



CARTIER
Jacques

VOLUME 1
BRAVE EXPLORERS EVERY CHILD
SHOULD KNOW



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Jacques Cartier

Volume 1 in the Series...

Brave Explorers Every Child Should Know

by

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Chapter 1

1502

“Jacques! Jacques! Where are you?” Elnora peeked under her parents’ [bed](#) but found nothing. Above her, the canopy moved. “Aha! I got you now.” Elnora grabbed a stool and put it at the end of the bed. She stood atop its footboard and peeked over the canopy.

“Oh it’s you. You’ve fallen through the roof again, have ye?” Her cat, Adele, bathed herself in the luxury of the noonday sun that burst its dazzling rays through the ceiling. Elnora looked up where a gaping hole revealed a blue sky. The [thatched roof](#) where Adele liked to chase birds and mice had broken through. “So it’s raining cats today, is it?” Elnora giggled. “Wait until Mama hears about this. She’ll be shooing you off and putting Jacques to work on that roof by and by.”

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Elnora climbed down, walked toward the large [window](#) and peeked through one of the small rectangular panes of glass toward the gray expanse of the gulf of St. Malo. She scanned the crowded [beach](#) looking for her brother Jacques, but only saw men loading cargo on and off ships, fishermen casting their nets, and waves rolling on and off of the shore.

As usual, Jacques was nowhere in sight.

She made her way down the stairs and into the main area of the house where her mother stood over a pot stirring [lamb stew](#) in the fireplace.

“Mama, do you know where Jacques is?”

Mrs. Cartier turned from the pot and back to the [apple pies](#) on the table. “If I know your brother, he’s down at the docks gettin’ in the way of the ship builders.”

“But he promised to play [backgammon](#) with me.” Elnora sulked and plopped onto the bench beside the table.

“Elnora, don’t pout. If you want to play, go play. If not, lend me your hands. The cook is out today and I’m trying to get things ready for your father before he gets home tonight.”

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Elnora picked up an apple and bit into it. “Adele fell through the roof again.”

Mrs. Cartier sighed. “She was on the canopy?”

“Yes. Chasing a bug.”

“Likely the bug fell through the roof and she jumped up there to get it. Go find your brother and have him check the thatch just in case. I don’t want it raining both cats and dogs tonight.”

Elnora giggled. “Yes, Mama. Shall I take Papa some bread?”

“Yes.” Mrs. Cartier walked to the counter behind her, reached for a cloth bag and looked inside. One small piece of bread remained. She opened another bag and pulled out two [dried fish](#) and added it to the bread sack. “Here you go, Elnora. Tell your brother his meal is here at home if he is hungry. It will hurry him along. I know how hard it is to pull him away from the ships.”

Elnora took the bag, kissed her mother and skipped out of the house onto the cobbled street. She ran down the main street and turned left into an alley that led to the docks. As she neared the shore, the aroma and sounds of the market overwhelmed her

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senses. After rounding the last house, she was greeted with the familiar sight of fishmongers waving dried and fresh fish, flustered women wearing long tunic gowns and [wimples](#) haggling over cod, and impatient mothers scolding their children. Men in stockings and woolen tunics and [peasants](#) wearing dirty, threadbare tunics over clean linen undergarments, strolled between the fish mongers, searching for the perfect specimen for their evening meal.

There were many sea creatures to choose from. Countless large baskets overflowed with all types of fish: [cod](#), [plaice](#) and [pike](#). Lining the beach like giant stuffed pillows were [tunas](#), [mackerels](#), and [porpoises](#). Further up shore a [whale](#) was being [flensed](#) by fishermen as [Louis XII's](#) men stood guard. Large strips of blubber were cut from the great leviathan's body and packed into barrels. The king's men waited impatiently to take it to the palace where it was used for lighting the [monarch's home](#) and making [soap](#). Only the king and his family and friends were allowed to eat whale and porpoise meat. It was against the law for Elnora to take even a bite. Her mouth watered wondering how delicious it must be for only a king to partake.

She finally reached her father and noticed how his skin glowed like copper in the sun as he sat on the edge of his boat,

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mending his net. His feet, in leather boots covered with [pattens](#) to keep them dry, rested on a crate in front of him. He saw his daughter and his face lit with a smile of gapped teeth beneath a thick bushy moustache.

“My sweet Elnora, come and hug your Papa.” He dropped the net, swung his legs around to the outside of the boat and held open his arms.

Elnora ran eagerly inside her father’s embrace as he swung her onto the boat. “You are the sweet one, Papa. And look. I’ve brought you something to eat.” She handed him the bag of bread and fish. “Where is Jacques?”

