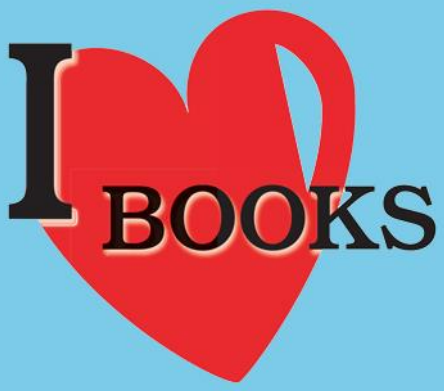


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Opening extract from

Norman the Norman from Normandy

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Philip Ardagh

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Published by

Barrington Stoke Ltd

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First published in 2017 in Great Britain by
Barrington Stoke Ltd
18 Walker Street, Edinburgh, EH3 7LP
www.barringtonstoke.co.uk

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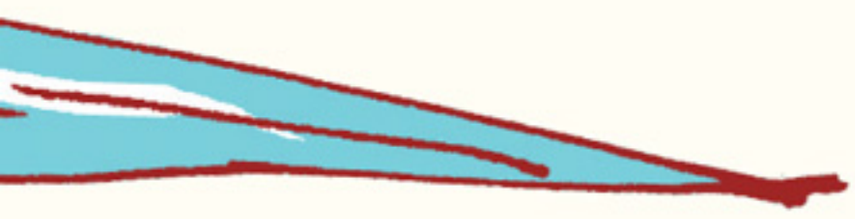
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A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library upon request

ISBN: 978-1-78112-697-4

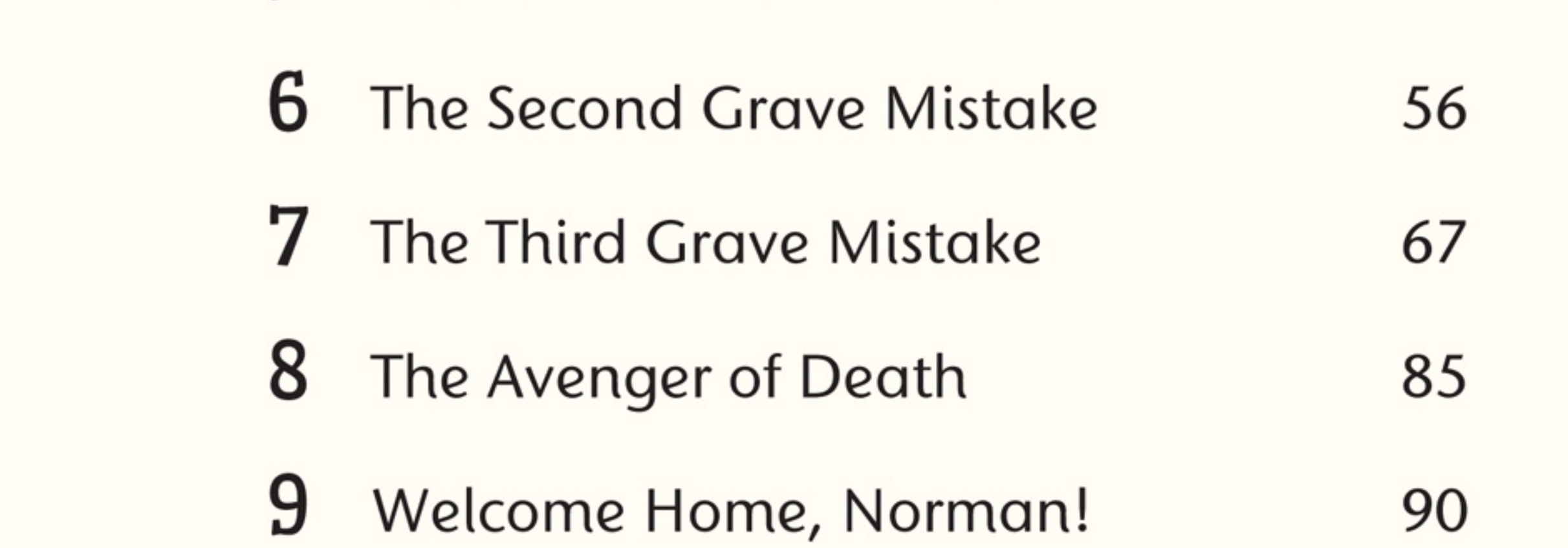
Printed in China by Leo

This book is in a super readable format for young readers beginning their independent reading journey.



