



July 2026 Newsletter

As we reach the end of Term 6, I find myself reflecting on what has been another fantastic and incredibly busy year at Langtree School. Our community continues to live by our core values of Courtesy, Respect, and Integrity, ensuring that we always Put Learning First.

There are too many successes and achievements to detail here but I believe the recent Activities Week showcased the special spirit of Langtree. From Year 7s bonding at camp through abseiling and zip-wiring to our Year 8 and 9 students exploring France, Barcelona, and Holland, our students impressed everyone they met with their maturity and attitude. Closer to home, those in school enjoyed a creative programme themed around "Heroes and Villains". I must also commend our Year 10 students for a highly successful work experience week; the feedback I have received from their "employers" is exceptional.

On the sporting front, our annual Sports Day was a triumph of house spirit. While the competition was fierce, it was heartening to see the students supporting their houses and each other so positively.

This year has not been without its challenges. The recent extreme heat and subsequent red weather warning required us to switch briefly to remote learning. I am incredibly grateful for the support of our parents during this time; your flexibility allowed us to keep our community safe during unprecedented conditions.

We have also seen the start of significant site improvements, including essential repairs to the drama studio ceiling and our drainage system, both of which will be completed before the new term begins.

The end of the year is always tinged with sadness as we say goodbye to valued colleagues. We bid a very fond farewell to Mrs Ventress, who is retiring from her role as School Business Manager, and to Mr Wood, Miss Stevens, and Mx Banyard, who are moving on to new adventures.

In the new academic year we will formally welcome Ms Bratt as our new School Business Manager. We have also had the benefit of Mr Stubbs and Mr Spooner for the last few weeks of term who will teach DT and maths respectively next year. Looking ahead to September, we will also be joined by Mr Howarth who will also be teaching maths.

Please note a few practical updates for September:

- **Mobile Phone Policy:** We will continue with our complete smart phone ban for KS3. KS4 students may bring smart phones but they must remain switched off and in bags. Please note that no student will be permitted to have a smartphone exemption for bus pass reasons - so they will all need a physical bus pass for September.
- **Site Updates:** The Drama Studio and Staff Room will be fully back in action.
- **One-Way System:** Based on School Council feedback, we are reducing the one-way system to the stairwells only (up the drama stairs, down the English stairs) to improve flow.

Finally, I would like to wish all our students, staff, and families a fun, enjoyable, and relaxing summer break. Please stay safe and look after one another. We look forward to welcoming year 7 students back to school on Wednesday 2nd and the rest of the school on Thursday 3rd September.

Simon Bamford. Headteacher.



Year 7 Camp





Year 8 Barcelona





Year 9 Amsterdam



In school Activities Week



MEMF competition: Langtree win the National Competition in the KS3 Category again—the third year running!

All of our Year 9's Geography students were given the opportunity to take part in the national MEMF competition designing a sustainable project of the community. Mrs Phipps says that the students found it a fantastic opportunity to put into practice what they had been learning about in their Geography lessons.

The overall winner of KS3 Category of the national competition, who won £200, were: Matthew Davis, Freya Little, Charlotte Gibbons and Isabella Kemp. They designed a Woodcote Wildlife Centre & Cafe. The judges commented: 'The judges thought this a well-designed piece and were impressed by the research and detail in all of the plans. Sustainability and the natural habitats are well-supported by technology. Excellent job, well done.'

Below are quotes from the winning students about their experience:

Matthew Davis says: I enhanced my ability to research and think creatively about something which isn't normally creative. I enjoyed designing the buildings and thinking about the small changes that make it more sustainable. I would recommend it to other people even if they don't plan to go into geography, as it makes you better at presenting an idea, researching, thinking critically and working in a team.

Freya Little says 'The MEMF competition has helped to develop my teamwork and creativity skills. I enjoyed the challenges we had to overcome to make our idea work. I would recommend the MEMF project to people who work well in a team and have good problem solving skills. '

Charlotte Gibbons says: Personally I've gained a better understanding of what you need to consider during creating something like this. I mean, I never thought there would be such a debate over something as simple as a car park! However that must've been the part that I enjoyed most. I absolutely loved our whole group plus concept, and planning/creating something like this can definitely be fun with the right people. So, I would 100% recommend getting a group of your friends and giving it a go!



