

Dear Parents, Students, and Staff,

As we approach the holiday, I am delighted to wish our incredible school community a very happy Christmas. Term 2 has been filled with achievements, fun and learning, and I am immensely proud of the talent and dedication displayed by our students and staff.

In the spirit of celebration, I was thrilled to witness our recent school production – "Nativity: The Musical." The stage came alive with the enjoyment and creativity of our students, showcasing their acting, singing, musicianship and collaborative spirit. The performance was a testament to the hard work of our performing arts team, the enthusiasm of the cast, and the support of our talented crew.

"Nativity: The Musical" not only entertained us all but also brought the magic of the season to life. The joy and laughter that echoed through the Hall were a true reflection of the spirit that unites us as a school community. I extend my heartfelt gratitude to everyone involved for making this production such a resounding success.

As we embark on the Christmas break, let the memories of our school musical inspire warmth and goodwill. Take this time to cherish the company of loved ones, reflect on the achievements of the past term, and recharge for the exciting opportunities the new year holds.

On the sporting arena too we continue to excel - the girls under 16 football team are in the County Final and our year 7 and 8 girls are through to the quarter finals of the national small sports cup. There have been recent victories for the Year 11 Rugby team, the Year 8 (mixed) hockey team and success in badminton. Individually too - Matthew S (Yr7) and Josh S (Yr9) won the County Cross Country and Emily L, Harvey B and Charlotte S finishing in medal positions. Chloe J has been selected to represent the County in Hockey and Leah C, and her partner, won the British Championships in Ice Dance.

We also look back on a large number of trips: our creativity day saw year 7s in London visiting the Tower, our Year 8s carried out a host of team building activities. Year 9s saw 'Peter Pan goes Wrong' and had a tour of Bath and Year 10 students visited Silverstone for a STEM day. Meanwhile all year 11 students went to Henley College to sample some post 16 courses.

As always, we have done a great deal at Langtree to help others in our community - we sent the usual load of groceries to the great people at the Wallingford Food Bank, Christmas hampers full of treats to members of our villages and supported Anti-bullying Campaigns, Comic Relief and the NSPCC with odd socks, spotty outfits and for Save the Children, highly tasteful(!) Christmas jumpers worn on Christmas Lunch Day. A special shout out to one of our year 8 students James R who single handedly raised £2600 for Comic Relief by carrying out a variety of fundraising activities. We have now added up the monies raised for various good causes and the totals are:

Sponsored Walk £6,500 Children in Need £853 Save the Children £233

Another highlight was in November when we welcomed back nearly all the students of the Class of 2023 for our Certificate Presentation Evening. It was great to celebrate their phenomenal results with them to hear of all their many successes since leaving Langtree. We also heard an inspiring address about the excitement of the world of work that lies ahead of them from Sir Charlie Mayfield, ex Chairman of the John Lewis Partnership. We are so grateful to Sir Charlie for spending the evening with us and for preparing such a relevant and engaging speech.

We are saying goodbye to two valued colleagues at the end of this term. Ms Raeburn has been a part time cover supervisor for over a year. She is leaving to take up a teaching position at Gillotts School. Mrs Anne Nowell has been a receptionist at Langtree for over seven years. We will all miss her calm, efficient and friendly approach and wish her well in her retirement.

I am grateful for the unwavering support of our parents, the dedication of our staff, and the enthusiasm of our students. Together, we have created a nurturing environment that encourages academic excellence, creativity and is filled with genuine warmth and where all our School values of Courtesy, Respect and Integrity are evident on a daily basis.

May this holiday season be filled with joy, peace, and the magic of the season. Thank you for being an integral part of our school family. Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Warm regards,

