

A Term of Resilience, Celebration and Looking Ahead with Optimism

As we finish this term, I would like to thank our entire school community for the resilience, patience and positivity shown in recent weeks.

Drama Studio Update

Following concerns regarding the Drama Studio ceiling, we are now in receipt of the structural engineer's report outlining the necessary repair work. This has been shared with a consultant who will support us in putting the project out to tender so that work can begin as soon as possible.

While this area of the school remains closed, we have successfully relocated classes and support services to ensure learning continues with as little disruption as possible. We fully recognise that this situation has had an impact on staff morale and may also have affected some students' attitudes towards school. I would like to thank both staff and students for their adaptability and continued commitment during this period. Your flexibility has been greatly appreciated.

Community Engagement

In the first week of the new term, we held a Trustee Open Session. Thank you to the trustees who gave up a significant part of their day to attend and contribute. We are so grateful for the expertise, support and engagement of our trustees in helping shape the future of our school.

In addition the PTA continue their wonderful work - They are two upcoming events - details of which are in our weekly bulletin, but just to highlight those dates.

PTA Quiz night - always a great evening, with lots of laughs and my team traditionally loses!
13th March 7pm.

Love Our Langtree - come and help tidy up our site with some gardening and other odd jobs
14th March 9am.

Can you help your PTA? The Langtree PTA need to recruit a new Treasurer from September 2026 as our current Treasurer will be stepping down. Please take a look at the job description ([HERE](#)) and if you are interested or have any questions, please reach out to either (Andrea Finlay, PTA-chair@langtreeschool.com) or Catherine Jarvis (PTA-treasurer@langtreeschool.com). Thank you.

Trips and Visits

Just this week our students were treated to some really enriching trips and activities on the second of our Creativity Days. You will be able to see photos of these events elsewhere in this newsletter but just to complement the students on their behaviour and engagement during this day and to thank all the staff who put in so much extra time and effort into booking, organising and attending these days at the end of a tiring half term.

We also wish our year 10 students bon voyage as they head off to Pinzolo to enjoy a week of skiing, camaraderie and fun on the annual school ski trip.

Looking Forward

I will not pretend that this has been the easiest of terms. The building challenges, the excessive amount of rain and the pervasive bugs that have been circulating have meant that students and staff are very much looking forward to their week's break.

However, we are actively addressing these matters and making steady progress. I am confident that with clearer routines, ongoing support and the arrival of brighter spring days, we will see a renewed sense of energy and optimism across our school community.

Thank you once again for your continued support. Together, we will continue to move forward positively.

Simon Bamford—Headteacher



Art Work— Year 9 Lino Printing. Emotion inspired by Käthe Kollwitz



Langtree SCHOOL

It's the Langtree PTA
QUIZ NIGHT!

Friday 13th March

Up to 8 people per team, come as a team or join a team on the night

Doors open 7.00pm for a 7.30pm start

£10 ticket per person

Main Hall + Bar on the Night

Pay via SCOPAY by Wed 11th March

LOVE OUR LANGTREE

Please come along and help tidy up our school grounds and improve our learning environment

Saturday 14th March 09.00 - 12.00

Gardening, sweeping, tidying, weeding

A lot of tea and camaraderie!

Satisfaction guaranteed and plenty of snacks too!

Please bring: Sweeping brushes, dustpans and brushes, garden forks, garden waste containers, secateurs, weeding tools, hoes/scraping tools, wheelbarrows, strong muscles, gardening gloves, power tools and as many willing helpers as you can!

If you can't join us, could you donate something instead?

Please get in touch to discuss any possible donations

RSVP TO: Jules Woodall

Juliet_white@hotmail.com

Thank you so much for making a difference

Debate Team

Our Senior Debate Team recently took part in the prestigious Oxford Union Schools' Competition, marking our fourth consecutive year of entering this nationally renowned event. This year, we entered five teams, competing against sixth-form students from selective and independent schools across the region.

We are incredibly proud to announce that Ted and Aaliya qualified as the one of two reserve teams for the National Finals, placing joint 7th out of 60 regional teams - an exceptional achievement given the highly competitive field.

This success is a testament to the dedication, intellectual rigour, and confidence of our students, as well as the strength of our growing debate culture. We look forward to celebrating this with families at our Debate Showcase for Parents on 9th March.



Chess Club is BACK

An amazing 51 students turned up to play during lunchtime last week. All standards are welcome, no equipment needed. Talk to Mr Jones if you would like to find out more.



