

The Story of November the 4th, 1605

The cathedral clock had just struck eleven, it was an hour before midnight. The cold, damp cellar was lit by the spluttering light of a single lantern. A rat scuttled by making Guy Fawkes jump. He crouched there rubbing his hands, deep in thought and shivering in the bitter cold of the Autumn night. Next to him, in wooden barrels, was the gunpowder which he hoped would help bring in a new era for his Catholic countrymen. The cellar was right below the Houses of Parliament, where the protestant King James I and all his lords were going to meet the next day. Guy hoped to get rid of them all in one mighty explosion.



But then, out of the darkness, came a noise! Hard thumping footsteps and the deep voices of men began to draw closer. A key turned in the lock of the door. Holding lanterns and swords in front of them, in marched the King's Guard....

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