CHAPTER 1

TOM CANTY

Two boys were born on the same day in London in the year 1537. Tom Canty was born to a family of paupers. They lived track in a small room near Pudding Lane, a poor neighborhood near the River Thames.

When Tom's father saw the baby he was not happy. "Now we have another child to look after, and we don't have any money!" he said angrily.

The other baby was Edward Tudor, Prince of Wales. His father was Henry VIII, King of England. They lived at Westminster Palace in London.

King Henry VIII had two daughters, from two different marriages, Mary and Elizabeth, but he really wanted a son. He wanted an heir to the Tudor throne of England. His third wife, Jane Seymour, gave him a son, Prince Edward.

When King Henry VIII saw the baby he was very happy and said, "My son is born! Let's have a big banquet and fireworks!" All of England was happy.

At the age of ten, Tom Canty was a beggar on the streets of London. Poor Tom didn't have any shoes and his clothes were old and dirty. He lived with his mother, father, grandmother and two sisters, Bet and Nan. The children slept on the cold floor and they were always hungry. Tom's father, John Canty, never worked.

"Go out and beg!" he told Tom. "And bring home lots of money." Sometimes people were sorry for Tom and gave him some money. But other times they didn't give him anything. When he didn't bring any money home, John Canty hit him and Tom cried.

Tom thought, “I don't want to be poor forever. want to learn to read and write. want to know about the world."

Father Andrew was Tom's friend. He was a kind, old priest who lived nearby.

One day Tom said, "Can you help me, Father Andrew? want to read and write. And want to speak good English, like important people."

Father Andrew smiled at Tom and said, "Of course can help you. Come to my room early in the morning."

Father Andrew taught Tom to read and write. He told him stories about brave knights, kings and castles. Tom learned quickly and soon read Father Andrew's books. At night he dreamed about castles, knights, princes and their adventures.

Tom had a lot of friends and they played together and swam in the river. They often played prince and king, and Tom always wanted to be the prince. His friends laughed at him and called him 'Prince Tom'.

One day Father Andrew said, "I have an idea, Tom. Why don't you go to Westminster Palace and see the real prince, award. Perhaps you can meet him!"

CHAPTER 2

AN EXCITING GAME

The next day Tom decided to go to Westminster Palace. "Perhaps I can see Prince Edward," he thought. When he got to the palace he stood outside the big gate. He looked at the beautiful palace but he couldn't go near it. There were two tall soldiers who stood by the gate.

He went back to Westminster Palace the next day. This time he saw important people going to the palace, but he never saw Prince Edward.

After a few days Tom went back to Westminster Palace and he saw the prince at last.

"He's Prince Edward," thought Tom. "He's wearing fine clothes and nice shoes."

He ran to the gate to look at the prince.

"Stop!" cried the soldiers. "You can't come in here." A soldier hit Tom on the head. The young prince saw this and got angry.

"Don't hit that poor boy!" said the prince. "Open the gates and let him come in."

"He's only a dirty beggar, sir," said one of the soldiers.

The prince looked at the soldier and said, "Remember, my father is the king of rich people and poor people, too. Now open the gate, quickly!"

"Very well, sir!" answered the soldiers. They opened the big gate of the palace and Tom walked in.

Prince Edward smiled at Tom and said, "Come with me."

He took Tom inside the big palace. Tom looked at the long stairs and the beautiful rooms. He saw big paintings on the walls. "What an amazing palace!" he thought. When they reached the prince's rooms, Edward called his servant.

"Bring some food," he ordered. "Meat, fruit, cheese and cakes." The servant brought meat, cheese and all kinds of fruit and delicious cakes. He also brought a tall glass of milk. It was the first time Tom saw so much good food and he was very happy. He ate and drank quickly because he was hungry and thirsty. Then he felt much better.

The prince looked at him kindly and asked, "What's your name?"

"My name's Tom Canty."

"My name's Edward," said the prince. "Where do you live?"

"I live with my family in a room near Pudding Lane," said Tom.

"In one room?" asked the prince, who was surprised. "Do you all live in the same room?"

"Yes," answered Tom. "It's a small room. Your room is more beautiful than mine."

"Oh!" exclaimed the prince. "I have five rooms. There are hundreds of rooms in this palace."

Tom looked at the prince with big eyes because he was surprised.

