



Super success for Supernanny blogger

East Finchley mum Jo Rynhold is a star of the internet after her blog became a hit on a popular parenting website. Jo has seen her blog become the most popular one on www.supernanny.co.uk and it all happened within days of her first posting last October.

"Jo's blog is clearly one which other mothers - and fathers - can relate to," said the editor of [Supernanny.co.uk](http://www.supernanny.co.uk), Sarah Ebner, who also lives in East Finchley. "She writes brilliantly, and her blog gives a real flavour of what it's like to be a stay-at-home mum with kids of different ages. She's also very funny, but serious when she needs to be."

Jo used to be marketing manager for the Science Museum. She now writes on the website (the official site of the Supernanny TV show) about home life with her three sons aged six, four and two, and her husband Avi.

Her postings have covered topics from how she sees the park as her office to how she foiled some local robbers who were trying to steal children's buggies from outside her house.

"I've been surprised by how much I enjoy writing this, it's a real creative outlet," says Jo, 34. "And I'm really pleased with the reaction it's got."



Supernanny blogger Jo Rynhold with her family. Photograph courtesy of Sarah Ebner

Bravo for brevity

Recently, we put out a call for budding writers to submit a short story using 50 words or fewer. Here are some of the excellent tiny tales we've received.

A Shot Within A Shooting

By Gene Lotti
Suddenly, the man pointing the gun at Ron pulled the trigger. BANG!

Instantly, Ron fell to the ground and lay motionless. "All right. Cut!" said the film director to the two actors. "You can get up now Ron... Ron?" Suddenly, the film director's eyes widened in horror.

Brief Encounter

By David Tupman
Joyce was outside the station gazing at Archie on his plinth. "What a fine specimen he is for 68," she sighed quietly to herself.

"Want a lift home, dear?" called her illegally parked neighbour. "Jump in and fasten your seatbelt."

"Oh goodness!" cried Joyce. "I haven't brought one with me."

A Shark's Tale

By John Boyd
It was a balmy tropics morning. The swimmer rolled onto his stomach, his limbs moving gracefully, powerfully.

Thirty feet below the great white shark rolled onto his back. His tail moving gracefully, powerfully. Ascending.

As each saw the other, their hearts raced, but only the shark grinned.

The Pen Box

By Lois Lawrence
A girl found a box in her attic. Inside were loads of pens in different colours. There was red, yellow, green, blue, orange, violet, brown, black, bronze and gold.

She liked them all, especially the black. So she chose that one and used it to write this story for you.

Long Story

By Andrew Tunnicliffe
A woman planted a tree. Her son nurtured it. His daughter loved it. Her son climbed it. His daughter danced around it. Her son saved it from disease. His daughter sheltered under it. This woman had no children.

The next owner disliked trees. He chopped it down and laid concrete.

Elsewhere in the universe

By Phin Foster
The stricken spaceship's captain addressed his crew: "Our engines have failed, our shields are down and our oxygen's low. If we don't move, we'll be sucked to our deaths in the nearest sun."

The chief engineer radioed in: "All fixed now, sir."

"Oh," said the captain. "Carry on, everyone."

Thanks to everyone who has sent in a story so far. Send your 50 word stories to us at *The Archer*, PO Box 3699, London N2 8JA or the-archer@lineone.net and we'll publish the best.

Cherry Tree Wood

We admit we were a little late for 1 April but we hope you spotted that our report on *New Life for Cherry Tree Wood* on page 4 was entirely fictitious. We just hope it doesn't give *Barnet Council* any ideas. Thanks to our April fool writer David Tupman.

KALASHNIKOV KULTUR

By Ricky Savage, the voice of social irresponsibility

Behind the green door

Another day, another dime and another photo of someone famous for being in the papers falling over outside some club. Another day, another dime and another talking head blames Kate or Lily or Amy for teenage binge drinking and the *Morning Mule* prints the photos to prove it. And me? Well, I'm pleased it used not to be like that.

I've fallen out of plenty of places and crawled across swaying pavements after seriously indulging in industrial quantities of recreational substances. I can't remember the details, but who cares, although I have a distant memory of Pete Townshend, too much brandy and a gutter. You can't do that now; well, you can, Amy does, and Lily and Kate do and I know they do because it's in the papers.

Then there's the emotional car crash called Britney and living your life under the constant glare of flash photography. It might sell papers, but I doubt it helps her get her life back together. And when it comes to cameras who needs enemies when you got the kind of friends Kate and Amy have. You know, the ones who film your most embarrassingly drug fuelled moments and then flog the pictures to papers. Privacy, what privacy?

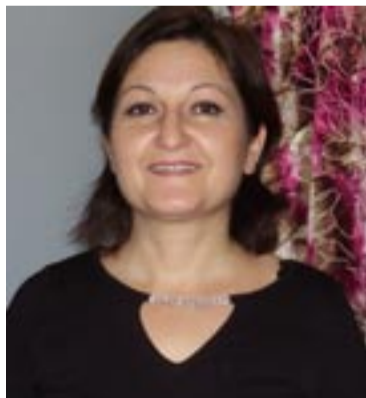
In this weird world of life on the front page it doesn't take long before some po-faced gent in a suit starts accusing them of setting a bad example. What are they meant to do? Sit quietly in the corner drinking herbal tea? Rock 'n' roll has always been about excess and nothing has changed there. Keith Richards has a lost decade, Peter Perrett of the Only Ones did things that Pete Doherty can't imagine and at least half of Led Zep were out of their faces for most of the 70s. The difference was that no one was camping outside their houses hoping for the big money selling photos to flog to *The Sun*.

The green door used to be kept shut and if you were on the wrong side of it you never knew. They weren't trying to set an example to anyone, anymore than Amy and Kate are trying to set one. They were just having a good time, and sometimes a bad time. It was only rock 'n' roll and they liked it. Now you can't because if you do it'll be in the papers. As Hunter S Thompson said: "I don't recommend drink and drugs to anyone, but they've always worked for me"; it's just that there was no one there taking photos.


East End tailor

By Sheila Armstrong
Mahnaz Sharifi-Rad has recently started a new alteration and tailoring service in East Finchley at 125 East End Road.

Living in N2 for nearly a year now, Mahnaz is from Iran but lived for many years in Germany where she trained as a tailor and dressmaker. She offers an extensive range of alterations, from simple shortening and taking in of clothes of all sorts, to fitting new zips, making curtains and making clothes for women. Call during normal shopping hours to discuss your requirements. Her price list is available in the shop, or she can be contacted on 020 8442 0505.



Mahnaz Sharifi-Rad. Photo by Sheila Armstrong

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