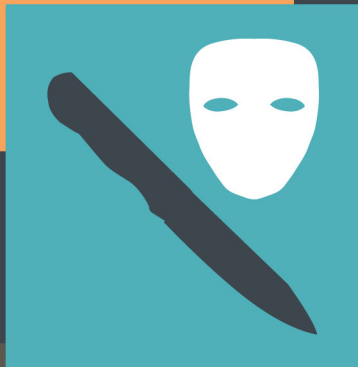


i.e.

inside english



ISSUE 7



EDITOR'S COMMENT

Welcome to the seventh edition of WJEC's *i.e.* magazine, one that celebrates the writing talents of our students and the inspirational teachers who have motivated them!

We received hundreds of entries for the competition, and the judges enjoyed sharing all of the lively, and entertaining, personal accounts of English lessons. Some English teachers on the judging panel were even making notes for their own lessons! We do hope that you will find the top ten entries in this term's edition of *i.e.* equally as enjoyable and informative.

In addition, this edition has information about an exciting new Chaucer exhibition at the National Library and details on the newly-launched News Academy, an initiative to find and invest in the next generation of journalistic talent; they needn't look much further than the entrants from the *Inspire Me!* competition.

As ever, we are very grateful to all of those who have contributed to *i.e.* but most particularly to the young writers who took time to share their experiences in the English classroom with us – and to those of you who prompted them to participate.

Wishing you and your students a productive term,

Kirsten

Editor





Celebrating the Win: Page 4

CONTENTS

I.E MAGAZINE NEEDS YOU.....	3
OUR DAY OUT.....	4
INSPIRE ME: TOP ELEVEN.....	6
NEWS ACADEMY.....	25
GEOFFREY CHAUCER: IN ABERYSTWYTH..	27
KEY DATES: SPRING 2014	29
WHAT'S ON.....	30
CONTACTS.....	33

Calling all teachers of English... i.e. Magazine needs you!

WJEC would like to hear from you!

i.e. is WJEC's first subject specific online magazine created for teachers of English using contributions from teachers across England and Wales. WJEC need contributions from teachers just like you to include in future issues of i.e.

- Have you had a unique classroom experience?
- Have you taught in an unusual location or situation?
- Has a WJEC qualification especially inspired you or your students?
- Do you have a humorous or inspiring story from the classroom?
- Or do you even just have a few great classroom tips you would like to share?

If you answered yes to any of the above and are interested in having your article read by thousands of English teachers all over the world then you could be the perfect addition to a future issue of i.e.

You don't have to have any previous writing experience (although if you do that's perfectly fine as well) just send any ideas or even finished articles to english@wjec.co.uk

However if you don't want to write an article, or share some tips don't despair! WJEC is always looking for feedback on the website and you could be a part of making i.e. the best magazine it can be. Email any thoughts on previous issues or ideas for future issues to english@wjec.co.uk.

If you haven't already had a chance to peruse i.e. then you can view previous issues for ideas and inspiration on WJEC's website.

OUR DAY OUT

Dafydd Wyn, who works in the Marketing department of WJEC and Jules Harrison, English Subject Officer, accompanied the winner of the Inspire Me! competition to receive her prizes and here they recount their day.

The day began bright and early in the unglamorous surroundings of Cardiff Central Station but as the train got underway to Paddington our excitement about the day ahead began to grow. We were on our way to the News UK offices in Tower Bridge to celebrate a budding young writer's achievement.

We were travelling to London on that day as we were presenting prizes to the winner of WJEC's English writing competition. *Inspire Me!* which encouraged young people aged 14-19 in England and Wales to put pen to paper and write a lively magazine article about their most memorable English lesson with the aim of motivating teachers up and down the country to inspire their students and motivating

the students to recognise the hard work that their English teacher's put into their lessons. The competition had run in this very magazine and at WJEC we were staggered by the excellent response that we had received.

We received hundreds of entries from all over the country, and we thoroughly enjoyed the stories that so many entrants had to tell us about their English classrooms and their inspiring experiences in them. As always, there could only be one winner and the *Inspire Me!* award went to Menna Rasheed of Bishopston Comprehensive School, Swansea.

The judge was Sian Griffiths, Education Editor at *The Sunday Times* and she had invited us all to News UK's headquarters so that she could present the award and prizes to the lucky winner. The prize was a Kindle Fire and an access all areas tour of News UK and Bishopston school also received a £1000 worth of book vouchers.

As we arrived at the offices, Menna was looking very excited, partly due to the fact



that she was enjoying a day off school! She was accompanied by her parents as well as her “inspiring” English teacher, Mrs Trish Moyse. All of them looked rightly proud of their budding young writer.

We were treated to a lovely lunch on the top floor of News UK’s offices, with amazing views overlooking the Thames. Being on the top floor we had a panoramic view of London, spread out before us. It was a beautiful day and the sun gleamed off The Shard and The Gherkin, News UK are due to move to new offices soon and will no doubt miss their stunning vista. Sian Griffiths presented the *Inspire Me!* prize, to Menna and said:

“Writing an article that engages its readers is a task that I face every week and I have thoroughly enjoyed seeing what some of the journalists of the future came up with. Menna was so clearly writing truthfully from her own experience, which seems to me a hallmark of first-class writing. I really hope she doesn't lose that original voice as she grows older.”

After smiling for the photographer, Menna and the rest of us enjoyed a tour of News UK’s offices, which owns *The Times* and *The Sun* newspapers and their associated subsidiary publications. It was fascinating to see the inner workings of a newspaper, the place was a constant hive of activity with big screens running up to the minute news stories and an open plan office which saw the newspapers being produced in front of our eyes. Menna’s day then got even better as she was lucky enough to be greeted by JLS member and *The Voice UK* presenter, Marvin Humes, and then by the footballer and television pundit, Ian Wright. She was definitely going to be the most popular girl in school the next day!

Everyone had a really great day out, and WJEC is proud to promote creative writing in schools. Look out for future competitions by WJEC as it could be one of your students representing your school who is our next young writer or journalist.



INSPIRE ME: TOP ELEVEN

Winner!

MENNA RASHEED

BISHOPSTON COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL

REBECCA PAGE

LLANDRINDOD HIGH SCHOOL

2nd Place

3rd Place

AMY SMALLMAN

WATH COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL

HIGHLY COMMENDED

JACK SANDERS – CHRIST THE KING COLLEGE
LEONIE BRAMWELL – STANDISH COMMUNITY HIGH SCHOOL
SARAH HORTON – SUA
EMILY COX – THE INVINCTA GRAMMAR SCHOOL
BEN ENGLISH – TRINITY CATHOLIC SCHOOL
MITCHELL HURLEY – BRIDGEWATER SCHOOL
KATY FREELAND – THE CATHEDRAL SCHOOL
REEM AHMED – HOWELL'S SCHOOL LLANDAFF



Who's afraid of Shakespeare, Forsooth, Not I!

My brother was studying 'Measure for Measure' for A levels at the time and I had to put up with all his moans and groans. I tried to show an interest and asked him, "what it was about?" He passed the book to me said, "Read it!" And this is what I read, "Of government the properties to unfold would seem in me to affect speech and discourse..."

See what I mean? It makes no sense, does it?

I decided there and then, that Shakespeare was definitely NOT my thing! Imagine how I felt when a few weeks later my teacher announced that we were going to study Shakespeare's, Midsummer Night's Dream for the last term of year eight.

The first few lessons were as expected... BORING! All we did was watch a YOUTUBE clip of the cartoon version of the play. I felt as if Mrs Moyse was trying to drum the plot into our little, not yet fully grown brains. These characters have funny names, Thisbe, Lysander and even Bottom! Which doesn't sound very Shakespearean? Teachers must think we are five year olds, trying to tell us stories about fairies, princesses and even 'Lurve!' I mean, come on! Yes, five year olds but five year olds with a massive vocabulary and knowledge of iambicpentametre! What?

