

YEAR 11

It's all about St Genevieve's!

**Year 11
Newsletter**

October 2007

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Head Girl Stephanie Mc Glone says hello to Year 11 and offers some sincere advice

My name is Stephanie Mc Glone and I was chosen for the position of Head Girl this year which I am honoured and privileged to be. With this position come a lot of duties and responsibilities throughout the school. The past 6 years that I have spent in St Genevieve's have prepared me very well for any surprises that may come my way.

I play an important role in the school council. I alongside with the other head girl and the three deputies, conduct the meetings with just the assistance of two teachers. At every opportunity I will represent the school such as when there is a prize night or an open night or even when visitors come into the school like the inspectors last week. These may be two of the duties I have to do but I believe the most important of all is being a positive role model for the younger students in our school. Just as you should also be doing. I want to lead by example and to be there for all of the students in our school including you.

This year is a very important

year for not only me but you as well. It is very important to keep your head down and study hard for your exams coming up. I am no stranger to the pressures of GCSE's but I found that if you study hard and also find a way to balance school work with your social life then you will do well. That would be the most important piece of advice I could give to you as it was a method I used and I did well.

If you are finding it hard always remember that your teachers are there to help and they would be happy to assist you in anyway that they can.

When you get to 6th year the level of work really does increase. You may not notice at the start but talking from experience you will eventually notice. However that is the only real con to moving up a year.

There are so many benefits and privileges for example the change in uniform, more responsibility, more trust and



especially you get a bit more space which can be a little weird at first.

One thing I would say about going into 6th year is treasure it, because you have no idea how fast time goes by. I am already in my last year of school and I can still remember my first day in 6th year and even my first day in first year. Time flies when you are in school so take your time and really appreciate the time you have with your friends and the school itself because after this year in school I won't be back.

Finally I would just like to say good luck in all of your exams and I hope you do very well and accomplish the grades that you will be happy with. And don't forget to work really hard!

"I found that if you study hard and also find a way to balance school work with your social life then you will do very well!"

The newsletter takes a lot of time to get together. Four Year 13 prefects have the task of helping. Clare, says hello in this issue.

Hello, year 11's! My name is Clare and I am now in year 13. The next two years will be important for all of you as you have just decided on your subjects for your GCSE's. Listen, they are not as bad or scary as they seem to be. If you do the work you will all be fine and I know it is hard to study when your friends are all planning a night out! Personally I see it like having a healthy diet - you need a balance. This means having a commitment to your studies, making time for your own hobbies/ interests, making time for your friends but also having your 'own personal' time, which gives you an opportunity to chill.

Also another important thing is to have a good night sleep; there is nothing worse than coming in to do coursework when you are absolutely knackered. Otherwise you will go crazy and I say this from experience.

You are all probably thinking this is all way too soon to be thinking about studying but the time will fly in, honestly, but don't be panicking. Just take each day as it comes and enjoy it. Keep your social life going and keep up with your sports. It is all manageable if you organise your time.

When the coursework starts for you all, again from personal experience, keep up to date with it - don't fall behind and if you find it hard, just remember..... you're not alone, your teachers are always there to give you a helping hand!

To finish, I wish you all the best of luck in your studies and I hope all of you will come out with the results you deserve. Just remember to keep that balance between everything in your life, keep the heads down and appreciate the time that you have in school.



Clare is studying for "A" levels and will be able to use her experience working on the newsletter in her personal statement in her UCAS form

Halloween Writing Competition

HALLOWEEN NIGHT

Ugly hats and scary cats,
Squirming snails and big fat bats!
Spiders crawling on a web,
I've just seen an old man dead.
Bloody nights, cat-fights,
All part of a Halloween night.
Door bell ringing!
Trick-or-treaters singing.
Witches cackle,
I just heard a firework crackle.
Running for my life
From a creepy stranger with a knife.
I took a sweet over-dose
And now I'm seeing glowing ghosts.
Going to go to bed cause everybody in
My street seems to be dead.
In Halloween of 2007
The only one left is little Miss Evans!

*By Lauren Thompson
and Nicole Campbell 11E*



Thank you for the many entries. There were lots that were very good but as always happens in a competition, we had to pick a few to be winners. Congratulations to those who were selected and are printed here. We hope everyone else will have another try next time.

