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Opening extract from

Tudor Rose

Written by

Anne Perry

Published by

Barrington Stoke Ltd

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Tudor Rose

A Timepiece Novel

Anne Perry

To Scuff

First published in 2011 in Great Britain by
Barrington Stoke Ltd
18 Walker Street, Edinburgh, EH3 7LP

www.barringtonstoke.co.uk

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ISBN: 978-1-84299-317-0

Printed in China by Leo

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Chapter 1
Detention

Rosie sat down at her desk and tried to make sure it looked like she didn't want to be there. That was always the best thing to do in school. If Stacey and Jade had any idea that Rosie thought their classes weren't totally lame they would make her life hell. If she let on she knew the answer to even one question all her so-called friends would think she was a total swot and turn and stare at her and laugh.

At the front of the class Mr Jones started to talk about Queen Elizabeth the First and the Spanish Armada. Everyone was meant to have

read about it at home the night before and Rosie had spent hours trying to read the pages Mr Jones had set them in the history textbook. But Rosie hated reading. The letters on the page seemed to be different every time she looked at them, as if they moved when she blinked.

Mr Jones was short and quite fat around the middle, and his hair stuck out. He looked a bit like a hedgehog. He was alright, though, and Rosie wished she could do better in history so he would smile at her and make one of his famous bad jokes.

"Rosie?" Mr Jones' voice cut across her thoughts.

Rosie stared back at him. "Yes, Mr Jones?"

"How many ships were there in the Armada?" Mr Jones asked.

Rosie knew the answer – it was in the book, and at least numbers were easy to read. Should she say? Better not. Stacey would call her a geek and she hated that.

"I don't know," she said in a quiet voice.

“Oh, come on, Rosie!” Mr Jones replied in a tired voice. “I know you can do better than that. Next thing you’ll say you don’t even know what the Armada was.”

Rosie’s face felt hot. She had to say something. “It was Spanish, sir.”

Mr Jones shook his head in despair.

Stacey and Jade started to snigger. They were on Rosie’s side now.

Then Laura Webb put up her hand. She looked like a big, geeky owl with her round glasses and her smug smile. She knew Mr Jones would ask her for the answer next, and as always, she would know it.

Stacey and Jade had started to laugh at Laura now. She was such a loser. Why did she always draw attention to herself like that?

Mr Jones turned to Laura. “Well, Laura? I suppose you can tell Rosie the answer?”

“The Armada was a fleet of ships, sir,” Laura said in a smug voice. “King Philip of Spain sent it to invade England. There were

130 ships in total. 22 ships of war and 108 trading ships."

"Well, Laura," said Mr Jones. "It's nice to see that *someone* did their homework."

"Swot!" Stacey shouted. Everyone laughed. At first Rosie joined in, but then she noticed that Zack Edwards was looking really angry. Rosie liked Zack. He was fun to talk to. He knew lots about books, and music, and he didn't go on about cars and football all the time like other boys. He smelled nice and he would look straight at you when he spoke to you, instead of going red. He was really good-looking, too.

Mr Jones glared at the class. "Settle down, people. That's enough."

Rosie sneaked a look at Laura Webb. Laura had gone all red in the face and Rosie felt a bit bad for her.

When Rosie looked up again Mr Jones caught her eye. "Well, Rosie," he said. "Perhaps you can tell me why King Philip of Spain sent a great fleet of ships to invade England. That's not too hard a question."

Rosie went even redder than Laura Webb. She searched and searched her mind for a sensible answer but she couldn't think of what the book had said. Perhaps she hadn't read that bit – there had been too much text in the book for her to read it all. Luckily Jade saved her.

"Because Spain is on the other side of the sea, sir," Jade said. "They couldn't get across or they'd get their feet wet."

This time everyone laughed – except Mr Jones. His face went bright red and his hair stuck up even more than before. "Right!" he shouted. "If you girls think you're so funny, you can stay behind after school this afternoon. In fact, the whole class can stay here until 5 o'clock, and see how funny you think that is!"

Everyone started to shout at once.

"I can't, sir, I've got to – "

"That's not fair, sir! I didn't laugh!"

"But sir, my dad will kill me!"

"You should have thought of that before," Mr Jones said. He was still very red. "Now you're all staying and that's that."

There were more groans, and no one thought Rosie or Jade were the least bit funny any more. In fact, the looks they gave them made Rosie feel more like some kind of smelly dog mess they had found sticking to their shoes.

She didn't dare look at Zack.