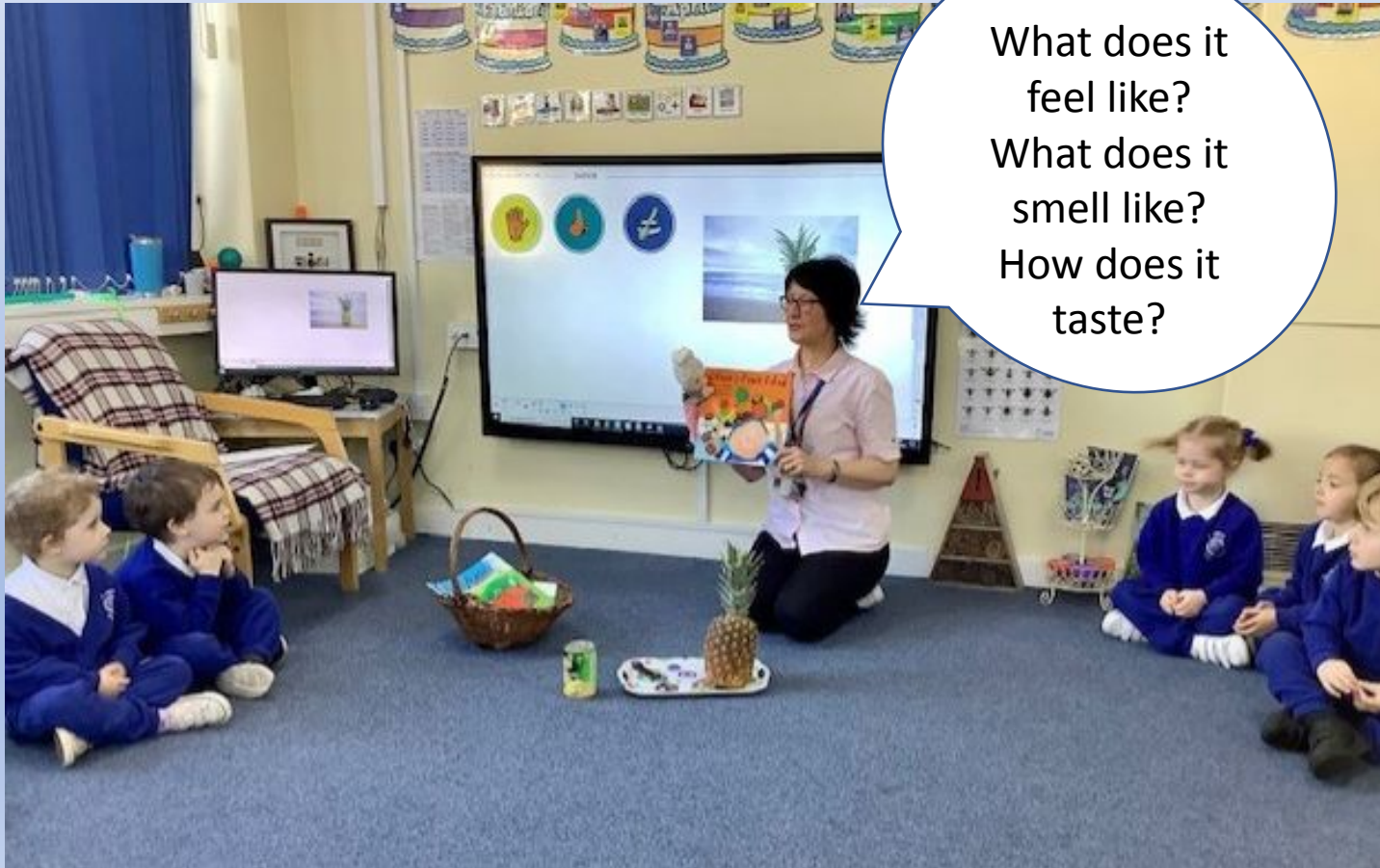
At St Mary's we use the '**Novel approach to Writing**'. This approach places emphasis on the collection of the most effective vocabulary when writing. This is used in conjunction with learning about sentence types, which best showcase the writer's intent. Also, the children learn to use writing devices which capture dramatically the ten powerful ways to add drama and poetic language. E.g. alliteration and metaphor. It is organised to engage children with short, intensive moments of learning that they can then immediately apply to their own writing.

The Writing Tools



EYFS

In our nursery we introduce the Fantastic's lenses through play and story.





Reception

Reception children have listened to the story of Jack and the Beanstalk. They are collecting vocabulary, with the help of Grandma Fantastic, to use in their writing through the lens of noticing.