This article sounds as if I'm writing about the world's worst English lesson. But here's the moment you have all been waiting for. The moment I fall in love with Shakespeare.

We come in all loud, noisy wet and soggy after break. Mrs Moyse hands out copies of the play. I wouldn't say they looked inspiring, worn

out by the thousands of grubby hands from past pupils! Miss put us into random groups, out of our comfort zone, with boys! She then explained to us about how we were going to do a play of 'Midsummer's Night Dream' in the next few lessons.

Our scene was Act 3 scene 1. The workmen rehearsing their play. None of us wanted to be Bottom as he had the most to say but being the mature one (or you could say the show off) I stepped in for the role. We all started learning our lines. Earlier in the lesson Miss had said we were going to have a 'FUN' lesson but I struggled to find the fun.

The room started to stink the soggy, sweaty pupils and so Miss told us to go to the hall, where we could all show off our acting skills. Miss arranged us all in a circle and said that we were going to perform our scenes in order. Nervous grins all round. So the first group stepped up and miracle of miracles I started understanding the language of Shakespeare, "Full of vexation come I, with complaint against my child!" the way my classmate Dominic said it, I could tell it meant "I'm gutted my child has turned out like this."

Shakespeare was coming alive before our eyes and in our ears. Why did my brother hate it? Maybe he should have acted it out!

I was drowning in nerves waiting for my group's turn. At last we're on. People were laughing, this scene was genuinely funny, they enjoyed it! When I said "see their knavery this is to make an ass of me" everybody understood the pun, for once the teacher didn't have to explain it! I loved it!



Mrs Moyse, you had performed the impossible! You are a genius! A class of 12 to 13 year olds bewildered by a man who died nearly 500 years ago became bewitched!

Shakespeare isn't about tormenting Key Stage 3, GCSE and A level students, it is about beginning to realise why he is the greatest writer in the world!



A first class lesson

The sun beat down upon us, silhouetting tall palms trees against the azure sky. We gazed at the sight of a faint trail of smoke high above, slowly dissipating as a gentle breeze shifted the warm air, obliterating the last trace of our terrifying descent towards the ocean only hours before. Glancing around at the startled young faces of my companions, classmates – I saw not fear, but wonder in their eyes, as salty water dripped from their hair and onto their uniforms.

We had not expected this.

When we had filed unwillingly into our English classroom for the first lesson of the last half-term of the year, we had anticipated another few weeks of comparative boredom, before we could escape into the sunshine-filled embrace of the summer holidays. Instead, we found a bright-eyed student teacher waiting for us, bursting with enthusiasm for the lessons she had prepared for us.

She invited us to sit down, and then told us to rest our heads on the table and

close our eyes. Faintly confused by this, we complied; she began to speak.

At once we were in a plane flying over a vast, tropical ocean. Out of the windows, we could see a huge bank of clouds, dark and ominous, up ahead. The pilot turned to avoid it as it rushed towards us, blasting fierce gusts of wind in our direction. The plane rocked with the turbulence like a ship on a stormy sea. A blinding flash of lightning surrounded us, igniting the plane's tail, and we felt the fire's heat choke us as my classmates and I stumbled out of the emergency exit doors and into the air. The air rushed past us as we plummeted towards the ocean, our fall only interrupted the sharp jerk of our parachutes opening. We landed in the sea in a panicked tangle of threads. And then, by unspoken consensus, the surviving children swam towards a tiny island visible on the horizon, finally stumbling out of the crashing waves awed and bewildered by what we had experienced.

Our illusion was suddenly shattered



when our teacher stopped talking and asked us how this made us feel. No one spoke. We didn't know what we were feeling. This was so different from everything that our class had done before that we struggled to find words to describe it.

"Fear", said a voice from the back of the classroom, breaking our silence. "Panic?" asked another. Soon a steady stream of feelings and emotions was pouring out of us. I had never seen a class full of twelve year olds so animated in a lesson before. Later, we wrote down our experience and began to continue the story: What was the island like? How would we survive? Would someone come to rescue us?

It opened my mind to the possibility that English did not always have to be about deciphering plays written centuries ago, or writing a story that never reached its conclusion because there wasn't enough time in a lesson to finish it.

This one English lesson showed me that above all else, writing is an art, not a science as we had been led to believe by our past experience. You're allowed to get lost inside

another world inside your head sometimes. You're allowed to close your eyes and let reader's voice echo through your mind, painting vivid pictures. You're allowed to let yourself go a little and become someone else for a while.

When you write, you don't have to focus on giving your story a coherent beginning, middle and end. You don't have to plan your similes and metaphors before you start – or even plan at all, if that works for you. There is not just one way to tell a story, and you shouldn't try to follow a specific method for the sake of fulfilling artificially-imposed lesson objectives. In that lesson, I learnt that words represent the freedom to think and to feel, and to express yourself freely with a depth of emotion few other means are able to achieve.]

I was truly inspired.



“At once we were in a plane flying over a vast, tropical ocean.”

**Jack
Sanders**
*Christ the
King College*

Inspire me

It had been a long hard winter's day. All of my lessons so far had been boring, but then it came to my last lesson of the day: English. Normally the most boring one of all. Also I normally turn up deliberately late to pass the time and today I decided to do just that. My plan was to hide in toilets and hope that no one would notice I'd gone, which they didn't.

But then this one boy in my class who was a bit of a clever clogs, or what some people would call a swot, who was also known for grassing on everything that was done wrong, even if it was just a small thing! One time, for instance, he grassed on my friend just because he had written on his hand which made me wonder what if he grassed on me—surely he would, he always does! Why wouldn't he now?

I ran back to the class room. I thought of my excuse: maybe I could tell my teacher I wasn't feeling very well, or maybe I should just tell the truth... and face my punishment.

It was only a short distance to my classroom, but the worry made it feel like a gruelling marathon in which I was in last place.

I eventually got to my classroom but no one was there; it was empty. Where had they gone? Maybe they had gone outside. Surely not! My teacher isn't fun. Maybe he was planning against me. No, he can't be he can barely plan his lesson never mind an personal attack too? Just as I walked out the door of the classroom I was grabbed and a sack was put over my head so I couldn't see what was going on maybe that's where my class had gone maybe we were getting took hostage eventually a was placed back on the ground I tried to listen to what was happening but all I could here was tape being pulled from the roll slightly after I was made to lay down and I did not understand why I could still hear the tape being pulled from the roll.

After a while I started to feel pressure – or was it inspiration?

I thought about the situation and how much it had taught me.

Teachers – don't kidnap children and tie them up – but provide interesting and thought provoking opportunities for children to develop. Without the use of sellotape!



**Leonie
Bramwell**
*Standish
Community
High School*

Perfect Moments, figurative lightbulbs, and an Argument as to whether all English teachers are doomed to failure.

Inspiration. Not easy to come by, is it? Especially in English, considering the fact that out of the authors and poets who made the subject so relevant, a good eighty percent doubtless killed themselves, and the other twenty stuck around purely because they didn't have the guts, or were too busy cheating on their wives. The only people in a stronger state of utter dejection than writers are teenagers, who given the chance, make sport of wallowing in their own pity. This is who you have to inspire. This is the driving force behind the completely doomed state of English teachers around the globe. This is why you all buy self-help books on a regular basis. Fantastic career choice, guys. Good job.

"But Leonie!" you call in your masses, capitalising the first letter of my name because Gove has increased the importance of SPG and left you in a constant state of worried self-analysis, praying to the lord almighty that OFSTED don't pick up on that one time you comma spliced whilst marking a pupil's book."Leonie!" you call, "The kids aren't that bad! We teach for the kids! The wonderfully diverse, interesting teenagers we know and love!"

