



UKS2 Handwriting & Presentation Milestones	
Handwriting	Presentation
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> To develop their individual handwriting style, maintaining a legible, cursive style while increasing speed, consistency and quality of handwriting. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> To select the most appropriate organisation and presentation styles and execute these neatly and independently.

Tuesday 15th March 2022

II: To write a quest story

In the cold depths of Iceland, there lived a curious girl called Lila, who dreamed about becoming a ghost hunter. She lived in a small warm house in the city Reykjavik in Iceland. Lila read books about ghost and folktales about ghosts. She loved exploring the city and finding new clues about ghosts. One day, Lila asked her dad "What is the last secret to become a ghost hunter?"

"There is a book you need, I will say no more," he mumbled quietly.

"At least tell me where you can find it."

Lila questioned nervously.

"It lies in the high valleys of Iceland there is something protecting it!" he said quite concerned.

adventure Lila thought

The pupil writes in a secure cursive style that is consistent, neat and legible. They are also able to write at length comfortably while maintaining the quality of their handwriting.

The pupil's individual style appears to be developing as they are writing with a very slight slant. This is not a problem – because the handwriting remains cursive, legible and consistent. We would expect to see individual styles developing across Year 5 and 6.

15th January 1941

Dear diary,

Today was a horrible and filthy day; I had an interaction with a creature and a disappointing soldier.

It all started when I took my daily stroll around the town (as my doctor recommended). In the distance, I saw a large figure it wasn't moving so I headed towards it. As I went closer towards it I could make out a truck with smoke coming from the bonnet.

Then a creature charged out of the door - I don't know what it was doing but I knew it wasn't supposed to be ~~the~~ out of the van. So I got myself into position and got ready to catch it, when a soldier came out ~~chasing~~ sprinting after it. I ~~event~~ caught it by the shoulder and lifted it up.

The pupil writes in a secure cursive style that is consistent, neat and legible. They are also able to write at length comfortably while maintaining the quality of their handwriting.

A clear individual style is developing. The writing remains legible and consistent, with relative size and spacing of letters remaining appropriate.



Whilst my body filled with envy, watching my friends play daredevil dive without me. As my mouth touched the water, I waited for the rest of my friends to resurface. Eventually they did and as usual Marlon was boasting to everyone else about being the best.

My mind whizzed around rapidly as I thought about the day I had caught this ~~lethal~~^{viral} lethal, lethal viral infection; the day the arguing started, the day the countdown of my life started.

The pupil's handwriting is clear, consistent and joined.

An individual style has developed and the pupil does not finish their 'g's and 'y's with the exit join. Writing remains legible, neat, cursive and consistent.

The crowd roared like a lion as the soldiers trotted with their horses along the cobbled grey stones. People were cheering all over the place and the ^{mayor} ~~mayor~~ Car fat as a cow) was silent and still. He watched as they stood proud as a pig covered in mud and the trucker jumped up and down through the town. People were thin biscuits because the ^{mayor} ~~mayor~~ had eaten all the lovely, colourful food in the town. The Nazi signs popped out of the walls around the bakery. Children cried out to their parents, smiling with joy as army saxophones ^{here} ~~here~~ sounded. How could this change lives? Rose saw it all and gaped in awe as fresh bread was handed out to the people around her. She wandered around being careful as ever as her mother told her to. People standing next to the mayor were stern and ghostly looking down at the citizens ~~below~~.

After a long period of time, people were starting and then as ever. Bikes and cars drove along the roads packed up as people were busy bees. Everyone was working, rushing around. Rose could smell steam and rick from cars as she slipped down the dark empty ally way. She could see everyone crowded around trying to get places all at once. How could people do that? she asked herself. Everyone looked as sad as a child without sweets. The road was as low as a machine chopping down trees with everyone walking to different places. Cars drove around making road noises that rose Rose didn't like as she knew it polluted the places. Cars ~~made~~ roared loudly and little children played. Could Rose Could the army be dead? Will they ever be back? It was so silent, Rose didn't know how it would be ever noisy ~~as~~ again.

The pupil is able to write at length with good stamina while maintaining a consistent and clear cursive style.

Again, a personal style is developing. The writing remains legible and neat.