Isabella Kemp says "I absolutely loved doing the MEMF competition this year. I've gained a deeper understanding of the work and effort that goes into a project like this. The complexity and required creativity is refreshing and it was an amazing experience. I would do this again any day and I would certainly recommend this to anyone who's up for a challenge."

Some more of Year 9 made it to the KS3 Shortlist of the national MEMF competition:

Tilly Slater, Sophie Bucknall, Lexi Butler – The White Lion - This is a well-researched set of plans and shows a clear understanding of sustainability and inclusivity. The judges think that the community would really benefit from the re-purposing of the White Lion!

Fraser Toms, Tyler Miles, Daniel Buckett, Sindre Awunor – Woodcote More - The judges really appreciated the use of AI to show the changes you would make and the range of areas that you have considered.

Edward Baker & Elaina Buisson– Woodcote Bird Sanctuary - The judges thought this a well-designed piece and liked the range of technology being used to make the area more inclusive and sustainable.

While the others were not shortlisted, the judging panel was impressed by the commitment and enthusiasm shown.

Charlotte Sudbury, Amy Wilson, Shayden Bourton & Bella Olinski - The judges thought this a comprehensive set of designs and were impressed with the range of technology employed to make the school more sustainable. We hope the school leaders can implement some of your ideas!



**Congratulations Year 11
Class of 2026
You made it!!**



Year 9 took part in an Extinction Project Story Writing Competition in English last term. They wrote some fantastic, dystopian stories which were judged by an outside judge (and ex-Langtree pupil!) who now works in publishing. She found them a delight to read, and chose her top 3 which we've published here. Well done for taking part year 9. You produced an excellent collection of stories!

Story 1 by Aurora

Title: The Great British Box

He told us this would stop the wars. He told us this would eliminate the hate. He told us we would finally be equal. Joseph was his name. He was tall and lean and white and perfect; his suits were exquisitely fitted and his hair was immaculately gelled. Eyes like the clearest ocean, skin like the softest cloud, he was everything I could never be. The country was collapsing, but he pledged to save it. Joseph swore to put the Great back in Great Britain and they trusted him. My name is Nayab Nida (which means rare voice), I am from Pakistan and I will not forget.

From Joseph's words grew the Cleanse Britain party. They believed the world would be healed if we were all identical, for you cannot be racist if all skin is of that colour. They believed that if we all thought the same thoughts, we would never disagree on anything. In theory, it sounded flawless. I began to yearn for this utopian future, but my mother saw right through his lies; while his eyes were a crystal sea for me, they were a suffocating whirlpool to my mother. Catastrophes are often a breeding ground for radical change, and far too quickly Joseph had risen to Prime Minister. My mother warned us that trouble was coming. We stayed. Joseph announced a powerful new project: The Great British Box. Still, we stayed. Even when our friends were being stolen as easily as watches lifted by pickpockets, we stayed. My name is Nayab Nida, I no longer remember the meaning, but I am from Pakistan and I will not forget.

One night, they burst through our doors and rounded us up like cattle for slaughter. Thick wool was wrapped around our eyes- I can still feel the painful itch of the fibres- and we were loaded into a van as nothing more than cargo. We were drugged, and when I awoke, I was alone in a cold coffin. I looked for my mother. I called. Screamed. But my voice just echoed around my confinements. My body was contorted into unnatural angles, my skin squished into a mould it would never fit. The walls were too close; the air too thin; the ceiling too low; the floor too high, and it was pressing and squeezing and pushing and pulping and I thought I was going to die...