Simon Bamford



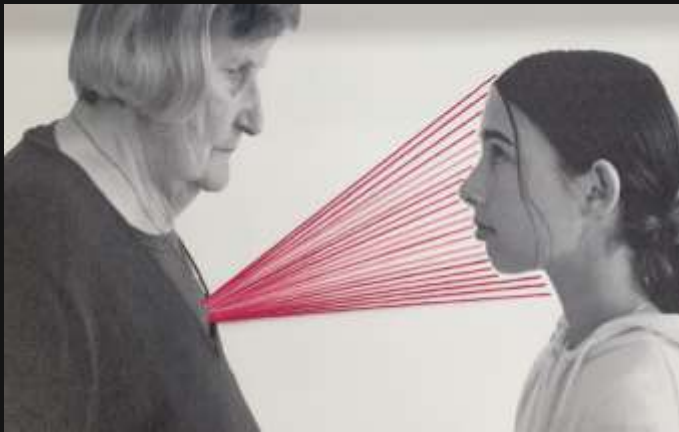
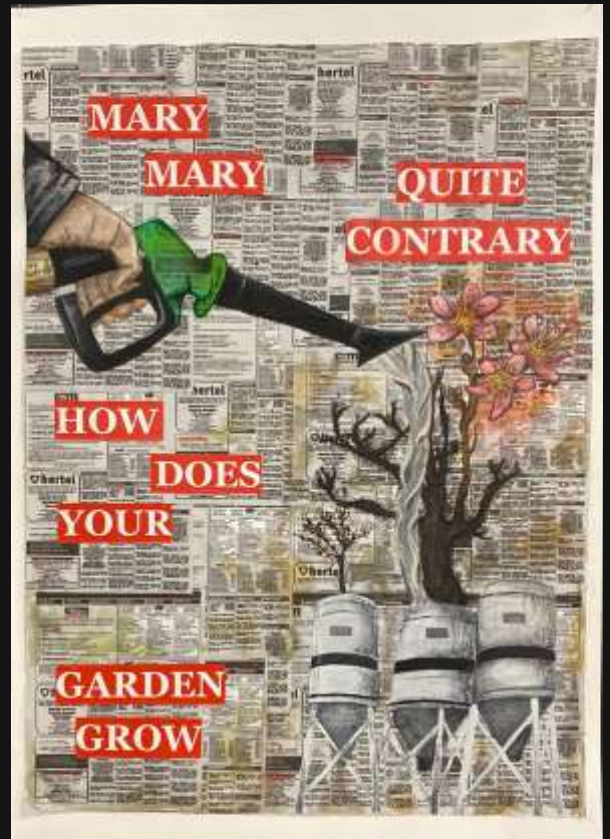


## GCSE ART

The pictures shown are from the Class of 2023—our Year 11's who left Langtree in the summer. Due to the restrictions of the GCSE course we are not able to share any GCSE Art work that is part of the student's portfolio until after the moderation and marks review period. We are delighted to now be able to share so of the amazing pieces of work that the GCSE Art Class of 2023 produced for their portfolios.















## English Department

At the end of an exploration of the gothic genre, Year 8 have all completed their very own Tense Tale. All stories were entered into the English Imaginative Writing House Competition, and the winning three tales are here for you to enjoy. Students were judged on their use of gothic elements as well as their inclusion of a range of descriptive devices. The use of ambitious vocabulary and variety of sentence structure were also considered. It was a very difficult decision because we had so many wonderful entrants, but these three stood out for including all the success criteria as well as sustaining an eerie atmosphere throughout their work. Congratulations to Emily, Olivia and Sara who all win points for their houses as well as a book from the English Department. Runners up will be awarded with a Headteacher Certificate.

### Before You're Found—Emily E

He knew that the warning that he gave was going to be dangerous, but he hoped it would convey the message. And it did. He just went a bit too far. The guests had already left after dancing in the dimly lit, oak-floored ballroom. The manor was strangely silent after all that could be heard was the orchestra playing classical music for hours. The moon was shining brightly, lighting up the manor's gardens and towers pointing to the cloudy sky. The trees were swaying in the gentle breeze outside and the frost was covering the cobbled pathway leading up to the manor's grand entrance. The master of the manor, Sir Roberts, had just sat down to dinner. In front of him, there was a giant feast laid out on the table that seated thirty. He began to eat what looked like a very large piece of meat, when he realised that there was something very crucial missing from his extravagant feast.

"Bring the wine!" he yelled, whilst spitting pieces of his dinner from his mouth. A scruffy, badly dressed maid entered the room, carrying a newspaper in one hand and a bottle of wine in the other. She placed both of them on the table as she rushed off to get a glass. Sir Roberts rolled his eyes and tutted. He had always believed that his staff were completely useless. The maid rushed back into the room a minute later and poured Sir Roberts a glass of the glistening red liquid.

A blood-curdling shriek echoed around the walls of the room, slowly fading to silence. Sir Roberts's face faded from peace to pure terror. His eyes moved around the room and settled on the doorway that led into the long expanse of the pitch black corridor. The maid followed his gaze to the doorway. At that very moment neither of them wanted to be anywhere near that manor. Sir Roberts tried to regain his composure. He sat up straight as he had slumped down into his velvet lined chair. But, despite his efforts, he still looked just as terrified. The maid's hands were trembling, she was not even trying to hide her discomfort.

