

HECTOR at the ROYAL ALBERT HALL

Hector was doing some tidying up. He had been looking for something but he couldn't remember what it was, so he just pottered around for a while putting things in order and looking at any interesting items he came across.



The most interesting thing was his piano. Just looking at it brought back happy memories of his old piano teacher, Miss deMeenur the sheep, who had taught him so much about music and who had inspired him in so many ways.

She was however a little bit odd.

During a lesson, she would sometimes say that she needed "a little something from my handbag to keep me going". She always had some grass in it, because of course she was a sheep. Hector fully understood this - he usually kept buns in his pocket, after all.





Often, she would smoke a cigarette, and when she did there would be a funny smell. Her eyes would glaze over as he went through his piano exercises. "Baa" she would say slowly and gently, her head nodding slowly in time to his music.

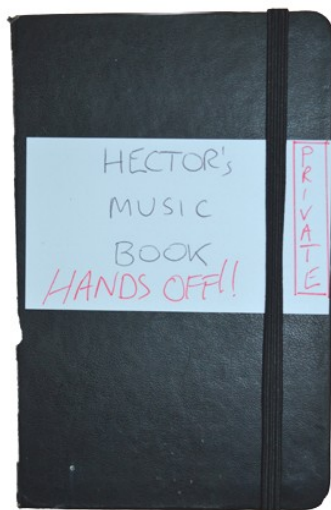
After each lesson she would say "Baa Baaaa Baaaaaa Ba Baaaaa!" which always pleased him greatly. You might not understand sheep-speak, but Hector, an expert linguist, could usually

understand her. She was telling him that his playing was "Cool and far out, man" - which he didn't really understand: how could music have a temperature? And he was a bear anyway, not a man.

Dear old Miss deMeenur! Hector wondered what happened to her. There were rumours that she had been taken away by the police and never seen again. Something about huge amounts of grass being found in her house... but she was a sheep, after all.



Hector looked through the things on top of the piano. There, in amongst a bundle of music, he found his old music note book.

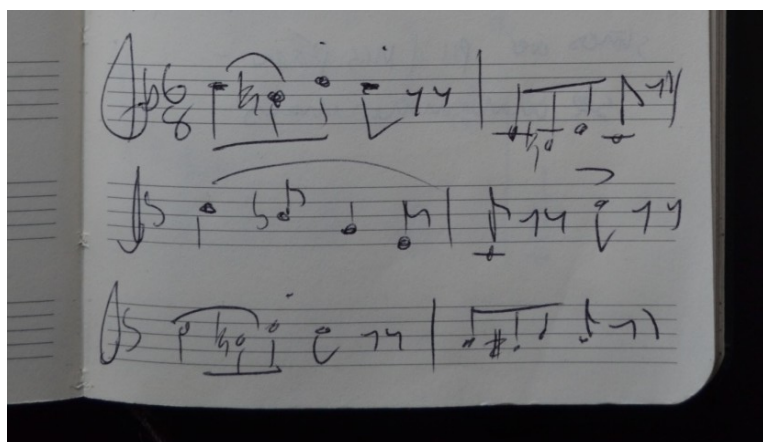


That's where he used to write the little tunes he composed while he was supposed to be practising the piano. He always found practising a bit dull. Scales and arpeggios are all very well but he usually got fed up after about 20 seconds. He loved to "plinketty-plonk" as he called it - invent little tunes which he played and then wrote down in his notebook.

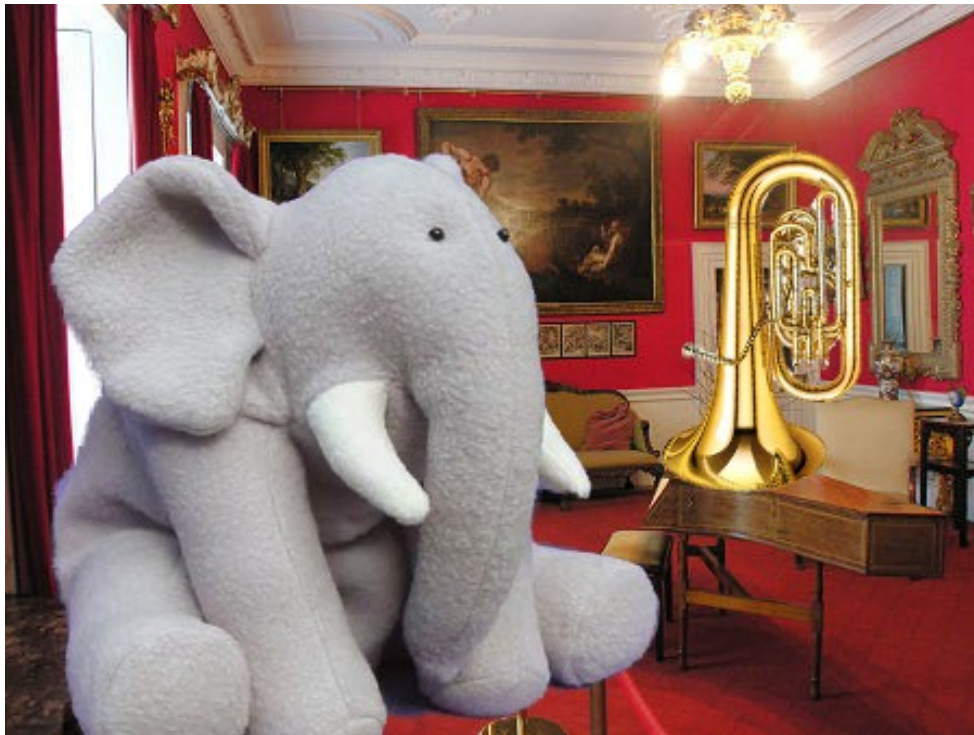
He opened up the book and gazed fondly over his little tunes - there was even one he had called "Hector's Tune". Gingerly, he ran his great paws over the piano keyboard, and played the tune again for the first time in many years.

