

**HORRIBLE HISTORIES**

*"Heads  
will roll!"*

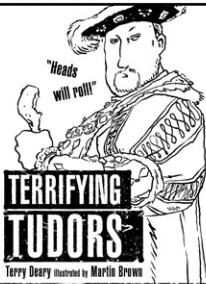
**TERRIFYING  
TUDORS**

Terry Deary illustrated by Martin Brown

A HORRIBLE BOOK FOR  
MATT



# HORRIBLE HISTORIES



A Horrible Book for Matt  
Keep Out!

*Hope you like this book.  
Let me know what you think.*

**This book is dedicated to all the readers around the world who have  
made Horrible Histories such a success.**

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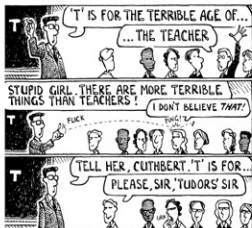
# Introduction

History can be *horrible*. And who made it horrible? The vicious and cruel people who lived in the past.

And here's an amazing thing ... some of the most horrible people in history all had names beginning with the letter 'T'. Just look in your little sister's copy of *Tiddly Tots' Alphabet of Terrors*.



Or ask your teacher...



## - Matt's Terrifying Tudors -

And the Tudors were truly terrifying torturing tyrants. Even worse than teachers!

The first Tudor had the bloodstained body of his defeated enemy tied to a horse and shown to the people. The message was clear...



The last Tudor had her boyfriend beheaded on a bloody block.



And, in between, there were thousands of people hanged, burned, boiled and chopped just to keep the Tudors on top.

In *The Terrible Tudors* there were foul facts about the fun loving Tudor family and their subjects. Now here are more savage stories of their suffering. Terrifying Tudors in fact. It would bring tears to the eyes of Tyrannosaurus rex. It may scare you witless, so be warned ... do *not* read this book with the lights out!



# Henry the Mean Monarch

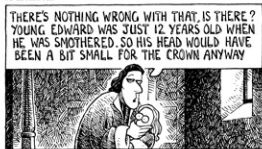
1485 Richard III is hacked to death at the Battle of Bosworth Field. His opponent, Henry Tudor, is crowned Henry VII. This man is ruthless ... and quite toothless too ... but not utthless when it comes to money. He makes England rich.

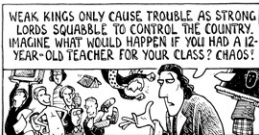
1509 Henry VII dies. All that money didn't do him much good. Never mind, his son, Henry VIII, will spend it for him on wine, women and wars.



## King Henry VII (reigned 1485–1509)

In 1485 England was ruled by the last of the Plantagenet kings, Richard III. Richard was a hard-hearted man – he probably had his brother's children suffocated in the Tower of London.





Ruthless Richard had his enemies – most kings did in those days. Those enemies looked around for someone to take Richard III's place.

There were 12 people in line to the throne but none could hope to beat Richard in battle. So Richard's enemies turned to the 13th in line to the throne – an almost unknown Welshman called Henry Tudor.

Henry landed in Wales with a small force and marched east. Richard gathered his army and marched west. They met in the middle and fought the Battle of Bosworth Field in Leicestershire. Richard's friends deserted him and went over to Henry Tudor's side.

Suddenly England had a Tudor king, Henry VII, and no one was as surprised as Henry. Then the battle began to hold on to his throne.

There were plenty of 'pretenders' who said they should be king, but only one got really close to stopping the Tudors in their tracks. A boy who may have been called Lambert Simnel. Sadly he never told his fantastic story. If he had it may have looked like this...

### The king in the kitchen

Look at me in my rags and patches. A kitchen boy in King Henry's castle. I'm the boy that could have been king ... I was *that* close! But don't feel sorry for me, sweating down here over the roast sheep and stuffed swans. I'm not complaining. I could be dead. In fact, I'm surprised I'm not!



I don't know who my parents were but I do know my teacher was a priest called William Simonds, and Father William hated Henry Tudor. 'The good people of England will rise against him!' he used to cry when he'd had a few flagons of wine.

'But who will be king then?' I asked. I was only ten years old and didn't understand.

'Edward, Earl of Warwick. Poor dead Richard III's nephew, of course,' the priest said.

I'd heard about Edward of Warwick. 'He's locked in the Tower of London,' I said. 'And he couldn't be king anyway. They say he's simple-minded.'

That's when Father William gripped my tunic and breathed wine in my face. 'But *you're* not simple-minded, my boy.

'You're the brightest pupil I've ever had.

You could *pretend* to be Edward of Warwick! You're the right age and you look a little like him. The rebel lords of England would follow you and smash that Welsh milksop Henry Tudor. You would be king!

I was too young and frightened to argue. For a year he taught me all I needed to know about being Edward of Warwick. He told me how Edward's father, George of Clarence, had been drowned in a barrel of wine by 'my' dead Uncle Richard. After a year I almost began to believe it myself!



Then we went to Ireland to raise an army. Some of the rebel lords, like John, Earl of Lincoln, knew I was not Edward of Warwick. But the Irish believed the story. There were tears in their eyes when I told them of my escape from the Tower. Yet it was all lies. It's the Irish I felt most sorry for. My wild friends. I led them to their deaths, you know.

John of Lincoln had me crowned King Edward VI in Dublin, then we crossed into England and marched to meet Henry Tudor's army. We landed in the north of England because that's where Richard III's supporters were. But we didn't get the people following us the way we'd hoped. Just a few adventurous young men who were

tired of herding sheep. They weren't trained soldiers.

We did have German soldiers who were paid to fight. With their crossbows and their pikes they were experts. They tried to train the shepherd lads. But they would never train the wild Irishmen.



'They fight with their long daggers and javelins,' John of Lincoln told me as we rode south. 'They have wooden shields and no armour. They just charge wildly at the enemy the way they did a thousand years ago when the Romans landed.'

'Won't they get hurt?' I asked.

He looked at me strangely. 'There would be no glory if there was no risk,' he said. 'They will be happy to die for you.'

'For me? But I'm only...'

'The rightful King of England,' he said sharply. 'And never forget it.'

On the morning of 16 June we stood on a hilltop near the village of Stoke. I looked across at Henry Tudor's army. Even I could see that behind their bright banners there were twice as many men as we had. I could make out Henry Tudor, riding in front of his troops and encouraging them.

My boy's voice was too weak, but I rode in front of the men and they cheered me.

End of Sample.