

LONG LIVE MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS!

THE ARREST AND ESCAPE OF MARY,
QUEEN OF SCOTS

Stewart Ross





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TO THE READER

Long Live Mary, Queen of Scots! is a story. It is based on history. The main events in this book really happened. But some of the details, such as what people said, are made up. I hope this makes the story more fun to read. I also hope that *Long Live Mary, Queen of Scots!* will get you interested in real history. When you have finished, perhaps you will want to find out more about the sad life of Queen Mary.

Stewart Ross

THE STORY SO FAR ...

THE BABY QUEEN

Mary was born on 8th December, 1542. Her father was King James V of Scotland. Her mother was a French lady. King James died eight days later, so Mary became queen of Scotland while still a tiny baby.

As Scotland was very troubled, Mary was sent to France for her safety. She grew into a beautiful, lively young woman. But she was very spoilt. In 1558 she married Francis, a French prince.

QUEEN MARY

The next year Francis became king of France. Mary was now queen of Scotland and France. Sadly, her young husband died in 1560. There was now no reason for Mary to stay in France. At the age of eighteen, she came back to Scotland.

The Scottish people adored their charming young queen. Her court was full of music and fun. In 1565 she married her cousin, Lord Darnley, and at first the couple were very happy.

THINGS GO WRONG

Mary did not rule wisely. Worse still, she stopped loving Lord Darnley and grew friendly with other men. Many Scottish lords began to get annoyed with her.

In 1566 Mary had a son, Prince James.

Soon afterwards, early in 1567, Lord Darnley was murdered. Only three months later, Mary married James, Earl of Bothwell. The other lords were furious and gathered an army.

Mary and Bothwell called up their troops. They went to meet the rebels near Edinburgh. When the queen's soldiers refused to fight, Bothwell said he was going to get help ...

TIME LINE

CE (Common Era)

1542

8 December: Mary born in Linlithgow, Scotland

14 December: Mary's father, King James V, dies

1548

Mary sent to France

1559

Francis becomes king of France

1560

Francis dies

1640

1543

Mary becomes
queen of Scotland

1561

Mary returns
to Scotland

1565

Mary marries
Lord Darnley

1558

Mary marries the French prince, Francis.
Elizabeth, Mary's cousin, becomes queen
of England

1566

19 June: Prince James born

1568

2 May Mary escapes from Lochleven Castle

13 May The rebels defeat Mary at Langside

17 May Mary arrives in England

1603

Queen Elizabeth I dies. James becomes King James I of England

1605

1587

Mary executed at Fotheringhay, England

1567

10 February Lord Darnley murdered

15 May Mary marries James, Earl of Bothwell

15 June Mary surrenders to the rebel lords

17 June Mary taken to Lochleven Castle

24 July James becomes King James VI of Scotland

'BURN HER!'

Queen Mary held her husband tight. 'Dear James, come back soon. Please!' she begged.

'Don't worry, my love,' he said. 'Be strong and brave, for Scotland's sake. I will return soon with an army big enough to make you queen of the whole world!'

Mary tried to laugh. 'You always look on the bright side, don't you James?'

James, Earl of Bothwell, took his arms from round her neck. 'Of course I look on the bright side!' He smiled. 'What other side is there?'

The queen shook her head. 'There is a dark side, James, full of pain and unhappiness. I am afraid of it.'

He gave her hand a squeeze. 'Come on! There's no point thinking like that! Go and talk to the rebels. Keep them happy until I come back with my army. Then we'll rule together in peace for the rest of our lives.'

Mary laid a hand on her stomach. 'And our baby?' she asked.

'When our child is born, it will be the merriest wee baby in all Scotland,' he laughed. 'It will have brothers and sisters, too – dozens of them! Just you wait and see!'

He turned and walked quickly towards his horse. 'Farewell, my beautiful queen,' he called. 'And don't worry!'

With a heavy heart, Mary watched James jump into the saddle and gallop away towards the setting sun.

When he had gone, she went back to her soldiers. Then minutes later she rode down the hill to meet the rebels.

Even before she reached the rebel camp, Mary realised something was wrong. She was not cheered, as she once had been. Some of the men jeered and whistled at her. One or two shouted rude remarks. But it was too late to turn back now.

She rode straight up to the rebel leader, Lord Morton. 'I have kept my word, Morton', she said. 'My husband has gone and I have come to talk with you.' Although she was tired and worried, she did her best to sound brave.

Morton's face was pale and hard. 'Thank you, madam', he said coldly.

Mary shuddered at his words. A queen was normally called 'Your Grace', not 'madam'. She bit her lip. 'Morton', she said as calmly as she could, 'Remind your men that I am their queen. Tell them to hold their rude tongues.'

Morton stared at her with eyes of ice. 'I cannot command my men's hearts', he replied. 'They speak out of anger.'

The queen suddenly felt terribly lonely. 'Oh James!' she whispered. 'I need you. Please come back!'

'Now, madam', barked Morton, 'Be so good as to follow me.'

'Where are we going?' Mary asked.

'Edinburgh.'

'To my palace?' Mary longed to change her dress and have a good meal.

‘Palace?’ sneered Morton. ‘We’ll find a room. But it won’t be a palace.’

The journey back to the city was like a nightmare. Yelling crowds lined the road. ‘Burn her!’ they screamed. ‘Kill her! The witch must die!’

Tears streamed down Mary’s face. Her fine clothes were crumpled and muddy. She was faint from hunger. Two burly soldiers rode beside her. There was no escape.

They took the queen to the house of one of her enemies and locked her in an upstairs room. She went to the window and looked out. Before her hung a white banner. On it was painted the bloody body of Lord Darnley. Mary let out a cry of horror and collapsed to the floor.