Blinding lights blared, glared, bleaching and biting my skin, and I could no longer hear my cries through the endless pain, the hellish agony, the torture from the devil himself- Joseph. His voice was a sudden balm to my injuries; as soon as his words floated into my crate, the pain just...stopped. He told me I was part of his project now. The world was a dangerous place for those who thought outside the box, so my cell would help me fit inside it. The lights would turn my skin a "purer" colour and the tight walls would make me just the right size. Thin air was good for the mind, it helped you relax and clear your thoughts. He reassured me that when I was ready to leave this box, I would be perfect, like him. But I no longer wanted to be. I too saw the whirlpool. My name is Nayab, I'm not sure I ever had a surname, I am from Pakistan and I will not forget.

After 5 years trapped in my prison, Joseph said he had something to show me. The walls of the crate shimmered to glass and I saw the outside world for the first time in half a century. It wasn't much of a view, just an enlargement of my enclosure, but there was a woman. Tall, slim and ivory-skinned, she had shoulder-length blonde hair and sapphire eyes. Like Joseph. Tentatively, I pressed my face to the window and tried to peer beyond the surface. She just looked... blank. But familiar. My hand shuddered to my mouth and I shook with despair. She may have forgotten, but I hadn't; there was my mother. Like a rabid animal, I clawed the walls, howling like a wolf separated from my pack. All these years, she had been there. Just a few steps away. Could I have found her? Could we have escaped? I hadn't seen her since that fateful night, and now she was nothing, just another number, just another experiment. They had taken her culture and identity, rinsed her of all that she was. Joseph told me she was cleansed now. Thanks to my resistance to the treatments, she would rejoin society as his slave, and every day I would be forced to watch her labour. Roaring at his words, I beat myself up trying to reach the monster. It was futile. That night, I swam in my tears, longing for Death's icy grip.

I write this on the side of my box that they never clean. I scratch it in with my fingernails, and I bleed, but they never stop me and I do not want to stop myself. My memories are fuzzy and my body unrecognisable, my world reduced to obsidian darkness and burning lamps, but still I fight. I am the last warrior left standing; I don't know how I entered the battle, but I will not fall. My words will live forever.

My name. My name is...

My name is Maya Nia, I am from Britain and I have forgotten.

Story 2 by Oliver Jarvis

Title -The Last Tree

It stretched for miles, the concrete jungle. No green could escape its wrath. Bar one. The Ancient Oak. Bravely it remained, defying the ever more hungry slabs of grey. It stood tall. Defiant. Unwavering. Like a raft adrift in a ferocious hurricane.

A young girl, no older than ten sat under its great awning of tangled branches and leaves, colouring with her brand new set of crayons. Her head swam with endless possibilities which translated themselves onto the page. First, a gallant unicorn appeared, showing off its bright pink tail and horn like an olympic champion with their gold medal. Next, an oak tree. Dappling the unicorn in a cool shade, it protects the unfolding masterpiece. No more than thirty metres away from the little girl, a city is bustling with life. Men in crisp, ironed suits stride across the cracked pavements while women in flowing dresses stroll down the stall filled high streets. A warm sun shines off the tinted windows, speckling the people below.

The calm in the streets is shattered by a deep mechanical thunder, people across the square scurry away seeking the safety of shops or alleyways. A troupe of tree surgeons roared their way through, blaring their modified horns at anyone who glanced their way. These were people to be feared, and you definitely didn't want to get on the wrong side of them. Lost in her own world, the girl failed to hear the approaching group till a disgusting smell wafted into her nose. She wretched, then slowly looking up, saw the heinous face of a man who hadn't had a shower in a long, long time.

Hoisted up into the air by her collar, she was inspected by the man, like a rat to a mouldy bit of cheese. Her long skirt flapped in the breeze which brought a look of disgust onto his face, she opened her mouth to speak, or maybe scream, but nothing came out. This was to the level of fear that coursed through her veins. After what seemed like an age, she was abruptly dropped into the dirt and, with a fleeting glance, she vanished into her mothers arms. A gruff, "get lost" echoed toward them. Not soon after, a great chainsaw was brought to life, filling the surrounding area with abhorrent noise. As she peeked through her mothers arms, the machine got to work. A tear trickled down her cheek as it fought for its life. The battle was long, but there was only ever to be one winner. With a final long groan like a giant's last breath, it fell. Centuries of life, gone like that. A lifetime of protecting was ended by those who it so gallantly protected.

