



HILL TOP NEWS



79th Edition
October 2019

Newsletter from St John's Business & Enterprise College

St John's welcomes its new Year 8 students

SCHOOL DETAILS



Halloween Holidays

School will be closed from Monday 28th October to Friday 1st November. All students return Monday 4th November 2019



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 6th December 2019

5.30pm - 9.00pm

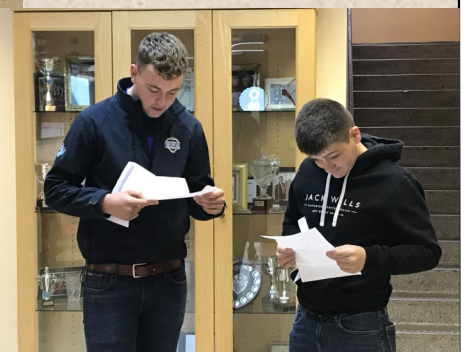


Maybe visit Santa in his grotto, enjoy the various craft stalls or indulge with our cake sale

100% PASS RATE YET AGAIN

RESULTS SUMMER 2018

A big congratulations to all our past Year 12 students who received their GCSE examinations 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.





On Tuesday 1st October the annual Year 8 Induction Night took place. This was a liturgical celebration organised by Mrs Maguire and the Year 8 form teachers, Mrs McCrory and Mr Nelson. 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.



PRIZEGIVING NIGHT 2019

On Thursday 26th September St John's Business & Enterprise College celebrated the success of our Leavers of 2019. 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 Kevin Doyle. Kevin gave the students an inspirational speech on his journey since leaving St John's. Kevin is the owner of Trillick Auto Parts Centre, which sells parts all over Ireland and to many countries abroad. Congratulations to Peter McWilliams, Top GCSE Boy of the Year and Amy Goodwin, overall top GCSE Student of the Year. Best wishes to all of our students in the future.



Top GCSE Student of the Year Amy Goodwin photographed with her proud parents Don and Kathy. Amy came top in Double Award Science, GCSE PE, Learning for Life and Work, Child Development, RE and Business and communications.



Peter Mc Williams with his parents Kevin and Kelly proudly displays the Spires Art Award for Contribution to Art and Design. This award is kindly sponsored each year by Colm MacRory of Spires Art Gallery Omagh.



Peter McWilliams receives the award for Top GCSE Boy from guest speaker Mr Kevin Doyle. Peter was top pupil in Engineering, English Language, Occupational Studies Business and Single Award Sci-



Rev Fr. Patrick MacEntee presents Amy Goodwin with the President's Award for Top Pupil in Religious Education.



School to Work Student of the Year Danny McGirr receives his award from guest speaker Mr Kevin Doyle.



Mr Kevin Doyle presents the Credit Union Award for Sustained Effort in Mathematics to Tommy Conlin.



Contribution to School Life Award winners Paudie Tunney and Danny McGirr receive their award from Chair of the board of Governors Rev Fr Patrick McEntee



School Principal Miss Christine Doherty presents the award for top pupil in GCSE Maths to Paudie Tunney.



Patryk Mitoraj is presented with the Prince's Trust Achieve Programme Award from Chair of the governors Rev Fr Patrick McEntee.



Mrs Martha Gavin, Head of PE with Amy Goodwin Top GCSE PE student and Roisin Dillon who received an award for outstanding achievements in Sport.



U16 player of the year Shauna Teague receives her award from school principal Miss Christine Doherty



U14 Player of the Year Amy McGinn receives her award from school principal Miss Christine Doherty



Claire McCarney receives a certificate from Principal Miss Christine Doherty in recognition for achieving a Pearson BTEC Level 3 National Award in Children's Care from South West College, Omagh.



Jack McGinn receives an award for outstanding achievements in schools' athletics from school principal Miss Christine Doherty

Gaelic Football @ St John's



- Our girls participated in the U16 Development League Blitz held in Cookstown on Wednesday 16th October. There were some great performances from the girls who won two out of their three games qualifying for the Erne Cup Quarter final.
- The U14 boys also had a Regional Blitz in MUSA on Wednesday 23rd Oct winning all their games and they have now qualified for the quarter finals of the competition.
- The U16 boys had their Regional Blitz in MUSA on Monday 21st Oct. They got to the final and were unfortunately narrowly beaten by Drumragh Integrated after going down to 14 men. They have qualified for the quarter finals as runners up.

