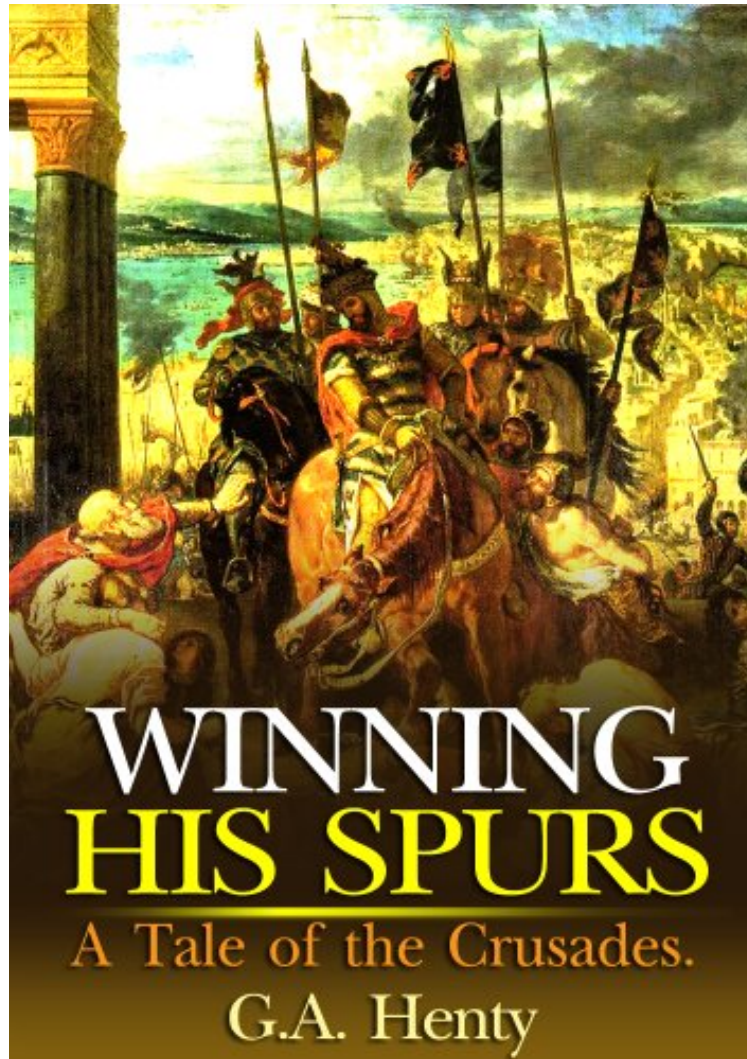


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Winning His Spurs : A Tale of the Crusades : complete with original Illustration and Writer Biography (Illustrated) (English Edition)

Von G.A. Henty

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KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Another Triumph for G.A. HentyVon Robert C BrownI just finished reading this book, and I thought it was great! I've been fascinated by the Holy Wars and this gave a fresh new perspective on things. It's the story of an English boy of Saxon blood, how he ascended in the favor of the regional lord in England, travelling to the Holy Land and serving in King Richard's army as a knight. It tells about the conflict between the Saxons, the "natives" of England, and the Normans, the hierarchy. It also talks about the strife between England and other European countries like France and Germany. The last quarter of the book talks about the bondage, and finally, freedom, of Richard Lionheart from the hands of the hostile Germans. Magnificent writing style, detailed descriptions of time and place and depth of characters make this another triumph for G.A. Henty.

KurzbeschreibungIt was a bright morning in the month of August, when a lad of some fifteen years of age, sitting on a low wall, watched party after party of armed men riding up to the castle of the Earl of Evesham. A casual observer glancing at his curling hair and bright open face, as also at the fashion of his dress, would at once have assigned to him a purely Saxon origin; but a keener eye would have detected signs that Norman blood ran also in his veins, for his figure was lither and lighter, his features more straightly and shapely cut, than was common among Saxons. His dress consisted of a tight-fitting jerkin, descending nearly to his knees. The material was a light-blue cloth, while over his shoulder hung a short cloak of a darker hue. His cap was of Saxon fashion, and he wore on one side a little plume of a heron. In a somewhat costly belt hung a light short sword, while across his knees lay a crossbow, in itself almost a sure sign of its bearer being of other than Saxon blood. The boy looked anxiously as party after party rode past towards the castle.

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