For her, it felt like all hope was lost, she turned away, averting her eyes from the fallen body of the great warrior and started the long walk back home. But then, out of the corner of her eye, a little seed of hope tumbled down the pavement across the road from her and hid itself in a crack in the brickwork. Quickly glancing around her for anyone who may be looking her way, she darted across the road and bent down, as if to tie her shoelace but instead sneaked the little acorn into her pocket.

It was quickly forgotten, the tree, amidst the wars which scarred the continent and everyday life had to ensue. Everyday though, she scurried off to her hiding place and fed the plant, nurturing it through its young life. Days turned to weeks and weeks turned to months, but still she believed that one day, this little acorn will reside back where it belongs, at the centre of her great city.

The day before her 13th birthday as she walked to school, a great billboard ad up on the side of a building made her stop in her tracks. A campaign for change. For life. For trees. It asked for anyone who knew how or where to find a tree to come to the plaza at the center of the city so they could restore what used to be there.

As the day arrived, she excitedly carried her tree, now almost as tall as her. A blue sky greeted her as she strolled toward the plaza. A crowd of people had gathered, and a cheer erupted as she entered the gap in the buildings. #

They planted that tree, and it started change. Life happened in the city

Story 3: By Nina

Drifting through the quiet river, the otter flicked his tail against the cool water as sunlight shimmered across the surface. Speckled fish darted between the reeds while iridescent dragonflies hovered above him like blue sparks. Everything felt calm as the river curled lazily around smooth grey stones, whispering softly against the banks in the warm breeze. Beneath the surface, streams of green kelp danced with the current, while trout flashed silver in the sunlight. The air smelt fresh and earthy after the morning rain which left the grass moist, the only sounds were bird chirping, leaves rustling and the steady trickle of water flowing downstream.

The otter twisted playfully beneath the glassy surface, sending silver sprays of water sparkling through the air like scattered jewels. Beside him, his sister darted through the riverweed; swift as an arrow, she disappeared into the swaying green shadows below. Above them the willow trees swayed gently in the breeze, their drooping branches trailing across the water like delicate fingers. The river was alive; chattering against the banks, humming over smooth pebbles and carrying the fresh scent of rain soaked earth through the cool morning air.

A thundering noise and thud shattered the peace.

The otter jerked backwards as something hard struck against his side. Spinning around cautiously, he spotted a strange object bobbing in the current, it was thick, crinkled plastic that floated like the translucent skin of a dead fish. He sniffed it; the smell was bitter and unnatural, stinging his nose sharply. Usually, the river had drifting leaves, fallen twigs and treasures left by the forest; never before it had carried bottles, tangled wrappers and scraps of rubbish that clung to the reeds like parasites which were now drifting past him downstream.

Then he saw it.

Stretching across the once crystal water was a dark, oily sheen, shimmering with sickly rainbow colours beneath the harsh sunlight. The river no longer sparkled brightly, it looked bruised. A foul smell curled through the air, thick and choking, while the water burned against his paws like fire. Even the birds had fallen silent; the cheerful song vanished, leaving only the heavy growl of the machinery and the poisoned river behind.

Panic rippled through the water. The otter watched as his mother hurried the other pups towards the safety of the riverbank; her movements were sharp and urgent now, no longer calm and graceful. The current seemed to twist angrily around them, pulling polluted foam across the surface. He scrambled onto the muddy bank, his soaked fur clinging to his skin. The bitter stench of oil followed him, thick, sour and suffocating.

Usually fish shimmered beneath the water in great amounts; now the river looked empty. The otter peered into the murky river and spotted a trout floating downstream, its pale body floating helplessly with the current. Fear shot through him like needles. Even the reeds looked sickly, their once vibrant green leaves trapped beneath tangled rubbish and slimy black sludge.

Gradually the noise began to fade, the growling machines rumbled into the distance, and at last, his mother emerged from the water.

