

Appendix 1

Unprepared



EYFS/KS1 Version

Mrs Pearson's class were working hard on their stories, when the classroom phone rang. Mrs Pearson was needed at the school office as soon as possible! As she left the classroom, she said, "Be good everyone, keep working hard on your stories, and be quiet! I'll be back soon!"

But very soon, the class were chatting and laughing. They certainly weren't being quiet like Mrs Pearson had asked them to be!

No one knew who started it, but suddenly everyone had scrunched up their work and was throwing paper balls at each other! They certainly weren't working hard like Mrs Pearson had asked them to!

One thing led to another until CRASHHHHH! The beautiful vase of flowers on Mrs Pearson's desk had crashed to the floor. Water was everywhere!

The class fell silent and they all looked at each other. Chairs had been knocked over, piles of books had fallen down and some of the displays on the walls were ripped. They certainly hadn't been good like Mrs Pearson had asked them to be!

At that moment, the door opened. In the doorway stood Mrs Pearson.

KS2 Version

It was just 20 minutes before the end of the school day on Friday afternoon, when Mrs Pearson had an urgent call from the school office. She had to leave the class for a few minutes to sort it out. Before she closed the door, she said: "Be good everybody, keep working on your stories as hard as you have been. I don't want to hear a peep out of any of you. I'll be back soon!" And she left the classroom.

Within moments, Camilla and James were arguing about whose story was better. Anthony chimed in, saying, "Well, mine's the best because it has a dragon in it that burns down a whole village!" And he blew a raspberry in Camilla's face!

Camilla was so annoyed with Anthony that she snatched his story, crumpled it up and threw it across the room.

James said, "Hey, you two, Mrs Pearson will tell you off!"

To which Camilla responded, “Well, Mrs Pearson isn’t here, is she?” Anthony grabbed Camilla’s work, crumpled it up and threw it at James.

Then the whole class crumpled up their work, and hurled the paper missiles at each other. In the chaos, chairs were knocked over, beautiful wall displays were ripped down, towers of books ready for marking were toppled and even Mrs Pearson’s vase of flowers on her desk was smashed, leaving water cascading over the table. Nobody noticed any of this though, they were too busy fighting!

At that moment, the door opened. In the doorway stood Mrs Pearson.