THE BIG BOOK OF
HISTORY STORIES
YEAR 1
# Table of Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A Day in Thebes</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Story of Joseph</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Babe in the Bulrushes</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King Arthur</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life in a Medieval Monastery</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If You Lived in the Middle Ages</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Life of a Knight</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Joan of Domremy</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Things Leonardo Loved</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Isaac Newton</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Child who Defended Castle Dangerous</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reasons for a Revolution</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paul Revere’s Midnight Ride</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nathaniel’s Story</td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Women and Children of the Revolution</td>
<td>137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The History of the American Flag</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Blessings of Democracy</td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. Livingstone</td>
<td>159</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Florence Nightingale</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Wright Brothers Take Flight</td>
<td>181</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anja and the Berlin Wall</td>
<td>189</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Little Joan of Domremy

Written by Amy Steedman and Faye Huntington
Illustrated by Lydia Colburn
There was much for Joane to ponder over when the vision faded, but her thoughts were too deep to tell to others. In those summer days as she sat in the oak woods with the sunlight dancing through the green leaves and the solemn stillness of the woods around her, again and again she heard voices and saw visions that prepared her for the work that was awaiting her.

So the pleasant days of childhood spent in the green forests and the happy hours of spinning in the garden passed away, and little Joane, trying to obey, answered the call, not in her own strength, but in the strength of God.

This teenage girl, just a peasant who could not read or write, raised the spirits of the people of France and led great armies to victory with incredible courage.

At one battle that seemed nearly impossible to win, she said, “I will lead the men over the wall!” One of her generals said, “None of our soldiers will dare follow you.” Without hesitation, Joane replied, “I will not look back to see if any is following or not.” Then, as she raised her flashing sword, she gave the signal and led the way. And what do you think happened? The soldiers follow her fearless example.

So the pleasant days of childhood spent in the green forests and the happy hours of spinning in the garden passed away, and little Joane, trying to obey, answered the call, not in her own strength, but in the strength of God.

This teenage girl, just a peasant who could not read or write, raised the spirits of the people of France and led great armies to victory with incredible courage.

At one battle that seemed nearly impossible to win, she said, “I will lead the men over the wall.” One of her generals said, “None of our soldiers will dare follow you.” Without hesitation, Joane replied, “I will not look back to see if any is following or not.” Then, as she raised her flashing sword, she gave the signal and led the way. And what do you think happened? The soldiers follow her fearless example.

At one time she said, “I would far rather be spinning beside my poor mother, but I must do this work because my Lord wills it.” Such was the courage of Joan. This noble, earnest-hearted girl was true to what she believed to be her heaven-given mission. She faced difficulties...
A Day in Thebes

Written by Jamse Baikie and Jenny Phillips
Illustrated by Blake E. Davis
packed so closely together that there is only room for a single foot-passenger to thread his way through the narrow alleys between them. These are the workmen's quarters, and the heat and smell in them are so overpowering that one wonders how people can live in such places. Eventually, we come out into a more open space—one of the bazaars of the city—where business is in full swing. The shops are little shallow booths quite open to the front; and all the goods are spread out round the shopkeeper, who squats cross-legged in the middle of his property, ready to serve his customers, and invites the attention of the passers-by by loud explanations of the goodness and cheapness of his wares. Here are the townsfolk, men and women, out to buy supplies for their houses, or to exchange the news of the day; peasants from the villages round about, bringing in vegetables and cattle to barter for the goods which can only be got in the town; fine ladies and gentlemen, dressed elaborately in the latest Court fashion, with carefully curled wigs, long pleated robes of fine transparent linen, and dainty, brightly-colored sandals turned up at the toes. All around us people are buying and selling. Money, as we know it, has not yet been invented, and nearly all the trade is done by means of exchange. When it comes to be a question of how many fish have to be given for a bed, or whether a load of onions is good value for a chair, you can imagine that there has to be a good deal of argument.

In a little while the gate is cautiously unbarred, and a fine-looking man, very richly dressed, and followed by half a dozen well-armed black guards, steps forward and asks the workmen why they are here making such a noise and why they have chased and beaten his secretary. The fine-looking man is Prince Paser, who has charge of the Works Department of the government, and the workmen are masons employed on a large job in the cemetery of Thebes. They all shout at once in answer to the Prince's question, but then they push forward a spokesman who makes their complaint to the great man. He and his mates, he says, have been working for weeks. They have had no wages; they have not even had the corn and oil which ought to be issued as rations to Government workmen. So they have stopped work, and now they have come to their lord the Prince to entreat him either to give command that the food be given them. "We have been driven here by hunger and thirst; we have no clothes, we have no oil, we have no food." When the spokesman has finished his complaint, the whole crowd agrees to what he has said.

