



## YOUNG ARCHER

### Clever Clogs Corner

Match the country to its money.

Dollar	Italy
Mark	Britain
Franc	Greece
Anna	Russia
Lira	Holland
Yen	Spain
Pound	France
Rouble	Japan
Guider	USA
Drachma	Norway
Peseta	India
Krone	Germany

## August

By Diana Cormack

Did you know that August used to be the sixth month of the year? In the time of the early Romans the first month of the year was March, named after Mars, their god of war. When they wanted to honour their first emperor for his triumphs at home and abroad, they decided that the greatest compliment would be to name a part of the year after him.

The emperor's name was Augustus Caesar and he was Julius Caesar's nephew and heir. Augustus thought that the sixth month "sextilis" was his lucky month, so what could be better than to re-name it August so that he would be remembered forever?

### No more school

The old Dutch name for August was "harvest-month", the old Saxons called it "weed-month" and the French used to call it "Thermidor" which means "hot-month". In Britain there is no particular name for it, perhaps because our weather is so changeable, but many children think of it as the holiday month when they can escape from schoolwork! When adults look back on their summer holidays somehow, in their memories, the weather always seemed to be wonderful.

### Marvellous memories

This piece by Dylan Thomas, called "Holiday Memory", is a good example: -

"August Bank Holiday. A tune on an ice-cream cornet. A slap of sea and a tickle of sand. A fanfare of sunshades opening. A tuck of dresses. A rolling of trousers. A sunburn of girls and a lark of boys ... in those always radiant, rainless, lazily rowdy and sky-blue summers departed, I remember August Monday..."

Whatever you do and where ever you go, have a fantastic time this August and add it to your store of marvellous memories.

### My Pet

**Type:** fish. **Name:** Goldie  
**Description:** Goldie loves cold water; lives in a tank of its own; loves its food. I won this fish at the funfair.  
**Habits:** swimming around its tank and eating all its food.

**I love it:** because it's the only pet I have. I like cleaning the water out. I also like feeding it and watching it swimming round the tank.

By Kirsty Davis, aged 9, Leslie Road, N2.

## A Well-Bred Dog?

By Lindsay Johns

We had climbed to a deserted abbey in the hills in a tranquil and beautiful part of central Italy and were sitting by the side of a dirt road admiring the view. A big white dog appeared suddenly round the corner, trotting at a fair pace up the road. He was as surprised to see us as we were to see him and slowed down nervously, but was brave enough to go past, whereupon he immediately picked up the pace again and trotted on.

This scene would have been surprising enough in itself, but to add to the effect he was carrying in his mouth an enormous piece of bread - shaped like a baguette but shorter and wider.

After a time, we walked on down the dirt road and after about a mile came to a farmhouse. Again, not a person or car in sight, but the white dog was there and he barked at us in a half-hearted attempt at being

a watchdog.

His journey into town to get the bread, which certainly had the appearance of a very regular journey, would have involved several miles of steep and winding dirt road. Dog lovers will be pleased to know that he seemed happy, healthy and well fed.

If you have a holiday story to share with us, please send it to: *THE ARCHER*, PO Box 3699, London N2 8JA.

## Not my evening with Gary Lineker

By Stephen Woolley

Tonight - the Big Match! The home-going traffic flowed with a sense of purpose for England would be playing Argentina which would be shown on television live, making the fans aggressive to drive home to meet their TV deadline.

Jumping a red light, I parked in front of the long row of terraced houses where I live, went through my front door, straight past the kitchen - the evening meal could wait - and into the living room. On went the box and from a small table I picked up a waiting can of lager. From the telly, such a wonderful impact as I relaxed on the sofa with both teams on the turf singing their respective National Anthems and a vast, madly enthusiastic crowd chanting "Ere we go! Ere we go!" which drowned any mention of God Save the Queen.

Suddenly I came back to reality, the splendour before me interrupted by the doorbell ringing insistently.

"Not bloody likely," I thought. "I'm not going anywhere!"

But then from the letter flap came the cry, "Please can you help me?"

She stood there, a little old lady in a blue pinafore, my neighbour from across the road, and with a trembling hand she let go of the bell and grabbed hold of my wrist.

### Hole new game

"Would you dig a hole in my garden?" she said. For a moment I couldn't reply. I gave a gulp and then she went on "It's my Toots, she's being put down in the morning".

"Toots?" I looked down at her.

"My cat" she replied.

The roar of the crowd from the lounge told me the game had started and with a broad hint, trying to shut the door, I said "It's getting dark now - why not wait for the weekend?"