Suddenly, for what seemed like no reason at all, a record player in the corner of the room began to play a mysterious, but familiar melody. The music flooded the room, the highs and lows of the melody that never seemed to end. Sir Roberts, who was even more startled after the music began to play, tried to regain his composure once again. This time, however, he could not manage to. His hands were trembling and his teeth were chattering. The maid and Sir Roberts looked around the room and then looked at each other. She knew that Sir Roberts was cruel, hence, she began to back away from the table. Her shoes were tapping against the ground and the floorboards were groaning in a disconcerting manner. Tap. Creak. Tap. Creak. Sir Roberts tried to remain looking calm, as though the thought of spooky noises and strange occurrences did not bother him at all. He raised his glass to his lips and took a slow sip. In that very same moment, a flash of lightning lit up the room, highlighting all of the highly decorated walls. Sir Robert's glass smashed on the ground, shattering into millions of pieces. And he vanished.

When Sir Roberts had decided to try and change his future all those years ago, he didn't expect his misdemeanors to come back and haunt him. He only wanted to bring him back. So, when he ended up tightly tied to a tall, lush green tree, he was rather surprised. He didn't know how he got there, yet, somehow he had, and he was trapped. His head was bowed down to the ground, the thick cord that tied him to a tree sat at his waist and the rope was tied in a knot that collected at his hip. Unlike the manor, the forest was brightly lit; the trees were swaying in the gentle breeze. There was a faint hum coming from the distance that sounded like rushing water. Sir Roberts raised his head and peered at his surroundings. He was at the edge of a small clearing in a forest. A bench that looked neither old nor new, it was clearly weathered but it wasn't rotting. A man wearing a long musky green cloak was perched on the edge of this bench, his eyes were like swords, staring into Sir Roberts's eyes. He began to rise, slowly lifting himself off the bench in a peculiar manner. This mysterious figure began to glide over to Sir Roberts, blades of grass below his feet turned to ice as he passed them. He ground to a halt when they were face to face.

"Hello," he whispered.

Sir Roberts's face was turning paler by the second as all the memories came flooding back to him. The creature of human origin towered over him, watching him. This creature was no different to a typical human being, yet there was a presence about him that was hard to describe. Blood as cold as ice ran through his veins, but he still showed such empathy towards those he admired. No one really knew him, even if they believed they did. It was warm outside that day. Misty breath could be seen rising to the sky from his icy blue lips every time he took a breath. The cool breeze gently moved his cloak from side to side, displaying the hilt of a sword at his side. Sir Roberts wished he could reach out and grab the sword. He would be able to cut the ropes binding him to the tree. He could escape that torture, but he wouldn't win a battle against this creature. He wouldn't be able to escape from that monstrous forest. To that man, he was no one. Sir Roberts's face turned pale as he realised his fate. The frost covering the ground that surrounded the creature was spreading beneath his feet, forming curvy, twisting patterns.

"You will do as I say," he snarled in Sir Roberts's ear. The trees surrounding them were still swaying in the breeze, clearly oblivious to what was happening down below. The creature reached for his belt and drew his sword in a quick, well-practiced manner. A smile crept across his icy face as he raised the sword to Sir Roberts's neck. A look of terror briefly crossed his face...and he fell to the ground.

### **Tense tale—Olivia M**

The flicker and buzz of the bulbs rotting in the crooked light rings in her ear. A light chime of the shop bells fills the room followed by a deafening crash of thunder. She sighs of relief as she removes the damped hood from her head she pivots to read the standard menu taped messily to the old door post. A shiver runs down her spine, a cold atmosphere fills the already dark room, a large shadow flows over her as she turns to see who it was. "We're closed, love." he chirps, a friendly looking man, short greying beard followed by a greasy cooking apron that wraps around him with struggle. Another sign falls over her as she processes what the man had said. "But you know what, I haven't got to rush. I'll make you something, to warm you up. What are you thinking?" He stands staring at her with a grim expression.

Once again the bell expels a cold out of tune song to reveal the pounding noise of the rain hammering carelessly, she raised her hood back onto her drenched, flat lying hair. A recurring shatter of the rain drops thumping to the floor in front of her, step by step a beating splash of water erupts beneath her feet. The wind whistles an eerie melody. A twinkle of the same bell, almost caught in the wind fills her ears followed by the rhythm of footsteps trailing behind her. She cranks her neck round to discover who was following, only to be greeted by the inviting smile of the shop owner, now wrapped in a snug, worn coat already drenched by the storm above him. She took one last glance revealing the same nurturing yet sinister expression laid upon his cracked, ageing skin and ominous manner.