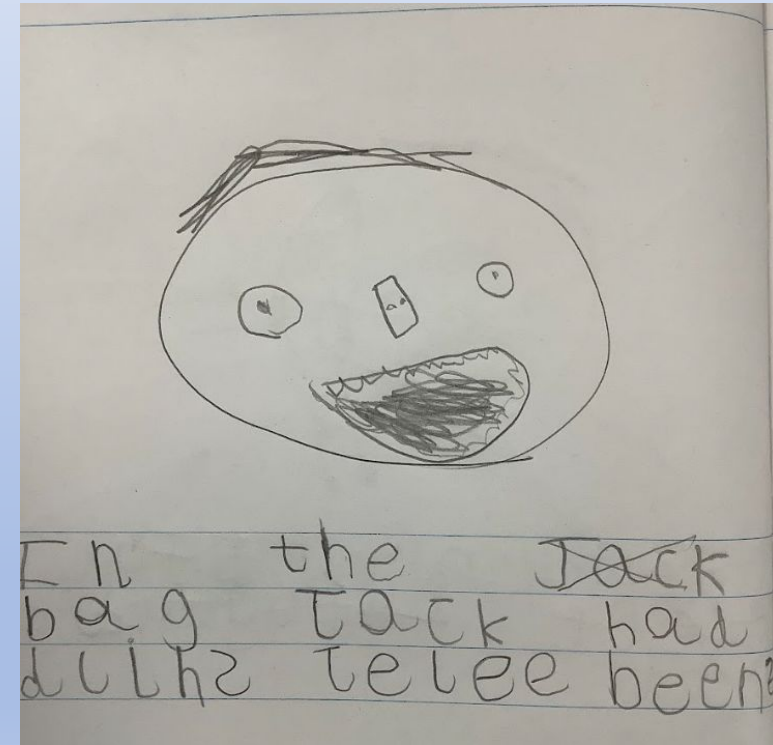
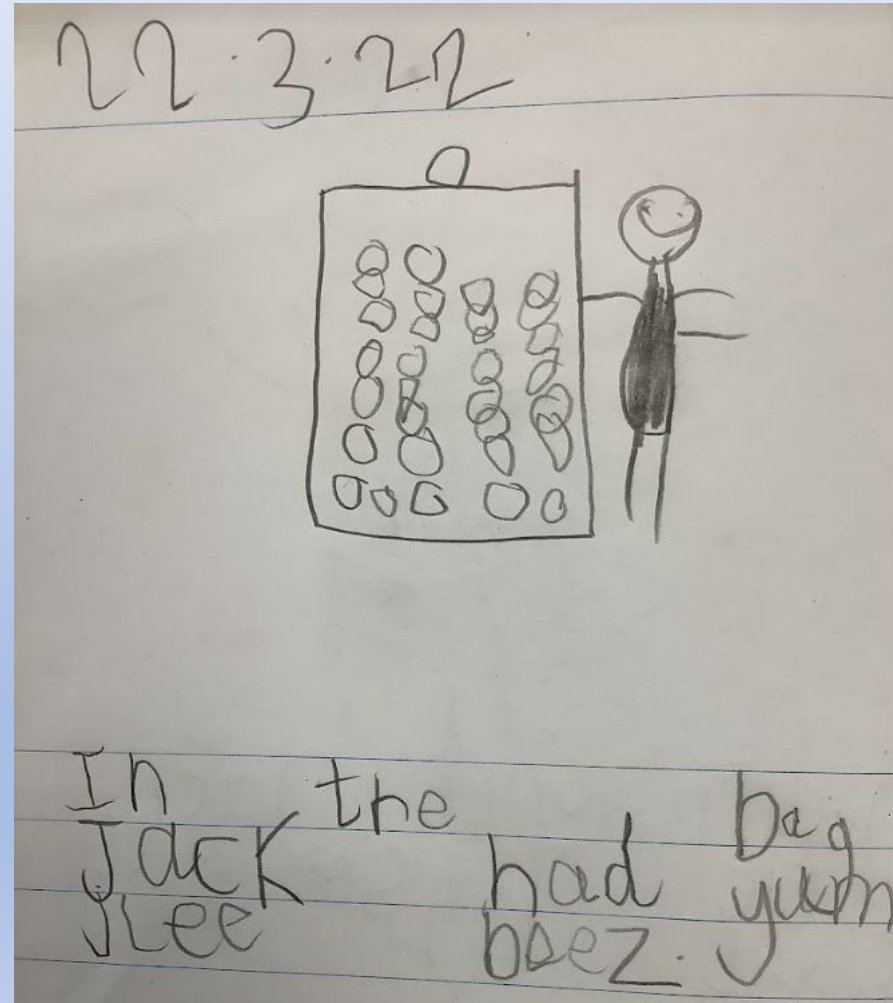
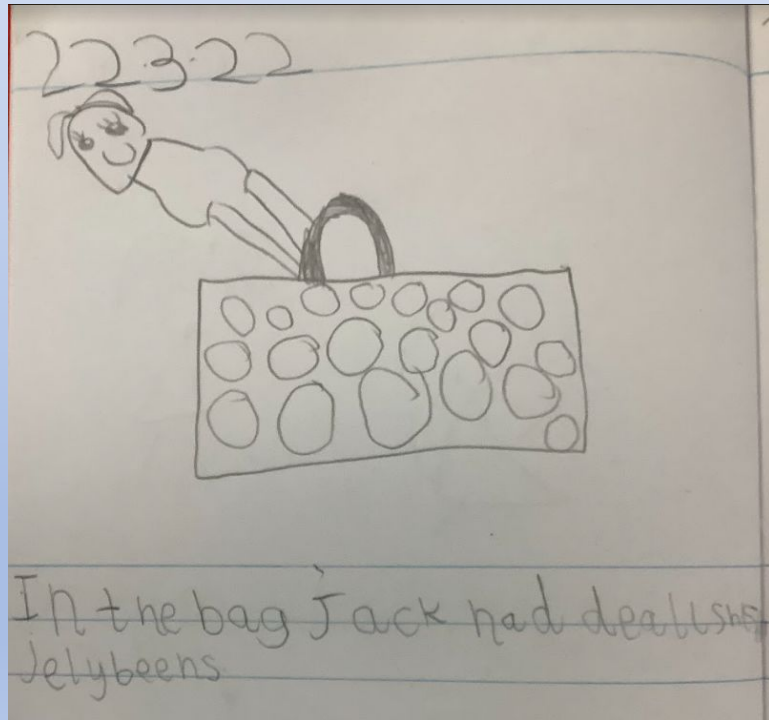


Jack loocked at the
enormis giant.