Spanish in Action
Please **CLICK** on the links below to view the film's

Dancing Flamenco

Ordering at a café

[FILM 1](#)



[FILM 2](#)

[FILM 3](#)



[FILM 4](#)

[FILM 5](#)

[FILM 6](#)

[FILM 7](#)



Year 7 History

A visit to Windsor Castle, and learning about the First Knights led to a battle re-enactment on the tennis courts at Langtree



The Langtree Three: If you are struggling to get your child to revise or want to help them with their revision please have a look at the **Langtree Three** on the school website in the learning section. Here you will find an introduction and three short instructional videos on evidence based revision strategies. [LINK](#)

**Year 8 Creativity Day
Portsmouth Trip**



Year 9 Creativity Day—CSI and Science Day



English Department—On Line Book Groups

We had more successful KS3 Online Book Groups this term. Pupils and parents from year 7, 8 and 9 all met online during the last Monday of term to discuss their chosen books: "The Goldfish Boy" by Lisa Thompson (year 7), "Written on the Stars" by Lois Lowry (year 8) and Front Lines by Michael Grant (year 9). Once again, the groups engaged with some excellent, insightful discussions about the character, structure and themes of the texts. It was a real pleasure to hear such a lovely range of comments, and for pupils (and parents!) to read something that otherwise, may not have been on their radar. It's always good to read out of your comfort zone! Next term, the book groups will meet to discuss the following books:



"Drone Racer" by Andy Briggs (Y7) "Deborah Meaden talks Money" (Y8)
George Orwell - "1984" (Y9)

As always, if you'd like to take part, we'd love for you to join us. Each meeting takes place online during the final Monday of term from 4.30 - 5pm. Please see Mrs Maunder-Hand for more information.

Holocaust Memorial Day

Recently at school for Holocaust Memorial Day, we watched a webcam live stream. Holocaust Survivor Paul Sved, told his first hand memories of what life was like living under the Nazi regime.

He explained how he spent his early childhood in Hungary as a Jewish boy, during WWII. As anti Jewish persecution intensified Paul and his mother were forced to live in fear, relying on secrecy and false identity papers to escape dangers and stay alive. Their survival came at a time when millions of others were murdered simply because of who they were.

After the war, Paul later settled in Britain, building a new life. He now shares his story so people will remember what happened.

Personally, I believe the main message of the webcast is that the Holocaust should be remembered as a real human tragedy, not just a topic in a history text book. Hearing Paul's testimony makes the suffering and fear faced by the Jewish people during WWII feel personal and real.

I think that the webcast helped show me how easily prejudice can grow if it is not challenged and why it is important for people today, especially students, to remember the past, stand up against intolerance and remembering that these stories help prevent hate and discrimination in the future. Hopefully ensuring that this world wide tragedy never happens again.
Esme C.

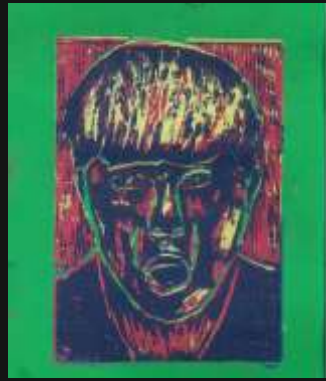


Year 7 Creativity Day—The Wembley Experience



A group of students saw "Dear England" James Graham's acclaimed play about Gareth Southgate's tenure as England Manager.
"I really enjoyed the play"
"It was loud and funny"
"thank you for taking us to the





English Department: Last term, Year 8 completed a writing unit in their English lessons called Tense Tales. They read a number of gothic story extracts, and learned how to write their own gothic stories. This culminated in an end of term Tense Tale story competition. It was very difficult to pick our final four winners, as the stories were fantastic. Well done to the following for coming runners up: Isla, Pippa, Daisy, Codey, Luke, Connie, Ella, Anastasiia, Asha, Tess, Gillan and Elsie. And especially well done to our final four winners, Bella, Seb, Avarie, and Gabriel, whose stories you can read below. Thanks again Year 8 - you wrote beautifully!

TENSE TALE by Belle

The abandoned nursing home rose before them like a monument to decay, its sagging roof lines bowed under the weight of decades. Ivy clung to the crumbling brick like dark veins, and the wind pressed cold fingers against the broken windows, coaxing out, faint ghostlike whispers. Alma paced forward with the kind of confidence born from curiosity, her posture sharp and sure. Joe trailed behind her, every step of his leaving a mark in the frosted lawn. He kept his arms folded tight lightly against his chest, as though bracing himself against some unseen dead lurking within the building's hollowed corridors.