Halloween Horror Story

As he approached another door, he heard the rain thumping violently against the old roof. He forced open the door and crept cautiously towards the next one, hoping it would bring him out of the abandoned mental asylum, but in his head, he knew it wouldn't. It was like a maze of broken glass and graffiti. He shone the flashlight from the phone down one of the never-ending corridors and saw what he thought was a face peeking around the wall glaring at him. He thought it was just his mind playing tricks on him and continued looking for an exit.

As he approached another of the many identical doors he heard running footsteps echo through the abandoned building. Then he came to the sudden realisation that he was NOT alone. He heard the footsteps, getting nearer, and a cold sweat trickled down his forehead. He knew that he desperately needed to find the exit and escape from the unknown danger. As he heard the footsteps approaching, he remembered the myth of Forgotten Freddy, the story he had been told every Halloween since he was a child. Freddy was a patient who had been abandoned following the building of a new hospital. His thoughts were disrupted by the disturbing sound of the man screaming, "Don't leave me here!" He knew then that this was Freddy. A story he had never believed... turned out to be true. He heard Freddy running frantically towards him, his screams echoing off the walls. He saw an open window, and jumped. As he looked up at the window he knew he was safe at last.

By: James Moore



Ma Ma is calling

It was October 14th. Alice was in her room doing her homework in the dark. Her mother was in her own room which was right beside Alice's room, putting on makeup because she was heading out with her friends tonight. It was a quiet night yet it had been a strange day for Alice. Today she thought she was seeing two of the same person: her mother. Earlier, while Alice was watching TV, she saw that her mother was doing the laundry outside; however, Alice heard her mum call her over for dinner in the kitchen. She was very confused when she heard this; she looked back to where she thought her mother was standing by the laundry, but there was nobody there. Similar things like that continued to happen the rest of the day. On another occasion she saw her mum going up to the town to buy some groceries, but she could hear her in the bathroom. Like last time, when Alice went to check, there was nobody there.

While Alice was in her room, thinking about what had happened today, she heard her mother calling her...from downstairs. This confused Alice, because her mother hadn't left her room in an hour. Alice went to check what her mother wanted but before she could look her mother left her own room. "Alice" her mother said "Did you hear something?" Alice stared at her mum "Yeah" Alice said "I heard you calling me-" she was interrupted, "Alice come down here, I need to talk to you". The voice was Alice's mother's, but it was coming from downstairs. Alice and her mum stared at the stairwell. Fear and confusion were on Alice's face, but her mother had a complexion of pure horror. They heard footsteps coming up the stairs. They heard the voice again, louder this time, and it sounded as if there was an echo from the voice. Alice's mum grabbed her by the hand and took her to her Mum's room. She slammed the door and locked it. She pushed the bed towards the door and put Alice in the wardrobe. "Listen sweetheart..." her mother said. Her voice was shaking "No matter what, do not come out of the wardrobe". There was a slam on the door and a few pieces of the wood from the door scattered. "M-m-mum, what i-is go-going on?" Alice asked with a stutter in her voice, her eyes filling with tears. Her mum gave her a kiss on cheek "I love you" she said, her eyes too filling with tears, as she closed the door. By then the other version of her mum had broken down the door. She looked exactly like her mother, except she had a smile on her face. "Hello there" she said "time to eat", and her eyes went black.

By Conor Hunter

The Walk

When Roger, Tom and I were ready and had our costumes on, we cheerfully grabbed our buckets and headed out the door, quickly shouting a goodbye to our parents before heading down the dark gloomy road. The moon had risen and with it came a low light shining in front of us. The wind pushed out the dead summer leaves as we stopped, creating a satisfying crunch. We approached our first house and knocked on the door, and were soon greeted by a middle-aged man.

"Trick or treat!" we chorused to the man. He held out a large bowl of juicy sweets and we dug our hands in like a claw machine, scooping up handfuls of candy. We had gone to everyone's house on the street and because of that our buckets were filled to the brim. We mercilessly scooped up the sweets while walking down the dark, dreary road. I was ready to barf when Roger suddenly ran over behind a bush and started puking all over the grass. Tom and I waited for him to come back. As time passed, we called out his name but got no answer. Again and again but still no answer came. Being the brave one, I decided to go and see what was wrong. I went behind the bush and there he was. I looked on in horror as I saw Roger dead on the ground, his throat slit open and multiple stab wounds in the chest, blood streaking down every part of his body.