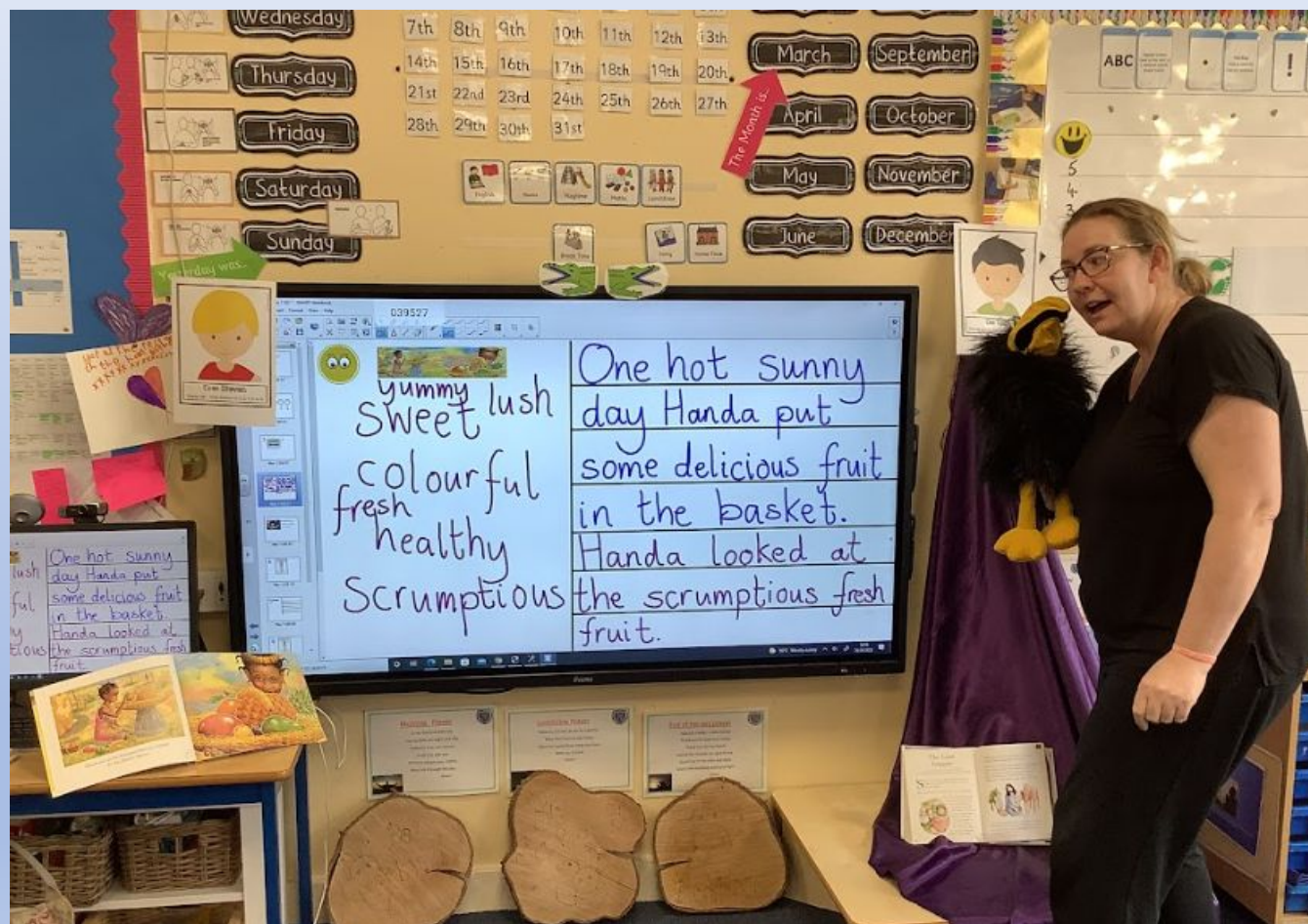
Jack loored at
the hugigiant.



Reception



Year One



Year One



Handa looked at the sweet and healthy fruit.

One warm afternoon
Handa carefully put some
sweet fruit into a basket.



Handa touched a bumpy avocado
and a bumpy orange.



21.3.22



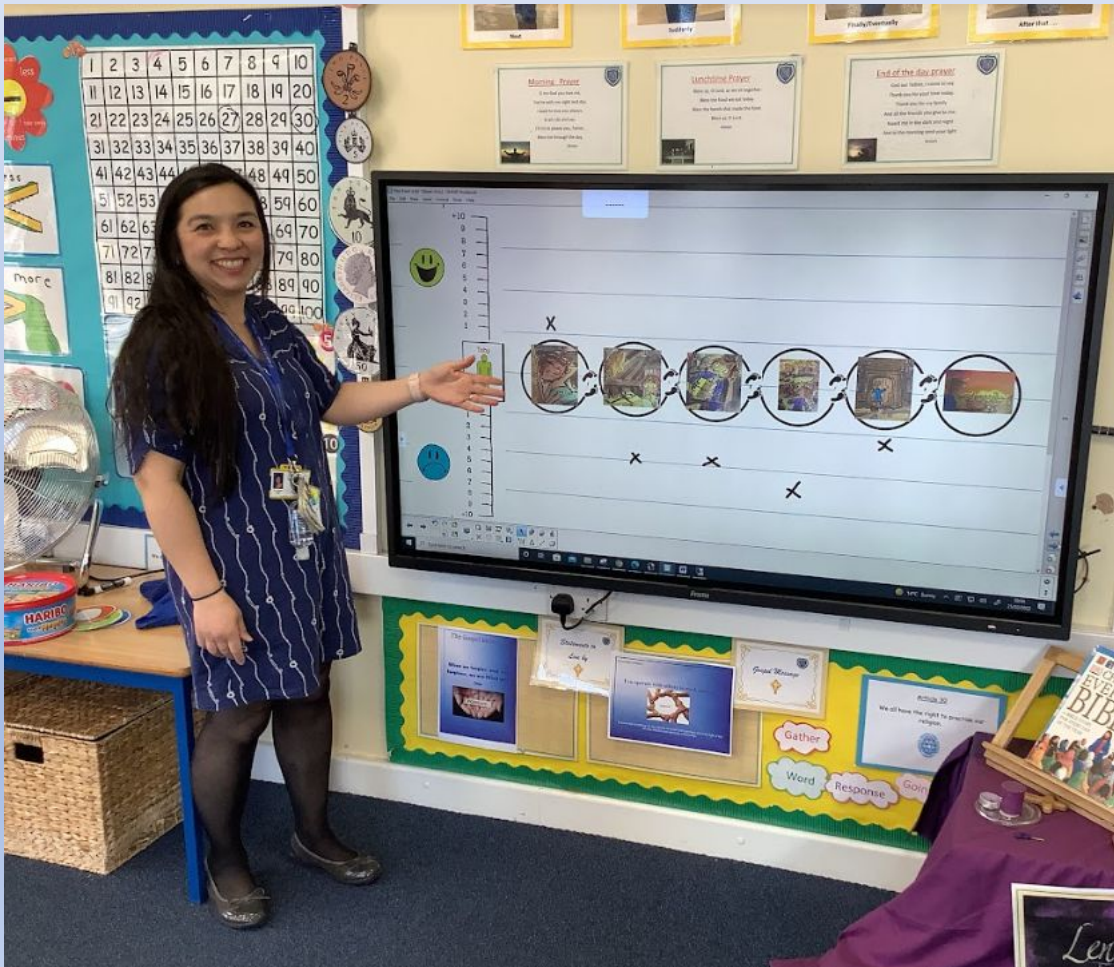
One boiling afternoon Handa gently put
seven sweet and fresh fruit in a basket. Handa
stared at the sweet fruit.