Alma cautiously reached out her hand to touch the door knob. She turned it carefully and pushed open the creaky door. A wave of dust and years of mould reached their noses, they both coughed. "Ladies first, I guess" stammered Joe, gesturing inside with his hand. Alma rolled her eyes as she turned on the headtorch and stepped inside. Joe anxiously followed her in.

The headtorch flickered as it cut through the suffocating dark, illuminating narrow hallways collapsing under rot. Wheelchairs sat overturned like stiff, abandoned carcasses. Wallpaper drooped in strips curling down the walls like shedding skin. The smell of dampness seemed to thicken the air, transforming every breath into a gritty swallow. Joe's footsteps echoed unevenly; there was a tremor in his gait he could no longer hide, and Alma halted to study him more closely. His face, usually animated with sarcasm, carried an unnerving stillness.

"Are you sure you're not scared?" Alma teased lightly but her voice wavered. Joe forced a crooked smile. "Course not."

Yet his eyes darted quickly - too quickly - to the ceiling, then to the corners, then down the hall where the torchlight didn't reach. Something deeper than fear seemed to grind against him, something internal gnawing its way into the light.

They pressed onward into a long corridor lined with rusted patient nameplates. Alma ran her fingertips along the wall, brushing dust into drifting clouds. Joe lingered behind her, pausing as if listening to footsteps that were not hers. The building groaned - an old, aching sound that resonated through the floorboards - and Alma felt Joe tense behind her like a startled animal.

When they reached the entrance to the former common room, Alma stopped abruptly. A low-frequency hum vibrated through the stale air, unsettlingly rhythmic, as if some machine deep within the building still clung onto a form of life.

"Do you hear that?" she whispered. Joe swallowed hard, his throat clicking audibly. His pupils were widening. "We...we shouldn't be here," he murmured.

Alma turned to face him fully, her expression shifting from curiosity to alarm.

"Joe you look -"

He cut her off with a strangled gasp. His body jerked violently.

Joe's spine convulsed with a savage crack, arching backwards at an angle that seemed physically impossible. His skin drained of colour, turning icy pale as black veins spidered across his neck. His canines extended slowly, pushing past his gums with violence. His eyes ignited into a fiery crimson, glowing as if illuminated by an inner furnace that had only now awakened. The air around him grew unnaturally cold, pulsing outward in waves that made Alma's breath fog in front of her. And with one final shudder Joe exhaled his last human breath, leaving behind only a chilling stillness.

Alma stumbled backward, her heartbeat crashing in her ears.

"Joe...Joe, stop - listen to me!" she pleaded, lifting her trembling hand as if it might anchor him to the world he had just shed. But the creature in front of her no longer blinked with recognition. He moved with impossible speed, a blur slicing through the air. Alma tried to run, but her scream barely left her lips before he reached her.

The nursing home swallowed her cries hungrily.

Dust settled, the hum faded, and the silence reclaimed the space with predatory patience. Days later investigators finally searched the building, they found nothing but Alma's headtorch lying cracked on the floor. Its beam still faintly glowing against a wall smeared with streaks of blood. But there was no sign of Alma, not even her echo.

Behind the crumbling walls, deep in the labyrinth of abandoned rooms, the monster lingered in the dark - watching, waiting and hungrier than ever.

A Tense Tale by Gabriel

The narrow turret seemed to touch the boundless sky, dark and treacherous. Among the shadows, a bony hand reached out and lit a tall candle, which provided a dim light, revealing a thick network of cobwebs and mould.

Wilhelm Mulch had come from a long line of servants, each more cunning and sinister than the last. In his other hand, Mulch held something shiny and shimmering, impossible to make out. Mulch gazed out of a narrow window, its arched top reaching high and his yellow, beady eyes saw the snow falling on the dark mountains. He rested his candle on an ancient desk, panelled with oak and laden with cobwebs.

He took one pale, trembling finger, the nail as black as soot, and ran it through his grey, disheveled hair, each strand dripping with moisture. His clothes must once have been dapper but were tattered and worn. As Mulch grinned, his flaky, pallid lips split, and revealed sharp, yellow teeth.

Wrinkling his nose, a smell of must and mould wafted in, bringing Mulch pleasure. Reaching back for the candle, the antique floorboards creaked under Mulch's pointed, worn shoes.