I tried to avoid her sad eyes, hoping she would try another neighbour and saying to myself that, after all, until then our relationship had only consisted of an occasional nod in the road.

Her hand let go of my wrist and from beneath her sleeve she pulled out a handkerchief. "Please", she stood her ground, "I don't want Toots thrown in a fire with many other cats."

### Catacomb

My spade hit the hard ground in a garden so full of weeds, and I thought about old people with their habit of sitting behind net curtains watching the world go by. It occurred to me the old lady must have seen me making a fuss of some moggie in the road and sensed my obvious affinity for cats.

"A soft touch," she thought me, but her intuition couldn't have known that as a child I wasn't allowed to own a dog. Dad couldn't afford to buy one, let alone keep one whereas kittens would always find good homes in the many back streets of my childhood... And how could I forget our scruffy old Tom, as he stood on his hind legs with his paw just reaching the wobbly knob on

Dad's bedroom door. Our weekday alarm clock!

As the topsoil came away a curious tabby walked over to sit on the dug earth and then followed my spade back and forth, much as a spectator follows the ball at Wimbledon. Being a prisoner of past environment the cat's presence began to give me the creeps in the approaching darkness and with an urgency to finish the grave, sweat began to trickle down my shirt. And with my last spade of clay my furry companion disappeared into the enveloping darkness.

A shaft of light spread over the garden from the back door of the house. Before me stood the old lady with her handbag. From her purse she gave me a fifty pence tip and in turn she took over the spade. "I see you've met my Toots."

### Feline sick

Oh! I had just taken a step forward wanting to make myself scarce now and with a lump in my throat thought that the animal should have been indoors, but what's wrong with it being outside? "Toots," she said, reading my thoughts, "is sixteen. She can move around but is very sick."

"Yes," I mumbled, not looking at the black hole between us and thought of the lovely soft charisma in the animal's big eyes, yet a sad body unable to pounce at flying dirt, the way a healthy cat might.

"Will you see to the burial?" the old lady said. I didn't reply, but giving a nod made my way hastily homewards.

I switched the television back on with mixed feelings, the fans were chanting, shouting their heads off and then there was a peculiar throaty sound when England missed a goal. There was a long gasp from the crowd such as what a dentist may hear removing a difficult tooth.

### Boxed in

The next day the works carpenter made me a small casket. When I got home, I removed the pine box from the car boot and I imagined my movements were surreptitiously watched from behind net curtains.

Indoors, how could I take a shower or cook a meal? Yet I did and with the dinner eaten and plates washed up, I finally returned to the lounge when my doorbell rang.

There stood the old lady, behind her a street light shone, and not without some irritation I looked down at her, and when she smiled this annoyed me further.

She spoke. "I thought it better to let you have your tea first." I tried to speak, but she went on quickly. "The weekend will be fine."

"Oh?" I said. She turned to leave - and with a little smile said, "Toots had second thoughts".

## Where's the Money?

All the money in this puzzle is found in the following countries - with a few clue letters to help you along!

Britain: P UN \_  
Greece: DR CH A  
Russia: R UBL \_  
Japan: Y N  
Germany: M R \_  
India: A NA

America: D LL R  
Italy: L R  
Spain: P S T  
Holland: GU LD R  
France: F A C  
Norway: K ON \_

O	D	N	A	R	F	I	L	E	A
R	D	R	N	A	R	R	S	K	M
A	I	N	D	R	A	C	H	M	A
P	O	P	O	U	N	D	S	C	R
R	G	E	L	N	C	D	C	K	K
E	U	I	L	Y	E	A	S	R	A
D	I	L	A	N	N	A	L	O	R
N	L	I	R	A	E	Y	E	N	N
R	D	C	A	A	T	B	L	E	N
P	E	S	E	T	A	L	E	Y	E
A	R	O	U	B	L	E	S	T	H

## Helping Christopher

By Lee Kelly, Year 6, and Gaby Freilich, Year 5, Martin Junior School.

Christopher Hermann is a boy from Malawi in West Africa that we sponsor because he doesn't have much money. Every month we send him enough for his education and for medicine and seeds. We sell things and have events and fund raise. One time we had a non-uniform day and we all brought 50p to send to Christopher!

Once we had a child called Cheepo from Malawi but he went back. Sometimes we get letters and drawings from Christopher and they are shown in assembly. We send our money to Action Aid who sponsor children in developing countries. Action Aid is our favourite charity and if we ever get extra money we send it to them to help not just Christopher but the people in his village.