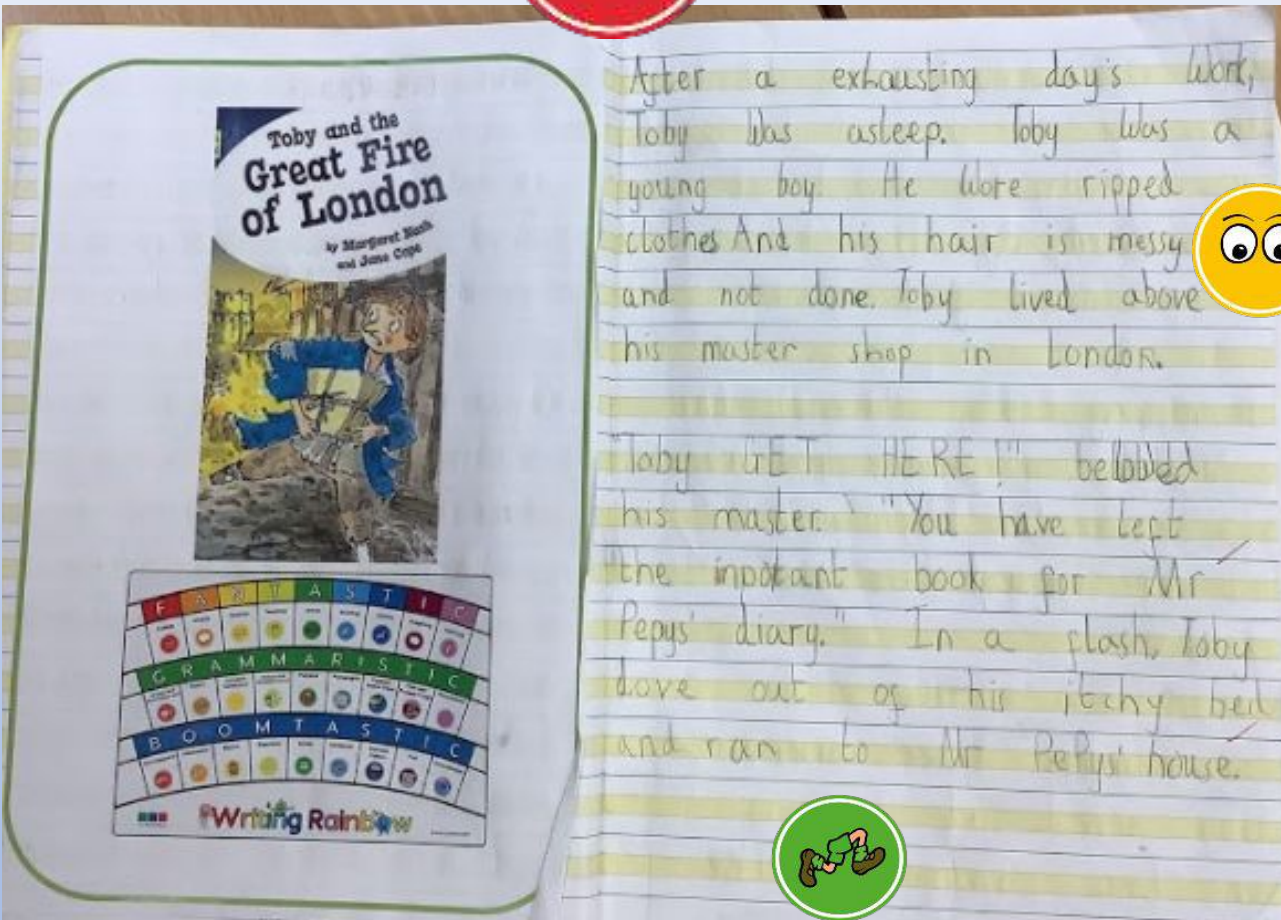
Handa put a thorny pineapple in the basket.
Handa felt the hard guava. Handa imagined that
her friend Akeyo was going to love the fruit.
Handa thought that Akeyo was going to like the tangerine
the best.



Year Two



Year Two



After a exhausting day's work,
Toby was asleep. Toby was a
young boy. He wore ripped
clothes. And his hair is messy
and not done. Toby lived above
his master shop in London.

"Toby GET HERE!" belovved
his master. "You have left
the important book for Mr
Pepys' diary." In a flash, Toby
dove out of his icky bed
and ran to Mr Pepys' house.



In 1666, after a tough, hard
days of work, Toby was
fast asleep. Toby was a young,
poor boy. He wore the same
old, muddy clothes every day.
Toby's eyes are as blue
as the sea. Toby lived
above his master's shop in
London.

Toby, WAKE UP!" roared his
master. Toby's eyes shot open.
"You have left the vital book
for Mr Pepys' amazing
As quick as a flash,

Toby leaped out of his
hard, filthy bed and sprinted
to Mr Pepys' house.