A loud, poignant knocking echoed through the turret. The castle hadn't had a visitor for decades. Wilhelm Mulch descended the turret with

unexpected grace, His long forehead wrinkled with confusion. As he entered the grand foyer, its lofty ceiling, fine stonework and great arches

unoccupied, the knocking at the door began again. Mulch's long, pale fingers still held the shimmering object. It was a key. Feebly turning it in the archaic lock, there was a quiet click, and it swung open. The air cooled suddenly and the candle was blown over. The visitor was unfamiliar. His skin was strange and somehow didn't quite suit the rest of him, with peculiar clothes inadequate for the storm brewing outside. But Mulch hadn't had a guest for as long as he could remember, and out of curiosity Wilhelm let him in.

As Mulch processed the events of the day, he gazed out into the distance, his pale, withered arm contorted in shock as the snow was so severe it obscured even the mighty mountains. Huge gusts of wind sailed through the bleak sky, battering against the stark walls of the castle.

The visitor entered the room. Mulch stared in shock as the visitor tore the skin off of his strange face, and removed his clothes, revealing a body of alabaster hair and indigo skin. Under his mask was the unmistakable face of a yeti, flashing with malice.

The yeti lunged at Mulch, attempting to plunge its icy claws into his shrivelled heart. Wilhelm dodged, crashing through the thin window, into the thick wind and snow.

Mulch awoke in the snow. As he got up, the air seemed even more frigid. He began to pace towards the castle, then there was a CRASH! The yeti had thwacked its burly arm, which contrasted with Wilhelm's withered arm, into the ground, narrowly missing his head. The storm was so harsh and cruel that it blocked Wilhelm's vision completely, leaving a mess of white. Then the white Wilhelm could see turned to black and he knew no more but a terrible feeling in the side of his head.

As the ferocious storm withdrew, nothing could be seen in the snow, but a lock of white, thick hair. The castle stood, once again still and quiet.

Fight or flight by Avarie

Sunlight charged into the sky. Trees grabbed the sky. Autumn leaves made a patterned rug. Branches twisted and twirled like gymnasts. Water dripped, then poured. They fed the trees and polished the marble ground with tears. Silence stretched out as if it were arms grasping away. An old building stood proud, like a war veteran parading his medals. The entrance. Sieged by thorns and other spikes from plants. It was clear that humanity had cold shouldered it. Weak, but it stood strong, it was a model building that had retired from beauty. Ignored for years. A wolf limped towards the building. It stopped as it reached the thorns and beside was a gap through the thorns it limped through and there was a small den, 4 foot at most. The wolf snuggled inside a blanket on the floor. In a flash it expanded into human shape. A skeletal frame and a triangular face, a gaunt skin tone and bright pink pupils. Edgar knew he needed sleep.

Later a storm quickly arrived, Its relentless heavy rain plastered leaves to the ground . Strong winds shook the den. Thunder rumbled and lightning shook Edgar awake. He covered in his blanket hoping that it wouldn't strike him. All light of sun or joy was swallowed by a depressing nothing. Edgar soon relaxed and closed his eyes, he dozed off peacefully.

The storm passed slowly and it looked like Edgar was safe. Until. Boom! Lightning struck the den and a dark smoke rose. Red, orange and yellow danced on the sticks, a flame burnt Edgar as he woke and yelped. He rolled out weak and hurt, but the fire spread Edra ran, he turned left but the fire was already there. He turned right, fire was there, he sprinted forward and thought "there's a little river running through, it has an abandoned boat, that might be safe." So Edgar ran like his life depended on it because it probably did.

Once he reached the boat the fire was even closer than last time knew he needed to do something otherwise he'd be seared like a steak on a grill. He stared at the black clouds trying to relax and was successful. Relaxed and starting to fall asleep, until an obnoxious laugh echoed around, they reached where Edgar was lying and started talking " Err look at that thing is it dead?" One of the kids said " kick it, find out." Another said. " No. That's disgusting" the first one said " scared are you, do we need to call your mummy." One jeered. "Ok fine." With full force he kicked Edgar. Edgar woke and yelped from the pain, the force of the kick sent him back. Angry he transformed back into a wolf. Patches of fur were missing from the fire, the skin behind the fur was swelling. Edgar's blood boiled and his wolf face twisted with something ugly. Maybe pain, sadness ... or worse. The wolf walked towards its teeth out and it growled furiously. Then Edgar pounced and he landed on the one who kicked him and bit him, the boy fell and his stomach was ripped apart while the others ran. Edgar didn't stop until the boy stopped breathing and once he'd he hunted for the other two. He made quick work of the first but the second was harder; he pounced but was caught by a sharp metal pole. Edgar yelped but wouldn't stop his mission. He pounced successfully this time first he ripped the right leg off then the left leg next came the arms blood pooled around him next he scratched his neck into pieces



A Tense Tale by Sebastian

A tumbleweed danced through the desolate sand temple. The scorching ground dunes licked the lifeless plant almost setting it ablaze with the heat. Inside the isolated temple, spiders scuttled across the floor which was lined with broken once-majestic mosaics. Chipped pieces of brick littered the stairway, each step would be more dangerous than the next.