Prince Paser, however, is used to dealing with such complaints. With a smiling face he promises that fifty sacks of corn and 30 vessels of oil shall be sent to the cemetery immediately. Only the workmen must go back to their work at once, and there must be no more chasing of his poor secretary. The workmen grumble a little because the princes promises had been left unfulfilled before. But they have no leader bold enough to start a riot, and they have no weapons, and the spears and bows of the Prince's servants look dangerous. Finally they turn, and disappear, grumbling, down the street from which they came; and Prince Paser, with a shrug of his shoulders, goes indoors again. Now, we wander into the heart of the town. The streets are narrow and winding, and some of the houses are large and high. Their outer walls are almost absolutely blank, with nothing but a heavy door breaking the dead line. But inside, they have fine rooms with bright courts surrounded with trees, in the midst of which lies a cool pond of water. Next, we pass by areas where there is nothing but a crowd of mud huts, let in. The gate is slammed and bolted, and his pursuers stand outside shouting.
When Florence Nightingale was a little girl she lived at her father’s home—a large, old house in England with great woods about it. There was one thing that struck everybody who knew Florence. It was that she seemed to be always thinking what she could do to please or help anyone who needed either help or comfort. She was very fond, too, of animals, and she was so gentle in her way that even the shyest of them would come close to her.

There was, in the garden behind the house, a long walk with trees on each side, the abode of many squirrels, and when Florence came down the walk, dropping nuts as she went along, the squirrels would run down the trunks of their trees and, hardly waiting until she passed by, would pick up the prize and dart away with their little bushy tails curled over their backs.

Then there was an old gray pony named Peggy. Whenever Florence appeared at the gate, Peggy would come trotting up and put her nose into the dress pocket of her little mistress and pick it of the apple or the roll of bread that she knew she would always find there.

Florence also liked to pretend her dolls were sick, and she would care for them.

When quite young, Florence went to visit the poor and sick on her father’s estates, carrying to them some food or flowers that they would be sure to like and helping them to get well.
the head of thirty-eight nurses to make the long journey to Turkey where the wounded were kept.

When this band of devoted women finally arrived at the hospital where the sick and wounded had been taken, these nurses found everything in a very bad state. Four thousand sick and wounded soldiers lay in the hospitals awaiting help. And still other soldiers from a great battle were coming in. These hospitals were so filled that even in the corridors were two rows of mattresses and so close together that two persons could barely walk between the rows. The beds reeked with infection. There was no thought, seemingly, of sanitation.

"The whole of yesterday one could only forget one’s own existence,” wrote one of the nurses, “for it was spent first in sewing the men’s mattresses, and then in washing them, and assisting the surgeons, when we could, in dressing their ghastly wounds after their five days’ confinement on board ship, during which space hundreds of wounds had not been dressed. Hundreds of men with fever, dysentery and cholera (the wounded were the smaller portion) filled the wards in succession from the overcrowded transports.” Such were the conditions this band of women found.

Florence Nightingale was at the head of this great hospital, and she saw that everything was done properly. This left her very little time for rest; sometimes she only slept a few hours each night. She might often be seen, late at night, going through the long line of beds with a little lamp in her hand. As she passed along, she would say a kind word to one, and smile at another. “To see her pass was happiness,” one poor fellow said. “As she passed down the beds she would nod to one and smile at many more; but she could not do it to all, you know. We lay there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads upon the pillows again, content.”

For nearly two years these good women remained at their post. Some of them died, and many suffered from
The castle servants’ living quarters were typically in the lower levels of the castle, near the rooms reserved for food storage and preparation. The great hall afforded formal dining and was also where wandering musicians, poets, and entertainers were received. In the upper levels of the castle were drawing rooms, private cabinets for men, and boudoirs for women. Each noble person had his or her own suite of rooms, and the lord and lady had their own bedrooms at the tops of the towers, often called “solar chambers” because of the solitude they provided.