The previously baleful roar of the night's gale had fallen to almost inaudible. Persistent layers of fog spiraling along the gloomy path ahead of her, only lit by the illumination of the glowing moon sat like a white marble in the sky, looming large, surrounded by an ethereal glow and the blazing stars glimmering in the moon's reflection. The air was still and ghostly. A slight jolt fell upon her as the dead leaves crunched on the ground breaking the of the uncanny silence of the autumnal light.

Her freshly prepared meal grew colder and colder, no longer providing her heat or warmth. The silence set in. Not a gush of the howling wind, not a crash of a car door or even the daring cry of an animal, bird, creature. Nonetheless she found peace rewinding the thump of her feet gliding down creating the slightest splash on the still damp and affected pavement. Her mind permeated with the rapidly increasing bang from within her chest. With heart pounding her sound focus shifted, to reveal an old rubbery pair of boots echoing behind her, filling the desolated ashy street as they plodded behind her. She didn't dare turn around. Silence fell once again quickly broken however by the resonating, chilling blare of her shoes dragging carelessly along the rubbled floor as she sped up to avoid the unknown strides creeping up behind her. Silence. The footsteps behind her had sped up now, once again matching the beat of hers. And again and again. If the tempo were to change, so would the boots. The beam of her flashlight sputtered out. Last breathe leaving it as they were left in complete darkness.

Five slender fingers wrapped themselves menacingly along her slim youthful face. Grasping at her frail, icy cheekbones under her pure, joyful eyes. The air thick filling her lungs spewed out. Taking her last breathe. As this time the darkness she was left in was permanent. However, her ears failed last. As she stood paralysed, a light chime of the shop bell filled her ears. One. last. time.

### **One hundred years but still on time by Sara S**

The miniature spider crawled across the stone cold tracks. It was covered in cotton like spider webs. It scurried up the brick walls into what looked like an old waiting room. There was only about a metre of room to stand because the slate floor was covered in suitcases and trunks. A basket was filled almost to the brim with jet black bowler hats and trench coats, which were so covered in dust they looked almost grey (rather than their distinctive mustardy yellow). On one of the wood paneled doors hung a sign. It said "Ticket Office ". The letters looked like they had been drawn by hand. Out of the dull brown stained windows lay a platform which was covered in trampled newspapers and the stubs of around a million cigarettes, they were as thin as paper.

All of a sudden, out of the dusty fog, came the blare of a train's horn and the screech of the wheels against the hardened iron tracks.

Just as the train came to a halt a boy's head peaked round the corner of the train station's entrance. His measly figure loomed above the small wooden gate which was only hanging on by one hinge. As he pushed the gate open he looked up and saw the train.

His ocean blue eyes widened as he gazed at the lifeless train. The clouds of black smoke soared above him. His freckled nose twitched at the smell of the burning coal. The emerald green carriages seem to go on for miles. As he stepped closer to the train he saw in his reflection his scruffy wind-swept hair. He kept getting closer and closer to the window of the very first carriage until his nose was almost pressed against the tinted window. Then as his eyes adjusted to the darkness of the compartment he saw a shadow!

But the shadow was not only moving it was white as pale as the moon on a crisp winter evening.

He jumped back from the train's window but as he jumped he felt the coat of some being. It was cold, lifeless, dead. He knew in his mind that this couldn't be a human. Because as he felt the woolen jacket his hand seemed to go right through the body.









### **To Our Wonderful Nativity Team.**

**Wow! You did it! Huge congratulations on creating such a magical piece of theatre! Whether you were acting, performing in the band, or part of the backstage team—you have been part of a team of 120 students who have achieved something very, very special.**

**You have all worked hard—which is why the show was such a huge success. It has been a privilege to coach you and work with you.**

**Through the memories we have shared, we are united together for the rest of our lives! Whenever the film comes on TV, we will think of each other and perhaps share a story from the show with those around us. It is a beautiful thing to share this bond.**

**We are very proud of you all**

**Remember to go out there and Sparkle and Shine.**

**Mrs Pimm and Mr Bradley**





### Away from Langtree

Congratulations to Leo Moghul who has been selected to be a member of the England Karate squad. The Squad develops selected members of JKA England to compete at international competitions. Training and competition continue throughout the year to ensure our members are ready to compete at Japan Karate Association international competitions. Well done Leo.

