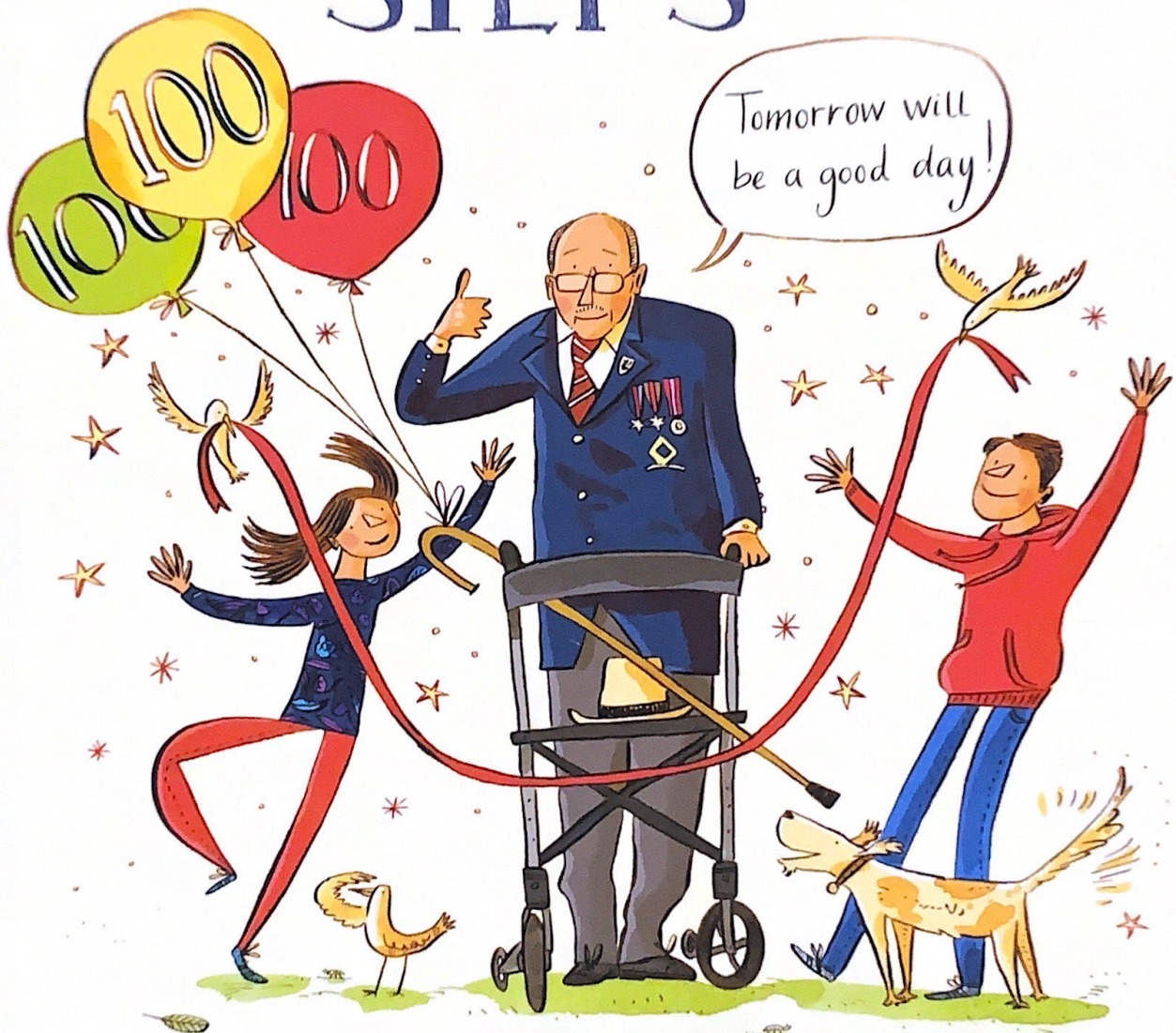




CAPTAIN  
Sir Tom Moore  
**ONE HUNDRED  
STEPS**



Illustrated by  
Adam Larkum

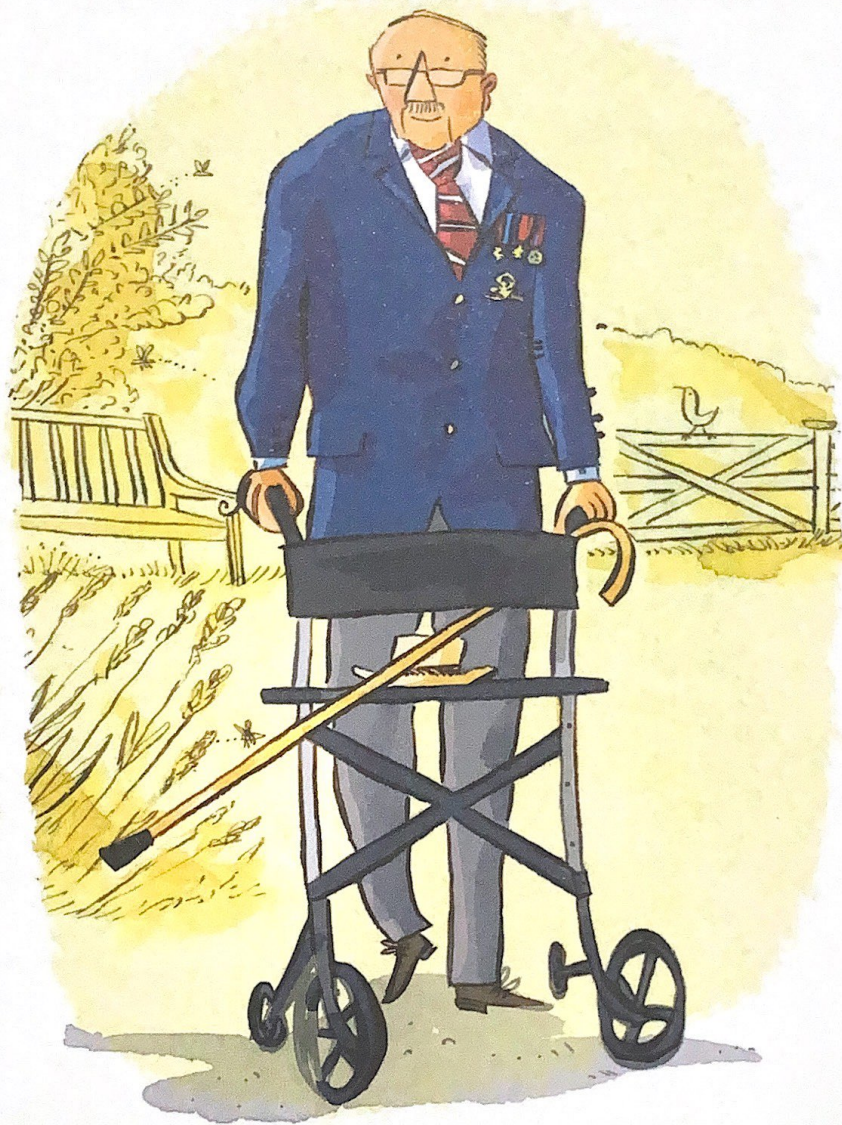
“A wonderful book, fit for a hero of the people” – Michael Morpurgo



ON A BRIGHT APRIL MORNING, a ninety-nine-year-old man stood outside his house and held on to his walking frame. His name was Captain Tom Moore, and he had pledged to walk one hundred lengths of his garden in time for his one hundredth birthday, to raise money for the doctors and nurses risking their lives to save others.

Tom took a deep breath. He knew this wasn't going to be easy. But he told himself one of the many important things he'd learnt during his long life . . .





The first step is always the hardest,  
but unless you take that first step,  
you'll never finish.



Tom grew up in a small town called Keighley, in Yorkshire.  
His dad built houses, and his mum was a teacher.

Even though most boys avoided the kitchen in those days, Tom loved spending hours cooking with his mum. Enormous cakes with coloured icing, thick-crustured pies, and fancy three-course meals. She taught him that it didn't matter who you were . . .



You can do and be  
anything you want.