"We're very poor," said Tom, sadly. "My father doesn't work and I have to beg for money. When I don't bring money home he hits me."

"How terrible!" said the prince. "Your father mustn't hit you. I can send my soldiers to your house and they'll put him in prison."

"No, no, please don't," said Tom, quickly. "Think of my mother and sisters."

"Yes, I understand,” said the prince. "You know, I have two sisters: Lady Elizabeth and Lady Mary. Lady Elizabeth is 14 and I like her because she's friendly. She's kinder than Lady Mary, who's already 31.

I really don't like Lady Mary because she never laughs or smiles.

"And I have a cousin called Lady Jane Grey. She's my age and she plays with me sometimes. But I don't know any boys. Do you play with other boys?"

"Of course I do," said Tom, happily. "We have lots of fun together."

"I never play with other boys," said the prince sadly. "Where do you play?

"We play in the streets and by the river," said Tom.

"What do you do?" asked the prince.

"We like swimming in the river and jumping in the mud," said Tom.

"Of course, our clothes get dirty but it's great fun! We play ball, too, and sometimes we dance and sing and make lots of noise."

"How wonderful!" exclaimed the prince. "I want to swim in the river and jump in the mud, and get dirty once in my life. I want to run in the streets with other boys and make lots of noise. But I can't."

"Why can't you?" asked Tom.

"I can't because I'm a prince. I must stay in the palace... And I'm terribly bored with life at the palace."

Edward and Tom looked at each other and laughed. Then Edward suddenly said, "Wait! I have an idea - a great idea. Come here and look in the mirror."

Tom walked to the other side of the beautiful room, where there was a big mirror.

"Look in the mirror, Tom," said Edward. "You and I are the same."

Tom looked in the mirror and said, "You're right! You're like me and I'm like you." They both laughed.

"You're thin and I'm thin, said Edward, smiling.

"And you've got brown hair and brown eyes, just like me," said Tom.

"Look at our noses and mouths," said Edward. "They're the same."

"And we're the same height!" said Tom, excitedly.

"We can play a wonderful game!" exclaimed Edward. "Let's change clothes and you can be the prince and I can be the pauper for a short time."

"That sounds like great fun!" said Tom laughing.

"Take off your clothes and put on my clothes and shoes," said Edward.

Tom washed his face and hands, and put on the prince's clothes and shoes. Then Edward put on Tom's old trousers and dirty shirt.

They looked at each other in the mirror and laughed loudly. Now Tom was Edward and Edward was Tom.

"Tom, you can stay here until I come back," said the prince. "Now I'm a pauper and I can play in the streets and swim in the river with the other boys. I can jump in the mud and get dirty. And I want to make lots of noise. I'm very happy!"

Before leaving the room the prince took something big and round from the table. He went to a corner of the room and put it inside an old suit of armor. Tom watched him carefully. Then the prince ran out of the door. Tom was alone in the beautiful room. He looked around and thought, "What can I do now that I'm a prince?"

CHAPTER 3

LOST IN LONDON

Prince Edward, who was dressed like Tom, ran to the gates of the palace. He looked at the soldiers and ordered, "Open the palace gates."

One of the soldiers hit him on the head.

"You can't give orders to the king's soldiers!" he exclaimed.

"You're just a pauper."

Edward fell to the ground and was very surprised. "What do you mean? I'm Prince Edward, the king's son!"

The soldiers started laughing and said, "Really? Well, I'm King Henry then!"

The soldiers opened the palace gates. Edward was angry and his face was red. The people outside the gate laughed loudly and said, "Look at that pauper! He's mad! He thinks he's Prince Edward."

Edward forgot about playing by the river because he was very angry.

He walked and walked in the streets of London for the first time.

Everything was new and interesting to him. He was surprised and

excited. He looked at the streets, the people and the buildings.

Soon he was lost and tired. He had no shoes and his feet hurt a lot. He looked around and didn't know what to do. "It's late and I must go back to the palace," he thought. "But where is the palace? I'm lost!"

He asked people on the street, "Where's Westminster Palace? I'm lost and I want to go home." Some people laughed at him and others pushed him away. No one helped him.

"What can I do?" he thought. "This is terrible! I'm cold and hungry.

Where can I sleep tonight? Tom lives near Pudding Lane. I must find his

house, and Tom's mother and sisters will help me."