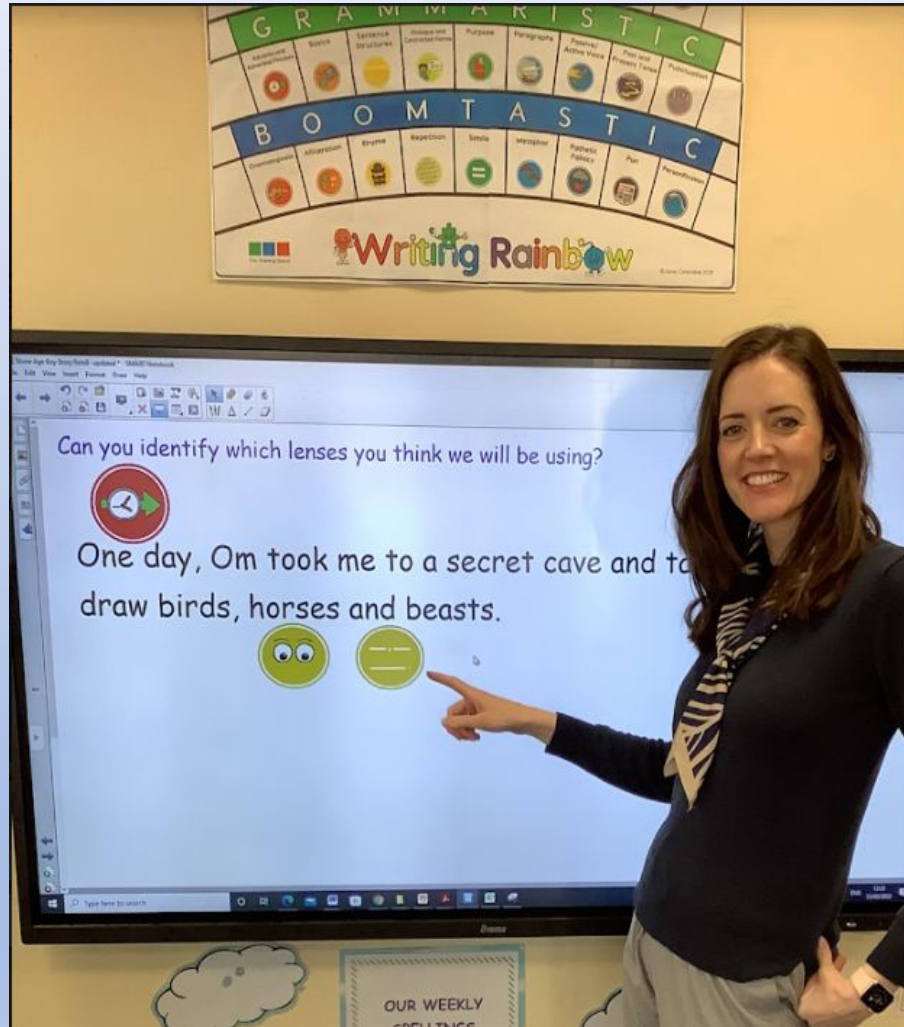
Later, that red hot night,
there was an out of
hand wind blowing. Toby looked
up at the bright sky. The
sky was as red as blue
fire.

Refracted Toby gazed at the mighty,
flaming red flames and sprinted on
towards Mr Pepys house.
Squashed Toby shoved his way



Year 2 were writing about the Great Fire of London through the lenses of adverbials, noticing, action, punctuation and feelings.

Year 3



Tuesday 10th May 2022

Unfortunatly, Deserolatingly, Broken hearted, Upsettlingly, Depressing, Borely.	Sodly	Understood new realised recognised
Nervously, With shaking hands, Trembling with fear, With in her eyes, With fear running through her veins, With sweaty palms,	dangerous, red, night black, angry like blood red, gnash, grin	toxic, deadly, dangerous, sickly
strong brow and show, violent, deadly, speak, deadly weapons, mighty shield, unbreakable armour	bravely, gearlessness, passion, night, power, courage	growing, gathering, marching, howling, rumbling

3.5.22 DM "Our king is dead! So now I am leader of our Icel tribe!" Boudicca killed to the tribe. They didn't think a woman was good enough. "You're weak to be queen!" should the attacking Prasutagus had made a deadly secret promise before he died. "I offered you half of your kingdom but we are taking all of your land!" The Romans declared. The Romans felt happy about their decision.

4.5.22 Out of nowhere, the hot-headed Romans madly took everything away the Roman leaders ordered "Take everything leave nothing!" Boudicca was mad about the Romans. So she knew she needed to take responsibility and start a war. Boudicca ordered "All tribes need to gather together and fight the Romans!"

5.5.22 The Romans knew they were powerful and were not worried about the Celts. They knew they had strong armour, dangerous weapons and ruthless soldiers. Little did they know the Romans knew that their army was joining Boudicca.

DM "Now that we are all gathered we are a bigger army than the Romans!" Boudicca cheerfully exclaimed "Forget about all the wars we had!" Boudicca declared "We are not enemies. Get your weapons and we will war against Rome!" "They have better weapons but we have the revenge!"

6.5.22 With a deadly force, Boudicca and her army glowed Rome's biggest and greatest towns destroying them and killing the Romans. "Kill, kill, kill!" they chanted while marching. They carried on, cutting, smashing and wrecking anything they saw. The Celts felt happy that the Romans were dead.

DM

10.5.22 DM Unfortunatly, Boudicca had understood what she needed to do. She knew the Romans were so powerful for her and didn't want her to take her army. Trembling with fear, she took a vile, stringed onto a necklace and pulled off the plug from the vile there was a venomous purple liquid it was deadly poison and she drank it.

Year 3 writing through the non-fiction book, Boudicca. The lenses of adverbials, imagining, noticing, tasting, speech and feelings are explored

Year Three



Year 4



Year 4 showing character highs and lows, through the plot points. Lenses are identified for each plot point.

Date: Wednesday 23rd March 2022

00:00:04

at dawn, soon later in a minute, at midday, soon after previously soon, a few hours later after a few hours, as the sun was setting at twilight, as the sun was rising	stream, waterfall, watercourse brook, source, inlet, channel brown, mouth, will, creek river, meander, run, back tributary, current, canal
some, sound, scrutinised studied, considered, gazed gazed, contemplated eyed, examined regarded, surrounded	
around right, reaching down down through up, up up, under, over left above, reaching up	a joyful rose a happy ruby a peacock strawberry a content coral a merry raspberry

Date: Thursday 24th March 2022

after a few hours when day in a couple minutes came just after dusk, in dusk at sunrise, as time slowly passed, dawn	castle, stronghold stone, village, tower palace, <u>chateau</u> sent, coliseum citadel	it rose from the water it greeted it, the chateau arose the north tower greeted from the as she glided in delight, radiant as water, sparkling clear
glowing, glistening, amber welcoming, butterfly, radiant twinkling, gleaming pristine, dazzling glinting, shimmering	earth, throne, glitter, milky mirror, diamond, way jewels, galaxy, coins gold, sapphires, medals ruby, emerald, crown	the gold, cob, chateau was like 1000 pieces of gold it was like the milky way, swirling the domes were like the constellations in the sun, gleaming as brightly as all the stars put together
Ciao, bonjour, mamusel Bonjour, hello, madam Hello, Aloha, senorita Aloha, Aloha, unnego Cak bella,	waving as they are directing traffic, laughed as they opening the draw bridge, grinned, bowed, in a hush opening the gate, painted, cheered, chatted amongst themselves	

Year 4

Pupil is independently
'Deepening the Moment'.