Along the decaying hallway, the walls were covered with rotting doors. Suddenly a hand reached out from a crack in one of the doorways. The door slowly creaked open. An old man emerged, his emaciated figure reflecting the sun of his sweaty skin. " It's that time of year again." he whispered, licking his dry lips while grabbing a water bucket. Sandy clothes clasped to his haggard torso, as he hobbled down the stairs and entered a neighbouring building. His wrinkled hand touched the only thirst quenching water for miles; A wave of relief rushed over the man's gaunt face.

Suddenly the water changed colour. Not a sapphire blue like it used to be. The water was. Red. The water felt different on the old man's wrinkly skin. It clutched onto him, colouring him a pinky red. This can't be. The texture was gloopier than normal water. Blood! Seeping from the water tap. Only a second ago the water was soothing on his skin but now an eerie amount of blood was plummeting down onto the dirty floor. Terror turned into confusion. Intrigued, the old man slid on his grimy sandals and decided to walk to the cave where water was once flowing freely.

The man, panting, stood at the face of the cave. He hobbled into its jaws, smelling the damp mossy stones that lay before him. Dust blanketed every surface he touched. Pitter-patter Pitter-patter. Water droplets could be heard in the stream. His shrivelled body scuffled over to where the stream was. He looked into it. All of a sudden, a dark shadow could be seen skulking in the reflection of the water. The old man whipped his head around as fast as it could go just for any glimpse of the person he just saw. "Im getting paranoid in my old age." he muttered to himself, moving on deeper into the cave.

He walked for what felt like hours, scanning the area in front of him. Then. Bang!. The sound of heavy footsteps reverberated around the cave. To his left magically appeared a bright red set of footprints, almost making a pathway towards a pale blue light in the distance. As he got nearer, he could recognise the shape of the thing before him. It was some sort of puddle. He touched it. Immediately, he felt a surge of death enter him! His skin was no longer a vibrant beige. But an eerie grey. It was still just as wrinkled but it was getting greyer and greyer, looking close to perishing before his eyes!

Scared of what just happened moments before, his pupils scanned the way he came, looking for the entrance that could relieve him of his terror. However, while looking around, his eyes fell on a figure crouching in the corner. The mysterious blue light illuminated his face. It was an ordinary man. Jeans and shirt ripped, hands torn and bloody. He had bright red eyes, like something was possessing him. He then spoke. "Wher-e am I, w-ho are you?"

All a sudden his expression changed. His features were lit up by his own malice. A new person was staring back at the man." Hello there." he snarled,"let me help you get out of here, just follow me." His pace was swift, he blended into the shadows. He was leading the old man back into the room with the strange puddle. Then something caught the old man's eyes. Then strangers' feet were bright red. But just as he put two and two together the stranger grabbed his arm and drowned him in the blue puddle. There he lay, lifeless on the icy cold stones beneath him; Abruptly, his grey skin. Had turned fully black! In unison they whispered something to hell. " We shall obey you master!"

They disappeared into the darkness and glared at the cave's entrance, waiting for another victim that would be involved in a massacre that had been going on for decades. The only sign of any information was a smiley face painted in blood and the message. 'I just wanted to talk.'

Langtree School

2025 - 2026 Term Dates Calendar

February Break – 14th February – 22nd February 2026		
TERM 4	Monday 23rd February	Start of Term 4
	Friday 27th March 2026	END of TERM 4 (As normal 3pm)
Easter Holiday – 28th March - 12th April 2026		
TERM 5	Monday 13 th April	Start of Term 5
	Monday 4th May	May Day Bank Holiday - school closed
	Friday 22nd May 2026	END of TERM 5 (As normal 3pm)
May Holiday – 23rd May – 31st May 2026		
TERM 6	Monday 1st June	Start of Term 6
	Thursday 2nd July	Inset Day - no students in school
	Friday 3rd July	Inset Day - no students in school
	13th July to 17th July	Activities Week
	Tuesday 21st July 2026	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

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 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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