He walked down the dark, dirty streets, but he couldn't find Pudding Lane. Then it started to rain and it was windy and cold. Suddenly he felt a big hand around his arm.

"Tom Canty, where are you going at this time?" asked a big man.

"Show me the money from your day's work."

"Ouch!" cried Edward, looking at the big man. "You're hurting me! Are you his father?"

"What do you mean, you stupid boy!" said John Canty, hitting Edward on the head. "I'm your father!"

"No!" cried Edward, angrily. "I'm Edward, Prince of Wales. I'm King Henry's son." "What are you saying?" cried John Canty angrily.

"Your son, Tom, is at Westminster Palace," said Edward. "I'm wearing his clothes and he's wearing my clothes. We're playing a game! We changed places for a few hours. Now take me to the palace, quickly!"

"You're mad, Tom - completely mad!" said John Canty, looking at the boy with cold eyes. "You don't know what you're saying. Now you're coming home with me and tomorrow you must go to work and bring some money home!" He pulled Edward down the dark road.

At Westminster Palace Tom was alone in Prince Edward's rooms. Everything was new to him - the paintings of kings, queens, princes and princesses on the wall, the beautiful furniture and the big plates full of fruit. He looked at himself in the big mirror and he liked his new clothes and shoes. He played with the prince's sword for a while. But after a few hours he was tired of this game.

"Where's Edward?" he thought. "I must look for him." He opened the big door of the room and saw four gentlemen. They bowed to him and he was suddenly afraid. He shut the door quickly.

One gentleman said, "How strange! The prince isn't feeling well." "We must call his sisters or Lady Jane," said the second gentleman. "Yes, let's call Lady Jane," said a third gentleman.

A lovely young girl opened the door. It was Lady Jane Grey and Tom went down on his knees. She had a friendly smile and she wore beautiful clothes.

"Kind lady, please save me," said Tom. "I'm not the prince. My name's Tom Canty and I'm a pauper."

"Oh dear!" said the kind girl. "What's happening? I don't understand. Please tell me."

"The prince and I are playing a game. Prince Edward and I changed clothes. He's wearing my old clothes and I'm wearing his beautiful clothes. I don't know where the prince is and I want to get my clothes back and go home."

"Poor Edward!" said Lady Jane. "You're ill. Please come with me. Your father wants to see you."

"Is my father, John Canty, here?" asked Tom, who was frightened.

"Your father is King Henry," said Lady Jane softly. "He's very ill. Come with me."

Tom followed Lady Jane to the king's bedroom. King Henry was in bed and his face was white.

"Your Majesty," said Lady Jane, "your son Edward is here."

King Henry looked at Tom and smiled. "Dear Edward, what's the matter? Tell me."

Tom looked at the big, fat man and asked, "Are you the king, sir?"

"Of course I'm the king, and I'm your father!"

"Sir, I'm not your son," said Tom nervously. "I'm not the prince. I'm Tom, a poor..."

"What are you saying!" said King Henry. "Stop this nonsense, Edward! You're the prince, and you have two sisters, Elizabeth and Mary. One day you will be king when I die. Now go and rest before the royal banquet."

Lady Jane took Tom back to the prince's room. After a few minutes, Lord Hertford went to see the king. He was the king's First Lord.

"Bring me the Great Seal, Lord Hertford," said King Henry. "I'm ill, but I have work to do. I have to read and sign lots of important papers. I need the Great Seal."

"Your Majesty," said Lord Hertford, "you gave it to Prince Edward a few days ago. I'll go to the prince's room and get it."

When he got there he looked everywhere, but he couldn't find the Great Seal and he was worried. He asked Tom about the Great Seal, but he didn't know what it was or where it was.

"Your Majesty," said Lord Hertford, "the prince can't remember what it is or where it is!"

"Oh, no!" said King Henry. "Then the prince really is ill. The Great Seal is very important. He'll remember when he gets better."

That day Tom had lunch in the Royal Dining Room with its gold furniture. Several servants stood near him as he ate. Tom did not have good table manners and ate with his fingers. No one laughed at him because everyone thought he was ill.

Then he looked at his napkin and said, "What a lovely napkin! Please take it away because I don't want to make it dirty."

He took a lot of nuts and put them in his pockets. At the end of the meal a servant brought a finger bowl, but Tom did not know how to use it. He didn't clean his fingers in it - he drank from it!