I ran back out to Tom to tell him what had happened and found him with a knife plunged into his chest and part of his hand slit off. I was terrified. My heart was beating as fast as cheetah. I felt as though I was going to have a heart attack and just as I was about to call my Mum, a shadowy figure emerged from the darkness. It looked human but upon closer inspection I saw that whatever it was had no eyes, just a white face tilted to the side, with teeth as sharp as a shark's. It just smiled at me as it walked closer and closer. I then I knew- it would be the last thing I would ever see...

By Fionan O'Connor



Slenderman

I always felt like my parents didn't like me. I never really knew why, but I assumed it was because I was a boy, and they had always wanted a girl. When my sister Ella was born ten years after me, my parents were very surprised but ecstatic. "Our prayers to Satan worked," they sometimes joked. She was clearly my parents' favourite, and I resented her for it. On top of that she was an unusual kid, always trying to scare me and staring at me for no reason. And she had this annoying imaginary friend. Before Ella would do anything she had to ask Lucy for permission. I had always thought imaginary friends were a kind of coping mechanism for loneliness. But Lucy seemed kind of mean. I thought it was weird that Ella would create an imaginary friend that seemed so unpleasant. But Ella was a weird kid. On her sixth birthday, we visited a very expensive theme park and stayed at the extravagant hotel nearby.

My parents had bought her hats, t-shirts and teddies from the gift shop. After our first day at the park, we settled into our rooms. My parents were staying in the room connected to us. Ella and I had a room to ourselves, and Lucy I guess. I was ready to curl up with my book. Ella was on the other side playing with her new toys and mumbling to herself as usual. I was so focused on my book, that I was able to completely tune Ella out. But not for long. After a few minutes I could hear her breathing heavily right by my bed. I told her to go away and she did. Then another few minutes went by, and she was right back at my bed. She looked kind of scared but I was so annoyed I didn't care. "Oh, can you please just go away," I moaned. Her face contorted into a frown as she headed back to her side of the room again. About five minutes had passed and she was back at my bed but this time she was holding a sharp knife. And then I saw something even more horrifying. I saw what I assumed was Lucy. It was a hideous, scaly, humanoid creature hovering above my sister like a puppet master. I could see the pain in Ella's eyes trying to fight Lucy's grip. And suddenly it all made sense to me. She wasn't trying to annoy me- she was trying to protect me. Waves of guilt washed over me. Just as I was about to grab the knife from her hands, she said "Take me instead!" and the knife plunged into her tiny body. I screamed and my parents rushed into the room. They saw me hovering over Ella's dead body. I tried explaining it was Lucy's fault but they didn't believe me. So that's why I'm here. Locked away. My parents finally got rid of me, just like they've always wanted.

By: Jane McWilliams

'Slaughter of the Innocent'

It was a murky Halloween night. Excitement hung in the air. We started getting ready to go out on our adventure. We grabbed our buckets and off we went through the door. We had been to quite a few houses, and we slouched around feeling a sense of boredom. So, we decided to do something more spine-chilling! We planned to visit our old derelict school. The sense of boredom soon changed! We walked along the narrow roads which snaked through the countryside, the wind howling, the rustle of leaves the only sound. Soon, we arrived at the abandoned school. It was old and precarious, looming over us like a mountain as we stood at the gate. The trees hung over the school shadowing it. The windows were smashed, some completely covered in mold so you couldn't see through them. It started to rain heavily, and the howling wind grew stronger. The building began to give off an eerie feeling. The front door creaked open, luring us inside. Everything had changed. In the darkness cobwebs lay as traps, each one making my heart beat faster. The sound of shattered glass beneath our feet was unnerving. We nervously tiptoed through the deserted corridor. Our friend Eve wanted to see what was in the other room, adamant that she would go by herself. We continued to explore the school, the silence deafening. As time passed, we could hear a faint tapping noise which echoed throughout the school, each minute bringing it closer and closer. We convinced ourselves it was probably only a leak in the roof from the heavy rain. The constant tapping noise was still echoing. We were exploring for a while when we realised Eve had not come back. Panic set in. Fear was vigorously swimming through our blood; Eve had been away ages, what if something happened to her? We quickly rushed to our feet and went searching for her.