And we were delighted to hear that Leah Coley and her partner Jacob recently won the Advances Novice Pairs at The British Figure Skating Championships, huge congratulations to you both.



### Langtree School Sports Results—TERM 2

Date	Sport and Year	Opponents	Result	Noteworthy achievement/ Player of the Match
30/10	U16 Girls Football	Wallingford County Cup	Won 3-1	POM: Ellen S
31/10	Year 9 Hockey	Wallingford	Won 2-0	POM: Amie M
31/10	Year 7&8 Girls Football Small Schools Cup	John O'Gaunt	Won 4-1	POM: Anna D & Grace C
1/11	Year 11 Hockey	Icknield	Lost 4-3	POM: Ellen S
3/11	County Duathlon	SOXON Schools	U16 Girls: 3rd Place U16 Boys: 3rd Place	Ava D 2nd in U16 Girls individual
7/11	Year 7 Girls Football	Chiltern Edge	Lost 4-1	POM: Willow R & Zara A
8/11	Year 10/11 Girls Football	Chiltern Edge	Won 6-0	POM:
13/11	Year 8 Boys football	Small Schools Cup	Lost 4-1	POM:
14/11	Year 7 Girls football	Icknield	Lost 4-1	POM:
15/11	Year 10/11 Girls Football	Icknield	Won 1-0	POM
16/11	Year 8/9 Girls Football	Icknield	Won 7-1	POM: Grace C
20/11	Year 7/8 Girls Small Schools Cup	Bedales	Drew 3-3 Won 3-2 on Pens	POM: Grace C
27/11	Year 10/11 Girls County Football	The Oxford Academy	Won 2-1	POM: Alice B
28/11	Year 7 Girls Football	Wheatley Park	Drew 2-2	POM: Willow R
29/11	Year 7 Boys Rugby	Abingdon	Lost 25-15	POM: Will F
30/11	Year 8/9 Girls Football	Wheatley Park	Won 7-1	POM: Emily L
30/11	Year 11 Mixed Badminton SOXON Tournament	@ Icknield School	Boys 3rd Girls 2nd	
6/12	Year 10/11 Girls Football	Wheatley Park	Won 5-4	POM: Alice B
7/12	Year 8/9 Girls Football	Chiltern Edge	Won 5-1	POM: Olivia T
12/12	Year 7 Girls Football	Wallingford	Lost 9-1	POM: Rhea
14/12	Year 8/9 Girls Football	Wallingford	Won 2-1	POM:





### Year 7 Online Book Group



This term's Book Group met on the 11th December to discuss **Christopher Paul Curtis's** novel, **"The Mighty Miss Malone"**.

Once again, we had a fantastic discussion about the themes and ideas of the book. We agreed that contextually, this was a challenging and engaging read which taught us all things we didn't know about 1930s America - well worth a read!

Our next book is **"Where the River Runs Gold"** by **Sita Brahmachari**; a dystopian, adventure novel which tracks the journey of twins, Shifa and Themba as they go in search of freedom.

We will be meeting again in February. If you're in Year 7 and would like to attend, we'd love you to join! Please contact Mrs Maunder-Hand for more details; [kmaunder-hand@langtreeschool.com](mailto:kmaunder-hand@langtreeschool.com)



### In History 7KS<sub>m</sub> took their shields outside and re-enacted part of the Battle of Hastings.

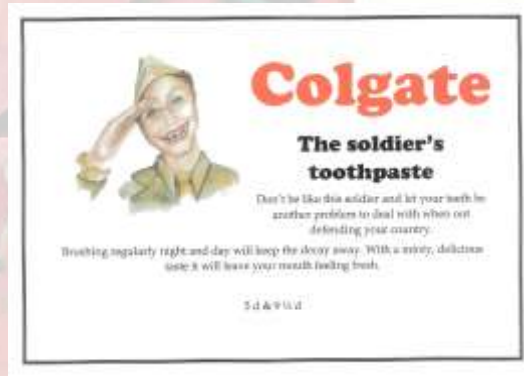
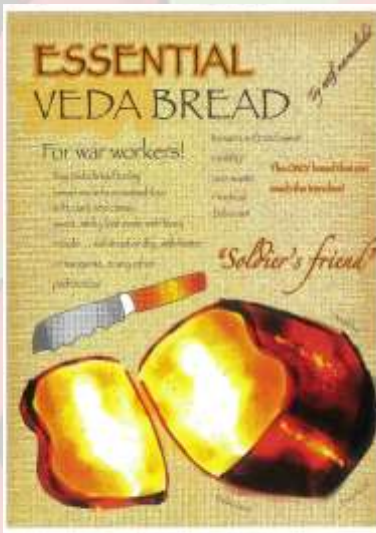


### Year 10 Spanish Christmas Tapas

The students each prepared a tapa dish which they then shared with the rest of the class.