HALLOWEEN

Once a year, it seems to be
That Halloween calls out to me
And zombies crawl out to the night
The children fill with such delight
At fireworks that bang and sparkle.
A vampire filled with cold, cruel laughter,
The tricks and treats that people play,
Is what Halloween will bring our way.
Don't be afraid, it's only some fun
But the pleasure of horror has only begun.

By Mairead mc Veigh 11S

Like all towns at all times, the 31st of October meant big fireworks, trick-or-treats and ghost stories and as per usual the village of Waterbank pulled out all the stops with bigger and better fireworks, cheekier and trickier trick-or-treats and even scarier ghost stories. Though not only did this village have new and bigger plans, but they also had a new resident... Mr Galloway.

Nobody was sure who or what would come out to the youngsters doing the doors when his door was knocked on Halloween night because, well, only one person had ever seen him and that person, whose name I shall not speak, hasn't been right ever since. Don't listen to what other people tell you about him, I will give you his true description. I know becauseI am that one person who has seen him.

If you ever had the misfortune to see Mr Galloway, you would never forget him. His cheekbones jutted out like the sharp edges of a cliff, holding up two round red bulging balls for eyes with a thin circle of electric green surrounding his huge dilated pupils. The piece of skin that hung between them was rounded at the tip and bumpy in the middle like a speed bump on the road. His thin lips were as red as blood and crooked teeth like razor blades stuck out from under them. He stood at a strange height of 7 foot 5 with long rigid stick like arms and legs to match. His size 12 shoes stuck out from under his twig like legs. Tight as leather you could almost make out every detail of his long scrawny toes through those huge banana sneakers. Like curtains hanging from a frosty window, hung his scrawny old rags on his thin frame. The smartest piece of clothing being his stripy grey and red tie, though even that looked like the neighbour's dog had had a go at it. His deep spooky voice sounded like he had smoked all his life when really he had never touched a cigarette before.

I saw him first when I was attempting to peer through his dark grey window frame but then saw the black outline of his grey stringy hair and his curled up devil-like ears. Nobody knew what went on in that house of his, it was mystery to everyone in the town but that was about to change on that fateful October night.

Halloween night was here, everyone was finishing their last minute touches to their costumes. A group of Year 12 kids were hanging around in the park beside the house of spooks as they called it, having a few drinks, enjoying the view of exploding balls of colour above their heads. "Here Chris, why don't you go give Mr. Galloway's door a good knocking, see what happens?" suggested

Mr Galloway IIT

by Sarah Heatley

Paul laughing to himself.

"Are you joking mate!! I'd like to see Christmas, thanks", replied Chris but Paul wasn't giving up. "Awk go on, it'll be a good laugh! You don't even have to stay there, just run away after, go on!" pleaded Paul. "Alright you, I'll do it but we're all taking turns!" said Chris. Everyone agreed, although really they were thinking they'd get off it and just play along to get Chris to go. They watched from behind the climbing frame in horror at what happened.

"Thud! Thud!", sounded the door as Chris turned and took off down the path. The door opened but nobody came forward and after the longest three and a half seconds of their life, the door slammed shut and the group came out from hiding in shock. They laughed and congratulated Chris though a stunned look was still painted on their faces.

As the night went on, the rest of the group were forced to do the deed and Mr. Galloway wasn't too impressed. At one point they heard him yell, "Darn kids, I'll kill them all!!" At that point there were only three people left to go so they very wisely decided to take their turn together.

Down the dark, spooky, path they crept, two boys, Michael and Fred and the one girl left to go, Sam. Walking past the window, Fred glanced in to see Galloway's reflection in the mirror but with a quick blink it had disappeared. "I don't think this is such a good idea anymore guys!" whispered Fred. "Awk, come on you chicken, even Sam's up for it!" laughed Michael. Fred took a look at Sam and she smiled with a nervous laugh. "We'll be fine!" trembled Sam.

BANG BANG!!! Michael's fist against the panel of wood on the door.

"Aye Michael, sure go on, stick your fist on in there, sake." remarked Fred sarcastically. "Right RUN!!!" shouted Sam, but before the trio could take off down the path, the door swung open and the three of them felt their numb bodies hit a cold surface and saw the light of the street disappear behind the huge thud of the door closing again.

