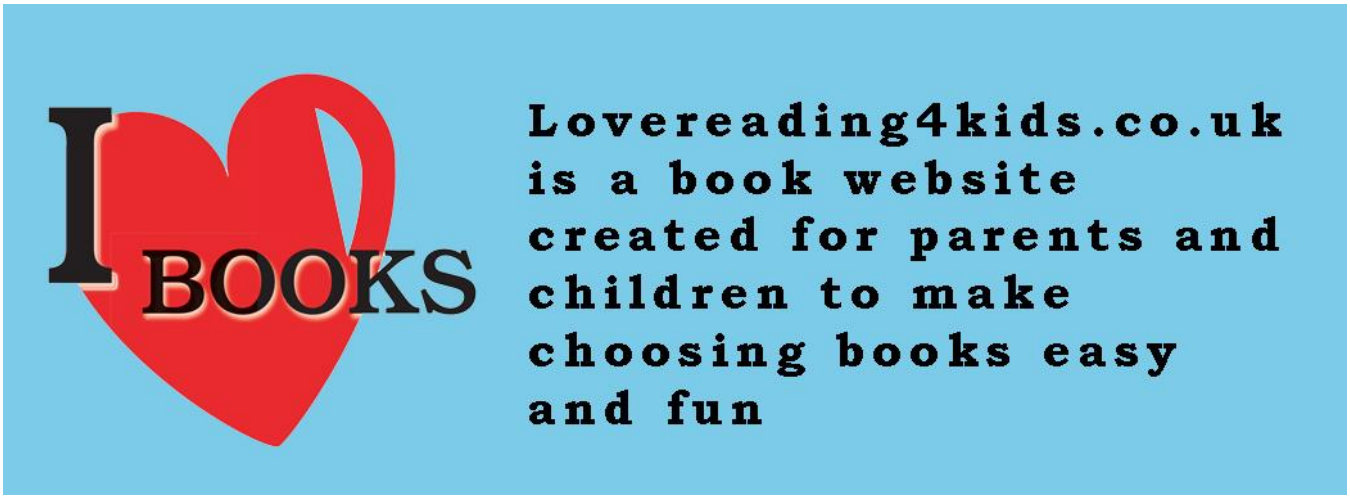


Opening extract from

Until We Win

Written by

Linda Newbery

Published by

Barrington Stoke Ltd

All Text is Copyright © of the Author and/or Illustrator

Please print off and read at your leisure.



First published in 2017 in Great Britain by
Barrington Stoke Ltd
18 Walker Street, Edinburgh, EH3 7LP

www.barringtonstoke.co.uk

Text © 2017 Linda Newbery

The moral right of Linda Newbery to be identified as the author of this work has been asserted in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act, 1988

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in whole or in any part in any form without the written permission of the publisher

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library upon request

ISBN: 978-1-78112-579-3

Printed in China by Leo

Contents

	Prologue	1
1	Freedom	3
2	In the Coffee House	8
3	Cat and Mouse	18
4	Purple, White and Green	28
5	A Pair of Silly Girls	35
6	Bruised Face, Sprained Wrist	44
7	A Well-Aimed Brick	52
8	Hunger Strike	60
9	A Different World	67
10	At War!	74



Summer, 1914. I'll never forget it.

No one else will, either, because the war with Germany started in August.

But for me, it was the year I became a suffragette. The year I found something to fight for and someone to spend my life with. And it was the year I went to prison.

It seems ridiculous now, doesn't it, that only men could vote back then? And that women had such a long struggle to win the same right? But that's how it was.

I was 17 that year, and the battle for Votes for Women had been going on for as long as I could remember. It was always in the papers – suffragettes who had smashed windows, tried

to get into Buckingham Palace, even set fire to post-boxes.

None of that had much to do with life in our village.

Everything changed for me when I bought my bicycle. I'd saved from my wages since I started work, and at last I could afford one. It wasn't smart or even new, but second-hand. Its paint was chipped here and there and its wicker basket was a bit shabby. But it was *mine* – my pride and joy. With a bicycle of my own I could go wherever I wanted – as soon as I learned to ride it.

CHAPTER 1

Freedom



When I heard hoof-beats behind me, I knew I was in for a teasing.

The riders – my brother Ted and his friend, Frank – were exercising the hunt horses. Both boys were two years older than me, and they thought themselves grand and important, perched up high in their saddles. I'd have thought myself grand too, if I could ride one of those lovely horses. Ted always rode dappled-grey Sea Spray, while Frank had the master's horse, Blackbird. Each of them held a second

horse on a leading-rein, so the lane was full of clatter and snorting and head-tossing.

I wished they hadn't come along *now*! I'd never sat on a bicycle before and it was trickier than I thought. As soon as I hoicked myself up to the saddle and found the second pedal with my foot, the front wheel wobbled into the grass bank, and I tipped over.

That's where I was, picking myself up, when the horses drew level. Sea Spray snorted and pranced. I tried to turn round while I was half-on and half-off my bicycle, gripping the handlebars as hard as I could.

"You'll never ride that thing," Frank called out, laughing. "You want four legs, not two wheels."

"I will!" I panted. "Wait and see."

Frank was Ted's best friend, but I didn't much like him. I didn't like the hunt, either –

what fun could there be in chasing a poor fox to death?

But our family depended on the Valley Foxhounds. Ted worked for them, and my father was a blacksmith – he shod the hunt horses, as well as every other horse and pony in the village. The yard next to our cottage was always full of the smell of smoke and burning hoof, the ring of hammer on iron and the scrape of new shoes on cobbles. There was no hunting now, in July, but cub-hunting would begin in August, as soon as the harvest was in.

"Your skirt's caught up," Frank said, as I struggled with my bicycle. "You want some of those pantaloons!"

He was right. My skirt *was* in the way, and it had tangled itself round my legs. But I hadn't got any pantaloons – bloomers, most people called them – and I wasn't likely to get any. Only fashionable ladies in towns wore bloomers for bicycling. Some of them got jeered at for

looking 'blooming ridiculous', but they weren't the sort of women to care about that.

I steadied my bike and pushed it into a gateway.

"We'll pull you out of the ditch on our way back," Ted told me and Frank laughed, not in a nice way. It sounded as if he'd really like to see me fall off.

When they were past, I gritted my teeth for another try. If I fell over again, at least no one would see.

This time I did better. With my bottom firmly on the leather saddle and a foot on each pedal I wobbled for a few yards and almost crashed, but then I pushed on and found that I could balance. As I pressed down on the pedals and gained speed, the wind tugged my hat right off my head, but I didn't stop to pick it up. The road stretched ahead.

This was what I'd saved up for.

No more waiting for the bus to town, or rushing for the last one back to the village. I was the proud owner of a bicycle. Now I could go wherever I wanted.

Freedom – wonderful freedom!