CHAPTER 4

THE ROYAL BANQUET

Westminster Palace was on the River Thames, and there were long steps from the palace to the river. Soldiers stood on both sides of the steps. This was an important evening because there was the royal banquet at the Guildhall.

The people of London stood near the river and looked at the royal barge. When Tom walked down the stairs to the royal barge, everyone shouted, "Long live Prince Edward!"

Tom was wearing beautiful white clothes and jewels for the royal banquet.

Tom stood at the front of the barge as it moved down the River Thames to the Guildhall. He was happy because everything was new and exciting. All the rich and important men of London were waiting for the prince at the Guildhall.

At the same time, John Canty was pulling poor Edward down Pudding Lane. A crowd of people were following them and laughing.

"Look at that bad boy!" said a man.

"His father will teach him a lesson!" said an old woman.

When they got to John Canty's house, Father Andrew saw them and said, "What are you doing? Don't hurt the boy! Let him go!"

John Canty was angry and he hit Father Andrew on the head with a big stick.

The old man fell to the ground. When Edward saw this he was very frightened and sad.

When John Canty and Edward got home, he said to his wife, "Your son doesn't have any money for us, and he's mad, too."

Tom's mother looked at Edward and said, "Oh, my poor boy. Please don't hit him, John."

John Canty was a cruel man. He pushed Edward to the floor and said, "You didn't bring any money - so, no food for you tonight."

Edward looked around the cold, dark room and thought, "This is the worst place in the world!"

Suddenly there was a loud voice outside the door. "John Canty! Open the door!"

"What do you want?" asked Canty angrily, opening the door.

"You hit poor Father Andrew on the head and now... he's dead!" said a man.

"He's dead?" asked Canty. "Oh, no! A lot of people saw me when I hit him. I'm in big trouble."

He looked at his wife and said, "We have to get out of here. Let's use the stairs at the back of the building so no one will see us. Take the girls and meet me at London Bridge. I'll take another road with the boy. Quickly!"

John Canty took Edward's arm and pulled him along the dark, narrow streets. Edward was frightened and thought, "Where's this bad man taking me?"

When they got to the river there was a crowd of people. Most of them were sitting at tables and drinking.

Canty looked at them and asked, "What's happening here?"

An old man looked at him and said, "We're waiting to see Prince Edward in the royal barge. He's going to the royal banquet at the Guildhall. Look at all the lights on the river! Here, have a drink."

Canty had to run away but he wanted a drink, and so he stopped. He picked up a big cup and let go of Edward's arm for a moment. Edward quickly ran away into the crowd.

"Stop that boy!" cried Canty. "Catch him!"

Edward was frightened and ran away. "I must go to the Guildhall and find Tom. We must change clothes!" he thought.

Everyone stood up and bowed when Tom walked into the Guildhall. He sat at a big table next to Lady Mary, Lady Elizabeth and Lady Jane. There were all kinds of good food on the table: meat, fish, cheese, soup, fruit and cakes. Everyone ate, drank, talked and laughed. There were singers and dancers in colorful costumes. Tom liked everything he saw and enjoyed the royal banquet.

When Edward got to the Guildhall he was very tired and dirty. He went to one of the soldiers and cried, "I'm Prince Edward! Open the doors!" The soldiers looked at him and laughed.

Edward was angry and cried. "I order you to open the doors immediately!"

"What a stupid boy!" said one soldier. "Go away!"

"I won't go away!" cried Edward. "I'm Prince Edward!"

The people in the crowd were angry and shouted, "The boy's mad! Send him away. We want to see the prince when the banquet finishes.

"No!" shouted Edward. "I am Prince Edward. The boy at the banquet is a pauper. I'm the son of King Henry."

The crowd became dangerous. Some men were carrying big sticks Edward was in danger but he didn't go away. Suddenly a tall man with brown hair came out of the angry crowd and looked at Edward kindly.

"Perhaps you're a prince and perhaps you're only a pauper, but you're very brave," said the tall man. "I'm going to help you."

Edward looked up at the tall man and asked, "Who are you?"

"My name's Miles Hendon and I'm a soldier of King Henry. I returned from France yesterday and now I'm going to my home in the country."

The dangerous crowd came near them.

Miles looked at the crowd and took out his sword. "Stand back, all of you!"