Her fur, once sleek and shiny, hung in greasy clumps with thick black streaks, while various strings tangled around her claws.

The otter glanced around silently. The peaceful home he once knew was gone. Piles of rubbish left by the machinery populated the banks like crowds of people; fish were lifeless among the reeds, and the willow trees no longer danced gently in the breeze; they now stooped over the polluted water. Even the sky seemed darker now, hidden behind clouds of grey smoke that swallowed it whole.

His mother pressed her nose against his head before turning away from the water. Slowly, the family began walking downstream in search of somewhere cleaner, somewhere safer. But as he glanced back one final time, he could still see the rainbow oil spreading across the surface of the river, like a stain that would never go away.

On-Line Book Groups

This year, we have had some really excellent, engaging discussions with our online KS3 book groups. Between us, we've read a variety of texts - some of which really took us out of our comfort zone - and engaged in some excellent discussions about character and narrative and authorial voice. English staff were joined by both parents and pupils which made for a really collective, reading experience. Attached is a short review by Duncan for "The Hate U Give" - one of the texts read by the year 9 group. Thank you for everybody who took part!

The Hate U Give is a thoughtful and empowering book about poverty and racism. The book follows a teenaged American black girl named Starr who lives in 'the hood' but goes to a predominantly white private school in the suburbs. She has to try and fit in with two different groups of people, which is made even harder when her black friend is shot by a white policeman, and her other white friends don't realise Starr knew the victim. A must-read for anyone who wants to try and understand what it would be like in a poor and discriminated against neighborhood.

Year 8 - Theme Park Project.

Winners from each class were:

Jessica, Charlotte, Cara - KSM group
Tilly, Pippa and Rose - HQu group
Callum, Felicity, Samantha and Saanvika - KSh group
Belle, Pippa and Scarlett - ITH group
James, Claudia & Anton - NPOogroup
Jesse, Joss, Grace, Bruno, Fintan and Sam MWI group

"Year 8 did a fantastic job this term in English with their Theme Park Unit. They were given the task to design a Theme Park for Woodcote! They had to plan and prepare their project in groups, and then present their designs to the rest of the class. The standard was very high this year, and the groups all did brilliantly! You would have made Alan Sugar proud! Well done to everyone for taking part, and especially to the winning team from each class."



We celebrated our Year 7 Literacy success this term in our Literacy Celebration Assembly. We were joined by family and friends who came to hear presentations from our pupils about what they have learned in Literacy this term, and their favourite spooky stories! We are so proud of everything you have achieved in Literacy this year, and look forward to next year for more reading and writing fun! Well done.



Active Leaders Primary School Quiz

'Whitch' school holds the real Mastermind?? 'Orange' you curious to find out? The Active Leaders led a quiz for the local primary schools, it was well represented and enjoyed by all. We would like to congratulate Whitchurch Primary school for retaining the coveted trophy for the second year in a row!

