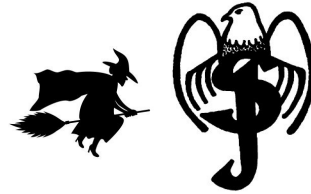




# HILL TOP NEWS



73rd Edition  
October 2018

Newsletter from St John's Business & Enterprise College

## St John's welcomes its new Year 8 students



### Halloween Holidays

School will be closed from Monday 29th October to Friday 2nd November. All students return Monday 5th November 2018



### SCHOOL DETAILS

#### PRINCIPAL:

Ms C Doherty

#### SCHOOL ADDRESS:

37 Omagh Road

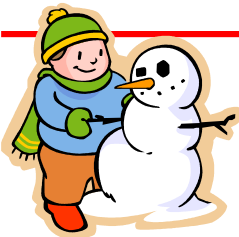
Dromore

Co Tyrone

BT 78 3AL

Telephone: 02882 898284

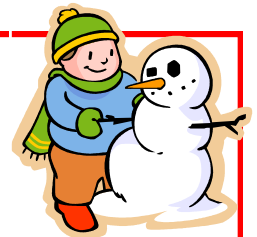
Have you any information you would like to see in our next newsletter? Has your child obtained any awards/achievements outside of school? Let us know so we can pop it into our next edition at Christmas.



## Christmas Fayre Night

FRIDAY 23rd November 2018

5.30pm - 9.00pm



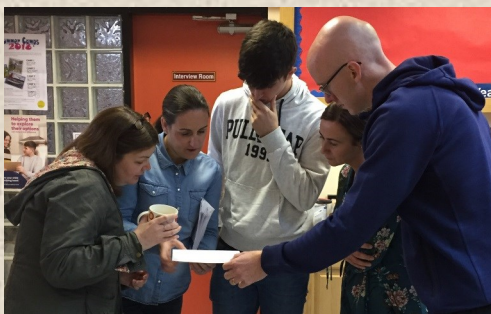
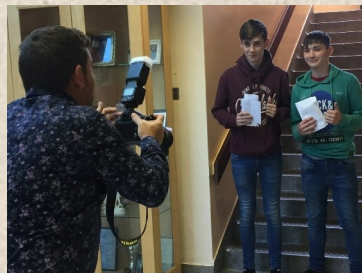
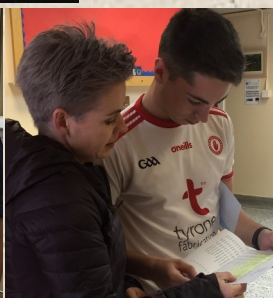
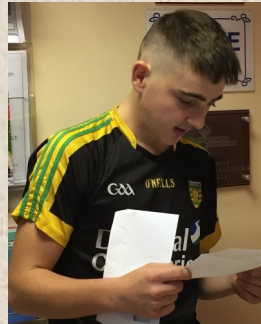
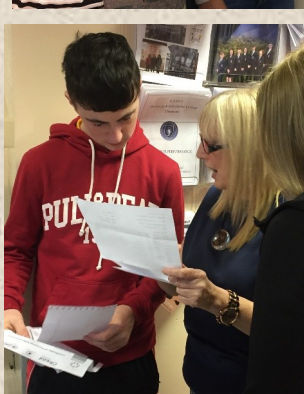
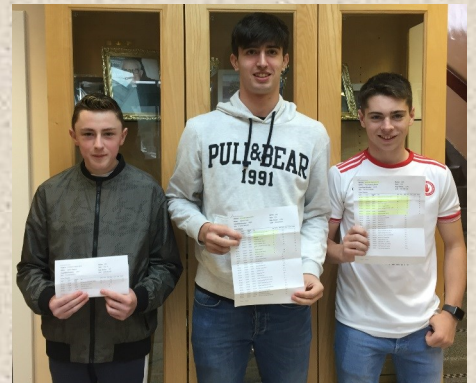
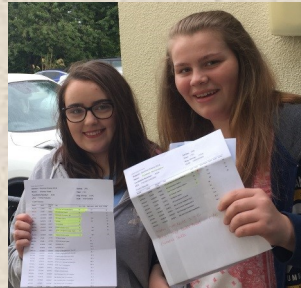
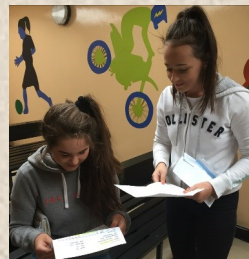
Maybe Visit Santa in his grotto, enjoy the various craft stalls & indulge with our cake sale