It's okay teachers. I understand. My own dear mother is one of you, and I have borne witness to her genuine excitement as she reads a good piece of work done by one of her struggling pupils. I think teachers are much akin to Bilbo Baggins, starting your journey all set to change the world, your self-expectations to right every wrong seeming totally achievable. But by the eighth, ninth, tenth year of rolling-eyes, sulking faces, and "but I'm only texting my mum!"s,

you are all partically Gollum... albeit usually with better hygiene. This is your fate, NQT people. Accept it.

So what keeps you going? Is it that you want to give us the Best English Lesson Ever? What constitutes as that?

How about an accurate depiction of what being an author is like? An hour-long session wherein we all sob for a while, type a few words out, delete them, re-type, check Twitter, delete, re-type, resume sobbing, etc. 'The Real Writers Experience For People Who Want To Be Real Writers'. It needs some further planning, I'll admit, but it could hardly be any worse than Steinbeck.

Thus far, I've gone through the woefully numerous flaws in the English teacher's profession with a fine-toothed comb. I've probably given you a minor panic attack. A few of you may have online guides as to how structure a letter of resignation open on separate tabs via Internet Explorer (because you still don't yet trust Google Chrome). To summarise: I've broken you down, and I suppose I ought to build you back up.

Why did you enter the profession? What did you read? What did you hear? Which teacher made Monday mornings bearable?

Don't expect a Best English Lesson Ever. Realistically, the entries for this competition will be predominantly fabricated, and I imagine that quite a number will be solely based on Harry Potter Book Three (naturally, because everybody knows that Remus Lupin

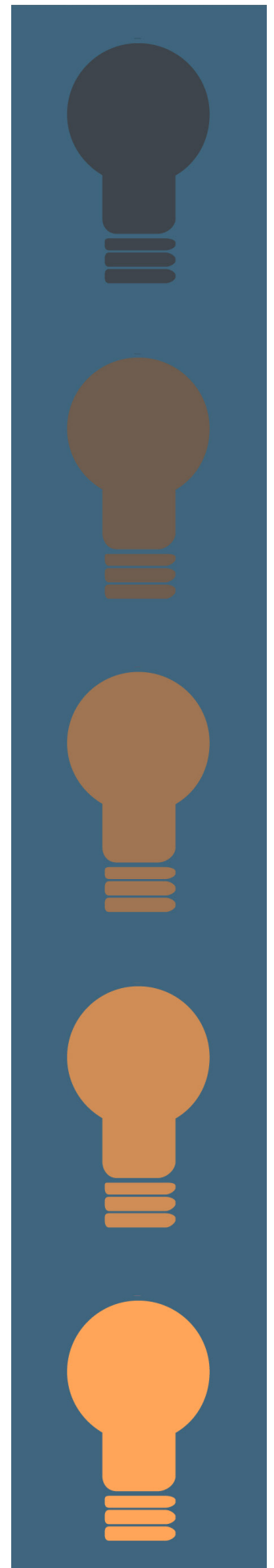


was the best Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher Hogwarts ever saw). That doesn't mean you shouldn't try, of course, and your cause isn't hopeless. But my dears, OFSTED are constricting us all – no teenager ever walked from a classroom to earnestly tell a friend just how exciting and totally not-patronising it was to be given a match-the-words starter, complete a self-assessment, review the work of a peer, advance three sub-levels and fling themselves wholeheartedly into a crossword plenary, because that's just not how we teenagers are. You're spending time on brilliant lesson plans and we're throwing it right back at you with our texting and TOWIE. We're a difficult bunch, I know. We're sorry.

In fact, I daresay you are all better off aiming for a Best English Moment Ever. You'll ask something, do something...and suddenly the whole class will just get it. You'll see the lightbulb flashing on. We'll all leave the room a little smarter – actually feel like we've learnt something other than the oppressive education-standard-approved writing structures built solely to suppress creativity. We'll go on to name our children after you, and sell ourselves to a life of marking and snarky comments, just to be able to proudly announce that we have at some point caused that lightbulb moment ourselves. It will be lovely. You'll feel proud.

“One minute was enough, Tyler said,” A person had to work hard for it, but a minute of perfection was worth the effort. A moment was the most you could ever expect from perfection.” Chuck Palahniuk, *Fight Club*.

So hang in there, English teachers of the world. Work for the moment. It'll be worth it.



**Rebecca
Page**
*Llandrindod
High School*

Sir stole from the drama department!

An English teacher “borrows” a knife and a few mime masks, sadly his actions have embarrassing consequences.

Early January. My English class trooped into the classroom and waited for our teacher to arrive. Delighted at the absence of Sir they removed phones to message friends in other classes that Sir had forgotten to turn up. Several male members of the class had begun to talk of a mutiny and escaping out onto the field; only one thing held them back the thought of the Head teacher.

The head was a firm woman in her late forties, with an uncanny ability to catch pupils who were truanting; she haunted the halls of the building. Sometimes, through glass panes in the doors of classrooms up and down the building, you’d see a flicker of a shadow, or the end of her jacket as she stormed passed, the click of heels on the laminated flooring giving her away.

He took a pencil to the wings of the plane and in messy handwriting wrote ‘Ryanair’.

One brave but bored member of the class called Ryan wondered over to Sir’s desk and grabbed a stack of paper, returned to his desk and began constructing a small paper plane. When he was finally satisfied with his creation, he took a pencil to the wings of the plane and in messy handwriting wrote ‘Ryanair’. Christening it with a name they shared.

Ryan stood on his chair in the hope of getting the perfect shot. He drew back his hand and released the plane; all eyes followed it as it

made its way across the classroom, followed by whoops of triumph from Ryan as his plane flew so well. Sadly for Ryan our teacher chose this moment to walk through the door. The plane whizzed passed him before making its escape down the corridor. “What the hell is going on in here?” Ryan, who was still stood on his chair, made a loud thump as he sat back down, wishing the ground would swallow him whole.

Mr Baines was a tall man who would always become stressed when a pupil asked a dumb or irrelevant question. He had the unfortunate habit of pinching the bridge of his nose with a pained expression of his face and counting to five under his breath; a warning of to us all that he was close to exploding.

Mr Baines placed the gym bag he’d been carrying on the table, and following the use of his calming technique, gazed back up at the class and, in a strained voice, declared, “Today I am going to be testing your knowledge of our text ‘Lord of the Flies’.” Groans erupted; some voiced their opinions about watching a film instead. Mr Baines began to unzip the gym bag, and from the back of the class there was a sarcastic mutter. “He’s going to kill Ryan,” chirped one clever individual. Mr Baines either didn’t hear the remark or chose to play up to this as he delved into it. Faces widened in horror as Mr Baines removed a knife. Ryan looked terrified. Sir then removed mime masks and a conch. Emily, a drama student, recognised the contents asked “Does Mrs Jones know you’ve been in her stage cupboard?” Mr Baines went pink in the face. “She won’t even know they were gone.



Now I need several volunteers and the rest of you will guess which character they are.”

After a few threats, he succeeded in getting several unwilling male “volunteers” and had them put the masks on, much to the amusement of others. They were sent out into the corridor, each with a note with a character’s name it. The knife and conch were placed on a table and we waited patiently for the entrance of the first character.

The head wrestled the knife out of his hand.

After a few awkward moments the masked entourage had the alternative idea of sticking their faces in windows of neighbouring classrooms instead, just as Mrs Jones made her way down the corridor in deep conversation with our Head that props from her Year Nine’s mime performance had vanished. It couldn’t of happened at a worse time, Sir was demonstrating the power of the knife by having one of the pupils put his head on the desk while he pretended to stab him. The Head shocked wrestled the knife out of his hand. The boys were sent back into the classroom and we watched amused from the other side of the door Sir desperately pinching his nose and giving his stammering explanation as to why his pupils were out in the corridor unattended and why he was stabbing a pupil.