Pupil is independently editing her work for spelling, punctuation and grammar, and reimagining the sentence to improve it.

sp R

fair

2

A magical veil of radiant lanterns glittered throughout the easy, lush and emerald foliage of the mint cinnamon forest. The moss tickled her feet as she stood there in awe. The sprinkled sunlight scattered around the wood, the shade was spotted as she looked around. The light was like the forest fairies, were her guardian angel and whispering which way to go while the glow worms lighted the path. Ally glided between the outstretched arms of the twisting branches like a ballerina leaping to the gentle, melodic music: glowing, pleasing, twinkling. The music could say brought the best out of Ally. High, low, smooth and gentle, the boat had a tone of calm but still dramatic. *she would love the music and brought her partner a horn.*

sp

DM

DM

DM

At twilight, she paused, she stopped, she froze in wonder at her twinkling, sapphire reflection. It seemed mythical, magical, wondrous. A tribulation. She gazed. She studied. She surrounded. Ally drew out the humpy, soft crayon. The crayon would feel the joy it's bringing us. Ally seized with excitement as the crayon did as well. Reaching down, reaching up, under over, above, above, above, she drew. A bright, content, coral boat. She stepped in unhesitantly, worried about where the tribulation would take her. Ogg she went down, down, down, down, down... *mythical tribulation, tribulation, tribulation*

DM

DM

DM

As time slowly faded away, the colossal chateau arose from the clear, sapphire water as it waned in pure delight. As Ally saw the majestic citadel she felt awe, amazement and *amazing* various. What was it? Who was it? Did I dare to go in it? The pristine, butterfly domes were like the *amazing* in the sun sparkling as bright as all the stars put together. It was the greatest thing Ally had ever seen.

sp p

"Bonjour mamusel, Aloha senorita, Ciao bella!" exclaimed the gnomes in delight while they chattered amongst each other. *chattered*

w

"Th-Th-Th-Th-Thank you?" she said unhesitantly. *unhesitantly*
"Don't be scared were here to help!" they said helpfully.



sp

w

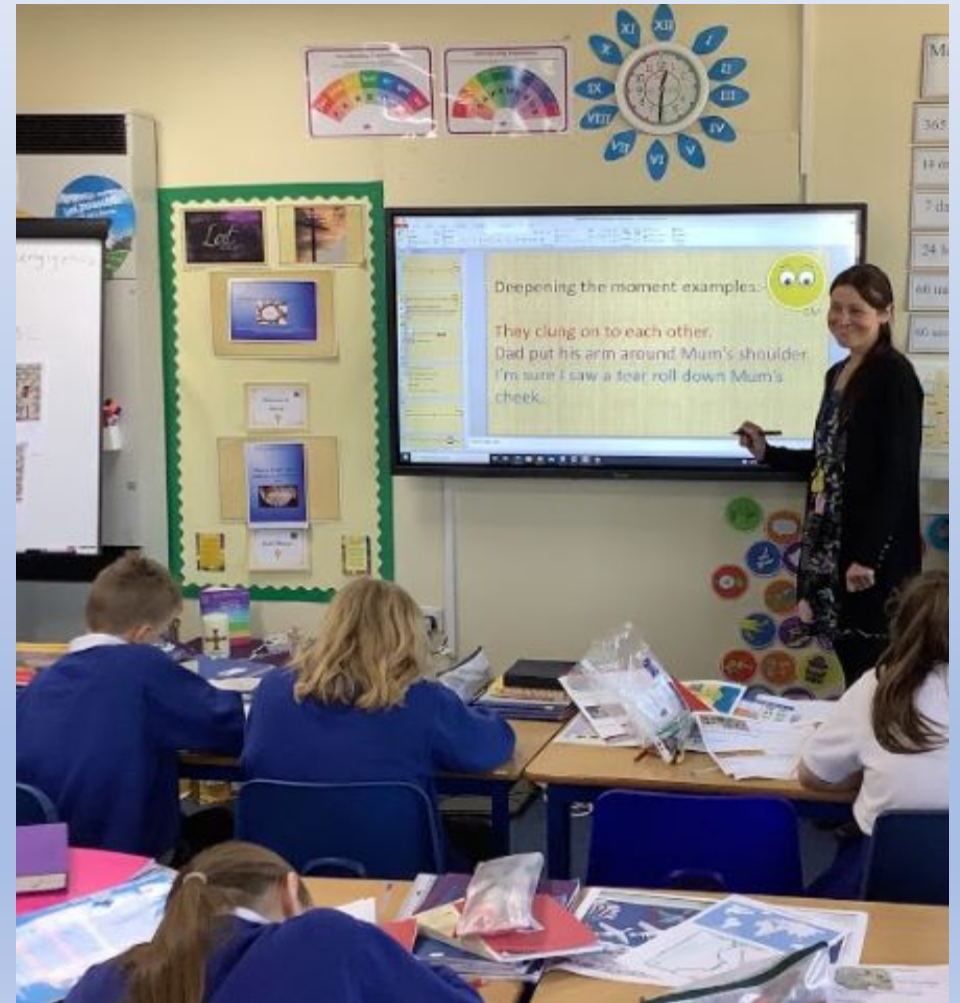
DM

Ally and the boat sailed joyfully into the aqueous, misty, warm, narrow stream with peacock gondolas and passengers with upturned smiles, where the payments were paid. Enthusiastically, she sailed, the cascading spray of the water lulling her along. It was like when she was little and her mum sung her a lullaby, it would like this:
You are my star,
my little angel
I love you to the world and back
I love you Ally.