**History Department:**

As part of our commemoration of WW1, Year 9 History students participated in a Western Front Association School's Competition. The competition entailed students to look at the examples of advertisements that appeared as posters or in newspapers and magazines between 1914 and 1918. The competition encouraged students Think about: ● WHAT sort of things are being advertised? ● WHY might these things be considered important in wartime? ● WHO do the advertisers want to get to buy these things? ● HOW do they try to persuade people to buy them? Students then created their own wartime advertisement in words, pictures or a combination of both. Here are some of our entries. We will keep you updated as to whether we have any competition winners!





## BERLIN

On Wednesday morning, we arrived at the hotel and wasted no time in starting our busy first day in Berlin. We began with a walking tour of the city focused mainly on our topic of Weimar and Nazi Germany, which included a visit to an interactive museum, seeing the festive lights that cover the city and finally climbing to the top of the Reichstag. The next day, we began by visiting Saachsenhausen concentration camp and learning about its history, after which we went to the Olympic stadium built by the Nazis for the 1936 Olympics.





## 2023 – 2024 Term Dates

<b>Christmas Holiday – 21st December – 7th January</b>	
Monday 8th January 2024	Start of Term 3
Wednesday 7th February	Creativity Day and End of Term 3 (As normal 3pm)
<b>Thursday 8th February</b>	<b>Inset Day</b>
<b>February Break – 9th February – 18th February</b>	
Monday 19th February	Start of Term 4
Thursday 28th March	End of Term 4 (As normal 3pm)
<b>Easter Holiday – 29th March – 14th April</b>	
Monday 15th April	Start of Term 5
17th April to 30th April	Year 10 Mock Exams
Monday 6th May	May Day Bank Holiday
Monday 13th May to 19 <sup>th</sup> June	GCSE Exams
Friday 24th May	End of Term 5 (As normal 3pm)
<b>May Holiday – 25th May – 2nd June</b>	
Monday 3rd June	Start of Term 6
<b>Friday 21st June</b>	<b>Inset Day</b>
15th July to 19th July	Activities Week
Wednesday 24th July	End of Term 6 (Half day school closes at 12.30pm)

### **LANGTREE SCHOOL IS NOW CASHLESS for TRIPS / VISITS / BOOKS and EQUIPMENT**

**If you do not have your unique pupil code please email the finance office: [finance@langtreeschool.com](mailto:finance@langtreeschool.com)**

**Paying online is quick and convenient and allows you to see what you have paid and any amounts left to pay, this is particularly useful for school trips. There is a link to the online payment system on the front of the school website.**



### **LOST PROPERTY**

When lost property arrives in the school office it is checked for a name. Named lost property is then returned directly to the owner. Unnamed property is kept in the school office in the hope that it will be reclaimed. 2 or 3 times during the school year the unnamed lost property will be made available in the main hall for the students to look through. please help us to return belongings to students by clearly naming all their uniform and other belongings. Thank you.

### **SECOND HAND UNIFORM**

The school office keeps a supply of second hand uniform for students and parents / carers to purchase. We are always happy to receive donations of good quality uniform to add to the second hand cupboard.

### **Absence Requests (other than for medical appointments)**

Parents may not authorise absence; only schools can do this. Schools may authorise any absence they deem appropriate; conversely, they can refuse to authorise any absence. Parents do not have an automatic right to withdraw students from school for a holiday, and, in law, have to apply for permission in advance. Retrospective approval may not be given. Holidays taken during term time without approval from the Headteacher will be recorded as unauthorised. Removal of your child for a holiday in term time without permission without authorisation from the Headteacher may lead to issuing of fixed penalty notice or even prosecution under section 444 of the Education Act.

#### **What to do:**

Requesting absence should be done in writing at least one month prior to the absence. If the child does not return to school after an agreed period, they may be marked as having unauthorised absence. Requests for absence should be made in writing to the Deputy Headteacher Ms S Burman, via the attendance officer: Mrs Debbie Hayward [studentabsence@langtreeschool.com](mailto:studentabsence@langtreeschool.com) stating the dates of absence and the reason for the absence, the school reserves the right to seek further information about the requested absence

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