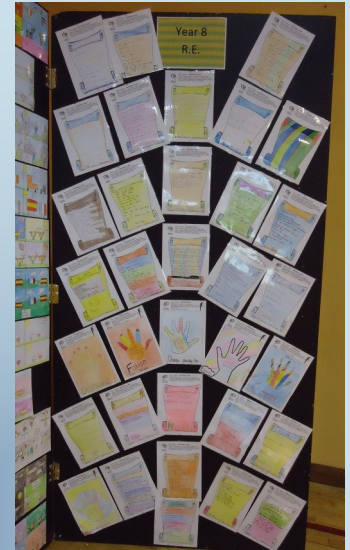
(Please note our new evening this year)

## 100% PASS RATE YET AGAIN

### RESULTS SUMMER 2018

A big congratulations to all our past Year 12 students who received their GCSE examinations results and our Year 14 students who received their A-Level results in August. St John's students have made us all so proud by achieving 100% 5+ GCSE passes in the A\* - C range, continuing to remain top of the league tables for non-grammar schools in our area. From the photos below you can see the delight of all our students.



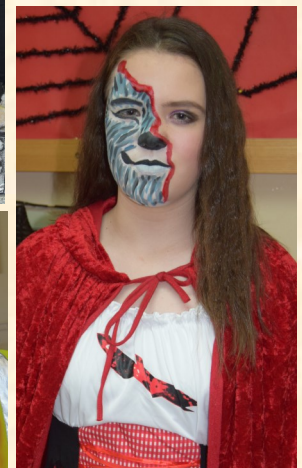


### YEAR 8 INDUCTION NIGHT

On Thursday 4th October the annual Year 8 Induction Night took place. This was a liturgical celebration organised by Mrs Maguire and the Year 8 form teachers, Mr Logue, Ms Kelly & Ms McSorley. The liturgy was accompanied by the beautiful choir, organised by Ms Bogue and Mrs McCrory. It was lovely to see all students take part in the liturgy and the choir. The ceremony was followed by refreshments and the night was enjoyed by all.



# SPOOKY GOINGS-ON AT ST JOHN'S!!



## CLASS & SPORTS AWARDS 2017—2018



### Careers' advisor for St John's

Helen Quinn (schools careers' advisor) from Careers' Service N.I. Helen will attend the school on a regular basis to meet with our Year 12 students for Careers' interviews and provide them with careers' guidance throughout the year. Helen will also be available to give advice to our post-16 students on request.

### *St. John's Fashion and Variety Show*

**Thursday 13th December 2018**

**At 7.30pm**

All Welcome – Tickets on sale soon!!

**(This is a ticket-only event)**



# PRIZEGIVING NIGHT 2018

On Thursday 20th September St John's Business & Enterprise College celebrated the success of our Leavers of 2018. Ms Doherty gave a warm welcome to the large gathering, praising their achievements and wishing them well in their future careers. Guest speaker on the night was past pupil Mr Niall Mimmagh. Niall gave the students an inspirational speech on his educational journey since leaving St John's. Niall is owner of Hunterwest Activities, which offers on site activities for fun days, such as archery, inflatable dart board, etc. Congratulations to Emma Teague, Top GCSE girl of the Year and Gary Hunter, overall GCSE student of the Year. Best wishes to all of our students in the future.



