

Transcription of the Braille Version

2019 national curriculum tests
Key stage 2
English
Braille
Reading Booklet
The Park
Fact Sheet: About Bumblebees
Music Box

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[Ajay has just arrived at Joe's house before school. Joe's mother is the warden who looks after the local park.]

The Park

Ajay was just about to tuck into his tea and toast dripping in sour rhubarb jam when there was a loud clatter from the letterbox as an important-looking brown envelope landed on the mat. 'Bit early for the post isn't it?' Mum said. 'Ooh, it says Special Delivery.' Mum opened it, and unfolded the letter.

Joe knew instantly that something was wrong. He could see it on Mum's face. 'What is it, Mum?' Joe asked.

'Yeah, Mrs P, what's happened?' Ajay asked too.

'It's the park ... they've shut it down.'

For a second no one said a word. Joe and Ajay looked at each other, then back at Joe's mum. Her face was pale, her jaw dropped open. She stared at the letter, her eyes watery and ready to spill over with tears.

'Shut the park!' Joe said furiously. 'They can't do that, it's ... it's the park!!'

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'Yeah, everyone loves that place!' Ajay joined in.

'You boys best get to school, or you'll be late,' said Mum, her voice all shaky.

'But what about ...?' Joe started to say.

'You leave that to me, I don't want you worrying.' Mum tried to smile, but it didn't reach her eyes. If she was trying to reassure Joe, it wasn't working. He knew his mum needed that job – how else was she supposed to put sweet-and-sour spaghetti on the table?

'Don't worry, Mum, I'll ... I'll think of something.'

Joe's mum just nodded, turning away to wipe her eyes.

Joe and Ajay grabbed their bags and reluctantly headed out of the door. Neither of them said anything for what seemed like ages.

'You all right, man?' Ajay asked, breaking the silence.

'I don't know ... I can't believe they've closed the park. I mean, why?!' Joe said in disbelief.

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'Dunno,' Ajay shrugged. 'But I know a man who might,' he said, pointing down the road.

As they turned the corner at the top of Joe's street they saw a man in the distance. He had a ladder and toolbox and was busy hammering a sign into the park gates. This made Joe's blood boil. If Mum had been there she would have given him what for – no one hammers anything into anything without her say-so first.

'Oi!' Ajay yelled, 'what are you doing?'

Joe read the sign: 'Under development.'

'What's going on?' Joe asked. 'Why have you closed the park?'

The man stopped what he was doing and shrugged. 'They don't tell me anything, I'm just the bloke who hammers things.'

Joe read the rest of the sign:

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UNDER DEVELOPMENT

This notice hereby declares that St George's Park is closed with immediate effect and that, from 1st of July, this park will be redeveloped and a new block of luxury flats will be built – The Department of Progress

Underneath the notice was a drawing of a posh building, tall and made of glass. It had pictures of smiling people chatting and drinking coffee outside. Joe and Ajay looked through the park gates and could already see diggers moving in, ready to tear the playground apart.

'This can't be happening,' Joe muttered, blinking back the tears. This was the place where he and Ajay hung out. Where they used to plot how they were going to become mega rich, and plan what to do if the world got taken over by zombies. This was the place where Joe and Ajay used to play football – or rather where Ajay would kick the ball and Joe would try to get out of the way of it before it hit him in the face. And now it was going to be turned into flats! Why wasn't anyone stopping this?

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Fact Sheet: About Bumblebees

1. At the Bumblebee Conservation Trust, we are passionate about saving bees. Here is why.

2. Save our bees

Bumblebees are among the most loved and familiar of garden insects. The sight and sound of them buzzing from flower to flower is an essential part of summertime, but sadly these fat, furry little creatures are struggling to survive.

At the time of writing, 24 bumblebee species are found in the UK, but unfortunately, in the last 80 years, two UK species have become extinct and others have declined sharply. In our modern world of paved gardens and intensive farming, our bumblebees find themselves hungry and homeless. The reason for this is simple and clearly visible: there are now far fewer flowers to provide bees with the pollen and nectar that they need to survive. But all is not lost – you can take action today to help save these hardworking pollinators. This fact sheet explains how.

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3. What's so different about the bumblebee?

To most people, bees are instantly recognisable but there are distinct differences between the appearance and lives of bumblebees and honeybees. Bumblebees are larger and hairier than their cousins which makes them perfectly suited for colder climates. Bumblebee nests are small and they do not store large quantities of honey, so their extra furry coat allows them to venture out on cold days to collect pollen and nectar when honeybees stay inside.

4. Don't 'bee' confused

Don't confuse bumblebees with wasps. Bumblebees do not swarm and are not aggressive. Only female bumblebees can sting and they will only do so if they feel very threatened. Bumblebees will never interrupt your picnic or steal your sandwiches!

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5. Buzz pollination

Only bumblebees are capable of buzz pollination. This is when the bee grabs the flower and produces a high-pitched buzz. This releases pollen that would otherwise stay trapped inside. Key ingredients in our diet such as tomatoes are pollinated in this way. Many other common foods such as beans and peas would also be harder to produce and much more expensive without British bumblebees.

6. Did you know that bumblebees have smelly feet?

Well they do and they're quite useful! After feeding, they leave a scent on the flower which lets other bumblebees know to avoid wasting energy landing – the flower will contain very little nectar or pollen.