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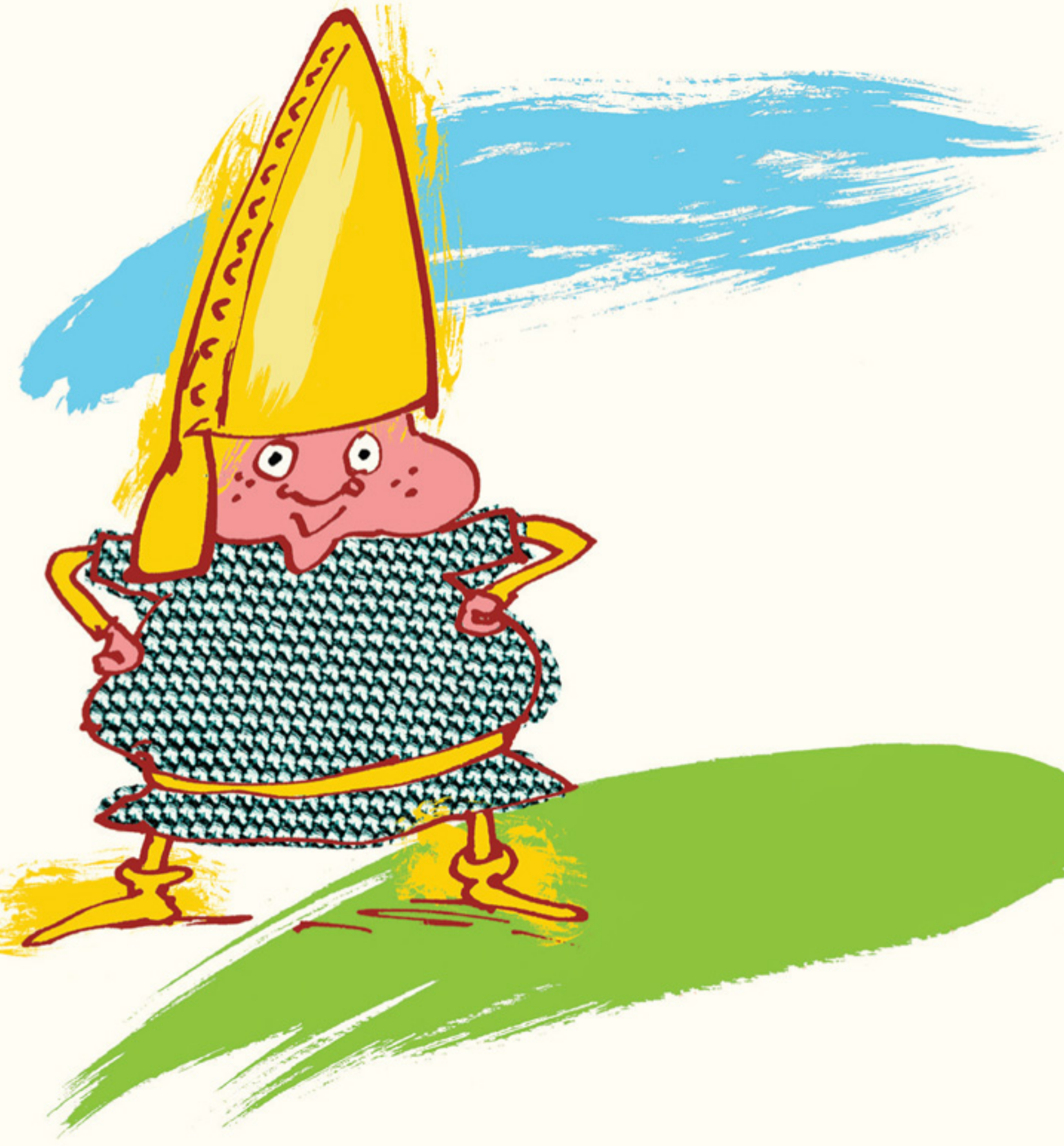
Chapter 1

Out Come the Swords

Norman the Norman was from Normandy.