Gary Hunter Top GCSE Boy of the Year



Niall & his wife Ciara pictured with Ms Doherty, Principal



Emma Teague Top GCSE Girl of the Year



Thomas Cassidy,  
Art student of the Year



Rory Burns & Simon Garrity, Joint top students in Physical Education pictured with Fr MacEntee



Pauric Maguire , Top student in Business Studies



Dermott Love, Top Engineering student of the Year



Neamh Leonard, Top ICT student



Contribution to School Life was awarded to Ruairi McGovern



Mark Maguire , School to Work student of the Year





Aidan Lawlor, Top Student in English Language pictured with Fr MacEntee



A-Level student of the Year - Amy Gallagher



Top A-Level student in Religious Studies - Rosie Campbell



Top A-Level Sociology student - Fiona Muldoon



Top COPE Level 3 student - Jodie Mullan

## Biodiversity at St John's

Fermanagh and Omagh District Council Biodiversity Officers, Julie Corry and Sarah Jane Bea-com, delivered a workshop on the Biodiversity on our school grounds. Year 8 pupils had to col-



## spooky communication

Caitlin's phone alert reminded her that it was Halloween night. She text into her group chat to arrange to meet in Dromore. Their plan was to do trick-or-treat. The village smelt alive with the scent of burning and fresh crisp air. Darkness grew upon them as they met at the swing park. They felt a sense of excitement and fear as they started going from house to house. Lots and lots of giggles followed as the sugar rush kicked in. The village fireworks began over the river walk, making the girls move quickly towards the colours and sounds.

As the squealing noises came from the sky, they suddenly also came from the bushes. They became louder and louder, and painful to their ears. At first, the girls thought it was the effects of the sugar and turned on their phone flashlights to investigate. To their horror, they saw zombies, mummies rising out of the smoky water, out of the bushes came killer clowns, spooky ghosts with knives, chainsaws & axes. The girls ran, screaming and frightened, their hearts beating fast and loud. The group ran to safety inside the chapel. They didn't want the night to end, so they timidly ventured onwards to the last house for more sweet treats. They knocked on the broken black door and again out came the mythical creatures. The creatures surrounded the group and snatched them. They were never seen again. The story goes that the only communication from the girls is once a year on their group chat!

By: Caitlin Leonard 9A1



## Halloween story

I love this time of year, only two more days until Halloween holidays. Costume ready, trick-or-treat bucket all set to go. Eventually, my favourite holiday was here. My friends and I were walking around the street when the wind began to howl and the crisp leaves swirled around our feet.

We looked at each other when we reached the old abandoned house. We dared each other to knock. Of course, I was out-numbered and was double-dared to knock. As I got closer to the door, I could see a flickering light in the small side window. I rang the doorbell and could hear loud thumps. Turns out, it was my heart beating. I thought it was going to burst in my chest. Eventually a little sweet old lady answered the door. "Come in my dear" she whispered. Although I was petrified, I knew I had to act brave in front of my friends. As I walked on the creaking floor boards, the sweet scent of the homemade apple pie filled my nose. "What a sweet lady" I thought. When I got to her kitchen I could see a black cat sitting on the window sill staring at me. Its back was arched, its sharp claws and teeth showing. The lady reassured me he was very timid; this I didn't believe.

As I looked around I noticed a door with a big lock on it. As she gave me apple pie and candy I thanked her and left, and she asked me to call back the next day. I got outside and told my friends about the cat and the door that was tightly bolted. "Maybe she's a witch" they said. We crept around the back of the house to look in the window. To our horror, we watched this sweet old lady turn into the most gruesome looking sight: green skin, warts on the nose and chin, large black cloak hanging on the locked door.

We took off, running as fast as we could. When we got to my house we gasped for air and began to speak about what we had just seen, but how is anyone going to believe us? We ran to tell my dad what had happened. He laughed and said no one has lived in that house in over forty years, but he had heard of a legendary story about the old lady whose soul returns every Halloween.

Calum Hunter 8A2



## Halloween Story

Josh escaped in a frightful panic. He sprinted towards the forest, chased by a deafening screech of horror. He could hear its thunderous footsteps coming close behind him. He was just about to run out of breath, lost in the eerie forest, when there was silence. On turning around, to his amazement, there was nothing. He rubbed his eyes in disbelief. When he was sure there was no one there, he sat beside a tree, exhausted, and tried to process what had just happened. Surely this was a nightmare. He turned around again and there it was, staring right back at him...snarling.