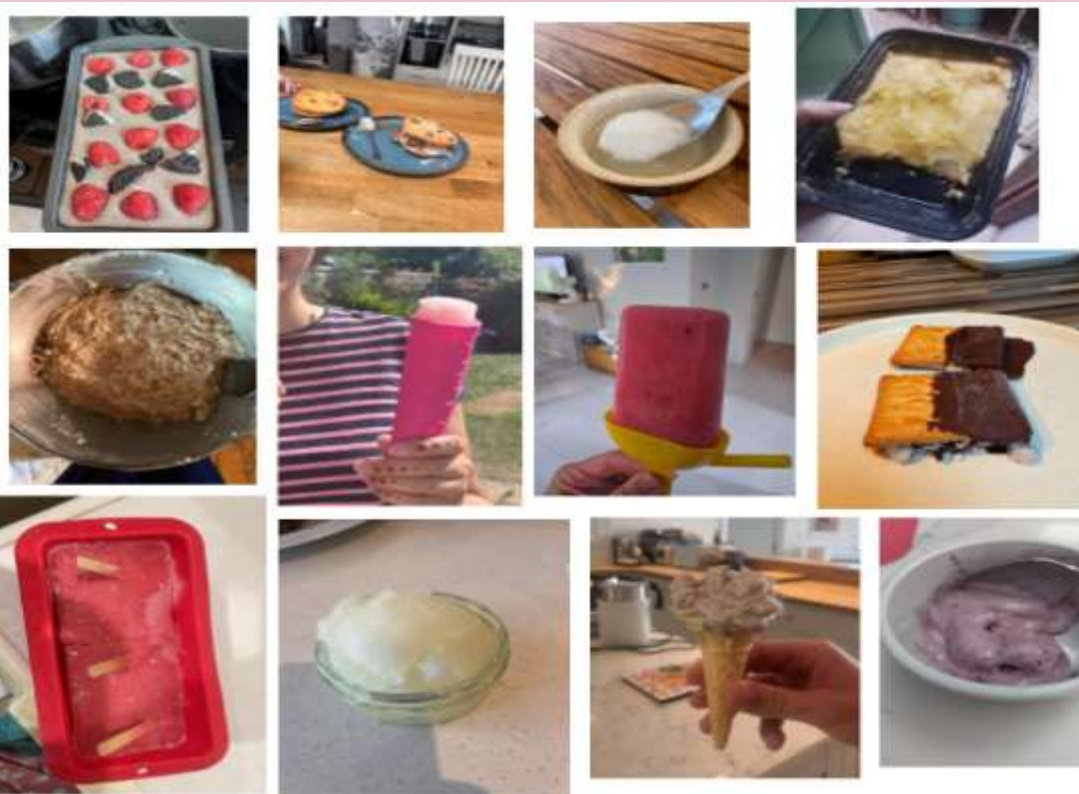
Well done to everyone who took part!

#fyp #ActiveLeaders #Mastermind #Langtree
@WhitchurchPrimaryschool @WoodcotePrimaryschool
@StokeRowPrimaryschool @GoringPrimaryschool



Hot Weather Food Task!

During the days of the heat wave school closures, the classes who would have had Cooking, were given the brief to prepare a frozen treat for themselves and their families if they were able to get hold of the ingredients...



Thanks to the following students for sharing photos of their creations with me! From top left to bottom right: Oreo and raspberry ice cream by Aurora; ice cream sandwiches by Matilda and Catalina; lemon sorbet by Stanley; making ice cream by Arthur; mango sorbet by Tilly; fruit 'Calippos' by Amy; fruit lollies by Elodie; ice cream sandwich by Bella; frozen lolly loaf by George; lemon sorbet by Harry; strawberry and blueberry ice-creams by Lucy, Hugo and Casper; summer fruit ice cream by Elsie.

**Mrs Darkins
Food Department**

SPORTS DAY 2026



RESULTS
1st BLUE
2nd GREEN
3rd RED
4th YELLOW





Langtree PTA End of Year Newsletter 2025–2026

As another school year comes to an end, the Langtree PTA would like to say a huge **thank you** to everyone who has supported us throughout the year, whether you attended an event or volunteered your time, your support has made a real difference to our school community.

Fundraising Highlights

Thanks to your generosity, we have raised valuable funds through a number of activities this year (Revenue figures):

- **Coffee Shop in Woodcote** – £216.21
- **Christmas Cards** – £197.46
- **Elf Fundraising** – £1,927.69
- **PTA Quiz Night** – £935

Supporting Our School

The money raised has been used to provide resources and experiences that benefit students across the school:

- **Drama** – £788 towards a 3-year Digital Theatre Plus subscription, supporting both the English and Drama departments.
- **English & Humanities** – £972 for a 36-month subscription to a revision and homework tool.
- **Sports/PE** – 10 tennis racquets (£198.60) and tennis nets (£519.15).
- **Art** – A2 and A3 light boxes (£135) and 40 mirrors, primarily for Year 8 (£200).
- **Gardening Club** – £80 for compost and plants.
- **Year 11** – £350 contribution towards the Prom and £315 for Leavers' Day ice creams.