Lying on the ground, the three of them were lost for words and feared to breathe. They heard the gasps of some-

thing breathing rather abnormally and smoky mists of air covered the windows as a tall black silhouette lurched over to the pane and hauled the curtains shut. Panting in anger and frustration at these kids' tricks, the man strode about the room, wondering what he was going to do. One by one he took each child into separate rooms. He had a sick mind and was planning on how he would torture and kill these pests.

Sam was brought to a room upstairs, tied to a chair and a sock stuffed in her mouth. Looking out the dirty old window, she could just make out the shapes of her friends making a getaway from the park.

"I'll deal with you later!" snickered Galloway in her ear, and off he stumped down the stairs and into what sounded like the kitchen where he had left Michael and Fred. The sounds of pleading boomed through the house. As this was happening,



Sam was upstairs panicking and picking at the rope around her arms with a blade she had picked up downstairs knowing she'd need it. Once she had freed her hands, she planned her quick escape to get out and get help! By this time, Mr. Galloway had already had his fun with Michael who was no longer screaming or pleading. "What has he done to them?" thought Sam.

She heard what sounded like a dragging noise and as she peered over the banister, she spotted the Nike shoe of one of the boys disappear slowly across the floor into the room where all this had started. She heard Galloway grunt and head for the stairs. "Now the girl", he whispered. Sam, fearing for her life, took a run for it out towards the back door. He chased after her but nobody knows if he caught her or what he did with her if he did.

The bottom half of Michael was found in the front room with his head in a pot close beside the window and sometimes if you listen closely while you walk past that house people say you can still hear his screams and pleas for help. As for Fred, he was hung from the bathroom light... it was horrifyingly gruesome.

What about Sam I hear you ask? Her coat was found covered in blood over the washing line but she was never recovered... is she still alive? Who do you think would know so much about what happened that night then? Sam was MY name..... after my uncle... Sam Galloway!!

Windsong

By Emma Nolan I I E

I hated my life, so boring and uneventful. My father always working, and my mother –well.... she was always there ...but not for me! I am fifteen and my name is Jessica. My father has a very wealthy job he is a lecturer at the university. As you can imagine he is very strict and proper. He always had us reading. Don't get me wrong - I love reading, but books for my own age, not War and Peace!! He never showed emotion towards me or my brother, Max. He was always in suits and ties. He would have us up every morning at 6:30am sharp, and in bed for 8:00pm. My family never spoke about their feelings, even though we sat every night and ate together. I hated it!

Anyway we had just settled into a new house and I quite liked it - nice neighbourhood, friendly people, good school. Really everything I needed. But that night we were sitting at dinner, in silence as usual, and my father spoke. Immediately we all looked up and listened. He said, "I have decided we are moving again."

Inside I felt myself collapse. I felt like saying "NO! It's not fair. We're only here. I've met friends. I've joined school!" But instead I said, "Oh really, father, where are we going?"

"It's a place called, Old Warren Road".

"Sounds creepy" Max said. The table fell silent again.

Two weeks later, my father had everything ready for the move.

I was dreading it. I said goodbye to my friends and neighbours trying to hold back the tears!

The day of the move came. I sat in the car in silence. The rest of family got into the car. The silence remained. We travelled to our new home.

We pulled up outside the house. It was huge! It looked like a house from Victorian days. It was beautiful. We unpacked and got settled. There were 7 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, a music room, din-

ing room, kitchen and living room. It was a huge house. When I went in I suddenly felt cold. I chose the room I wanted at the back of the house. That night it was icy cold. I heard noises but just put it down to the house being so old.

The morning was cold and wet. I spent the day unpacking and getting used to the house. I found a door but behind it was a staircase. I followed it up to another door.

I went in and found a huge gleaming black piano. I sat down in front of it and wiggled my fingers to loosen them up, you see I've been taking lessons for about four years now. Then I put them in position to play my first tune. I pushed the keys down, but no noise, I tried again, and still no noise. I was baffled.

That night at dinner there was silence again until I spoke "Father," I said, "I found a piano in the attic?"

"How wonderful my dear," he said.

"But it has no sound. Everything's working except the sound!"

I thought nothing of it and just dropped the subject.