A man with a big stick cried, "Go away!" People started to throw sticks and stones at Miles and Edward. Miles stood in front of Edward and defended him. They were in great danger.

Suddenly the people in the crowd stopped shouting and fighting.

They heard the sound of horses and the soldiers cried, "Stand back, all of you! Lord Hertford is coming!"

The soldiers pushed the angry crowd back and Lord Hertford ran up the stairs of the Guildhall. He was very upset and went to Tom.

"Your Majesty, I'm very sorry... Your father is dead." Then he turmed around and looked at the people and shouted, "Kind King Henry is dead! Long live King Edward!"

There was a moment of silence. Everyone at the banquet was surprised.

They looked at each other and shouted, "Long live King Edward!"

Miles Hendon thought, "This is a good time to run away!"

He took Edward's arm and they ran away into the dark, narrow streets.

CHAPTER 5

LONG LIVE KING EDWARD!

Miles Hendon and Edward ran down the dark streets of London. Everyone was shouting "King Henry is dead! Long live King Edward." When they were near London Bridge, Miles and Edward went into an inn.

"I have a small room here," said Miles, "and you can stay with me tonight. We can eat some food and then we need to rest."

People in the street were shouting, "Long live King Edward!"

Edward was very sad. He thought about his father and started to cry.

King Henry was a busy man and Edward did not see him often, but he loved him very much.

"My father's dead," he said, crying. "Now I'm King of England..."

Edward was very tired and fell on the bed. "Call me when the food is ready."

"Of course, Your Majesty!" said Miles, smiling. Edward was cold and Miles covered him with his big cloak.

When Miles returned with some food he said, "Your Majesty, the banquet is ready."

Edward washed his hands and sat down at the small table. Miles sat down next to him.

"Wait!" said Edward. "You must stand up. I am your king and you must wait for my orders." Miles smiled at Edward and stood up.

"Now you can sit down," said Edward. They were both hungry and ate quickly.

After dinner Edward said, "Miles, you're a brave soldier of the king and you helped me. Give me your sword and go down on your knee."

Edward took Miles's sword and touched him on the shoulder.

"Stand up, Sir Miles Hendon," said Edward. "Now you are one of my men."

Miles stood up and laughed loudly.

Edward fell asleep with his head on the table and Miles put him to bed.

"You poor boy," he said softly. "You need a long sleep. Perhaps you'll be better tomorrow morning." Miles slept on the floor because there was only one bed in the small room.

The next morning Miles looked at the boy sleeping and thought, "While he sleeps, I'll go to the market and buy him some new clothes."

At the market everyone was talking about the new king, and Miles heard some interesting things.

A young woman said, "People say the new king is mad. He says he's a pauper and doesn't want to be king."

"Yes, that's what I heard, too," said an old man. "He says it's all a mistake - a game!"

"The poor young king is completely mad," said a young man laughing.

Miles started to think, "Perhaps Edward is telling the truth! Perhaps he is the King of England!" He hurried back to the inn with the new clothes.

He opened the door of his room but Edward wasn't there. He was gone!

Miles asked the man at the inn, "Where's the young boy?"

"Please don't get angry, sir," said the man with a red face. "A man came here and... took the boy away with him."

"What!" exclaimed Miles angrily. "And you didn't stop him! It was probably his father. The poor boy! Where did they go?"

"They went towards Southwark and disappeared in the crowd," said the man, who was sorry.

Miles ran out of the inn and went towards Southwark. "I must find the poor boy. He's in danger with that terrible man."

John Canty took Edward a long way outside London; they went through a dark wood and arrived at an old barn. When John Canty opened the door of the barn, there were a lot of beggars and thieves.

Edward was surprised to see these men and thought, "What strange men! They're all wearing old, dirty clothes. Who are they?"

The beggars and thieves all knew John Canty and one of them said, "What are you doing here, John?"

"Who's that boy?" another one asked.

"This boy is my son," said John Canty.

Edward looked at Canty and cried, "No! I'm not your son. I'm the King of England!"

An old beggar with long hair and no teeth laughed and said, "You'r mad, young boy! Completely mad!"

Everyone looked at Edward and laughed loudly. Then they started to say unkind things to him. Edward wanted to cry, but he didn't. He went to sit in a dark corner and thought, "This is a horrible place. I must run away early tomorrow morning when everyone is sleeping..." Edwar was sad and tired and soon fell asleep.