**“Faces
widened in
horror as
Mr Baines
removed a
knife.”**



**Sarah
Horton**
SUA

The most Memorable English Lesson

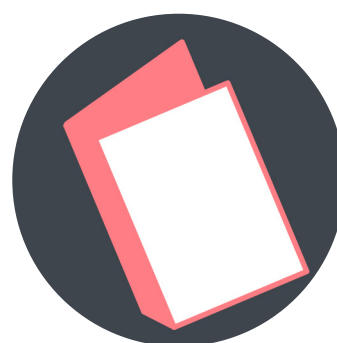
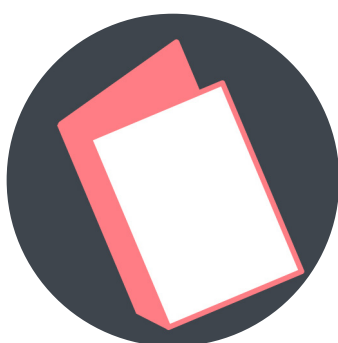
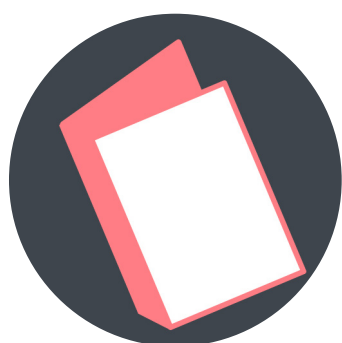
It's coincidental that part of this prize involves winning 1000 books, seeing as books are an instrumental part of the most memorable English lesson I've ever been a part of. As a fore-warning, I'd like to state that nothing much actually goes on in my lesson but there are many reasons I find it memorable.

In year six, at the age of eleven, I had a really engaging, enthusiastic English teacher; she had a real love for the subject, probably because she had taken a degree in English Literature before becoming a primary school teacher. I think her passion was infectious and those who might normally have shied away from English or reading, were suddenly interested and engaged instead. This is an example taken from numerous similar lessons but particularly stands out for me.

The class were sat on the floor and our teacher was reading the opening chapters of *Goodnight Mr Tom* by Michelle Magorian. She had described it with such love and admiration, particularly for the author's descriptive ability, that I was enthralled from the start, prepared for the book to be amazing before she had even turned the first page. It was. *Goodnight Mr Tom* is about and evacuee in the Second

World War and how the life of all affected by the evacuation in one small rural village change over the course of the war. I haven't read it for many years since but I remember thumbing through it countless times afterwards at home. Even now, regardless of the nostalgia I feel for it, I think it is a truly great piece of children's literature. It examines all of the important issues: grief, death, friendship, love and family, amazingly being celebratory and joyful rather than morbid or depressing. I cannot recommend it enough.

That lesson when we just read the book, all mesmerized by one novel, and one author's words must always have subconsciously stuck with me. Looking back, this very simple lesson learnt seems to me to have been one of inspiration and greater significance in my later life. Up until then, I had always loved reading but a lot of it had been limited to certain favourite books and being introduced to something different, a piece of fiction based on historical events, that I loved was exciting. Now, on the verge of applying to university to study English and History, it's difficult not to see that lesson – and novel – as an intrinsic part of my academic life and choices.



However, while this lesson affected me personally, I also think it has a greater significance than that. As far as I can remember and as strange as it seems now, we were simply reading books in an English lesson for pleasure. The novel wasn't ruined by an unshakeable association with exams or coursework deadlines because there weren't any. It was education without pressure and it was education people actually enjoyed. There is a significant lack of this in today's classrooms. Even in the youngest years of high school, even in primary schools, there is an emphasis on homework dates and references to the importance of such work in the future. In my opinion, the minute you present a piece of work as only being studied because of its instrumental nature to your grades, some of the joy of learning is stripped away. Surely we should be allowed to enjoy our education for as long as we can before any of it actually becomes important for qualifications; learn because it is important to learn things and not because we need

that knowledge to pass exams. This lesson reminds me of a time when I was allowed to do that, a time that I am grateful for because if I hadn't fell in love with learning at a young age, I am almost certain that I would never have progressed as far as I have in education, never have been as committed to my school work or important qualifications in later academic years. I don't understand how it is not of the utmost importance to ensure children enjoy their education, instead of the utmost importance to have targets and grades all of the time. If they don't enjoy it, they are never going to fulfil their capabilities because they don't have passion. And that's why I think I chose this lesson as my favourite because I was lucky enough to have time to enjoy being educated.

“That lesson when we just read the book, all mesmerized by one novel, and one author's words must always have subconsciously stuck with me.”

Emily Cox
The Invincta
Grammar
School

How to solve Macavity's Mystery

Poetry is a language and art form explored universally, but students don't always look forward to these lessons as they can become clones of each other, with the same structure and way of teaching.

Don't get me wrong: I know lots of people that love learning about poetry. Poetry is another way of expressing emotions and inspiring a generation. This is what we keep in mind when we learn about poems, but sometimes it might just slip if we get asked about the meaning of a poem line by line.

One day, our English teacher handed us a selection from the 'Old Possum's Book of Cats' by T.S Elliot and we just stared at them blankly. How could a piece about the life of a cat be interesting? Well our teacher seemed to think it was, very much so.

Therefore, we started to read them.

Now; a great lesson that goes down in the history of the school is one that has the highest rate of student interest levels, and one that contains a whole heap of humour. Plus, it doesn't go amiss if a teacher makes a slight food of themselves.

We read as a class, and that is always interesting to see how each person interprets each of the poems to build a wider picture of the piece. And so, finishing the poems, we all saw them in different light.

Sure they were just poems about some cats, but they were great poems about cats! We realised the layers of the characters, without

and 'Rum Tug Tugging'. Our teacher did explain aspects of the poem, but it was a whole different way of exploring the text as we thought of ideas ourselves and shared.

It really is great to listen to everyone's ideas and see other vision of the pieces (apart from Sir Andrew Lloyd Webber's).

Speaking of the musical, our teacher then put on some of the clips from the show to 'get a feel for the characters' and see 'the way that they use movement'.

As it turns out, this was an important fact to take in because the next moment, our teacher was trying to act like one of the cats in the poem – we think it was a cross between Macavity and Mungojerri. Making a food out of yourself is a strange sort of key to the class. It induces admiration over the confidence of the teacher. On the other hand it's more laughing at than laughing with, but anything that gets the students interested is bound to be for the better.

Just as we stopped having kittens of laughter, we were told that it was our turn to be the cats. Use the poetry to create a piece of drama... whilst being a cat.

And so for most of the lesson we were left to our own devices to create a short piece of another kind of art to perform at the end of the lesson. Drama is always a great thing to infuse into English: the two go hand in hand and it just improves the confidence of all who watch and participate, whilst taking down ideas for future tasks.



So there we were, all in our groups, poems in hand, ready to become felines.

The last part of the lesson was watching people crawl about the floor pretending to be cats. It was hilarious. This was when we also realised what an unimaginative bunch we are all crawling about on the floor and that while we did have a great time, no we really understood the poems and the depth of other creatures other than ourselves.

Lessons are always memorable when you learn a valuable thing and not just about the topic. That lesson was diverse as we learnt more about combining two different art forms, but also because we learnt how to be open to more things.

So the next time you want to go about teaching the 'Book of Cats', just let students have fun. They are fun poems and putting that into action by letting everyone have a lot of amusement whilst learning at the same time. That will out the lesson down in the books.

Or maybe take advice from Andrew Lloyd Webber, as he used the poems for success and fun, just to prove how inspiring art can be.