That night I was lying in bed. It was cold again. I lay awake just listening to the sounds of the old house, until I heard the strangest thing. It was music. It was very faint but it sounded like a piano. I got out of bed and tip toed sneakily across the floor so as it wouldn't creak. I crept across the hall the music was coming from the attic. I slowly opened the door and quietly crept up the stairs. The music grew louder. I got to the door. Hesitantly I turned the handle. The music stopped so I stopped. My heart was pounding. The music I heard was beautiful. And no one else in my family could play the piano expect me. I was frightened but at the same time

excited

to see who this musician was. The music started again. So again I slowly turned the handle and flung the door open. As I did the music abruptly stopped and a black figure flew across the room. I turned the light on and the room was empty. I went to the piano and sat down in front of it. Placing my fingers in place to place to play I pressed down firmly and again no sound!

Over the next few weeks I heard the same music. Music I had never heard that tune before, but it was the most beautiful tune I had ever known. Every morning I would go up to the room and see if the piano would ever work. It never did.

Then it happened. Just as normal I went to bed getting ready to listen. But tonight it didn't play. The next couple of nights it didn't play. Until that night. I was sleeping it must have been about 2.30am and I suddenly woke. I sat upright and got a cold shiver clown my spine. I rubbed my eyes and when they came back into focus I saw a young man sitting at the end of my bed. I tried to scream but nothing came out so I tried to get out of bed but I couldn't move. I must have fallen back asleep and when I woke up the next morning I couldn't believe what had happened. I ran down stairs and told my father.

He listened to me and when I had finished he said, "You have experienced what's called hypnapompic hallucinations. These occur when a person awakens to a semi – conscious state but the brain has not awakened the rest of the body. It is often accompanied by a feeling of paralysis and a sense that someone else is in the room. It can last from seconds to

Windsong continued.....

By Emma Nolan IIE

I took it all in and believed it. That night I went to bed and eventually I went to sleep, but again at 2:30am I woke. He was there again. This time I didn't try to move. I just lay there looking at him. He had his back to me.

Then he spoke.... "I know you've been listening to me", he said. "I play at night for you, you're the only one who listens to me," he said. "I want to show you something."

I was suddenly able to move. Although this strange man was talking to me in my house in my room I didn't feel one bit scared. He walked in front of me in silence. We reached the attic and he brought me to the piano. He sat down and looked up at me then looked at the piano. Such soul he played with. The music was unbelievable. I put

my hand on the piano and froze. Everything around me stopped. I saw a man in front of me hanging from the ceiling, stone dead! I pulled my hand away and the man was looking at me.

"You saw my death!"

"You killed yourself?" I asked.

"No one listens to my music. I couldn't cope," he replied.

I didn't know what to say.

"But you listen to me don't you Jessica?" he continued.

"I guess," I said.

Then he signalled to me to sit down beside him. So I did. He took my hands and placed them on the keys. "Now play," he said.

"Play what?" I replied staring.

"Whatever your heart tells you,"

he said.

I started to play. The song I played I had never heard in my life but it was beautiful. I played for about an hour then he said, "I think its time you went back to bed."

The next night both of us played again and we did so every night for weeks. It was unbelievable. Then one night we just sat and talked.

"Why are you here? I asked.

"It's purgatory, I can not be accepted in heaven until I do something worth doing like helping someone in a time of need."

"Oh," I said. "But you've helped me."

"How?" he asked.

"You've made me happy. I've never felt like this before." I told him about my family and how we didn't connect.

The next night we played. I had my eyes closed but when I opened them he was gone. I continued to play. Again I closed my eyes but this time when I opened them, my mother and father and brother were there. I immediately stopped and jumped up "Sorry father," I said.

"Don't be sorry," he said. "You're amazing. I love that music. Spectacular. Keep playing for me."

They all sat around the piano and I played. My father smiled at me. I saw the love in his eyes and for the first time ever, I felt the love in his hug. Then I looked in the corner of the room and the man was there. Thank you," I said, "you have brought my family closer together and you have no idea how much that means to me.

"Who are you talking to?" asked my father. "There is no-one there." I looked at my father and replied with a smile, "That is because he is at peace now."

Gregory Hallow by Aislinn Dellott 11S

An inexplicable mist swept across the land,
Stirring every creature that had lain dormant.
Relishing the fact that they would soon be free.
Howls were heard from far and wide,
And all because it was all Hallow's night.

Some think it's myth, others legend.
But in the truth of it all it's really the present.
Some say it's a celebration, others a jubilation,
But in reality it's another year of passing.
Of that day he first took a breath.