Donal McQuaid ~ 9A2

The skeletal creature started shuffling towards me, dragging its loose limbs behind it like a decaying old man. I could see he had a dislocated jaw, revealing his torn tongue and blood-stained, razor-sharp teeth. Unexpectedly, a flame of anger seemed to ignite within him. He let out a piercing screech and charged towards me. I could feel my pulse throbbing in my temples. I couldn't feel my legs as I darted for refuge. My hair whipped my face violently. I would never see another thing like it. Who knows? Maybe I'd never see anything again.

Jane McWilliams 8A2



## Hocus Pocus

A long, long time ago there lived an evil witch and her bald-headed ginger cat called Master, in a tiny house upon a hill in the townland of Gardrum. Every night as darkness fell, the witch and Master would ride their broomstick hunting for a ginger-haired boy. One dark, dark, spooky night they saw a small, ginger haired boy walking through the Gardrum townland. They swooped down. The witch waved her wand and Master turned into a beautiful little tabby kitten with large green, hypnotic eyes. The boy spotted the little kitten and was enchanted. He followed the kitten up the path and into the tiny house. The witch cackled as she slammed the door behind the boy and locked him in a cage.

They kept the boy in that cage for years, torturing him every day. They made him do Maths in the morning and English in the evening. They only fed the boy bread and water, so he grew tall and skinny. On the night of his 16<sup>th</sup> birthday, the witch stoked up the fire to heat the cauldron. The cauldron began to bubble and boil. Master fetched the witch's potions and the cauldron would spit and hiss as each potion was poured into it. Finally, they turned to the boy. The evil witch flicked her wand and the cage door opened. And just at that moment, the door of the tiny house burst open! The boy's parents had finally found the witch's house and they were going to rescue their son. Quick as a flash, they pushed the witch into the boiling cauldron. Master ran at the boy and scratched him. The boy's lovely ginger hair instantly fell out and Master got his hair back on his head; he was no longer a bald-headed cat! The hissing from the cauldron got louder and louder and the tiny house began to collapse. The boy, his parents and Master escaped by the skin of their teeth.

Years later, a school was built where the witch's house once stood. Some people say that on the full moon, you can still hear the cackle of the witch looking for ginger-haired boys. Some say, that at Halloween night, a ginger-haired cat and a tall, bald boy, prowl the school's corridors, haunted by the witch's cackle and hoping that the witch will never return.....

By Eimear McCann ~ 10A1

## Paralysed Tear

It is cold outside. Just like my soul. Warmth is just a myth to me, a mystery. My mind empty, only wanting one thing, my teeth to slowly sink into his neck. The sound of his silent scream. I have never understood emotions, how they feel. I can't remember, it's been so long. The drum of his heavy heartbeat, fulfilling my desire, my own song. I have finally got him where I want him. His ocean blue eyes staring into my burning red, as I compel him to remain still, quiet. Even though he is paralysed I can still see tears run down his beautiful face. I don't want to kill him. He is too unique. His blood is exquisite. My shiny, sharp fangs start to bleed out from my gums, getting ready for the upcoming feast. I know once I begin I won't stop, so I will keep him, just for me. I drag my fang along my wrist, creating blood to slowly drip onto the floor. I place my wrist at his mouth, urging him to taste. Now my blood has infected his. Now, the kill. I will end his human existence, end this feeble life. It took me a while to get used to the taste of blood, the iron aftertaste tangy, always there. He's dead now. But not for long, not long at all.

By Laura Baxter 10A2

"As the night slowly opened its blinds, the wet, wild, winter air whipped through the deep, dank, dark, dusty basement" the novel read. But that was where he was sitting, in a breezy basement. As the air roared like a lion, he found it hard to concentrate: "This has to be a coincidence" the man thought. He read on to see what happened next. Four words explained it all: HE IS BEHIND YOU. The man slowly turned around in his cold chair and standing still like a statue, a clown. With a knife. A piercing laugh filled the room.