The next morning Edward woke up before everyone. He quietly got up and opened the door of the barn. It was a sunny morning and he ran into the wood. He ran all the way to the first village. He stopped at the market and looked around.

Suddenly he heard a voice: "Edward! Edward!" It was Miles calling him.

He turned around and ran to Miles. "Oh, Miles, I'm so happy to see you!" He told Miles what happened to him, and Miles told him what he heard at the market in London the day before.

"Edward," said Miles excitedly, "now I know you're the King of England!"

"I'm happy you believe me," said Edward, smiling.

"We must think of a good plan to get you back into Westminster Palace," said Miles. "First, let's go to my home, Hendon Hall. You'll like it."

"Yes, that's a good idea, Miles," said Edward happily.

CHAPTER 6

HUMPHREY

The next morning at Westminster Palace, Tom woke up in a comfortable bed. He looked around and smiled.

"Good morning, Your Majesty," said the first gentleman who was standing by the side of the big bed.

"It's eight o'clock, Your Majesty," said the second gentleman, who was standing near the first gentleman.

Tom looked at them and said, "What?"

The first gentleman said, "Does Your Majesty wish to rise?"

Tom thought for a moment and said, "Do you mean: 'Do I want to get up?'"

The first gentleman said, "Yes, Your Majesty.'

"It's morning and of course I want to get up," said Tom, looking around.

"But where are my clothes?"

"One moment, Your Majesty," said the second gentleman. "You have to wash up first. Please follow me."

When Tom finished washing up, another gentleman came into the bedroom with his underclothes and gave them to the second gentleman. The second gentleman gave them to a third gentleman, and the third gentleman helped Tom get into his underclothes. Then another gentleman brought Tom's other expensive clothes and the three gentlemen dressed Tom. He was ready after about an hour.

Tom had breakfast in the lovely breakfast room. One servant brought the food into the room and gave it to a second servant. The second servant gave it to a third servant and he put it on the table. Tom looked

at the good food and he wanted to eat it, but he had to wait for the fourth servant.

"How boring!" thought Tom. "Everything takes so long"

At last a fourth servant put some food on Tom's plate. Several other servants stood behind Tom's chair and did nothing.

Tom enjoyed his delicious breakfast, but thought, "I don't really like the life of a prince. I'm never free to do what I want. Pudding Lane was a lot more fun."

A servant came into the breakfast room and said, "Your Majesty, Lord Hertford wants to speak to you."

Lord Hertford bowed and said, "Your Majesty, the men are waiting for you in the Council Chamber. "

Tom went to the Council Chamber and sat on the king's gold chair.

The men who were there bowed and kissed his hand. Then he had to listen to them read many documents and he was very bored.

One man said, "Your Majesty, there is no money! King Henry spent it all. What can we do? We must pay our soldiers and we need money for a lot of important things."

"Oh!" exclaimed Tom. "Well, we can all live in a small house near Pudding Lane with only ten servants..."

Lord Hertford took Tom's arm gently and he stopped talking.

"When will this end?" Tom thought. "I'm terribly bored. I don't want to sit here. I want to swim in the river and play." He couldn't stop thinking about his friends and the exciting games they played together.

He went back to Prince Edward's room and sent all the servants away.

Suddenly a boy came in.

"Who are you?" Tom asked.

The boy looked at him and said, "Oh, Your Majesty is very ill. Don't you remember me? I'm Humphrey Marlow, your whipping boy."

"What! My... whipping boy?" said Tom, who was very surprised. "What do you mean?"

"I can explain, Your Majesty," said Humphrey softly. "When you make mistakes during your Greek lesson, your teacher gets angry. However, the teacher can't hit the Prince of Wales, so he hits me. It's my job. But now you're King and perhaps you won't study Greek anymore. That means I'll lose my job and my family will be hungry. We'll live on the streets and become beggars..."

Tom looked at Humphrey sadly and said, "Don't worry, I'll continue my studies and I'll make lots of mistakes! You'll make a lot of money and you and your family will never be hungry."

"Thank you, Your Majesty. You're very kind," said Humphrey happily.

Tom talked to Humphrey and they became friends. Suddenly Lord

Hertford came into the room and took Tom back to the Council Chamber.

