

Welcome To The English Department

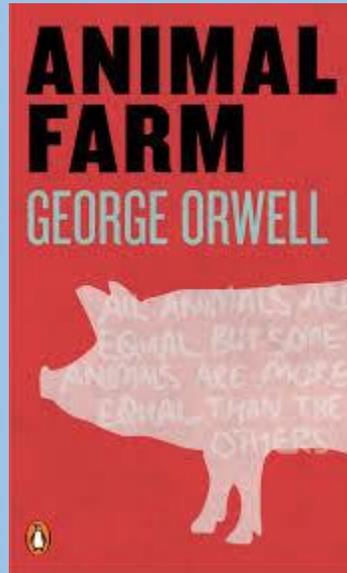


English

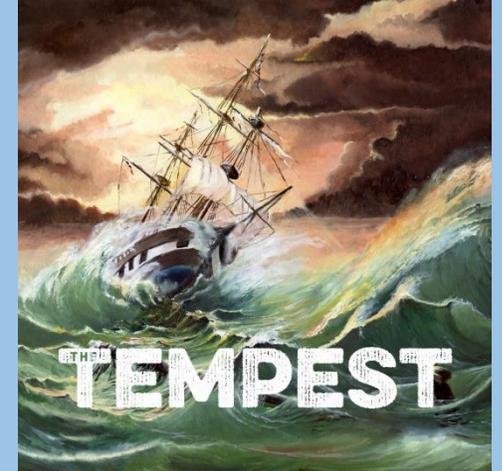
What you will study in Year 7



Writing gothic stories



Animal Farm
by George
Orwell



The Tempest by
William Shakespeare



Analysing
poetry



Analysing language in
fiction and non-fiction



Studying English at Abbs Cross

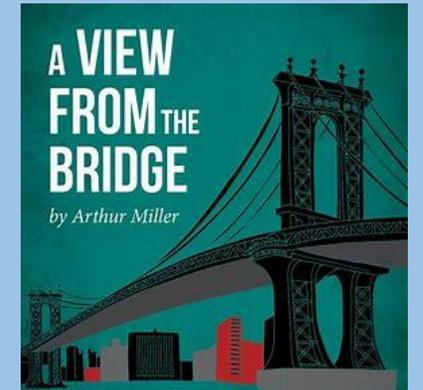
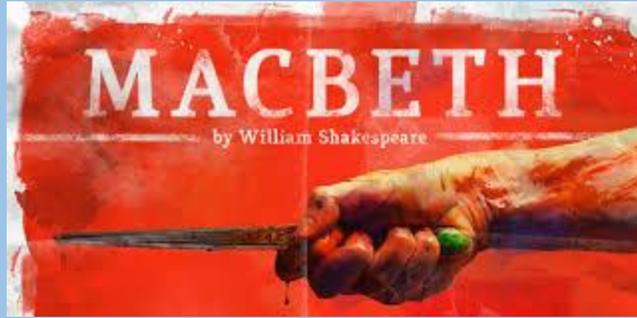
The English department at Abbs Cross take pride in providing an ambitious, exciting and challenging curriculum from the very start of students' time at the school.

In year 7, our desire is to inspire students with outstanding examples of literature – everything from modern poetry, to 20th century classic novels to Shakespeare. We are also passionate about developing the writing skills of students, both in terms of being analytical and creative.

We work closely with the newly refurbished library to expand students' opportunities to read new and different literature, and run a range of extra-curricular clubs.

Everything that we do is not only designed to interest students, but to build into the key skills that students will use later at GCSE level.

Some of the other texts we study in English



Frequently asked questions

How do you support learners of different abilities?

From Year 7 through to Year 11, students are taught in sets based on ability in their English lessons. This helps us to challenge the most able students and to support those who find the subject more challenging.

How does this work at GCSE?

There are no “higher” or “foundation” papers in English Language or English Literature. All students sit the same examinations and all students are prepared to be able to succeed in both English Language and English Literature.

What have your GCSE results been for the past two years?

Last year, 82% of students achieved a Grade 4-9 in English Language or Literature. The previous year, 85% of students achieved a Grade 4-9.

What else is taught at GCSE aside from English Language and Literature?

The department is also responsible for running Media Studies at GCSE.



Here are just some of the reasons we love teaching English at Abbs Cross



Mr Bayley: "I love to see students discover new things to read for the first time and be a part in guiding young people towards understanding themselves and the world around them through the power of reading."

Mr Prudhoe: "As a teacher of both English and Media Studies I enjoy seeing students engage with texts that encourage them to think outside of the box and to be creative."



Miss Humble: "I enjoy teaching writing as it provides a new medium for students to express their thoughts and feelings. Writing can be a fantastic outlet for student's creativity and I love being able to read the fantastic work produced."

Death of a Naturalist by Seamus Heaney

This is one of the poems that we study in year 7.



All year the flax-dam festered in the heart
Of the townland; green and heavy headed
Flax had rotted there, weighted down by huge sods.
Daily it sweltered in the punishing sun.
Bubbles gargled delicately, bluebottles
Wove a strong gauze of sound around the smell.
There were dragonflies, spotted butterflies,
But best of all was the warm thick slobber
Of frogspawn that grew like clotted water
In the shade of the banks. Here, every spring
I would fill jampotfuls of the jellied
Specks to range on window sills at home,
On shelves at school, and wait and watch until
The fattening dots burst, into nimble
Swimming tadpoles. Miss Walls would tell us how
The daddy frog was called a bullfrog
And how he croaked and how the mammy frog
Laid hundreds of little eggs and this was
Frogspawn. You could tell the weather by frogs too
For they were yellow in the sun and brown
In rain.

Then one hot day when fields were rank
With cowdung in the grass the angry frogs
Invaded the flax-dam; I ducked through hedges
To a coarse croaking that I had not heard
Before. The air was thick with a bass chorus.
Right down the dam gross bellied frogs were cocked
On sods; their loose necks pulsed like sails. Some hopped:
The slap and plop were obscene threats. Some sat
Poised like mud grenades, their blunt heads farting.
I sickened, turned, and ran. The great slime kings
Were gathered there for vengeance and I knew
That if I dipped my hand the spawn would clutch it.