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7. Things you can do to help

Bumblebees help pollinate plants in more than one million acres of British gardens and the flowers they find can be a lifeline for them. No matter how small your garden, you can help to save the sound of summer by providing lots of bee-friendly flowers throughout the year. By 'bee-friendly' we mean flowers that are rich in pollen and nectar. Many ornamental plants that are commonly found in British gardens, such as pansies and begonias, are of no value to wildlife. These decorative and colourful flowers often produce little pollen or nectar. However, there are hundreds of beautiful flowers that do offer these rewards, including foxgloves, lavender, geraniums, herbs and wild roses that you can add to your garden.

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8. Energy drink for bees

If you find a stranded or sleepy bumblebee, you can help to boost its energy levels with a simple sugar and water mix. Mix equal parts white sugar and warm water then pour into a small container or sponge. Place both the bee and the artificial nectar near to some flowers.

9. Act now

You can also help by supporting our work to conserve bumblebee habitats and raise public awareness. There are various ways to show your support including volunteering, fundraising and becoming a member of the Bumblebee Conservation Trust. For more information on all of the above, including access to our Bee Kind gardening web page, visit: **www.bumblebeeconservation.org**

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[This is an extract from an adventure story set in a different world. Micah, who earns money by finding things and selling them, goes to visit his 13-year-old friend, Piper.]

Music Box

Micah brought the music box to her on the night of the meteor storm. Piper never slept on these nights, when debris from other worlds fell from the sky. Restlessness kept her awake in bed, staring at the slanted ceiling of her house. She counted the widening cracks in the grey scrub-pine planks and then counted the seconds as they ticked by on the tarnished silver watch she wore around her neck. Beneath her cotton nightdress, the metal lay warm and comfortable against her skin. Micah's knock made her lose count, but the watch ticked on steadily.

She pulled on a pair of her father's old boots, slung his brown coat over her nightdress, and opened the door. Wind blew a harsh breath of snow and ice crystals into her face. Piper wiped her eyes and fixed a look of annoyance on the boy huddled in the doorway.

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'I must be seeing things,' Piper said. 'This can't be Micah Howell standing at my door, dragging me out of bed in the drop dead of night. Look at me – I'm stunned stiff. I'm speechless.'

Micah snorted. 'That'll be the day, then. Let me in, Piper, will ya?' He stomped snow off his boots. 'Stinks out here, and it's so cold my teeth are cracking together.'

'That's your own fault for being out on a storm night. Most scrappers have the sense to stay inside.' He was right, though. The air already reeked of brimstone. The storm was coming. Piper moved to let him in, then shut the door behind him. He immediately ran to the cast-iron stove to warm his hands. Piper nudged him aside and adjusted the controls. 'Hand me a log before you make yourself at home,' she said. It was her habit to pretend to be bothered by her friend, even though she was happy to see him.

Micah handed her a piece of wood from the basket near the stove and reached into the bulky sack he had slung over his shoulder. 'I brought it, just like I said I would.'

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'That's great, kid, but I thought you were going to bring it a few hours ago – you know, before I made a comfortable nest in the middle of my bed.' Piper tended the stove, and then she went to the window and looked out at the sky, which had begun to lighten, though it was still several hours until dawn. The moon was a sickly greenish colour, as it always was before the meteors fell, making the clouds around it look like swelling bruises on the sky.

Piper's skin itched. She had the urge to go outside and watch the fields, to see the first of the meteors streak from the sky, but it was too cold, too dangerous. And besides, she'd promised to fix Micah's toy. A musical box – Piper rolled her eyes. Machines couldn't make proper music. You needed a person for that.

She lit an extra kerosene lamp and placed it on the small kitchen table. Piston rings, bolts, and cylinders littered its surface. Piper shifted these aside, wishing she had a bigger work space, one she didn't also have to eat at. 'Let's see it, then.'

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Micah set the music box between them. 'Isn't she beautiful?' he said, his fingers lingering on the lid. It was decorated with a painted figure of a woman in a white silk robe. She reclined on a strip of grass, her long black hair falling around her waist. At her back grew a tree full to bursting with pink blossoms that hung over her like a veil.

Whoever had made the music box was a skilled artist. Piper could practically smell the flowers, each one hand-painted in white, coral, and cerise. In a few places, the paint

had cracked and faded, but those were hardly noticeable. Overall, it was an incredible piece. Micah had been lucky to find it.

'But she won't sing?' Piper lifted the lid to get a look at the musical components. She'd seen contraptions like these before. A series of pins arranged on a metal cylinder struck the teeth of a steel comb while the cylinder turned, making the tinkling notes of a song. She'd heard this type of music and had always thought the sound was a little annoying. 'Did you clean the inside after you dug it out of the crater?'

'Course I did.' The boy was indignant. 'You think I'm stupid?'

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Piper glanced up from the box and raised an eyebrow.

'Ha-ha. You watch – the coin I get from that thing will feed my family and me for a month. She'll look smart in one of those fancy mansions in Ardra. Don't you think she will, Piper?' His excitement faltered, and he looked at her anxiously.

'Yeah, it'll look smart. Just make sure you find a buyer with a stiff hip at the market,' Piper said, 'They're the ones who'll be looking for these kinds of pretties.' She felt the cylinder and its tiny pins. Micah had done a decent job cleaning it, but flecks of dirt still caked the comb, and something was keeping the cylinder from turning. She heard the soft, strangled notes of a song trying to play.

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