“The last I saw him he was at Gilroy’s ship, asking questions. That child, always asking questions. I hope he doesn’t get in Gilroy’s way. If I could get him as interested in fishing as he is in ships, I could bring home more cod.” Father shook his head and looked down at the nets, torn from snagging an unseen path of jagged rocks.

“He promised to play a game of backgammon with me. And he left without doing so.”

“Well, now, we can’t have that, can we? Fetch your brother

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and tell him Papa says to play backgammon with the apple of his eye.”

“Me, Papa?”

“Who else?”

“But what about Jacques? Isn’t he your apple, too?”

“Non. Jacques is the plum. You, my sweet daughter, are the apple.”

“Papa, you’re teasing.”

“Aye, indeed I am. Go on now. Find your brother. And don’t forget to be good to your mother. I’ll be home early tonight. We can see how good your backgammon is then, yes?”

“I shall win, Papa. Wait and see.”

Elnora jumped out of her father’s boat and toward the builder’s cottage. The ship he was constructing was nearly finished, and Elnora could see sailors hoisting the sails and painting the outside of the vessel.

“Jacques! Jacques!” Elnora ran up the ramp and climbed aboard the huge vessel. She made her way through busy men sand-

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ing boards, [tying knots](#), and washing the deck. “Jacques!”

“What are you doing here, Missy? This is no place for a little girl.” The foreman, Marc Le Meur stopped Elnora. “Aren’t you Cartier’s girl?”

“Yes, I’m looking for Jacques. Have you seen him?”

“Try looking up.”

Elnora placed a hand over her eyes and looked up into the sky. Atop the foremast stood Jacques in the crow’s nest, holding a cross-shaped instrument to his eyes and looking toward the horizon.

“Jacques! Jacques!”

Jacques peered down at his sister, jumping and waving on the deck below.

“I see you, Elnora. What are you doing here?”

“I want to play. Come down and play with me.”

Jacques sighed and turned back toward the ocean. There was nothing about it he didn’t love: the way the waves grew with white tops and pounded their frothy heads against jagged rocks;

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how the sea rocked him to sleep on his father's boat, and yielded up food for hungry bellies. He vowed to one day ride upon its shimmering, undulating surface and sail to places yet unseen, like his hero Columbus. No one yet had found a route to the Far East by sea, but he would. The only way to get there now was by traveling a dangerous route through Turkey and the Middle East where the Islamic Empires fought for control of the region. The way was also rife with thieves who robbed merchant caravans.

Cartier promised himself that he would study hard and become the greatest sea captain anyone had ever known. He would slay any sea monster in his wake, and be so brave that the fiercest storm would fail to sink his ship. He would...

“Jacques! Are you coming down or not?”

His sister's voice snapped him back to reality. He looked down at her and back again at the ocean. Ever since the day they'd installed the crow's nest, Jacques had spent every second in it.

“Jacques! Does Mama know you're up there?”

“Why don't you come up and join me, Elnora? You should see what it's like. You can see all the way to China!”

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Elnora grinned and tied up her [pellote](#) . She placed her bare feet on the rope ladder's rungs and climbed halfway up before she realized how far above the ground she was. She looked down and the wind moved the ladder. Her dress flapped in the wind and the force caused her to grab tighter to the ropes.

“Jacques! I'm affrighted!”

“Don't be affrighted. I do this all the time. Don't look down. Look up at me.”

Elnora looked up at her brother and slowly climbed. But the higher up she went, the harder the wind blew, and her tunic kept getting tangled in her feet.

“Jacques! I can't!” Tears shone wet on her cheeks and her wimple came loose and covered her eyes. Her small hands were tired from clinging to the thick ropes. She began to slip.

“Jacques!” There was no strength left in her hands, and her legs felt like the jellyfish Papa found in his nets. She felt the wind push against her skirts and her limbs fall away from the ladder.

“Jacques! Help!”

“Elnora!”