Life in the castle began at sunrise when a guard sounded his trumpet. Servants would have already arisen and lit fires in the kitchen and great hall, and lower order servants would have already eaten breakfast. Nobles were usually not served their first of two meals until between 10am and noon.

Cooking was generally done in a large kitchen in a separate building adjacent to the great hall to prevent a fire in the main castle. Meals for the noble family included plenty of meat and bread, cereals, vegetables, fish and seafood, many herbs and spices, dairy products, often puddings and rarely fruits.

Once the members of his lordship’s family had eaten, they would be dressed by their servants in the finest fabrics: wools, velvets, and silks. While both lords and ladies wore woolen stockings and cloaks to keep warm within the cold stone walls of the castle, the lady would also don a long skirt and apron, and his lordship’s ensemble would include a tunic and breeches.

Did you know?

Sometimes attackers would surround the outside of a castle and try to starve out those inside rather than attack them. This is called a siege. This is one reason that livestock was kept inside the castle grounds and many castles were built on a spring—doing so allowed villagers to survive for a long period of time during a siege.
Long ago, in the year 1643, there was born on Christmas Day one of the tiniest babies, with one of the most wonderful brains, that the world has ever known. He was so small that his mother used to say that he might have been easily put into a quart mug.

And yet inside the head of that tiny baby there was something which was to make him one of the great men of the earth.

Small as the baby was, he was a very precious gift to his young mother, who had lost her husband soon after her wedding day, and the little fatherless baby was doubly welcome when he came into the world with the sound of the Christmas bells.

It was in the manor house of Woolsthorpe in Lincolnshire that this baby was born, and on New Year’s Day he was carried to the parish church at Colsterworth and given the name of his father, Isaac Newton.

As soon as Isaac was old enough, he went to a day school. Now Isaac was rather careless and inattentive about his lessons and was usually
“All heavy things fall to the ground—but why do they? Because they are heavy. That is not a good reason. For then we may ask why is anything heavy? Why is one thing heavier than another?”

When he had once begun to think about this he did not stop until he had reasoned it all out. Millions and millions of people had seen apples fall, but it was left for Isaac Newton to ask why they fall.

This led him to develop the theory of gravity. He also developed the law of motion and a new type of math called calculus. He also invented a new, powerful type of telescope. But far more important than any of these discoveries was the type of personal Isaac Newton was. He was known for being kind, generous, humble, and thoughtful. He was hard-working, persistent, and self-disciplined. Who would have guessed that the tiny little baby born in a village in England would become such a great man?
King Arthur

Written by Maude Radford Warren and H. E. Marshall
Illustrated by Maheen Sana
The stories of King Arthur and Merlin are likely based on real persons who lived long ago, but the stories about this brave and British noble king who fought the Saxons in the 5th century A.D. were handed down for hundreds of years and changed over time. Historians do not know the truth for certain, but, obviously, some of the elements of the stories that include magic are not true. Regardless, the stories of purity, bravery, and loyalty have been read and adored by countless children. These stories say that when Arthur was born, no one was told of his birth, except a wise man named Merlin. Merlin gave the baby prince into the care of a good knight named Sir Hector, who had him trained as a king’s son should be.

They dwelt in a great square castle of gray stone, with a round tower at each corner. It was built about a courtyard and was surrounded by a moat, across which was a drawbridge that could be raised or lowered. When it was raised the castle was practically a little island and very hard for enemies to attack.

On one side of the moat was a large forest, and here Arthur spent a great deal of his time. He liked to lie under the trees and gaze up at the blue sky. All about him old oaks stood like giant guardians watching sternly over the soil where they and their ancestors had grown for centuries. Arthur could look between the trunks and see rabbits and squirrels whisking about. Sometimes a herd of brown deer with shy dark eyes would pass, holding their graceful heads high in the air.

But Arthur did not spend all his time dreaming in the woods. For many hours of the day, he practiced feats of arms in the courtyard.

In the country round about, Arthur, of all the squires, was the most famous for his skill in the use of the lance and the sword, for his keenness in the hunt, and for his courtesy to all people.
Life in a Medieval Monastery

Written by Samuel B. Harding and Jenny Phillips
In the Middle Ages, most men were peasants who farmed their Lord’s lands. Other men and women worked in towns as merchants or tradespeople, such as bakers, blacksmiths, and shoemakers. But we are going to read about men and woman who led religious lives in monasteries as monks or priests.