He walks among you every day in the year,
But can only be felt on the day that everybody fears.
You walk down the street and feel someone strike you,
But when you glance back you are alone, wondering in the dark of the night.

He has his messengers that everyone sees,
But no one suspects because they are supposedly heavenly.
The angels of stone on every corner are never truly exposed,
Because as soon as you glance they are stone again
They are in reality messengers of Hallow's old.

You all know who he is and you've known the whole time.
He's the one that spies on your every day fears,
And on that night in late October makes them all come crashing down.
He's known as Gregory Hallow and is twisted and bitter. Surprise, surprise!

You'd better stay close or your Halloweens night won't go exactly
To plan.



Halloween Sucks!!!

By Jennifer Clarke & Camilla McKenna 11t

The night was dead; everything seemed distant as the fog loomed over the street, covering every car and street light. Trickles of rain hit Kerry's face as she looked up at the black, misty sky, shivers ran down her spine. Kerry folded her arms and made her way to the car. She pushed the button on her key opening the car doors and sending a loud beep echoing down the small narrow street.

As she started up the car she waved to her friends who were closing their front door. The low petrol sign flickered on the dashboard. She would have to make her way to the nearest petrol station, a few miles up the road.

The dull light of each street lamp glimmered in the wind and the sound of the stones beating of the cars mudflaps sounded like tapping on the back window which sent goosebumps travelling through her body. The road was dead with not a car headlight in sight, the petrol station was between her friend's house and her own, so reaching there meant she was nearly home. She felt a sense of relief as she drove along the road.

Fifteen minutes past and Kerry could see the petrol station emerge from the heavy fog. She pulled over just in time as her car knocked out beside the petrol pump.

"Must be my lucky night", Kerry muttered to herself. Just then she heard a loud tap on the window next to her, making her jump with fear. A tall, stick like man, with grey hair to his shoulders and a grey beard to match stood with a large smile on his face, the sort of creepy smile you get when someone seems up to something. Nevertheless, Kerry rolled down the window smiling back,

"How much, Miss ?" the strange figure asked in a husky voice.

"Ten please", Kerry replied.

The man made his way to the back of the car, filling it with fuel. He returned to the window to receive the money, Kerry handed him her credit card and he asked her to come into the shop to enter her

pin code. Kerry slowly got out of the car noticing the man had gone pale and had a strange look on his face. "I think I have a tenner here, we could do without the bother of those credit cards, couldn't we ?" Kerry asked rhetorically as she reached back into the car.

"No! lets just go inside and type this in", the bearded man said taking a tight hold of Kerry's arm.

In a panic, Kerry snatched the credit card from the man, pushed him to the ground then drove off. Her heart pounding and head thumping she made her way fro home down the hill like road, the stones hitting the mudflaps seemed louder, the spits of rain turned into lashes of water, the fog seemed heavier and Kerry was finding it harder to see . The small car radio made things worse as it kept turning itself on and off. Fear overcame Kerry's mind, making her lose concentration on the road.

A few miles down the road Kerry looked in her wing mirror and saw a small black car coming fast up behind The bizarre man from the petrol station was driving, he began flashing his front lights, trying to catch Kerry's attention. Kerry began to drive faster, her engine began to make clicking sounds, her heart was pounding even faster at this stage. In the corner of her eye she saw a small sign saying, 'Cherryvale Gardens'. She quickly made a left to her parents' street and phoned them, "Hello mum, it's me, I'm in your

street now and there is someone following in a car! Will you and dad wait at the door for me pulling in the driveway?" Kerry asked her mum in a frightened voice.

"Of course, be as quick as possible, I'll get your dad now!" replied Kerry's mum and within two minutes Kerry's car pulled up in the drive, followed by the flashing lights of the black car.

Her mum and dad were standing at the front door as the old man from the petrol station jumped out of the black car in a hurry. Out of breath, the man shouted to the parents, "I've been following your daughter all night! There is someone in the back of her car!"

They all turned to Kerry's car to find her stuck up against the window with a hatchet in her head, with streams of blood running down her face.

.....No-one was found in the back of the car
.....and no fingerprints were found on the hatchet.