**“Just as
we stopped
having
kittens of
laughter, we
were told
that it was
our turn to
be the cats.”**

Ben
English
Trinity
Catholic
School

My Most Memorable English Lesson

It was my last lesson on a hot Friday afternoon in July. Our classroom was south facing and had loads

of huge windows along one side which made it feel really hot. I was struggling to stay awake in such a stuffy room, doing boring English, when there was only 1 hour left until school was finished for the weekend.

Our teacher, Mr McLeary, had spent several lessons recently, trying to get us all to improve on our written essays, to try and make them more interesting for him to read, I suppose. My mates and I never believed he actually read what we wrote – and as it was generally such rubbish we wouldn't have blamed him if he hadn't.

Anyway, this one particular lesson, we filed into classroom 6M and, as we walked past his desk, he was nowhere to be seen, but on his desk, fast asleep under a pile of chewed paper was this cutest little hamster, all alone in its cage.

We all thought this was a bit odd, but I thought Mr McLeary was intending on using this visual aid to bring out the creative side that he was convinced we had hidden – (somewhere) inside us.

Eventually we all sat down and chatted among ourselves waiting for him to arrive but after about 5 or so minutes he hadn't appeared. This was not like Mr McLeary. If it had been our RE teacher, we wouldn't have thought twice of her being late, as she was very often was, and when she did turn up, she spent the whole lesson filing her nails.

The room soon fell silent and we stared at each other wondering what to do about it.

Suddenly from a cupboard, at the back of the class came this loud scream and out leapt our English teacher. We all thought he'd gone mad and just sat there, eyes glued at him, mouths open in astonishment.

"A hah!!" he shouted. "I bet that surprised you didn't it?"

We all looked at him, speechless. Hah he lost his mind? Why has he spent the first 10 minutes

of the last lesson in an unbelievably hot classroom hiding in a stuffy cupboard and what on earth was the relevance of the hamster (which was still fast asleep, by the way).

One of the class, a girl called Lucy who was always drawing on her arm, asked him "Mr McLeary, why have you been hiding in a cupboard, and why is there a hamster in a cage on your desk?"

"I have been trying to get across to you how to make an impact with your writing, how to grab the reader's attention, that the element of surprise is always best. So, I thought, right, I'll surprise the little blighters.....and you have to admit, it worked!"

The whole class looked from our English teacher, who was grinning at us all from the opening of the classroom store cupboard, across to the hamster on his desk, which was still asleep, then back to Mr McLeary, none of us quite to apprehend what on earth was going on.

However, to this day, I have never forgotten that lesson.



**Mitchell
Hurley**
*Bridgewater
School*

16th Century Madness

Well, many people can't or won't admit at school I'm one who will freely admit it. From bizarre insults to prancing

around classrooms with paper hats pretending to be fairies. I've enjoyed it all. Fairies and other creations are a common sight in the Bridgewater School English department. When thinking of what to write in this article of our most enjoyable English lessons, all about ideas boiled down to one particular teacher; Mrs Strang.

Year 8, a spontaneous English teacher and a sunny day equal madness. We were studying 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' so we read the play and watched the film. Because some of us found the play slightly confusing, we built up the courage to ask our great, but slightly intimidating teacher, if we could possibly act it out 'just to understand it a bit better'.

As we constantly begged her to act it out, her resolve to only act out only parts of the text wore thin. I think she was secretly very pleased but the only way she could stop us nagging was to say that magic word. "Yes". And that is what we got. (It's not like we were trying to get out of written work or anything like that!).

It started using colour coded corrugated card and slowly marking our characters names onto the front of them to waste even more time. After reading the play, watching the film and studying our characters in detail, we slipped on our paper hats and fairy wings and let the lesson begin...

With scripts in hand and the sun lighting our creativity, we let our inner Tom Cruises out. With our very own Robyn Ware as Bottom with handcrafted to 'perfection' ears ready, Oberon used his magic fairy dust and transformed him into a donkey.

We continued to polish our masterpiece and let out more ear piercing laughter as we took advantage of the freedom of the outdoors to have a bit of fun. We had lots of fun, but the experience really helped us learn about Shakespeare's A Midsummer Night's Dream plot and characters.

This isn't the only fun Shakespearean lesson we had. Oh no! Back in Year 7, you might not believe it but we had an even more enjoyable English lesson. And guess what? With the same teacher! As it was our first year in high school, I think our teacher wanted to make Shakespeare enjoyable by teaching us some very ancient insults such as 'saucy stranger' and 'wasp-stung and impatient fool'. We were told where to pause on the longer speeches- not at the end of lines. We grabbed our sheets and headed outside (again) into the quad and organised ourselves into a circle and began hurling horrendous verbal Shakespearean abuse at each other.

I took it upon myself and push my luck and go where no other student had gone before. Insulting a teacher! I decided to choose one which could still be deemed offensive today, I called her an 'old hag'. The class erupted in laughter and miss pretended to be outraged but she wasn't I have to admit I did go red and giggled but I was still nervous about what would follow...

These are certainly very memorable lessons that I will remember for a very long time.

In my opinion, this lesson was highly successful as it helped to educate us on the magnificent world that we call Shakespeare. I think it is safe to say that it has made a huge impact on us all teachers reading this should take a leaf out of the book and give it a try. You know you will enjoy it!



**Katy
Freeland**
*The Cathedral
School*

The Inspector Calls

One scared English teacher. One “well behaved” class. One sheer devil sat with clipboard and pen.

Sat at the back, the satanic devil clicks his pen. Miss stands, having not breathed since she knew he was coming. Turning around she wrote the title on the board “Unseen Poetry”. We had done a lot of this over the past couple of weeks. Poems were handed out and read. “I have never heard unseen poems read so fluently” read the inspector’s report. “Answers to questions came with many original comments” and the final blow “personal responses made confidently and given with much thought.”

The inspector seemed very impressed. We were all a bit confused. Thinking our teacher had gone crazy we carried on with our work. We had read ‘She walks in Beauty’ by Byron and Shakespeare’s 130th Sonnet last week and had spent a whole double lesson annotating them and writing personal responses.

The inspector came over to our table and started to talk to us. Confidently, I narrated my annotations, Miss had said it was very good when she marked it. Breathing down my neck he asked me what I liked about the poems. I looked, terrified, at my class mates. We had done personal responses, but they “could be better” and “more personal”. Miss had said that we wrote well, but our responses left something to be desired, we’d run out of time last week to rewrite them. I mumbled something about liking the similes in the poems. His pen scribbled away. “Miss Goody-two-shoes” sat opposite me however,

had been given “fantastic” for her responses and made no hesitations in proudly reading out hers. The ogre walked away with his wart adorned nose high in the air.

A whisper was going round the class. “Why are we doing this again?” “Does she have short term memory loss?” Miss heard us starting to talk and so called for attention. We all wanted to ask but knew who was sat at the back of the class. She wouldn’t be impressed if we did, and none of us were brave enough.

Eventually, after Miss had said the same as she had last Thursday, a nervous hand crept up. “Do you have a question on this? What don’t you understand?” Miss barked, but we could detect the hint of fear in her voice. “Um, Miss, well... not exactly... but... err.. didn’t we... do these poems last week?” he finished quickly. “No we did something similar, we’re just building on what we’ve learnt” Well, that sounded rehearsed. There was silence except for the sound of pen on paper as the demon wrote his comments.

Looking even more confused and passing puzzled glances at each other we continued with the work we had done last week.



This was what our teacher did to get round the inspector, then. Teach us the same thing twice. It wasn't a tactic we were used to, but the inspector hadn't seen through her plan and he started to walk around again.

Approaching the boy who had been brave enough to ask our teacher's worst nightmare said in a carrying whisper "Can I see your book?" Miss looked as white as a sheet. But we all smiled at each other, this was after all the boy who always forgot his book. There couldn't have been a better person to ask, really. Last week he had to work on paper as he didn't have his book.