"I can see that you're feeling better, Your Majesty," said Lord Hertford.

"Do you remember where the Great Seal is?"

"What's it like?" asked Tom.

Lord Hertford looked at him and thought, "He's still not well, but we need the Great Seal."

At the Council Chamber Tom had to sign Edward's name on a lot of documents. The afternoon was long and boring.

After the royal dinner Tom finally went to bed. "Everything here is wonderful. The food is delicious and I'm never hungry. My clothes are beautiful. My bed is warm and comfortable. Everyone is kind to me… but I don't want to be king. I'm bored! Every day is the same – Pudding Lane was a lot more fun!"

CHAPTER 7

SURPRISE at HENDON HALL

Miles's home was Hendon Hall, a big house with fifty rooms and twenty servants. There were tall trees and beautiful gardens around the house.

They rode through a big gate and down a long path. Miles exclaimed, "Welcome to Hendon Hall, Edward! I'm very glad to be home, and my family will be very happy to see me."

Miles ran into his house happily and Edward followed him. A tall young man was sitting at a long table.

"Hugh! My dear brother!" cried Miles, smiling at the young man.

The young man looked at him with cold eyes and said, "Who are you?

What do you want in my house?"

"I'm your brother Miles," said Miles. "I was in France during the war and now I'm home. Don't you remember me?"

"You're not my brother," said Hugh, who was very unfriendly. "He died during the war in France. I received a letter from his friend."

"No! I'm here," said Miles. "Where's my father? He'll remember me."

"Father is dead," said Hugh.

"Oh, no!" said Miles, sadly. "I loved him dearly. Call the servants. They'll know me."

Hugh looked at Miles nervously and said. "The servants are new."

"What!" cried Miles angrily

"Now I understand your plan. You thought I was dead and you wanted to take the house and the money.

But now I'm here."

Hugh laughed in his face.

"Well, your plan won't work, Hugh, because Lady Edith will certainly

remember me. Call her!" said Miles.

"Lady Edith knows that Miles Hendon is dead," said Hugh, "and she's

my wife now."

Miles was furious and his face was red. He ran across the room and cried, "You're a terrible man. You took my money, my home and my land. And you also took the woman I love. I'm going to kill you!"

Miles pushed Hugh against the wall and hit him many times.

"Help! Help!" cried Hugh. "A man is killing me!"

The servants ran into the room and pulled Miles way from him. They took Miles and Edward to prison.

The prison was cold and dark, and there were many prisoners. Some of them were shouting and others were fighting. A young woman was crying loudly. The prison was a terrible place and there were big rats everywhere.

"What's the matter?" Edward asked the young woman.

"I stole some bread for my children and now I must stay in prison for ten years," she replied, crying.

A young man looked at Miles and said, "The soldiers said I killed a rabbit in the king's park. But it's not true - believe me, it's not true. And now I must stay in prison for 20 years!" He put his head in his hands and started to cry.

Edward looked at the prisoners and said, "This is such a sad, dirty place. One day I'll change these laws and help the poor people of my country."

Early the next morning the soldiers came to take Miles and Edward to the judge.

The judge was an old man who sat behind a big wooden desk. Hugh Hendon was standing next to him.

"Why are this man and this boy here, Mr Hendon?" asked the judge.

Hugh Hendon spoke to the judge and explained his story. Then Mile: tried to speak, but the judge said "Be quiet!"

The judge didn't want to listen to his story. He looked at him and said

"You must sit in the stocks ' for two hours. After that, you and the boy can leave. Take them away!"

Edward was upset and cried, "No! Miles is my servant. You don't know what you're doing..."

The judge looked at Edward and said, "Be quiet, boy, or you'll have to stay in prison longer."

The soldiers took Miles outside the building and put him in the stocks where everyone could see him.

Some people laughed at him and others threw bad eggs and vegetable at him. One man said terrible things to him.

It was awful. Edward stood in front of Miles and tried to defend him.

"Look at that young boy," said one woman. "He wants to defend his friend."

"What a brave boy!" said another man.

After two hours the soldiers took Miles out of the stocks.

He was finally free.

"Thank you for your help, Edward," said Miles. "You're a true friend. Now let's go to London!"

CHAPTER 8

THE GREAT SEAL

Miles and Edward arrived in London on 19 February, after traveling for a day. There was a lot of excitement everywhere.

