

Mary Rose Tudor looked up from her sewing to the door of her mother's privy chamber. She was silently hoping that, at any moment, her brother Harry would burst through the door and demand that Mary go outside and play. How she longed to leave her sewing behind and play hide and seek with Harry out in the garden maze. Or to talk of court gossip with Charles Brandon.

Charles was the same age Mary's oldest brother, Arthur, would have been. Arthur and Charles had been very good friends even though they were very different. The two boys often talked together, but could not play because Arthur was often ill. He was very thin and very pale.

While Arthur preferred to stay indoors and study, Charles loved the outdoors! Most of all, he loved to watch the jousts. He couldn't wait until he was old enough to put on the heavy, silver metal armor and climb up on his horse to joust in the King's honor.

After their Arthur died, Charles and Harry had become inseparable. They both adored sports and games. They loved all kinds of entertainment: masques, dancing, poetry, and music. Though Harry was too stuck up and proud to admit it, the fact was that Charles also knew *everything*.