We had been searching for hours but there was still no sign of her. We decided to follow the tapping noise to see where it would lead us to. We went into a classroom down the abandoned corridor where we thought the tapping noise was coming from, only to discover it was coming from the closet! Clinging onto each other, fear suffocated us. As I lifted my hand it seemed heavy, almost as if something was holding it down. My warm hand gently lay upon the cold handle. Adrenaline seeped through my skin. There she hung. The deafening silence pierced our ears, as we gazed at Eve. There we stood. There she hung. Her eyes wide open, gazing into our souls. Never to speak another word again.

By: Shauna Teague



Halloween story

It was a cold, dark, starry night. The bright moon sitting high up in the sky, beaming down through the trees. As the wind blew, the monstrous trees began to shake, and fireworks of all colours lit up the sky. It was finally Halloween. My friends and I got all dressed up, wearing the spookiest costumes we could find. We darted out the front door, our trick or treat buckets jumping as we ran.

After a while of trick-or-treating, our buckets overflowing with treats, we decided it was time to go home. We began our long journey home, the wind breath-taking.

We took a wrong turn and ended up in the middle of the forest. We came across an old abandoned, deserted play park surrounded in trees. We looked at each other in disbelief, excited about what we found. As we made our way through the rusty, spider infested gate, suddenly I got an uneasy feeling, but I didn't want to tell the others and ruin the fun.

We walked up the shattered concrete tiles, the others giggling with excitement, me struggling to keep up. Suddenly the giggling stopped, we all looked at each other with a look of horror on our face.

I felt dizzy and felt like the world was spinning around me at 100mph. The curdling scream of the swing set. The seesaw moving but no one there. We all dashed out the gate, tripping over our own feet as we ran. I let out ear piercing scream as we dashed out of the playpark from hell.

By: Niamh Little

My Halloween Horror Story

One cold blustery night I was out trick or treating with my friends. They then all went home but I had to decided that I would stay and do some more trick or treating. It was starting to get dark, so I decided I would go home. A few minutes past, I realised that I didn't know where I was so I took out my phone and turned on the flashlight. When I turned on the flashlight, I instantly knew I was lost. I tried to call my parents but they wouldn't pick up. Then I heard someone or something behind the trees, my stomach started twisting I just knew something wasn't right so I started running.

Even though I didn't have a clue where I was going, I just kept on running, then I stopped. My heart was pounding I felt as if I was never going to get home. Then I heard something go *BANG* I saw an old house not that far away so I ran. There it was, the old house it looked a lot scarier up close but I didn't care, as long as I got way from whatever was following me. I ran up the steps, then I knocked on the door, no one replied so I shoved the door open. As soon as I was inside I locked the door, the house was very old and looked as if it was abandoned.

I walked down a narrow hallway, doors on either side, as I got further down the hallway, I heard a fire crackling, there was a dim orange light coming from underneath a door, I opened it, no one was there, so I shouted "Hello is anyone there?" I heard a whisper in my ear "yes darling", I paused, I turned to see who it was, but no one was there. A few minutes past waiting for this all to be over, sitting in front of the fire, then I heard a blood curdling scream I jumped up off my feet and ran to the front door I tried unlocking it but the lock was stuck, I sat down wishing that this would soon be over as if it was a bad dream and I would be back to my family like nothing ever happened.

I sat there crying for ages wishing and praying it was all a bad dream, I stopped crying, the house was in a deafening silence I didn't know what to do, and the door was still locked. After a while I heard someone shouting, it sounded like there was two of them, whatever they were, the house fell back into a deafening silence. I woke up, I thought I would be back in my comfy bed in a house with my younger siblings and parents, but no, I woke up in a church filled with these people they were all familiar they were wearing black clothes, I realised I was at my own funeral.