Year 5



Year 5 were writing through the novel, *Secrets of a Sun King* by Emma Carroll.



Year 5

Thinking Side

Date: _____ Lil Follows Mum and Dad

Learning Chunk 1: verbs, focused adverbials

amusing rushing
running realised
Spring

Learning Chunk 2: feelings, feelings

Shocked startled surprised
stunned flabbergasted troubled
astounded dumbfounded

Learning Chunk 3: personification

Miserable miserable disregarded
gloomy abandoned lonely forgotten
Neglected ~~disregarded~~ sorrowful

Date: _____ Lil watches Mum and Dad

Learning chunk 1: feelings verb

trembling/shuddering
shivering wobbling
quivering

Learning chunk 2: feeling (show not tell)

eyes widen feeling sick
lumps in my throat
butterflies pan in my stomach

Learning chunk 3: focused adverbial, feelings (show not tell)

While they walked out the churchyard
before because I didn't want to be seen

10. Can I write a diary entry?

Tonight was awfully strange. Mum and Dad were acting odd, so I decided to follow them. I thought they were going to the hospital, but they went to St Mary's convent instead. Rushing to the churchyard I hid behind a lamppost, realising my parents were already there. I was as still as a statue, hoping they wouldn't hear or see me. I really wanted to see what they were doing, just as I was caught, I would have been scolded, and I couldn't see Tulip and Oz. I felt troubled to see the Dad and Mum holding hands. I've never seen them do that before. I was astounded. Something was off. Wanting to get a better look, I ran to the gatepost. I was surrounded by lovely gravestones. Mum sorrowful and abandoned gravestones. Miserable neglected gravestones for forgotten, melancholic gravestones. The peculiar thing was, neither Mum or Dad seemed to be looking at the grave. They were gazing at the wall surrounded by the convent. They didn't look like their normal weary selves, in fact I didn't recognise them at all. They were so full of emotion. Or they were trembling. Mum gently hugged Dad, as a notice that ~~she~~ ^{he} was ~~in~~ ^{on} her face. My eyes widened. I couldn't get my head round the things I was seeing. What's happening? Why wouldn't they tell me? While they walked out the churchyard I froze in fear. Too upset to notice their surroundings, they walked right past me hand in hand. I thought realised whatever it was they were looking at it was really important.

Thinking Side

Date: 21.3.22 Lil Follows Mum and Dad

Learning Chunk 1: verbs, focused adverbials

Amusing rushing
running realised
Spring

Learning Chunk 2: feelings, feelings

Shocked V gobsmacked V
stunned V, troubled V
astounded V
dumbfounded V

Learning Chunk 3: personification

Shocked V, stunned V, astounded V, dumbfounded V
Miserable X, abandoned X, neglected X, forgotten X
Gloomy X, sorrowful V, troubled X, distressed X, depressed X, disappointed X, aggrieved X

Date: 22.3.22 Lil watches Mum and Dad

Learning chunk 1: feelings verb

trembling V, quivering V, shivering V, wobbling V, shuddering V, quaking V, quivering V, quaking V, quivering V, quaking V

Learning chunk 2: feeling (show not tell)

butterflies pan in stomach
eyes widen, feeling sick, lumps in my throat, butterflies pan in my stomach

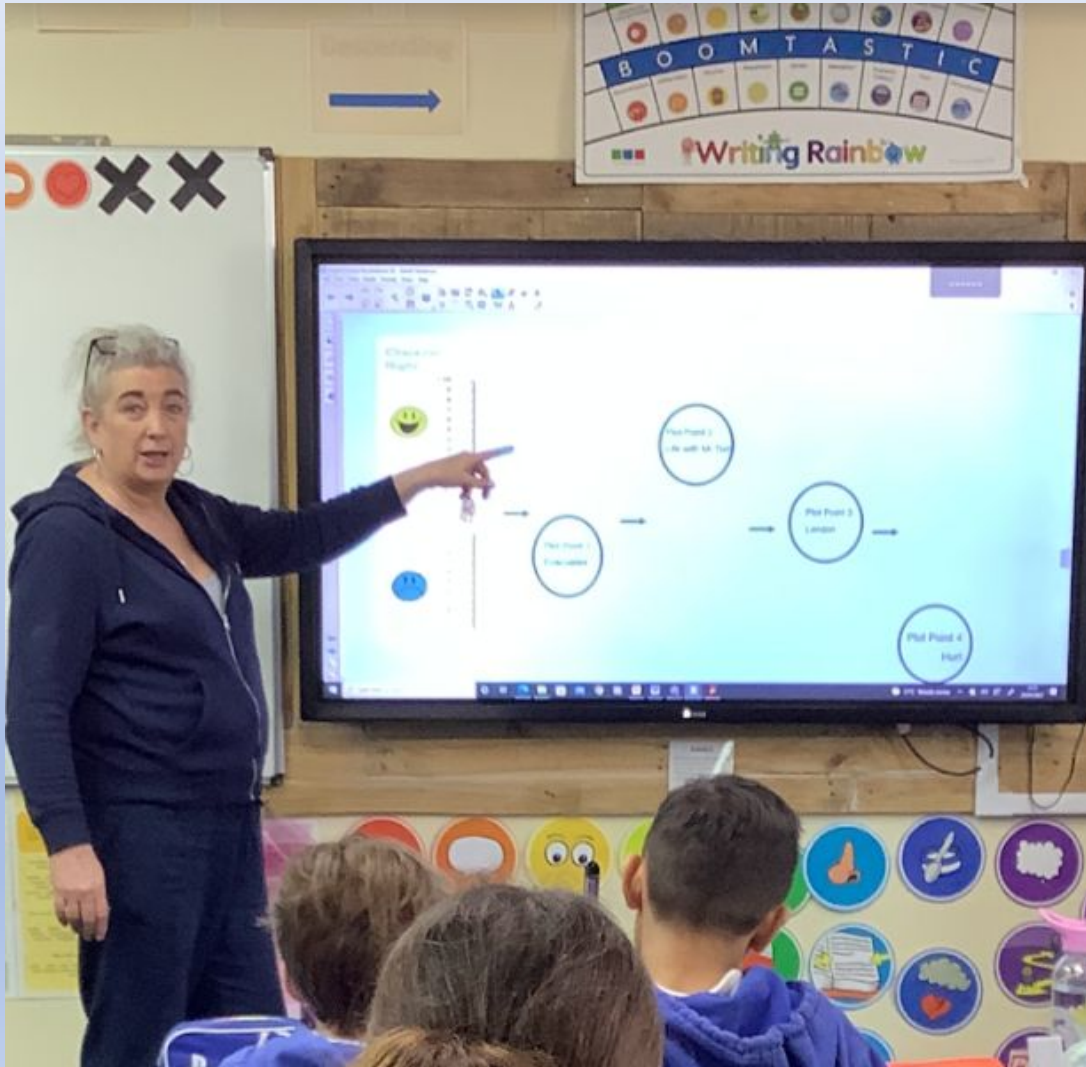
Learning chunk 3: focused adverbial, feelings (show not tell)