Love Our Langtree

This year we also held **three Love Our Langtree sessions**, bringing together volunteers to help keep our school looking its best. Our activities included gardening, sweeping, tidying, weeding and, of course, tea drinking (often accompanied by cake!). These sessions are a lovely way to support the school, spend time together and make a visible difference to the school environment.

Thank You

None of this would be possible without our wonderful parents, carers, staff, local businesses and volunteers.

A special thank you to the following PTA members who are all leaving us this year:

- Catherine Jarvis – our long standing Treasurer, who has been an incredible part of the PTA committee
- Jules Woodall – our amazing "Love Our Langtree" leader
- Sarah Simmons – a long standing active member of our PTA Happy Helpers

If you want to find out more about the PTA or if you want to join our "Happy Helpers", then please contact Andrea (pta-chair@langtreeschool.com) or Vicky (pta-secretary@langtreeschool.com)

Our next meeting is on Tuesday 22nd of September at the Miller of Mansfield in Goring from 7.30pm. Our AGM will be held on Monday the 12th of October at The Coppa Club in Streatley from 7.30pm.

Langtree PTA

Love our Langtree

Despite a drizzly start, the morning soon cleared up for the summer Love Our Langtree session.

It was great to welcome some new year 7 families, as well as the LOL regulars too.

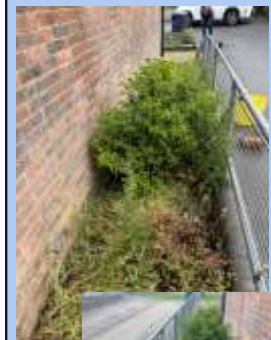
Thanks to the earlier rain, we were able to achieve a lot during our morning session.

In addition to the usual weeding, trimming and tidying, parents and students worked really hard to clear a previously loved area behind the maths block, helping to bring it back to life. We would love to put a bench here, so if anyone has one they no longer need, do please get in touch.

As always, everyone worked with so much energy and enthusiasm and were grateful to the Bamford family for the LOL refreshments!

Love our Langtree has now been running for almost 4 years now and the difference around the school is really noticeable.

If you'd like to get involved or wish to take over coordinating Love Our Langtree please contact Jules Woodall - juliet_white@hotmail.com



Langtree School 2026 - 2027 Term Dates Calendar

TERM 1	Tuesday 1st September 2026	Inset Day - no students in school
	Wednesday 2nd September	Start of Term 1 for Year 7 students - Induction Day
	Thursday 3rd September	Start of Term 1 for all other students.
	Thursday 17th September	School closes at 12.30pm (Open evening)
	Friday 18th September	SPONSORED WALK - all students expected in school
	Monday 5th October	Inset Day - no students in school
	Friday 23rd October 2026	END of TERM 1 for students (As normal 3pm)
October Break – 24th October – 1st November 2026		
TERM 2	Monday 2nd November	Start of Term 2
	Monday 30th November 2026	School Closed - no students in school
	Tuesday 1st December	Inset Day - no students in school
	Friday 18th December 2026	END of TERM 2 (Half day school closes at 12.30pm)
Christmas Holiday – 19th December – 3rd January 2027		
TERM 3	Monday 4th January 2027	Start of Term 3
	Thursday 11th February 2027	END of TERM 3 (As normal 3pm)
	Friday 12th February 2027	Inset Day - no students in school
February Break – 12th February – 21st February 2027		
TERM 4	Monday 22nd February	Start of Term 4
	Thursday 25th March 2027	END of TERM 4 (As normal 3pm)
Easter Holiday – 26th March - 11th April 2027		
TERM 5	Monday 12 th April	Start of Term 5
	Monday 3rd May	May Day Bank Holiday - school closed
	Friday 28th May 2027	END of TERM 5 (As normal 3pm)
May Holiday – 29th May – 6th June 2027		
TERM 6	Monday 7th June	Start of Term 6
	Friday 2nd July	Inset Day - no students in school
	12th July to 16th July	Activities Week
	Tuesday 20th July 2027	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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