It wasn't at all bad! "Hmmf," he thought, scratching his great hairy head.

In fact, this was the very tune that had caused him to start learning the tuba, since it was obvious to him that it was meant to be played on that fine instrument.



By pure coincidence, he had come across an advert in The Teddygraph newspaper. The renowned tuba virtuoso Herr Pumpenoffen had just relocated from Bearlin, and was looking to take on a few talented pupils. Hector telephoned him, and was lucky enough to have been accepted as a pupil.



Pumpenoffen had noticed that Hector was a very gifted pupil, and at one of his earliest lesson, had told Hector that he might well end up in the Royal Albert Hall. Hector was young at that time, and didn't know where the Royal Albert Hall was.

"How do I get to the Royal Albert Hall?" asked Hector.

"Practice!" said Pumpenoffen. "Practice, practice, practice."

And now, many years later, as Hector looked at the little tune he had written all those years ago, he felt it would be a good idea to develop it into his very own theme tune.

Later that evening on FuzzBook he posted to his friends about this idea. They all thought it a good idea, so he started work on the composition immediately. And in a few days he had completed the piece.



MY THEME TUNE HECTOR THE BEAR

$\text{♩} = 95$

Piano

f

3 8

pp

mf

10

13

20

23

2

31

mp

mf

37

To Coda

42

46

D.S. al Coda

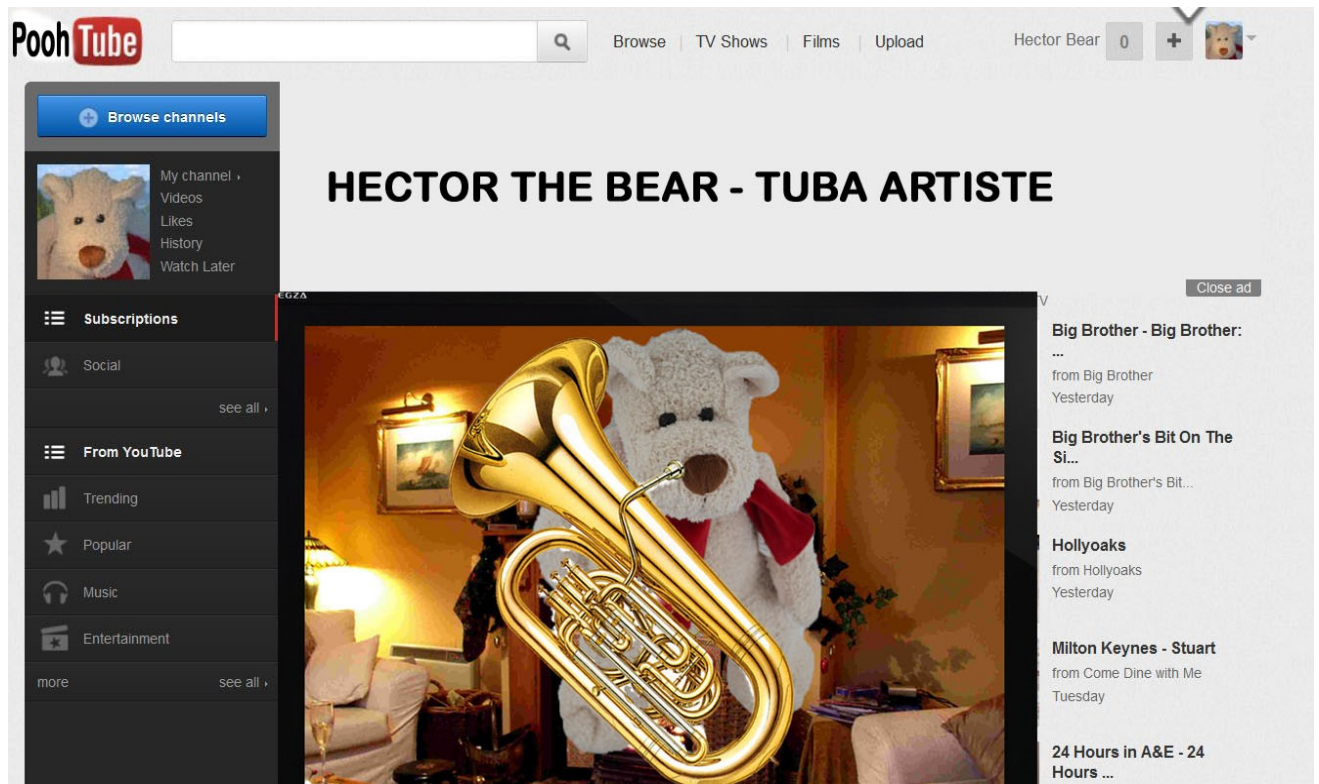
50 CODA

53

The image displays a musical score for a piano piece titled "MY THEME TUNE" by "HECTOR THE BEAR". The tempo is marked as $\text{♩} = 95$. The score is written for piano and includes various dynamics such as f , pp , mf , mp , and p . The piece is divided into sections, including a main theme, a "To Coda" section, and a "CODA" section. The score is numbered with measures 1 through 53.

"I think I'll make a video of me playing this," he thought. "Then I can stick it on Pooh Tube.

And that's just what he did. In no time at all the video had gone viral - almost 1,000,000 people had seen it!



As news spread of this incredible work being produced by a bear, his phone was ringing all the time with requests for photos and interviews. A special call came in from Spaniel Bearenboim, conductor of the world-famous Bearlin Philharmonic Orchestra.

"We'd like to do the World Premiere of your new composition" barked Spaniel.

"You're on" replied Hector, and they set up a date for performing it at the Royal Albert Hall in London.



A few weeks later the time came for the concert, and Hector was very nervous as he approached the stage door of the Albert Hall for the rehearsal. He needn't have worried, though. It went very well, and Hector wowed the orchestra with his playing. Being a polite bear, he thanked the orchestra and conductor for their hard work, and retired to his dressing room for a well-earned cup of tea and sticky bun.



