

The College Collection

2

Woody

Georgina Jonas



Crown House Publishing Limited

www.crownhouse.co.uk

Published by
Crown House Publishing
Crown Buildings, Bancyfelin, Carmarthen, Wales, SA33 5ND, UK
www.crownhouse.co.uk

and

Crown House Publishing Company LLC
PO Box 2223, Williston, VT 05495
www.crownhousepublishing.com

© Emma Jonas and Georgina Morgan, 2016

Illustrations © David Bull, 2016

The rights of Emma Jonas and Georgina Morgan to be identified as the authors of this work have been asserted by them in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988.

David Bull has asserted his right under the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988, to be identified as the illustrator of this work.

College image © mtzsv – fotolia.com, cover image © senoldo – fotolia.com

First published 2016.

All rights reserved. Except as permitted under current legislation no part of this work may be photocopied, stored in a retrieval system, published, performed in public, adapted, broadcast, transmitted, recorded or reproduced in any form or by any means, without the prior permission of the copyright owners. Enquiries should be addressed to Crown House Publishing.

Crown House Publishing has no responsibility for the persistence or accuracy of URLs for external or third-party websites referred to in this publication, and does not guarantee that any content on such websites is, or will remain, accurate or appropriate.

British Library of Cataloguing-in-Publication Data
A catalogue entry for this book is available from the British Library.

Print ISBN 978-178583105-8
Mobi ISBN 978-178583147-8
ePub ISBN 978-178583148-5
ePDF ISBN 978-178583149-2

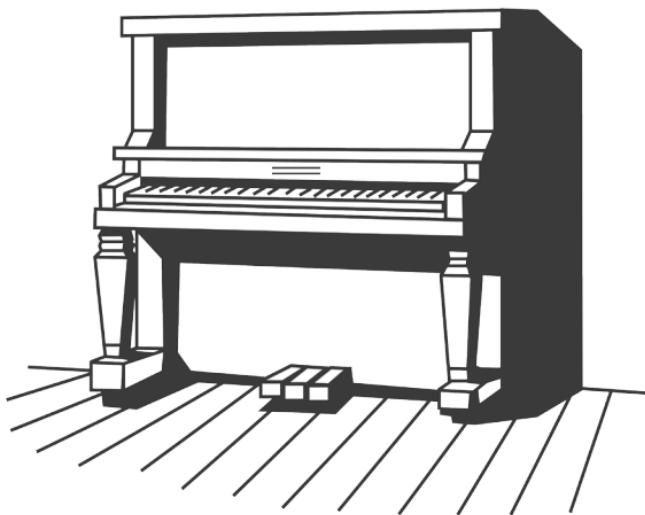
LCCN 2016940648

Printed and bound in the UK by
Gomer Press, Llandysul, Ceredigion



Contents

Chapter 1	Talent	1
Chapter 2	The Talent Competition	7
Chapter 3	Size	11
Chapter 4	Monty	15
Chapter 5	Walking	21
Chapter 6	Bones!	29
Chapter 7	Dorset	33
Chapter 8	Team Games	37
Chapter 9	Dancing	45
Chapter 10	Cooking	49
Chapter 11	College	51





Chapter 1

Talent

I love music.

I have always loved music. When I was little the piano was like a magnet to me. Almost as soon as I could walk I used to climb up onto the piano stool and start to play.

I played and played. I played notes at the top of the piano. I played notes at the bottom of the piano and I played all the notes in between.

"Woody, what are you playing?" my family would ask.

"Cold," I'd say gravely, fixing them with an astonished stare. How could they not know?

I remember loving it. First of all, the piano looked nice. Also, it was a challenge to climb up onto the stool because it had no helpful back or arms to cling to.

Once I was up there I felt so high and I found the piano keys so easy to play. I would press one and instantly a sound came out. Just like that. No waiting and very little effort.

Another day I might choose to play 'Windy' or 'Hungry'.

My family must have got very excited that I might have a rare musical talent.

In the end it turned out that although I was very good at playing sensations, just as soon as I was given lessons and had to learn to read music and play actual pieces, my enthusiasm crumbled and faded away.

It was the same with other instruments.

I enjoyed blasting out sound on brass and wind instruments. I really loved banging away on the drums and sawing away at the strings of a violin. A guitar looked, and still looks, so good in my hands, but sadly the sound didn't ever match the picture.

You're not sure what I am talking about? Let me give you an example of what I mean.

I remember the time when my whole class had to learn to play the recorder. It was in Year 3.

Proudly, I had brought my recorder home to practise.

Schools nearly always give children recorder lessons, so I optimistically imagined that it would be easy to learn. It didn't seem to be that difficult.

You just had to put your fingers over the holes and blow. That seemed easy.

It did look easy and earlier, at school, other children seemed to be managing it. The sound that they made might have been slow and hesitant, but the tune was one that anybody could recognise as 'Three Blind Mice'.

So it was with confidence that I returned home, got my recorder out of my school bag, placed my fingers over the correct holes and began to blow.

My assembled family looked at me with horror and the dog promptly sat down and began to howl!

While the other children had made music, I was making extraordinary high-pitched whistles.

I couldn't imagine what had gone wrong.

Was the recorder broken? I inspected the instrument. It looked all right.

I tried again. Same result. More whistles than actual notes.

I was playing something, but it didn't seem to be music.

I looked around the room. Everyone was acting very strangely.

Dad had gone red in the face, my sister Bella seemed to be trying to stuff her tissue into her ears and Mum bit her lip and abruptly left the room.

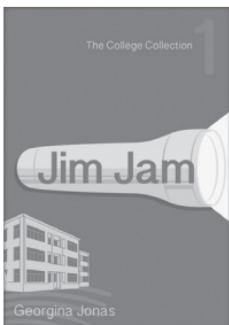
Then I began to notice that every time I announced my intention to practise, someone would suddenly have a job for me to do.

"Woody, please could you help me to lay the table?"

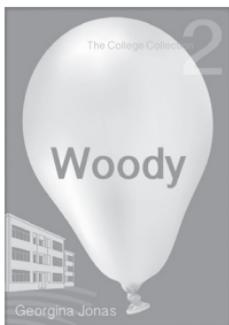
"Woody, my pen has run out of ink. Can you find the spare cartridges?"

Slowly, I was getting the message.

I had enthusiasm, but I needed more talent.



ISBN 978-178583102-7



ISBN 978-178583105-8



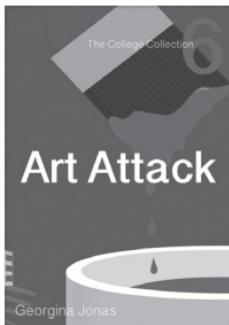
ISBN 978-178583101-0



ISBN 978-178583103-4



ISBN 978-178583104-1



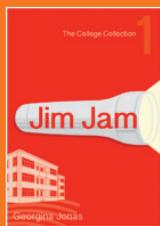
ISBN 978-178583106-5

Teachers' Notes available at www.crownhouse.co.uk/featured/college-collection



The College Collection

Woody loves music, but can't play an instrument – as his family's reactions make clear! Will he find his true talent?



 www.crownhouse.co.uk

ISBN: 978-178583105-8



9 781785 831058

General children's & teenage fiction