A famous monk named Benedict made up a series of rules for his monastery, and these served the purpose so well that they were adopted for many other monasteries. In course of time the monasteries of all Western Europe were put under “the Benedictine rule,” as it was called.

In addition, orders of “friars” were founded, who were like the monks in many ways, but lived more in the world, preaching, teaching, and caring for the sick. These were called “black friars,” “gray friars,” or “white friars,” according to the color of their dress.

Besides the orders for men, too, there were orders for women, who were called “nuns”; and in some places nunneries became almost as common as monasteries.

Let us try now to see what a monastery was like. One of the Benedict’s rules provided that every monastery should be so arranged that everything the monks needed would be in the monastery itself, and there would be no need to wander about in the outside world. Each monastery, therefore, became a settlement complete in itself. It not only had its halls where the monks ate and slept, and its own church; it also had its own mill, its own bake-oven, and its own workshops where the monks made the things they needed.

To better to shut out the world and to protect the monastery against robbers, the buildings were surrounded by a strong wall. Outside this wall lay the fields of the monastery, where the monks themselves raised the grain they needed, or which were tilled for them by peasants in the same way that the lands of the lords were tilled.

Finally, there was the woodland, where the swine were herded; and the pasture lands, where the cattle and sheep were sent to graze. The amount of land belonging to a monastery was often quite large. Nobles and kings frequently gave gifts of land, and the monks in return prayed for their souls. Often when the land came into the possession of the monks, it was covered with swamps or forests; but by unwearying labor the swamps were drained and the forests felled; and soon smiling fields appeared where before there was only a wilderness.

The monks started their worship long before the sun was up. Just a few hours after midnight the bell of the monastery rang, and the monks rose from their hard beds, and gathered in the church, to recite prayers, read the Bible, and sing.
On the sunny slopes of Monte Albano, between the bustling cities of Florence and Pisa, the little town of Vinci lay high among the rocks that crowned the steep hillside. It was but a little town. Only a few houses crowded together around an old castle in the midst, and it looked from a distance like a swallow’s nest clinging to the bare steep rocks. Here, in the year 1452, Leonardo, son of Ser Piero da Vinci, was born.
receive no one, and so it was a great surprise to old Toscanelli when one night a gentle knock sounded at his door, and a boy walked quietly in and stood before him.

Hastily the old man looked up, and his first thought was to ask the child how he dared enter without leave and then ask him to be gone; but, as he looked at the fair face, he felt the charm of the curious smile and the light in the blue eyes, and instead he laid his hand upon the boy's golden head and said, "What dost thou seek, my son?"

"I would learn all that thou canst teach me," said Leonardo.

The old man smiled. "Behold the self-confidence of youth!" he said.

But as they talked together and the boy asked his many eager questions, a great wonder awoke in the astronomer's mind, and his eyes shone with interest. This child's mind held depths of understanding such as he had never met with among his learned friends. Day after day the old man and the boy bent eagerly together over their books, charts, and sketches. When night fell Toscanelli would take the child up with him to his tower above Florence and teach him to know the stars.

"This is all very well," said Leonardo's father, "but the boy must do more than mere stargazing. He must earn a living for himself, and methinks we might make a painter of him."

That very day, therefore, he gathered together some of Leonardo's drawings, which lay carelessly scattered about, and took them to the studio of Verocchio the famous painter, who lived close by.

"Dost thou think thou canst make anything of the boy?" he asked, spreading out the drawings before Verocchio.

The painter's quick eyes examined the work with deep interest. "Send him to me at once," he said. "This is indeed marvelous talent."

So Leonardo entered the studio as a pupil and learned all that could be taught him with the same quickness with which he learned anything that he cared to know. Every one who saw his work declared that he would be the wonder of the age, but Verocchio shook his head.

"He is too wonderful," he said, "He aims at too great perfection. He wants to know everything and do everything, and life is too short for that. He finishes nothing because he is ever starting to do something else."

Verocchio's words were true; the boy seldom worked long at one thing. His hands were never idle, and often, instead of painting, he would carve out tiny windmills and curious toys which worked with pulleys and ropes, or make exquisite
Leonardo’s sketches show his creative and inventive mind.

Leonardo loved to study the human body and tried to measure and study all the different proportions of the body. This helped him to paint more realistic paintings of people. He also loved to study and draw animals, especially horses. This page shows some of his sketches.