By: Leah Mc Bride

Halloween Story

It was a dark and gloomy Tuesday night. The hospital hallway was empty, not a single soul in sight, with nurses and doctors busy at their stations attending to their obligations. Then the dark green curtain of the emergency room rises to a gust of wind to reveal two bodies: one a police sergeant who met his fate at the hands of an armed robber, the other a gymnast who apparently broke his neck while performing at a competition. And yet...both these men were alive only moments earlier when they were admitted, but now they lay lifeless, their eyes open and staring ahead. Then, along came a familiar sounds of footsteps, for it was the nurses to make their rounds. Proceeding immediately to the emergency room, they were stunned to discover the sudden deaths. Personnel and equipment were scrambled in the hope of reviving the two, but their efforts were in vain for the patients were dead.

Just as everyone was about to cover the dead bodies with blankets, a nurse saw a scythe lying on the floor, and the window mysteriously wide open. As she picked it up, she saw visions, blurry at first, but then she saw the two bodies. And in the vision the scythe was being held by another being, a shadow as black as night and a face hidden by a hood. In the nurse's eyes she saw what seemed to be their souls, wailing out of once-alive bodies into the being's hand. Moans and laughter could be heard. Suddenly, fear gripped the nurse for she now knew that what she held was the scythe of death itself. As she was about to throw it out of the window, everything flickered and went black. Her companions, who saw what was happening, screamed and tugged the scythe from her hands, but it would not move. Then the door slammed shut, and everything went silent. When the door slowly opened, it revealed the bodies of nurses, lifeless on the floor, their eyes open, staring straight ahead. The scythe was picked up by a black figure in a hood, who gazed out of the window to see souls slowly march towards a black whirlpool. The policeman and the gymnast are beside him, and with an evil laugh they slowly vanish into thin air.

By: Stefan Carr

Halloween Horror Story

As the darkness invades the purple, rainy sky, I lie snuggled up in my blanket listening to the crackling fire. The wind forcefully crashes against the window. I stare at the fire. The darkness surrounds me. Suddenly, I heard a tap on the window. I glanced over. Nothing. I saw nothing. The fire roared at me; it seemed like it was warning me. Warning me about someone or something hiding in the murky shadows of the room. The wind whistled in my ears. I slowly closed my eyes and out of nowhere, the fire went out, and the windows crashed open. I quickly looked over to see what was happening. Lights were flickering on and off as all the doors slammed shut. I jumped up, turning around, to see blood on the wall saying "I see you". I rushed upstairs crying my heart out, yelling and weeping, as a swarm of darkness follows me. I sprint to my parent's room and stare. My breathing stops, as I see my mother dead. I run back downstairs, shaking, and terrified. I hid in the kitchen. Suddenly, I heard footsteps, getting louder and louder. I take a little peek but there is nothing. In confusion I got back up and the lights started flickering. I don't know who it was or what they wanted, but all I knew is that I had to stop this. I crept to the living room, and I heard crackling sounds. I wandered around the room. As the lightning struck a tree right beside our house, I jumped like a kangaroo onto the couch. Cuddled to my blanket, I closed my eyes shut, hoping everything will go away. I pray and pray. I slowly opened my eyes and looked into the smashed mirror to see a reflection, to see a bare and pale face... me?

Suddenly, a ghastly smell attacks me. I tried to run but the smell was getting stronger. I was paralysed. I couldn't breathe. As I was gasping for air the television static turns on. I had no clue what was happening. I felt like my hands were freezing right in front of my eyes. Why me? What could I possibly have done to deserve this? A minute went by, and I decide to get up and see if anything happens. The ghastly smell disappeared, but as I went to clean up the shattered glass and close the windows, I realise...

He's back

By Weronika Watroba

The figure from hell

I bolted around the corner, not looking back at the horrible monster in the shadowy alley. The grotesque figure stalked me until I was cornered into a wire fence. My hands shook as the beast slowly walked towards me. It got close enough that I finally got a good look at its face. It had huge sharp teeth and hellish red eyes.

That was 45 years ago now. After telling my grandchildren this story I saw a figure out of my window. I saw those same soul-piercing eyes I saw 45 years ago. It was back.

By Adam Weir

Halloween Story

I could see its grey skin and devilish eyes from the bush I was hiding in as the thing walked out into the moonlit field. I saw it was holding a knife in its deformed, mangled hands. Its green eyes seemed to glow in the night as it looked for me. It pulled out a phone from nowhere and seemed to be calling someone. Just then a phone rung.

It was my phone. "FOUND YOU." It said in its demonic voice as it sprinted towards me. I had no time to react before its knife sunk into my skin.