At 82 Lonmare Drive.....By Christine Hartley

At 82 Lonmare Drive, Halloween Eve, Mrs Mc Cluskey sat on the front porch of her rickety old house which had been there since the estate had been opened. The porch was

rotted and dirty with wooden boards missing from the left hand side. She sat alone watching the kids running around the estate test-driving their costumes. Some were scary, some sweet and pretty-girlish, some funny, with the imagination put into them flowing.

Every year Mrs Mc Cluskey was terrorised by local youths. Bombed with toilet tissue, shaving cream, eggs and last year they managed to get her grey cat Skindles, onto the roof. Thoughts of previous tricks played on her since the death of her husband Robert made her dislike the local youth at Halloween . Thoughts and thoughts ran though her head.... then suddenly, it was as if a light bulb lit up. Mrs Mc Cluskey was going to get nee own back!

All the things the youths had done to her seemed to bring together on even better treat for them.

As the sun low-ered over the roof tops of Lag-more Mrs Mc Cluskey went into her home to devise her plan.

Slowly Mrs Mc Cluskey crept up her screeching stairs and went into her old room. She had never felt the same in that room since her husband died. Into his cupboard! She took out one of his old suits, dusted it off and left it on the bed.

Next day Mrs Mc Cluskey put up some screeching witches, luminous orange pumpkins, Bloody Draculas and snow white ghosts around the house. Little kids would always come first because

the Mothers wanted them in early. So half of Mrs Mc Cluskey's candy was gone. If she didn't keep refilling then her house would be got tipped early which would ruined her plan.

9 O'Clock came. Mrs Mc Cluskey went up to her room to get ready. She put the grey musty suit on over a black flannel shirt, combed back her grey, fuzzy hair and gelled it back so much that it seemed half her hair was missing. She lit a lot of candles, spread them all over the house and turned off her lights so the atmosphere would send a chill down the spine.

The doorbell rang but Mrs Mc Cluskey waited. A few bell rings later, banging began on the door but Mrs Mc Cluskey waited and waited at the top of the stairs, waiting for the youth to enter, suspicious at the old woman not answering. According to Mrs Mc Cluskey plans a young girl entered the hallway of her house aged between 14 -16. She poked her head through whispering "Trick or treat, smell my feet give me something good to eat."

As the girl walked further into the room Mrs Mc Cluskey walked further into her old room powdered her whole

face until it turned pale white and, considering her already pale complexion, it wasn't too hard to get it to that stage.

She heard footsteps along the hall, slow creaking and screeching and deep, deep breaths. "We might as well wreck the inside since the old hag isn't in" said a voice "Wait until we see if the witch has got money hidden away. Wee lonely grannies all do that" said another. "The more the better," Mrs Mc Cluskey said to herself waiting at

the front door of her old room.

As the footsteps grew closer and closer, images of how this plan was going to turn out expanded into thoughts of evil. Suddenly the door creaked open a bit. The room was dark apart from the landing light. A hand appeared feeling for the switch but failed to find it. Two heads peeped into the room.

"Go! Leave my wife in peace or suffer the cionsequences of the murder of a loved one! Go Now!!" said Mrs mc Cluskey in a slow, deep, loud voice.

High pitched squeals from the two girls filled thwe house and actually made mrs mc Cluskey jump. Suddenly there was a crash and thud which didn't sound too good. Mrs mc Cluskey ran and looked over the banisters and saw the two girls lying, one on top of the other.

"Oh my God!" she gasped staring at the two lifeless bodies at the bottom of the stairs. She ran down and felt for a pulse. There was nothing. Breathe, pump....nothing! Mrs Mc Cluskey couldn't believe it. She had only wanted to get her own back for the years of being terrorised by her community but she had killed two youths instead.

She acted quickly and grabbed one of the young girls and stuck her in the garage and the other in the attic. She cleaned away every scrap of evidence and got back into her normal clothes, washed the gel out of her hair and watched the fireworks go off from her rickety old porch.

Everyone knew poor old Mrs mc Cluskey wouldn't hurt a fly. Everyone knew poor old Mrs mc Cluskey would take the abuse. Thinking of terrorising an old woman this Hallowe'en? Think again!

She had only wanted to get her own back for the years of being terrorised

Thanks to Claire Cully 11S for the pencil sketches that are used throughout the newsletter. What a talent for drawing. Any more illustrators out there?

A Safe and Happy Halloween

- Fireworks are fun but they are really dangerous
- In past years two pupils have been badly burned while standing around fires with others—play it safe
- At night always stay in company you know and trust

Want to have a say about anything??