Niamh Carney 9A2



## *Scary story ~ Molly McWilliams*

A flash of light illuminated the sky. We all watched from my bedroom window, mesmerised by the vivid colours. Conor adjusted his cape and Jane got fake blood and cautiously dabbed it on her pale complexion until it oozed down the side of her face. Once we were satisfied with our costumes we rushed out the door.

The road lay before us like a tarmac ribbon. Leaves crunched under our feet as we excitedly hurried across. The sun was releasing a dim light. The sky was streaked with delicate pinks and oranges. The skeletal trees' gnarled branches swayed in the breeze. Leaves pirouetted to the ground, covering it like a vibrant blanket protecting it from the cooler months ahead. The corpse of summer.

The first house was extravagantly decorated with pumpkins, candles, bunting and a skeleton hanging from the door. We gingerly knocked. A middle-aged woman with a rosy face like a polished apple opened the door. 'Trick or treat', we chorused between giggles. A thrill of excitement shot up my spine as the woman produced a bowl overflowing with mouth-watering treats. Our hands plunged into the bowl.

It wasn't too long until our bags were almost full of irresistible treats. A few unwanted apples were also scattered throughout my bag. We soon realised that we visited every house on the block. Our bags were full, so were our stomachs. It was getting late so we decided to head home. We hadn't been scared at all this Halloween, so far anyway. An idea fizzed into my head like shaken lemonade. We should go home by the old graveyard. After a great effort to persuade Conor and Jane, they reluctantly agreed.

The graveyard stood isolated from civilisation. Gently pushing the black, rusted gates open, they let out an ear piercing screech. Rows of gravestones stood caked in cobwebs, crumbling away. Grey clouds loomed over us. Rain threatened to pour.

An uneasy feeling ran through my veins. The deadly silence pierced my ears. The rain lashed onto my head like a million tiny pins. A bolt of lightning tore across the sky followed by a roar of thunder. Wind whipped past me. The rain was warning us to retreat.

We could hear an almost silent hammering. Then someone cursed in a low, raspy tone. We stood in silence for a moment. Then again, a faint tapping. I felt my blood run cold, my muscles tense. I crouched down behind an old unloved gravestone. I was paralysed in fear. We finally picked up the courage to see what was there. We tilted our head to the side of the gravestone, one by one.

An old man sat hunched over next to a gravestone holding a chisel in one hand and a hammer in the other. His deep wrinkles seemed to be a map of his life. His skin was a pale lifeless colour. He was almost transparent. 'Those fools', he sighed, 'spelt my name wrong'

Molly McWilliams 9A2

## Explanation

I let out a sigh of frustration as the TV went fuzzy again. Mum was out so I was home alone, which believe me, was the last place I wanted to be after everything that's happened. Mum said it's all over now and that she was sure there was a perfectly reasonable explanation for it all, but I could tell that she didn't even believe her own words. I wanted to believe her, really, I did, but I couldn't help the niggling feeling in the back of my mind that someone or something didn't want us here.

Since the day we moved in, I knew there was a strange aura about the house, that the chilling warning scratched on the living room floor wasn't just 'a silly prank' as mum has said. It meant something. I could feel it. Even though nothing had happened in a few days, I knew that whatever resided here was just getting started, biding its time in the shadowy depths of the house.

The knot of fear in the pit of my stomach twisted as the TV shut itself off. My breathing became uneven as the deafening silence thundered in my ears. All was silent, and yet there was a noise, a noise so loud that it rattled my bones. "It's all in your head" I whispered, trying my best to fool myself into believing it.

The rain battered violently on the windows as my fear increased, and then, almost in slow motion, my glass of water was tipped off the coffee table. A wave of panic crashed over me as I watched the water flow out of the cracked glass and sink in to the carpet. A creak on the stairs made me jump to my feet. I looked in the mirror above the fireplace to see a pale, defeated version of myself staring back. Suddenly, the mirror was smashed into pieces, making me scream as the shards flew everywhere. I stumbled backwards and fell to the ground, my heart racing.