By: Aaron Weir

SELFIE WITH A FRIGHT

It was a wet, windy night in October. Megan just finished trick or treating, dressed as a cat. Megan wanted to be daring so she decided to go to the graveyard at night to take a selfie with the tombstones.

She text her friends, Amy and Zack, to see if they wanted to join her. They replied NO because they were scared of the area. As Megan walked along the wet, dark path looking for the perfect tombstone, she got mysterious text messages saying “YOU MADE A BAD DECISION!” and “TURN BACK BEFORE THE NIGHT GETS YOU!” However, she kept walking, ignoring the text messages warning her of DANGER!

As Megan crouched down by the tombstone to get the perfect angle for her selfie, the ground began to RUMBLE and SHAKE. Suddenly hundreds of ZOMBIES appeared from under the ground, and began slowly walking towards her. She slowly turned around in fear, looking at their horrifying faces.

Megan ran for her life. As she ran, looking for the exit, she soon realised it had disappeared. A choir of loud, mumbling voices said “THERE IS NO ESCAPE.COME MEET YOUR FATE!!”

The next day, Amy and Zack went to the graveyard because they were concerned for their friend. They spent hours looking for her but found nothing, only a tombstone with the cat’s costume at the bottom and Megan’s name engraved on it!!

The moral of the story is- never go to the graveyards on Halloween night!

By: Edel McWilliams



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.



Year 11 student Grainne Donnelly came 2nd in the 'Junior Section' of the Patrick Kavanagh Student Poetry Awards. Competing with students from across Ireland, Grainne was recognised for her wonderful poem 'The Painter'.

Grainne submitted her entry while still in Year 10 (and remarkably before she had turned 14!) and received word of her success at the beginning of September. Grainne, along with her family, attended the Patrick Kavanagh Centre in Inniskeen, County Monaghan, on Sunday 29th September, to collect her award. We are delighted to include this remarkable poem in our newsletter:



The Painter

Dawn it was, pinprick rays pierced the land.

Dewdrops fell like silent tears

As the gentle breeze spoke its command.

Daisies, buttercups, carefully stitched into the
blanket of grass.

The painter's cap fell over his forehead.

His brush shaking slightly in his clutch,

Smoke from his pipe wafted like clouds

That were so close he could touch.

Wrinkles adorned his face,

Forest eyes aged but yet, still bright.

Life's challenges etched into his hands,

As he painted from memory, not from sight.

Living high up in isolation,

far from deadly human nature.

They used to look at his paintings,

finding his landscapes and coastlines
unfamiliar.

So the painter finished his creation,
leaning back and shaking his head.

He gazed at his landscape, his dewdrops
crying for help.

And so, the painter looked out,

looked out at what was no more.

By: Grainne Donnelly

Work Experience

In October our Year12s completed a successful work experience programme. All pupils who took part in the scheme really seemed to enjoy their time and have developed some key work-based learning skills and qualities. A massive word of thanks is sent to all employers and staff who helped to facilitate the programme - we really appreciate all the support as it would not be possible without your help. Here are just some of our Year 12s involved.



Alanna McMenamin
St.Joseph's Primary, Drumquin



Leagh Donnelly
Serendipity Café Omagh



Sebastian Watroba
Trillick Leisure Centre



Melisa Alieva
McBride's Spar, Dromore



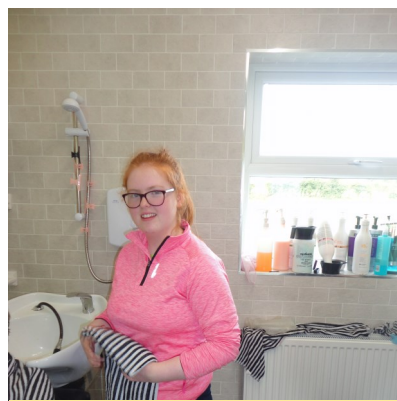
Pearse Logue
Dromore Sports Complex



Krystian Tyrna
McKenna's Engineering, Fintona



Kevin Teague
Western Cars



Michaela McCusker
Carina Goan Hair



Aoife Gallagher
Dromore Playgroup

'Democracy Day'

On Tuesday 15th October, Year 12 GCSE History students took part in Fermanagh and Omagh Council's 'Democracy Day'. Together with other schools in the area, they visited Omagh Council, where they sat in the chambers and discussed a range of topical issues. Five local councillors were on hand to answer questions and chair discussion groups. Topics ranged from 'Jobs and the Economy' to 'Climate Change' and 'Health and Wellbeing'. This initiative provided students with an insight into the workings of local politics, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all involved.



