

Reading Ages:

Sample writing to illustrate different reading ages

Reading Age 9 -

Chapter One

I *knew* I'd hate it. I kept telling and telling Dad. But he wouldn't listen to me. He never does.

'I like the sound of this adventure holiday for children,' said Dad, pointing to the advert in the paper. 'Abseiling, canoeing, archery, mountain biking . . .'

'Sounds a bit dangerous to me,' said Mum.

I didn't say anything. I went on watching telly.

'How about it, Tim?' said Dad. 'What about an adventure holiday, eh?'

'You can't be serious! Tim's much too young,' said Mum.

I still didn't say anything. I went on

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Reading Age 11 –

CHAPTER 1

DRAGON ATTACK!

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is an emergency broadcast."

Nick and his mum stopped what they doing and looked at the television screen. The newsreader's voice sounded urgent. Something serious must have happened.

"Some time ago, we received reports of a creature flying over London. At first it was thought to be a kind of dinosaur but experts have confirmed that the creature is actually a dragon."

The screen was now showing mobile phone footage of what looked exactly like a dragon flapping across a grey sky. Nick looked up at his mum. This had to be a joke, right? A dragon? The newsreader continued:

"Emergency services have been called to the scene. People have been told to stay inside their houses until further notice."

Nick's eyes widened. So it was true – this was actually happening. The police wouldn't be involved if it was a prank. But a dragon? Here in England? Dragons weren't real. They were creatures of myth and legend from long ago, weren't they?

The newsreader went on but Nick barely heard her.

He was lost in his own thoughts. He looked back at the footage of the dragon, now in close-up.

The dragon was an emerald green colour and covered in large scales with vast sail-like wings that helped the massive creature slice effortlessly through the sky.

Two curved horns skimmed the clouds and yellow slitted eyes scanned the land below as if searching for food. Its mouth was full of razor-sharp teeth.



Reading Age 15 –

Letter 1

To Mrs. Saville, England.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 11th, 17—.

You will rejoice to hear that no disaster has accompanied the commencement of an enterprise which you have regarded with such evil forebodings. I arrived here yesterday, and my first task is to assure my dear sister of my welfare and increasing confidence in the success of my undertaking.

I am already far north of London, and as I walk in the streets of Petersburg, I feel a cold northern breeze play upon my cheeks, which braces my nerves and fills me with delight. Do you understand this feeling? This breeze, which has travelled from the regions towards which I am advancing, gives me a foretaste of those icy climes. Inspirited by this wind of promise, my daydreams become more fervent and vivid. I try in vain to be persuaded that the pole is the seat of frost and desolation; it ever presents itself to my imagination as the region of beauty and delight. There, Margaret, the sun is for ever visible, its broad disk just skirting the horizon and diffusing a perpetual splendour. There—for with your leave, my sister, I will put some trust in preceding navigators—there snow and frost are banished; and, sailing over a calm sea, we may be wafted to a land surpassing in wonders and in beauty every region hitherto discovered on the habitable globe. Its productions and features may be without example, as the phenomena of the heavenly bodies undoubtedly are in those undiscovered solitudes. What may not be expected in a country of eternal light? I may there discover the wondrous power which attracts the needle and may regulate a thousand celestial observations that require only this voyage to render their seeming eccentricities consistent for ever. I shall satiate my ardent curiosity with the sight of a part of the world never before visited, and may tread a land never before imprinted by the foot of man. These are my enticements, and they are sufficient to conquer all fear of danger or death and to induce me to commence this laborious voyage with the joy a child feels when he embarks in a little boat, with his holiday mates, on an expedition of discovery up his native river. But supposing all these conjectures to be false, you cannot contest the inestimable benefit which I shall confer on all mankind, to the last generation, by discovering a passage near the pole to those countries, to reach which at present so many months are requisite; or by ascertaining the secret of the magnet, which, if at all possible, can only be effected by an undertaking such as mine.