While they walked past my head

10. Can I write a diary entry?

Tonight was an extremely mysterious bit of night. Mum and Dad were acting very suspiciously, so I decided to follow them. I thought they were going to the hospital, but they went to St Mary's convent instead. Rushing to the churchyard I hid behind a lamppost, realising my parents were already there. I was as still as a statue, hoping they wouldn't hear or see me. I really wanted to see what they were doing, just as I was caught, I would have been scolded, and I couldn't see Tulip and Oz. I felt troubled to see the Dad and Mum holding hands. I've never seen them do that before. I was astounded. Something was off. Wanting to get a better look, I ran to the gatepost. I was surrounded by lovely gravestones. Mum sorrowful and abandoned gravestones. Miserable neglected gravestones for forgotten, melancholic gravestones. The peculiar thing was, neither Mum or Dad seemed to be looking at the grave. They were gazing at the wall surrounded by the convent. They didn't look like their normal weary selves, in fact I didn't recognise them at all. They were so full of emotion. Or they were trembling. Mum gently hugged Dad, as a notice that ~~she~~ ^{he} was ~~in~~ ^{on} her face. My eyes widened. I couldn't get my head round the things I was seeing. What's happening? Why wouldn't they tell me? While they walked out the churchyard I froze in fear. Too upset to notice their surroundings, they walked right past me hand in hand. I thought realised whatever it was they were looking at it was really important.

Year 6



Year 6 using the novels: *The Endless Steppe* and *Goodnight Mr Tom* to generate poetry (Haiku) and narrative. The photograph shows a narrative map depicting the character's highs and lows, reflecting the intensity of feeling the writer wants the reader to experience.

Year 6

Narrative

Can I write a paragraph creating a happy/cheery atmosphere.

The morning it ended, the morning darkness filled up my life. I did not put my best foot forward. As I awoke, I lazily opened my eyelids and adjusted my eyes for that day. I was greeted by the radiant sun beams dancing around my bedroom. My eyes slowly scanned the room, passed the floral wallpaper blooming with colourful, delicate roses. The perfectly arched windows held the curtains gently, while they twisted around in the morning breeze. My eyes fell upon my beautiful china dolls, set up neatly in the corner of my room, smiling at me with their rosy lips. Along my ^{bedside} ~~bedroom~~ ^{was a} desk, ready to take me away to another world.

I then made a mistake, a bad mistake. A to antic I realised what I had done. I remembered a Polish saying. If one wanted good luck for ones family, then one should take the first step of the day with a right foot. And I did not. My left foot was bad luck and I foolishly stepped down on my left foot. It was a bad omen... I thought.

I galloped across the room - careful not to create a ruf or damage an ornament - with my hands twisting around I peeked and peeped out of the large window to see Grandfather's majestic garden - the centre of his world - all he had ever wanted for. The lovely lilacs and lavender bushes were releasing a sweet fragrance into the air, filled me up with happiness. Beautiful butterflies were fluttering over the garden gracefully, and the buzzing bees were humming the perfectly pruned peonies. The morning breeze shook the fragile flowers gently and beads of water fell onto the perfectly cut grass.

I remembered as I stared out to the garden what Grandfather always said, "People who love flowers will have good in their soul, will always be happy and full of joy. From the corner of my eye, I saw my new ^{new} mystery book - the one I had been saving for such a morning. I walked

me back to bed once again. From the opening of the book I was lost in a world, different from reality, a mystery. Hence I heard nothing.

I was far into my book, enjoying every sentence, drenched in my fantasy world - until I was rudely disturbed by Mama. She strode into my bedroom demanding me to get up. "Esther put that book down, and go downstairs, and for your sake, do not ask questions! Hurry!" she snapped firmly but fearfully.

I was not a child who would listen to a demand without some form of explanation first, but the way mother talked, urged me on. Questions were swimming every inch of my brain.

"Why was she acting like this?"

"Was she upset?"

I did not know!

I ran downstairs to see Mama, to find her sitting alone with her head in her hands. I could hear something - ring - ring - ring. It was the doorbell. "Mama - Mama can't you hear it? I asked." Should I answer it?

"No Esther," Mama said slowly, "I'll get it." She rose out of her chair trembling. Her fingers clutched the door handle and cautiously she opened it.

My stomach knotted, my lips quivered; my nerves were drenched in shock. My eyes shiny and terror wrapped itself around me. For there was my beloved Tata, standing with his hands behind his back, and two bayonets aimed towards him. There were two Russian soldiers standing on either side of him, their faces set shivers down my spine. We were escorted past the family portraits, the grand piano and the windows, letting in light - but it could not brighten this moment. The silence of the house was menacing, time stood still.

"Get to your knees!" snapped the soldier fiercely and firmly. Trembling and full of panic I knelt on the floor. I felt powerless, kneeling, awaiting

Haiku

Staring down at me,
Giant with voice like thunder,
Why did they leave me?

Alone in the gloom,
The sun turned away from me
Do they dislike me?

Staring at the ground,
In front of me a giant,
The lady has left.
Me just me alone,
The sun has left me behind,
Why have I been left?