Miss hadn't looked impressed then but now she couldn't be more relieved. "Thank you" the inspector snarled, returning the book. The class tried to suppress giggles, Miss had never been thankful about anyone forgetting their book but now she couldn't be more so.

The bell rang throughout the school. Miss started to breathe again. "Off you go" she called gratefully to the class. With a flurry of bags and a cacophony of noise we hurried out of the classroom. "How did she get away with that one?" "What was she thinking?" We hurried off still perplexed but impressed at our English teacher's nerve.

**“How did
she get away
with that
one?”**

**“What
was she
thinking?”**

**Reem
Ahmed**
*Howell's School
Llandaff*

The business of her life was *Pride and Prejudice*; its solace was costumes and dressing up...

It is a truth universally acknowledged that in depth studying of *Pride and Prejudice* isn't going to be the most enjoyable aspect of Year Eleven English lessons. Well, at least that's what I thought before I experienced lessons with Mrs Chyba. Monday morning, the most anticipated time of the week. It was our second week into the dreaded final year of GCSE's. We sat, a class of twenty-two girls, our minds full of the weekend, disinterested in the character analysis of the unbearable Mr Collins or the solemn quotations of the infamous (yet terribly misunderstood) Mr Darcy. Copies of Jane Austen's alleged masterpiece lay dejected on the tables. The screech of the bell sounded, and we habitually braced ourselves for another monotonous lesson. Or so we thought. Without warning the door burst open and an unfamiliar figure stumbled in.

"The business of her life," announced our 19th century visitor, "was to get her students familiar with the text of *Pride and Prejudice*; its solace was costumes and dressing up!" It was Mrs Chyba. Although, clad in long-sleeved ruffled dress, and an unruly brunette wig she was barely recognisable. As she beamed at us from the doorway, a collective feeling of confusion permeated its way through the class: What was going on?

"Today, I am no longer "Mrs Chyba", she proclaimed, "but the oh so very loquacious Mrs Bennet". Producing a large bag from thin air with a flourish, Mrs Bennet began throwing a vast assortment of top hats, wigs, side burns, dresses, waistcoats – you name it at random students. With dawning comprehension, our smiles got broader as we caught each garment

mid-air, and hastily began taking on our personas.

Five minutes later and students – or should I say characters – held copies of the text (which admittedly none of us would have previously touched with a barge-pole) like scripts clasped in confident hands.

Characters scattered across the classroom were acting out various scenes amongst the tables and chairs. One Mr Collins was rebuking a Lydia in the Longbourn area of the room, whilst less than a metre beside them another Mr Collins was proposing extremely indiscreetly to one of the many Elizabeths who roamed around the classroom, which was apparently the corridors of Pemberley, conversing with two Gardiners who trailed behind her. The ever so delightful couple, Bingley and Jane, stood near the doorway, smitten with each other, as Lydia and Kitty giggled at a Wickham perched on his table. A particularly snobbish Miss Bingley stood arm in arm with an equally haughty Mrs Hurst casting a unimpressed glare over the scene, as a Mr Hurst slouched on one of the chairs, most likely thinking about his breakfast.

But all of our eyes were drawn towards the two students centre stage. A feisty Elizabeth and a proud Darcy stood in the middle of the classroom. Shrouded by a sort of pulsating energy, their presence forced the rest of us into oblivion. Amidst the silence our own Mr Darcy spoke in a wavering voice:

'You must allow me to tell you how ardently I admire and love you.' Our attention snagged, we stood watching as Mr Darcy



poured out his heart only to be rejected by an extremely passionate Elizabeth:

‘I might as well enquire, with so evident a design of offending and insulting me, you chose to tell me that you liked me against your will, against your reason and even against your character?’

‘Ouch,’ said Mrs Chyba at the audacity of this last line. And with that, the bell emitted its all too familiar sound but instead of being grateful for the signal for escape, the whole class unwillingly removed their costumes, groaning under their top hats. Without knowing it, in the last hour our regard in the novel has intensified into something akin to...interest? Perhaps even – although none of us would ever admit it – a hungry desire to read on? As we reluctantly filed out of the classroom, our heads now full unprecedented thoughts of Mr Darcy and Mrs Bennet and Elizabeth and the Bingleys, we could hardly miss Mrs Chyba’s mischievous wink. She had done it – whether we liked it or not, like many students before us, we acknowledged Austen’s masterpiece in a new light.

So, to all you English teachers out there – take a leaf out of Mrs Chyba’s book. Go and make your next lesson the most memorable it can be.



“Producing a large bag from thin air with a flourish, Mrs Bennet began throwing a vast assortment of top hats, wigs, side burns, dresses, waistcoats – you name it at random students.”

The newly-launched News Academy, run by media company News UK in association with the Young Journalists' Academy, is an innovative initiative to find and invest in the next generation of journalistic talent. News Academy sets out to help aspiring journalists aged 16-18 discover more about working in the media and give them opportunities to shape their future careers.

"The News Academy mission is to invest in the future of journalism, to help and inspire the next generation of those who might one day work in our industry." Said News UK Chief Executive Officer, Mike Darcey. "At News UK we have made a real commitment to help secure a sustainable future for our professional journalism so that we can stay at the cutting edge of this rapidly-changing industry in the digital era."

This unique opportunity is open and free to 16 to 18 year old students across the UK. We will be holding annual conferences in cities around Ireland and the UK, arranging visits by our journalists to schools, holding monthly competitions online and running a week-long summer school for the most promising and committed students. Looking ahead to our multimedia future, we have begun to create an online resource to showcase students' writing, podcasts and videos. This will



help them generate and share ideas about digital innovation and the role it will play in journalism.

Darcey also highlighted that *"The way people consume news may change, but it will always be our job to provide high-quality news, entertainment, comment and opinion and to challenge the world around us to equip our readers to make informed decisions in their lives. Through the News Academy, we hope to help and inspire the newsmakers of tomorrow to continue fulfilling this vital role."*

Youngster Stefano Hollis, 18, from Graveney School in Tooting, South-West London who was at the launch event agreed with Mr Darcey saying that: *"Journalism is one of the career paths that isn't that specific as there are so many different routes into it. This is why News Academy gives such essential experience. There's not really much else to give an insight into journalism careers."*

At the Academy launch on 29th January Guto Harri, Director of Communications at News UK, commented that *“This is the most exciting thing I have been involved in in the 18 months I have been here. What we do here is extremely important. We have a very bright future. The News Academy is our investment in the future of the industry. It is here to whet the appetite of 16 to 18 year olds interested in journalism...There is enormous enthusiasm for this project – a project that shows the company at its best.”*

Youngsters at the launch event were full of praise for the initiative.



Rebecca Adeyeye, 18, from Epping Forest College, said:

“I’ve always wanted to work on a newspaper since I was in Year 9. The Academy is such a good opportunity. It gives people a chance that wasn’t there before. It’s totally amazing. It’s a really good website. I love the Top Tips and the competitions.”

Amina Jama, 16, of City and Islington sixth-form college in London, said:

“I’m definitely excited to be involved with the News Academy. I like the website and the chance to enter competitions.”

Eleanor Stammeijer, 17, of Watford Grammar School for Girls, said:

“I’ve always wanted to be a writer. This has inspired me to go for it.”

