



YOUNG ARCHER

The write reason

Have you ever wondered why Roald Dahl wrote "Charlie and the Chocolate Factory" or how Harry Potter came about? There are many reasons for stories being written. Eleven-year-old Anna Davies of Summerlee Gardens kept forgetting to hold a note long enough in her piano lessons, so her teacher cleverly asked Anna to write a story about it. Here is the result.

The story of the Sad Dot

Back in Beethoven's time, the little dot sat in the inkbottle as a little grey baby (dots are grey when they are babies, not black like their mothers). When Mr Beethoven's quill dipped into it, out it came with the little dot speared on the end.

"Ho hum, should I make it a quaver longer or not?" wondered Mr Beethoven. Eventually he decided to put our little dot there. The little dot shook his small head and wiped all the ink out of his miniature eyes and grinned. It might have been his only grin ever if it hadn't been for a certain little girl called Anna Davies, who didn't exist until *one hundred and sixty-six* years after Mr Beethoven's death.

The dot had sat there, thinking how perfect life was, for one hundred and sixty-six years. Then he decided he didn't like the music that Beethoven had put him in, so had run into one of Grieg's pieces, which was called "Watchman's Song". Oh, how wrong he had been...

Anna Davies was now ten (Mr. Beethoven's death was one hundred and seventy six years ago), and she was about to have a piano lesson. The

little dot was sitting happily in her Grade Four piano book, wondering if Anna was going to play his piece (Watchman's Song) for her exam.

"Let's start a new one today," said her teacher Mrs. Blech, turning to Watchman's Song. "Ohhh, this one looks lovely, let's try it."

Anna gaped at it. "But it looks *really* hard."

"Oh rubbish, I bet it'll be easy-peasy by the end of the lesson. Let's start with this hard bit."

On and on it went and Anna kept forgetting the poor little dot. It was so depressing, the dot burst out crying. Now an inky dot crying means that the rest of the page will be smudged with his tears.

At the end of the lesson, he jumped out of the piano bag and ran down to Highgate Primary School, to find a job.

The dot found a home there in a page of a reading book. The other punctuation marks had given him a job but only if he did all their work, like cooking and cleaning the pages of the book, everything! And he got no pay for it. See what I mean, *nobody* cares about the SAD DOT!



FORTIS GREEN NURSERY 70 Fortis Green, London N2 9EP

We are now opening our waiting list for Summer 2006 for children from 6 months to 5 years old.

Unexpectedly, we also have some places available with effect from September 2005 for children from 2-5 years old.

We have a purpose built nursery with a large well equipped garden thoughtfully planned and designed throughout to give the children maximum enjoyment and independence whilst maintaining their safety in a secure environment.

If you are interested in places for either 2005 or 2006 please telephone 0208 883 1266 for more information and to arrange to visit.

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They asked for more!!

By Megan Hoare (aged 14)

There has not been a Fortismere School musical performed since the late 1990s, but the one performed in the last week of the summer term, *Oliver*, was definitely worth the long wait.

There were five performances, all extremely well attended and very well received. There were many talented vocal solos and many complex group choreographies, which were devised by teacher Clair Tingay and year 10 pupil Rebecca Garfinkel, of Springcroft Avenue. The production included all the classic songs and the well known characters which were all very well acted. Many of the cast were from East Finchley. Even one of the teachers from Fortismere School took a starring role in the play as Mr Bumble!

Over 200 people were per-

forming on the stage, working backstage, playing in the orchestra or doing the lighting and sound engineering. All of these roles made a massive contribution to the production's success.

Four of the people who made *Oliver* what it was were producer Dina Hughes, director Tony Kirkland, musical director Sarah Ogilby and costume director Christine Williams.

I was part of the orchestra playing the flute. There were non-stop all-day rehearsals but it was definitely worth it. I feel very privileged that I was able to be part of the amazing final performances.

BOOK REVIEW

Rowling returns to form

By Oliver Glick (aged 12)

There was a feeling among some fans that *Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix*, the fifth in the acclaimed saga starring the young wizard and his friends, did not live up to the standard set by the previous four books. I must say that J K Rowling's new book, *Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince*, has made up for that.

The fifth book was pretty much Harry and Dumbledore sitting in a dusty room discussing what they already knew. That was the first part; the second part was about Harry telling everyone else what *they* already knew. Number six, however, includes action, romance, humour and JK Rowling's knack of capturing the interest of the reader with powerful speech and a gripping plot.

Certainly, in many ways, Harry has grown up over the summer and, during that time, Voldemort has grown stronger and gathered an army, while a new Minister of Magic has been appointed.

One of the more 'Muggle'-related parts includes this new Minister visiting the Prime Minister of England via a fireplace, because Voldemort has caused havoc in both Muggle and wizard worlds.

And so Harry and Dumbledore must continue to try to destroy Voldemort. Once again a new member of staff has joined Hogwarts - Professor Slughorn, a walrus of a man who likes to connect with the right people. So he obviously took a liking to Harry!

A new minister; Volde-

mort rising; the Pensieve; Horcruxes; Fred and George Weasley's successful joke shop; Harry's OWL results; Harry asking Ginny Weasley out; and a surprise twist at the end, in which Professor Snape shows his true colours. All this and more are included in this year at Hogwarts. This book is a real page turner but a lot darker than the others, with Sirius Black's death looming over Lupin and Harry. However, it sets the scene well for the final instalment of this popular series.

Word fun - In the beginning is the end

By Reuby Hyams
Each of these words begins and ends with the same letter:

A song in opera
A knot or delay
Flat or even
A choice morsel
To roll in mud
The winner's crown
Someone with a judgment or opinion

Answers: aria, hitch, level, tibia, wallow, laurel, critic.

East Finchley Baptist Church

Just off the High Road in Creighton Avenue N2

Sundays at 11.00 am and 6.30 pm

For more information
please contact the Church Office
Tel: 8883 1544 (Minister: Simon Dyke)

Visitors always welcome

Seaside memories

While many of you may have spent part of your summer holidays on a beach in the hot sunshine, ten-year-old Tarne Fidler of Lancaster Gardens has written a poem describing a very different scene.

The Seaside in Winter

The sea air was cold
Like a sheet of ice
Wrapping around me.
The sand was thick and wet
Crunching
Every time I stepped on it
Like a huge digestive biscuit
Laid out
Across the coast.

The air had a sharp
Salt smell
And I reached down
As it felt the sea - a big grey blue
Blanket
I looked up at the Cliffside -
jagged
Staring down at me.

The clouds looped
Over my head
Like hungry vultures
Circling
For their food.

The gulls
Flailed and
Flapped their wings
Above my head,
As the sea
Pounded and crashed
Against the rocks.

The pier was damp
And the only person
Was an old fisherman
Whose luck had passed away
Many years ago.

I slipped and walked slowly
Along the pier.
Everything was so unlike
Summer
But better than
Summer
No rush of people sitting,
Laughing,
Just silent,
Birds - birds and me
Singing

The pier was not
Bright and shiny
It was closed
And padlocked
But I liked the seaside
In winter
Because it was
Calm

When I left
I looked
Behind me
The waves rolling
Bidding me
A final

Goodbye
Golden
Forgotten
Gone