That evening, the Royal Albert Hall was packed to see the world première of this amazing concert - a bear playing his own composition with a world famous orchestra. The TV lights were bright, there was a hum of excited chatter round the hall as the orchestra tuned up. Then the lights were dimmed and the leader of the orchestra came on to the stage. Hector was standing just off stage with Spaniel Bearenboim, and his little heart was thumping as he prepared to make his entrance.

There was a pause... then Hector came on to the stage with Bearenboim, and the place erupted! Hector could see some of his friends and relatives in the front row, including Uncle Rumbletum.



"Oh oh," thought Hector. "Uncle Rumbletum sometimes has a problem. I hope he's OK tonight".

Hector bowed deeply in acknowledgement of the applause, then the lights in the auditorium dimmed further, and you could have heard a pin drop. Maestro Bearenboim raise his baton, checked to see Hector was ready. Hector closed his eyes for a moment to summon up all his concentration. And then it happened.



From the front row came a low rumbling sound... Hector recognised it as his Uncle Rumbletum's belly-rumble, famed throughout the family for its volume and intensity. Uncle Rumbletum went red as a beetroot as the volume and gurgling increased. Worse was to come, as Hector knew only too well.

The rumbling got louder, Rumbletum leaned over slightly to the right in his chair and let forth the most enormous burst of flatulence ever heard in the Royal Albert Hall. Not only was it noisy - it was very smelly, too. Hector was mortified.

But a funny thing happened. The tension that had built up suddenly disappeared. One or two people started sniggering, the sniggering turned to laughter, and soon the place was in an uproar. Even Hector had to laugh. Hector grabbed the microphone just beside the rostrum, and said:

"That was the starter - now for the main course!" This was greeted with more laughter, and a round of applause.

Then all went quiet again. Bearenboim raised his arms, and when he brought down his baton, the orchestra launched into Hector's theme tune with gusto. Hector himself gave an excellent performance.





At the end of the performance, the lights came on and the applause was rapturous. Hector had to take many bows, and as he did, he



recognised two faces up in the boxes. One was his old tuba teacher, Herr Pumpenoffen, and the other was Miss deMeenur, standing up

on her hind legs and applauding wildly. "Baa baaa baaaaaa baaaaaa!" she shouted, which Hector understood to mean - "Cool, far out, man!" And this time, he understood exactly what she meant.

After the concert, Hector was in his dressing room at the Royal Albert Hall, entertaining Miss deMeenur, Herr Pumpenoffen, Uncle Rumbletum and many of his other friends and relatives. All were having a very jolly time, drinking tea and eating sticky buns, congratulating Hector on his wonderful achievement.

Just then, Hector's phone started buzzing. It was a text message. There was only one word.



Another exciting adventure was about to start. But that's another story.....