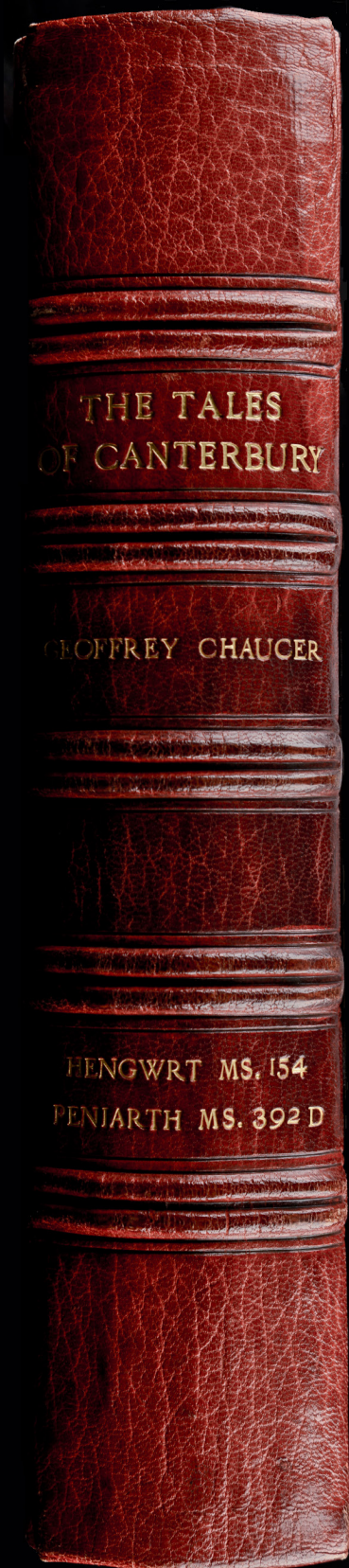


The first five conferences in 2014 are:

- Glasgow, February 25
- Manchester, March 11
- Dublin, March 25
- Cardiff, March 31
- London, June 24

If you have any questions or would like more information visit the News Academy website or email: newsacademy@news.co.uk.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: IN ABERYSTWYTH



IMAGINE THAT YOU ARE GOING ON A LONG JOURNEY, WITH A GROUP OF PEOPLE WHOM YOU DO NOT KNOW, AND TO PASS THE TIME A STORY-TELLING COMPETITION IS TO BE HELD.

The prize for the winner is a meal paid for by the rest of the group. The story can be about any subject. Now imagine that you have to write a different tale for twenty-four different tellers. This is what the medieval poet, Geoffrey Chaucer, did in his work called *The Canterbury Tales*. Written at the close of the fourteenth century, Chaucer's stories – on subjects such as knights and ladies, chickens, love, marriage, dogs, flying horses and a pear tree - have continued to delight readers ever since.

Modern readers can encounter Chaucer's characters – such as the Wife of Bath and the Pardoner - in modern editions or by downloading *The Canterbury Tales* onto a computer or e-reader. Chaucer's contemporaries had to commission copies of his works in manuscripts, hand-written on specially treated calf or sheep skin. The whole process from live animal to completed book was a lengthy and expensive one. Only those who could write could make books and only those who were wealthy could afford to buy them.

The earliest copy of *The Canterbury Tales* is to be seen, not in London (where Chaucer lived and wrote), nor in Canterbury (the place to which his pilgrims were travelling) but in Aberystwyth, on the coast of West Wales. The late fourteenth-century Hengwrt manuscript copy of *The Canterbury Tales* is one of the greatest treasures of the National Library of Wales, and is believed to have

been copied out by the London scribe, Adam Pinkhurst. The manuscript found its way into the remarkable library of Robert Vaughan (c. 1592-1667) of Hengwrt, Meirionnydd, hence its name, and has remained in Wales ever since.

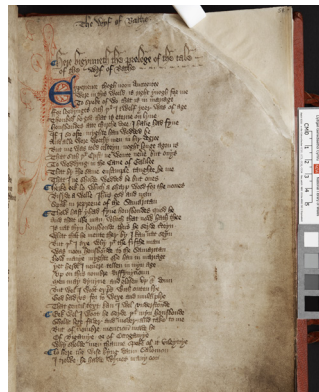
The original Hengwrt Chaucer manuscript will be on display alongside medieval and later copies of Chaucer's works in a



▲ **General Shot of Hengwrt Chaucer.**
The Canterbury Tales, Hengwrt Chaucer, (Peniarth MS 392D)



▲ **Image of Chaucer from the Portrait Collection.** *Jacobus Houbraken (1698-1780), Geoffrey Chaucer, 1781*



▲ **Start of the Wife of Bath Tale.**
The Canterbury Tales, Hengwrt Chaucer, (Peniarth MS 392D)

free exhibition, 'To tell a story: Chaucer and the Canterbury Tales/ Dweud stori: Chaucer a Chwedlau Caergaint', being held at the National Library of Wales, 29 March – 14 June, 2014. The exhibition focuses on two of Chaucer's most lively characters – Alison, Wife of Bath and the Pardoner. In addition to viewing how Chaucer's works were first

reproduced, visitors will be able to see medieval objects associated with a serial bride such as the Wife of Bath, and a spiritual con-man like Chaucer's Pardoner. The National Library is also offering free A-Level workshops devoted to each of these pilgrims and their tales.

▼ **Wife of Bath.**
Richard Pynson, 'The Wife of Bath', The Workes of Geoffrey Chaucer, newlie printed, with diuers additions (Jhon Kyngston, 1561)

reproduced, visitors will be able to see medieval objects associated with a serial bride such as the Wife of Bath, and a spiritual con-man like Chaucer's Pardoner. The National Library is also offering free A-Level workshops devoted to each of these pilgrims and their tales.

For more information please visit the **National Library of Wales website.**



KEY DATES: SPRING 2014

JUNE 2014 SERIES

ADDITIONAL ENGLISH

21 February	Additional English (amendments until 30 April)
2 May	Sample submission deadline

ENTRY LEVEL ENGLISH

6 January – 19 March	Controlled Task window
19 March AM	Exam
2 May	Coursework deadline

FUNCTIONAL SKILLS

21 March	Entry deadline
28 April – 23 May	Controlled Assessment window
6 May	Levels 1 & 2 examinations
23 May	Mark submission deadline

GCE

21 March	Entry deadline
8 April	IAMIS Opens
14 May AM	LG1 Exam
15 May	Internal Assessment submission deadline
16 May AM	LL1/LT1 Exam

GCSE AND LEVEL 1&2 CERTIFICATE

21 February	Entry deadline (amendments until 31 March)
10 March	IAMIS opens
28 March	Deadline for controlled assessment submission
5 May	Mark submission deadline

WHAT'S ON

THEATRE



Birdsong

From 12 February

To mark the centenary of the First World War Birdsong is touring the UK. Rachel Wagstaff's adaptation of the book of the same name features ex-Blue Peter presenter Peter Duncan as Firebrace, and Hollyoaks star Jonny Clarke as Tipper.

For a full list of dates and locations visit the **Birdsong the tour website**.

Private Peaceful

From 26 March

Also marking the First World War centenary the stage adaptation of Michael Morpurgo's award winning Private Peaceful will be touring the UK.

For a full list of dates and locations click **here**.

Under Milk Wood

From 6 February

2014 is also the centenary of Dylan Thomas' birth. To celebrate this, Dylan Thomas' classic play Under Milk Wood will tour Wales and England with an all Welsh cast. See the **Dylan Thomas 100 Event Programme** for more information on dates and locations of this tour and the many other events celebrating Dylan Thomas' Centenary.

USEFUL LINKS

The Stage

News, opinions, listings, reviews, jobs and auditions for the performing arts industry.

Theatres Online

Find theatres near you.

London Theatre Guide

Find London shows playing now or in the near future.



CINEMA

**National Theatre Live**

National Theatre Live is the National Theatre's ground breaking project to broadcast the best of British theatre live from the London stage to cinemas across the UK and around the world. To find a venue near you visit the National Theatre Live website.

27 February

From 22 May

War Horse

The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time

BOOKS

**A Burnable Book**

– *Bruce Holsinger*

A dark historical thriller set in the alleys and halls of Chaucer's London, a book which prophesises the deaths of the Kings of England is surrounded by murder and intrigue.