NORTH



Jacques Cartier's Voyages

— Cartier's First Trip (1534)

— Cartier's Second Trip (1535-36)

— Cartier's Third Trip (1541-42)

Saint Lawrence River

Chaleur Bay

Anticosti Island

Gulf of Saint Lawrence

Newfoundland

Labrador

Strait of Belle Isle

Stadacona (Quebec City)

Hochelaga (Montreal)

Lachine Rapids

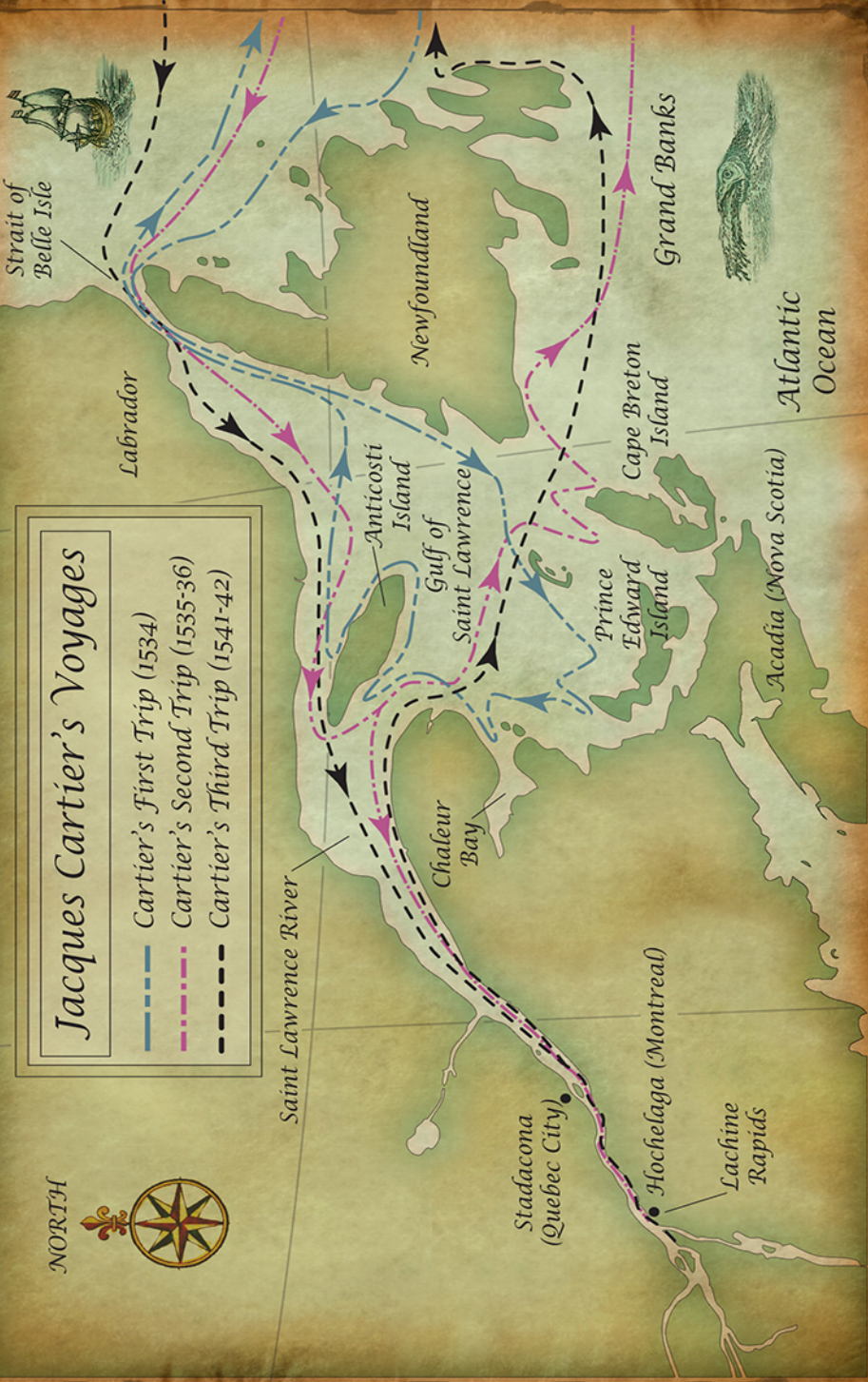
Prince Edward Island

Cape Breton Island

Grand Banks

Acadia (Nova Scotia)

Atlantic Ocean



Find out what happens to Elnora and Jacques Cartier as he makes three historic voyages across the Atlantic to the New World. Jacques Cartier is available as a Kindle ebook at Amazon.com.

About the Author:

Karla Akins is a pastor's wife, mother of five, grandma to five beautiful little girls and author of *O Canada! Her Story*. She lives in North Manchester with her husband, twin teenage boys with autism, and three rambunctious dogs. Her favorite color is purple, favorite hobby is book-hoarding, and favorite food group is cupcakes. To learn more about Karla and to sign up for her history blog, go to her website: <http://KarlaAkins.com>.