You can have it in your newsletter!

Bring it to English 5

Stories, poems, articles, cartoons, puzzles, opinions, problems, drawings, ideasanything you'd like to share!!

(Untitled) by Mairead Mc Veigh 11S

Its coming here it 's after you
To refresh itself with blood anew
Hide in the cupboard, or under your bed
Does it really matter when you might end up dead?

You hear the door knock
Hear the clock click downstairs.
And you lie still, not breathing
Because you know something 's there.

You hear the footsteps coming,
You feel shaky and weak
And the door slowly opens.
You see a pair of feet
Then they reach for the bed sheet.

You are suddenly awake...
It was all just a dream
No more movies before bed!!

Have you worked out how you learn best yet?

Are you a reader?

A writer?

A diagram drawer?

Do you sit still or walk around?

Tried talking out loud?

Using post-its? Or wall charts?

Use colour to code your notes or highlight key points?

If you don't know what suits you yet

you really need to find out.



Think before you drink..... If alcohol seems like fun have a think about what else it can add to your life

- It can make you sick—not fun and not pretty!
- It can change your behaviour or personality
- It can make you take risks that you would not normally take
- It can impair your performance in school, work, and sport
- It can change your circle of friends
- The younger a child starts using alcohol, the greater the chance of becoming an alcoholic.
- You are more likely to be the victim of violent crime when drunk and more likely to commit a crime
- A large number of teen pregnancies are the result of drinking too much
- Since it is high in calories it can make you overweight
- It can have you wakening up ashamed or embarrassed about the night before

Is Anyone There?

By Keeva Moore | IT

As I quickly brushed my long eyelashes with the jet black mascara brush I was finally ready to go.

My friends and I were going trick-or-treating in our scary costumes then going to check out the old house.

I decided to dress up as a dead school girl. The night was dark and the fireworks exploded with fascinating colours in the sky.

We went door to door, singing the old Halloween poem. We knocked on each door in the street but at the corner there was an old Victorian type house. It didn't have Halloween decorations and it didn't look like there was anyone in, but I noticed something flickering in the upstairs room.

My friend and I approached the old solid wooden door. "I think this is the old house everyone talks about," my friend Sarah-Anne said to me with fear revealed on her face.

We knocked on the rusty letterbox and to our surprise the door crept open. There was loud music playing upstairs and the house had a scent of smoke and dirt socks. It smelt like a dead cat had been left to rot. We called and shouted but there was no reply in return.

"Should we go in?" I whispered to

Sarah-Anne. "I don't know, I don't think it is a good idea, it creeps me out!" She replied shivering with fright. Just come on she added.

As we got to the bottom step the music started to get louder, it was as if someone could sense our presence.

There was a sudden bang and suddenly the music stopped. I held Sarah-Anne as we pushed open each door. Then we noticed someone or something lying on the dusty floorboards, in what looked like the master bedroom.

"Is she dead?" Sarah-Anne asked as her face turned a shade of white snow. "I don't think so," I replied my heart faster than a greyhound. We rolled her over to see her identity.

Her face was pale and her body was pencil thin. Her clothes looked like old rags that had been stitched together. Her curls dangled loosely down her back. She was still breathing faintly.

We noticed a slight bump on her head and a dab of hard blood just above her swollen lip.

She turned her head and spluttered a few words.

"She's alive," Sarah-Anne whispered with delight.

We phoned to police and ambulance. The woman was rushed straight to hospital but was in a stable condition. The police cordoned off the area around the house looking for clues about what might have happened but they could find none.

Baffled, they visited the hospital to question the woman herself who was identified as Mrs Beckham. She had recovered and was able to talk but her story defied belief.

The police had originally thought her injuries were caused by an intruder, but the woman insisted it was her husband. She said he had returned in a very angry mood. She said, "In all the times I knew him I have never seen him so angry. It terrified me. How could he think it was me!"

She then collapsed into a deep sleep and the nurse told the police they would have to return later.

The police checked her husband on their criminal record system. But his name didn't turn up there.However it did turn up in a different file—the suspicious death file!! It emerged that he had died on the 13th Friday 2005 in suspicious circumstances. Mrs Beckham had been questioned at the time but was released.

They waited for her to waken.



St Gens

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YEAR 11

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