"What's happening here?" Miles asked a young soldier.

"Don't you know?" replied the young soldier. "Tomorrow is 20 February, Coronation Day! Look at all the flags on the buildings. Everyone is celebrating."

There was a big crowd of people everywhere and Miles and Edward soon got lost. Miles couldn't find Edward, and Edward couldn't find Miles. Edward was alone in the crowd and he didn't know what to do.

He was cold and hungry.

Tom was starting to enjoy the comfortable life of a king. Everyone bowed to him and listened to him. He felt important and he really liked this. He almost forgot about his mother and sisters, because he liked his wonderful new life at Westminster Palace.

On the morning of 20 February Tom Canty was wearing splendid new clothes and expensive jewels. He rode a tall horse in the royal parade.

Rich gentlemen and lords dressed in their best clothes followed Tom in the royal parade. Thousands of happy people were in the streets of London and watched the royal parade. There was music in the air.

"Long live Kind Edward!" everyone shouted.

Tom rode his horse and was happy. He smiled and threw coins to the people. Suddenly a woman touched his leg and said, "Oh, my dear child!" Tom looked at her - it was his mother!

He said, "Who are you? I don't know you!"

A soldier pushed Tom's mother away and she started to cry. After a moment Tom thought, "Oh dear, what did I say to my mother! I did a terrible thing." He was sorry and felt bad.

When the royal parade got to Westminster Abbey, Tom got off his horse and entered the big church. It was beautifully decorated for Coronation Day. Hundreds of people were in church waiting for the great moment.

The Archbishop of Canterbury was ready to put a crown of England on Tom’s head and everyone was silent. Suddenly a boy with dirty, old clothes and no shoes ran into the church and cried, "Stop! You're not the king! I'm the king!"

Everyone was amazed and looked at the young pauper.

One rich gentleman asked, "What's happening? Can someone tell me?"

"I don't know," answered a lord. "Who's that pauper?"

"What!" exclaimed a rich lady. "A pauper in Westminster Abbey!"

Lord Hertford immediately said, "Soldiers, stop this boy!"

Tom and Edward looked at each other and smiled.

Then Tom turned to the soldiers and said, "No! Don't touch him! He's the real king!"

Lord Hertford was very surprised and looked at the two boys. "Look at their faces - they're the same! But who is our king?"

Tom cried, "He's the real king! Ask him about the Great Seal."

Lord Hertford said, "That's a good idea!" He looked at the young pauper

and said, "Tell me, where's the Great Seal?"

Edward answered, "The Great Seal's inside the old suit of armor in my room! Look for it there!"

Lord Hertford said, "Lord John, go and look for the Great Seal, quickly!'

Lord John went back to Westminster Palace and returned with the good news.

"Here is the Great Seal!" cried Lord John, with the seal in his hand.

"The pauper's right - he's the King of England!"

The Archbishop of Canterbury put the crown of England on Edwards young head. Everyone in Westminster Abbey stood up and cried, " Long live young King Edward!"

Tom looked at the Great Seal and said, "I didn't know what it was. I used it to break open nuts."

Lord Hertford said, "How funny!"

All the great lords laughed.

Coronation Day was finally over and Edward became King Edward VI.

Sir Miles Hendon went to visit his friend King Edward VI the next day and the young king was happy to see him.

They talked about their adventures at Hendon Hall and about Miles's problems with his brother Hugh.

The young king said, "Sir Miles, you were kind and helped me a lot. Now I want to help you."

Sir Miles looked at his young friend and smiled.

"You can go back to Hendon Hall because it's yours again," said King Edward. "And all of your lands are yours again, too. Hugh will give everything back to you. This is my order."

"Thank you, King Edward!" said Sir Miles happily. "Thank you."

The people of England loved their young king because he understood their problems. Edward VI was a good and kind king because for those few days he was a pauper.

The King's best friend was Tom Canty, who lived at Westminster Palace. They did a lot of fun things together. King Edward gave Tom's mother, grandmother and sisters a nice big home in the country, and they lived there happily. No one saw John Canty again.

King Edward VI died when he was only sixteen. Tom was very sad because he lost his best friend. He left Westminster Palace and went to live with his mother, grandmother and sisters in the country. But Tom and all the people of England never forgot young King Edward VI.