Publisher: William Morrow & Co.

ISBN: 0062240323

Published: 18 February

No. of pages: 464

The Invention of Wings

– *Sue Monk Kidd*

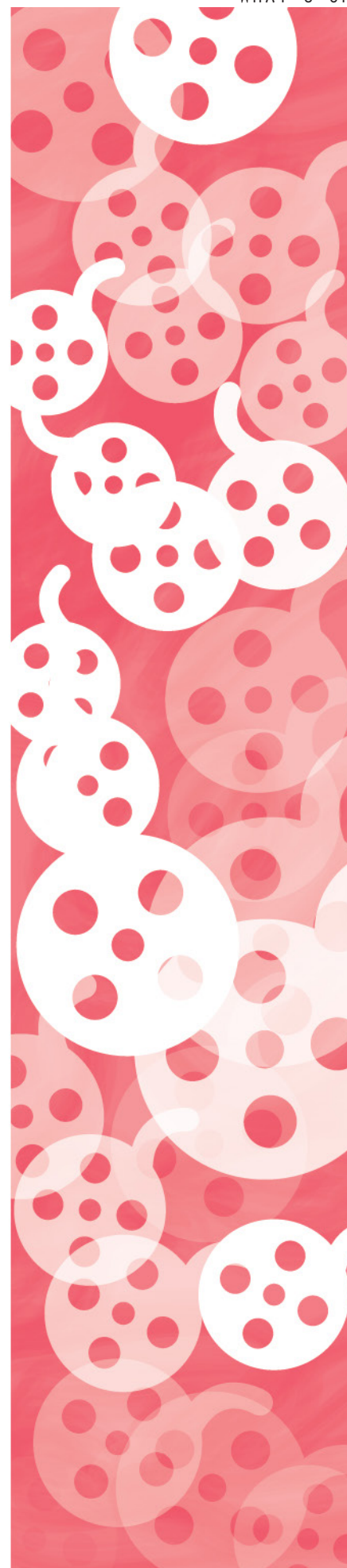
The Invention of Wings is based on the true story of Sarah Grimké, the daughter of wealthy Charlestown plantation owners, who became an important activist for the abolition of slavery and equal rights for women. The Novel alternated between the voices of Sarah who, whilst trying to make a difference in the world, feels constrained by the limits placed on women; and Hetty/Handful, a slave with a sharp, rebellious spirit, whom Sarah is "given" on her eleventh birthday.

Publisher: Tinder Press

ISBN: 1472212754

Published: 7 January

No. of pages: 384



Why I Read: The Serious Pleasure of Books

– Wendy Lesser

A scholarly, but conversational and informed book examines novels, stories, plays, poems, and essays as well as mysteries, science fiction, and memoirs and from a wide range of perspectives such as 'Character and Plot', 'Novelty', 'Grandeur and Intimacy' and 'Authority'. Why I Read sparks an overwhelming desire to put aside everyday chores in favour of reading of any kind. Informed by an obvious passion for reading the series of loosely linked chapters concludes with an afterword that contemplates books as physical objects, and lists a hundred books to read for pleasure.

Publisher: Farrar, Straus and Giroux

Published: 7 January

No. of pages: 240

The Lie

– Helen Dunmore

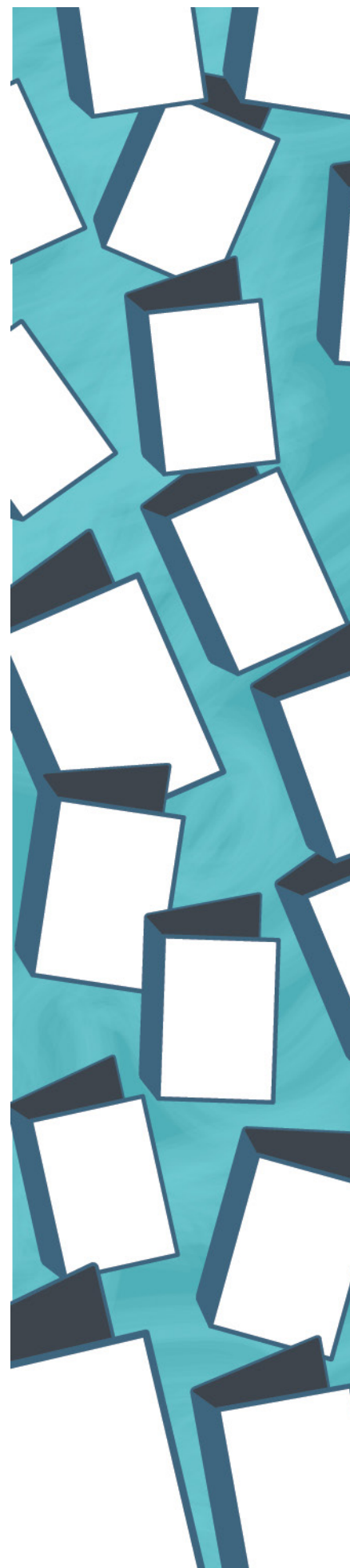
One of many books to be published this centenary year delving into the First World War. Like in her previous novels, *The Betrayal* and *The Greatcoat*, Dunmore explores the aftermath and the "long shadows of war". Set in 1920 *The Lie* focuses on the quiet tragedy of Daniel Branwell returning home from the war to the news that his mother is dead and he is now homeless.

Publisher: Hutchinson

ISBN: 0091953928

Published: 16 January

No. of pages: 304



CONTACTS

FOR ALL COMMENTS, QUESTIONS, SUGGESTIONS AND CONTRIBUTIONS
CONTACT US AT: ENGLISH@WJEC.CO.UK

Kirsten Wilcock

Subject Officer GCSE English/English Language

Telephone: 029 2026 5023

Email: kirsten.wilcock@wjec.co.uk



Nancy Hutt

Subject Officer GCSE English Literature

Telephone: 029 2026 5374

Email: gcseenglish@wjec.co.uk

Julia Harrison

Subject Officer GCSE English Speaking and Listening

Entry Level English

Functional Skills English

Level 1/2 Certificates in English Language and English Literature

Additional English

Telephone 029 2026 5074

Email: julia.harrison@wjec.co.uk



Sally Melhuish

Subject Officer GCE English

Telephone 029 2026 5303

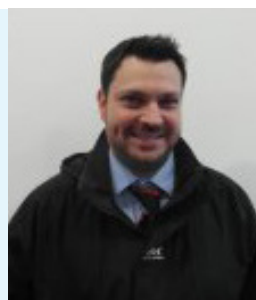
Email: sally.melhuish@wjec.co.uk

Guy Melhuish

Subject Officer for GCSE Language in Wales

Telephone: 029 2026 5179

Email: gcseenglish@wjec.co.uk



Michael Williams

Subject Support Officer GCE English

Telephone: 029 2026 5129

Email: mike.williams@wjec.co.uk**Matt Oatley**

Subject Support Officer GCSE English

Telephone: 029 2026 5054

Email: gcseenglish@wjec.co.uk**Charlotte Dix**Subject Support Officer GCSE English (Speaking and Listening) &
Level 1 & 2 Certificate in English Language & English Literature

Telephone: 029 2026 5051

Email: gcseenglish@wjec.co.uk**Sally Cunliffe**

Subject Support Officer Functional Skills English

Entry Level English

Additional English

Telephone: 029 2026 5070

Email: sally.cunliffe@wjec.co.uk**IMAGE CREDITS**CHAUCER IMAGES ©LLYFRGELL GENEDLAETHOL CYMRU / THE NATIONAL LIBRARY OF WALES,
ABERYSTWYTH



WJEC
245 Western Avenue, Cardiff, CF5 2YX
02920 265000
info@wjec.co.uk
www.wjec.co.uk