Here's Normandy, or a small part of it. With cows.

Here's Norman.



Here's a squirrel eating an acorn

(because squirrels are cute).



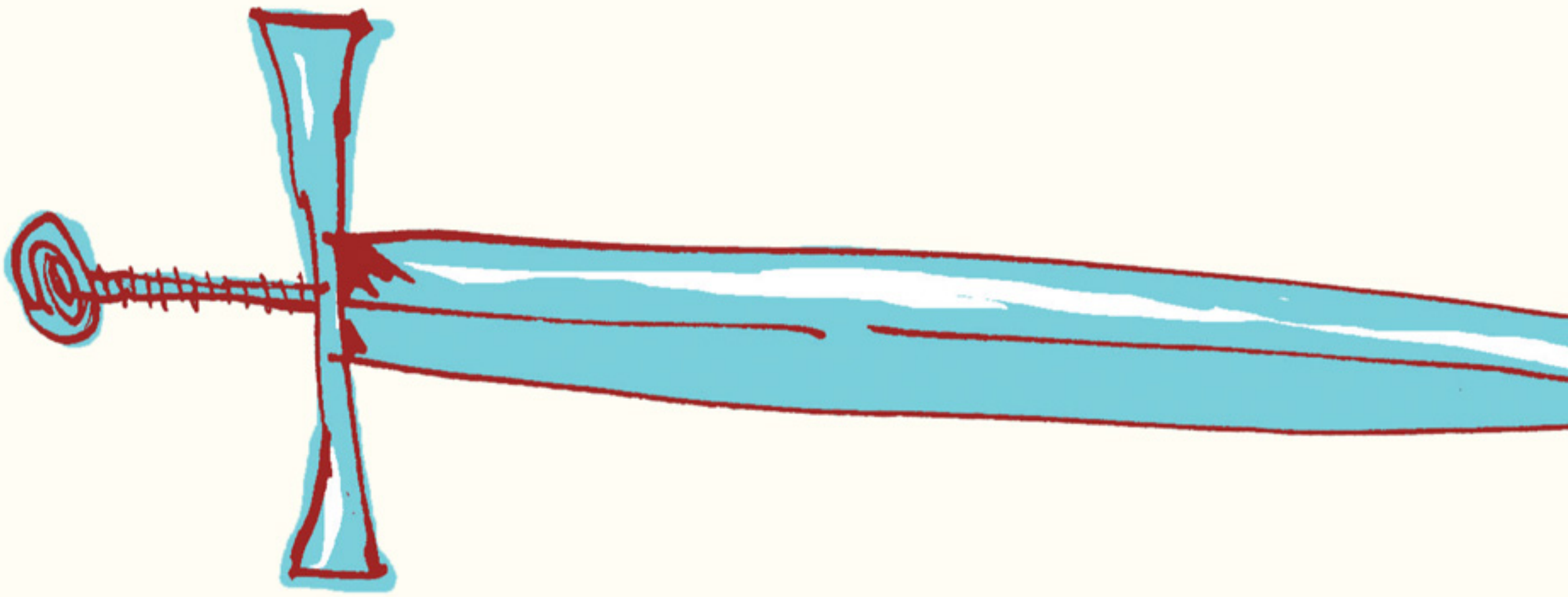
Norman the Norman from Normandy got up every morning, wearing nothing but his helmet and his chainmail, and ran around his bedroom waving his sword. He was careful not to break anything ... but often not quite careful enough.

CRASH!



See what I mean?

Norman's sword was a great big Norman broad sword. It used to be Great Big Norman's great big Norman broad sword. Great Big Norman was Norman's father. Like his sword, he was broad. He would STILL be Norman's father if he hadn't got into a fight with ten Bretons from Brittany.



When Great Big Norman first met the Bretons, they all got along fine, laughing and joking and talking about battles they'd been in. Fine, that is, until Great Big Norman trod on one of the Breton's toes. It hurt, but Great Big Norman didn't notice what he'd done, so he didn't say sorry. Then the Bretons made the mistake of TELLING him – not asking him – to apologise.