Everything was silent again, "It's all in your head" I said, louder this time, strings of terror lacing my trembling voice. My eyes travel from the broken glass to the mirror and land on the fire as wisps of smoke emanate from the mouth of the fireplace. I knew that whatever has been causing all the mayhem was in this room with me, lurking in the gloomy corners of the room. I could almost hear its evil smirk

The whole room began to shake like an earthquake. "WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?" I screamed "JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!" and there it was, crawling towards me from the darkness, backing me up against the wall, the whites of its eyes glistening and its long, manky hair sticking to its face as it reached for me.....

I now come to you with a warning..... not everything has an explanation.

By Grainne Donnelly 10A2

## The Silent Scream

Charlotte was sleeping on a bed in the hospital when she was woken by a distant howl, coming from down the hallway. She sat up on her bed and saw a dark shadow, run past the door. Charlotte stood up, walked slowly over to the door and peered around the corner. Frightened and anxious as to what she might see, she saw nobody. Charlotte walked down the deserted hallway. The hollow sound of the howling was getting louder but still she couldn't see anything. Suddenly a cry of screams rang sharp in Charlotte's ears. Charlotte screamed and turned to run but..... there he was. One last scream. Now forever silent.

By Mya Williamson 102

KS3 students took part in a 'Halloween Horror Story' creative writing competition.

Entries were of an extremely high standard, showcasing the enormous creative capacity in our young students. A massive thank you to all who submitted entries, and well done to our winners.



## Art in the Landscape



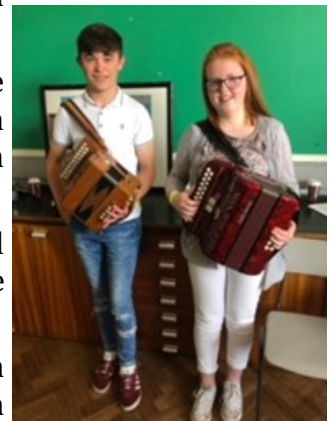
Year 10 took advantage of the warm autumnal weather and donned their wellies and coats to get out of the classroom and into the countryside. As part of their Landscape Unit in Art and Design the pupils had to use an iPad to photograph the fields and trees on the land around the school. Back in the classroom they printed their own photographs and drew from them.

## Fleadh-bulous Musicians in St. John's

Over the summer months, our pupils have had great success at the Fleadh Cheoil competitions at various levels.

From Dromore CCE, Kevin Teague (11A) and Sarah Barret (11A) were involved in a Grúpa Cheoil which placed 3<sup>rd</sup> at the Ulster Fleadh in Castlewellan. Kevin was also amongst those in a Ceili Band competition which was placed 2<sup>nd</sup> at the same event.

Solo competitor and Year 12 student Oisín McGirr from Dromore CCE had great success on Button Accordion (15-18 years) and was placed 2<sup>nd</sup> at the Tyrone Fleadh in Dungannon.



On the same instrument was Micheala McCusker in Year 11 who was placed 3<sup>rd</sup> on the solo accordion at the Tyrone Fleadh and was recommended to Castlewellan. She was also part of the Irvinestown CCE who was placed 1<sup>st</sup> in both Céilí Band and Grupa Cheoil at the Fermanagh Fleadh in Derrygonnelly.

Siblings from Fintona CCE group Niamh Carney (9A2) and Colin Carney (10A2) achieved highly in various competitions. This included many achievements in Céilí Band and Grúpa Cheoil competitions.

In their solo competitions, Niamh was placed 2<sup>nd</sup> in both the Button Accordion and Sean-Nós dancing at the Tyrone Fleadh and progressed onto the Ulster Fleadh where she was awarded 2<sup>nd</sup> place in the Sean-Nós dancing- qualifying to the Fleadh Cheoil na Éireann in Drogheda.

At the Ulster Fleadh, Colin was placed 1<sup>st</sup> in the Drums and Sean-Nós dancing and 2<sup>nd</sup> in the Bodhrán. His biggest achievement was being awarded the title of All-Ireland Céilí Band Drums Champion at the Fleadh Cheoil na Éireann 2018!