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.

Boxing

St. John's College would like to wish the best of luck to our Year 12 student Sean Fee who is representing Ireland in the first ever international competition matching Ireland V Scotland & Wales this Friday 25th October at 7pm in the Fir Trees Hotel, Strabane.

This is the biggest boxing event to ever be held in County Tyrone, with National, European and even World championship winners on show. Sean trains and competes for the Two Castles Amateur Boxing Club in Newtownstewart. On Friday night he will fight Brandon Scott (Wales) in the 55kg weight category. All the best Sean from everyone in St.John's!



Congratulations to Owenie McMenamin (Year 10) on his successful participation in the N. Ireland Open Pool Championships, which took place last weekend in the Mellon Country Inn. He was crowned under-15 and under-18 champion. Owenie competes for his Club 'Q-Sports Academy', Fintona. We wish Owenie all the very best in all his future endeavours.

Year 8 Young Enterprise

Year 8 took part in a Young Enterprise programme called 'Your School Your Business.' This was a great way for Year 8 to enhance their teamwork skills and get to know each other in a different setting. It also helps to develop communication and listening skills between pupils who may not always work together. A great time was had!!!

Once again thanks to Fionnuala McMenamin for hosting and leading the event.



Bon Voyage

Good Luck & best wishes to Miss McCarroll who is heading off on her travels around South East Asia and Australia. Both staff and pupils at St. John's will miss you greatly. Safe Travels!



School Counsellor

Meet Seana Lavelle, our school Counsellor from Familyworks. Seana offers guidance to young people to empower them to live their lives to the full.

Seana is in the school every Monday morning 9:30am-12:30pm.

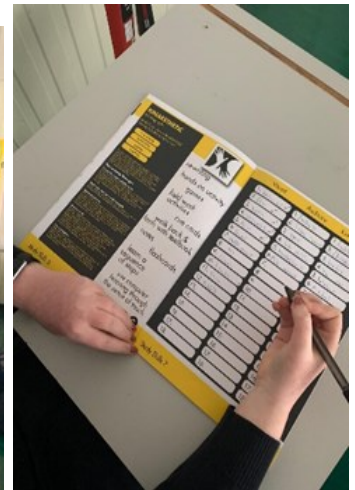
If you wish to speak to Seana arrangements can be made through any member of staff, or you can pop your name into the self-referral box in the front hall.



Yr 11 Study Skills

Year 11 took part in a 'Study Skills' programme facilitated by Fionnuala McMenamin - Young Enterprise.

Once again this was another worthwhile event which will be so beneficial to Year 11s as they begin to focus on starting GCSE subjects. Well done to all involved.



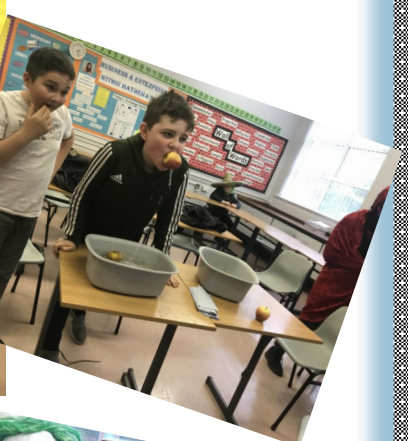
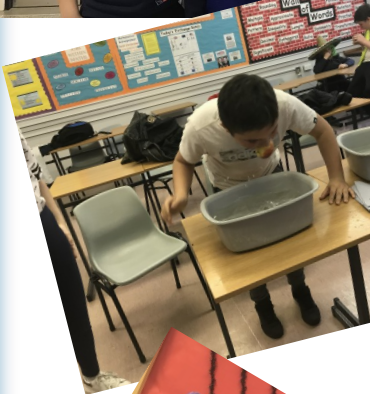
Out In the Landscape



All Year 10 pupils went out into the fields and walks around Dromore, to take photographs of the countryside for their Landscape Unit in Art and Design.



SPOOKY GOINGS ON AT ST. JOHN'S !!!



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