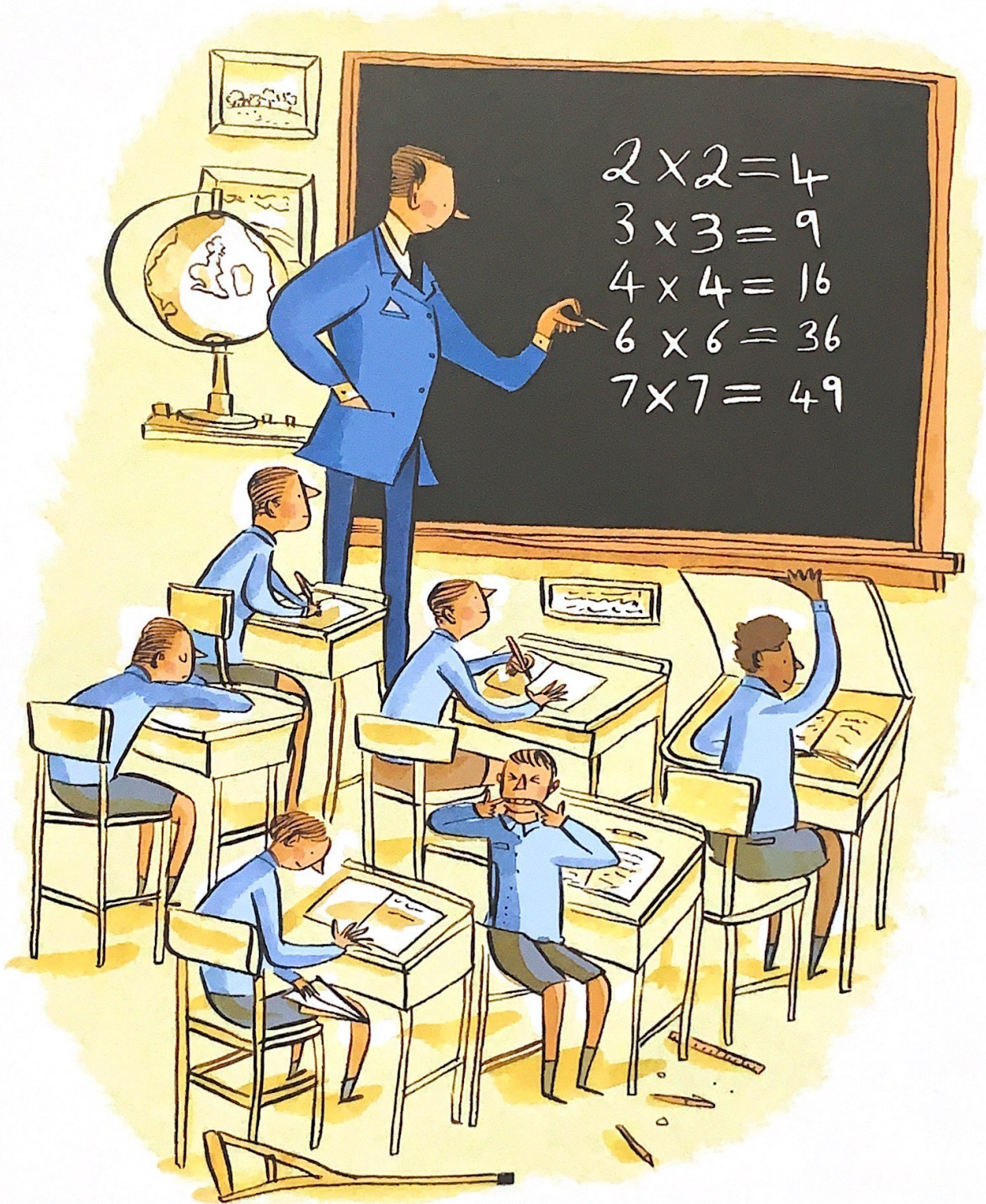
When he wasn't in the kitchen, Tom was outside playing with his dog, Billy. They went everywhere together on adventures in the garden and exploring the town, but best of all they loved running, wild and free, on the Yorkshire moors.



Billy was named after Tom's favourite uncle, who raced motorbikes, and taught Tom how to ride. At night, Tom would lie in bed remembering the roar of the engine and the feeling of freedom he felt as the wheels spun beneath him. *One day*, he said to himself, *I'll have a motorbike of my very own.*



Tom worked hard at school. In lessons he was quiet and well behaved, and he got on with his teachers and classmates.



$$2 \times 2 = 4$$

$$3 \times 3 = 9$$

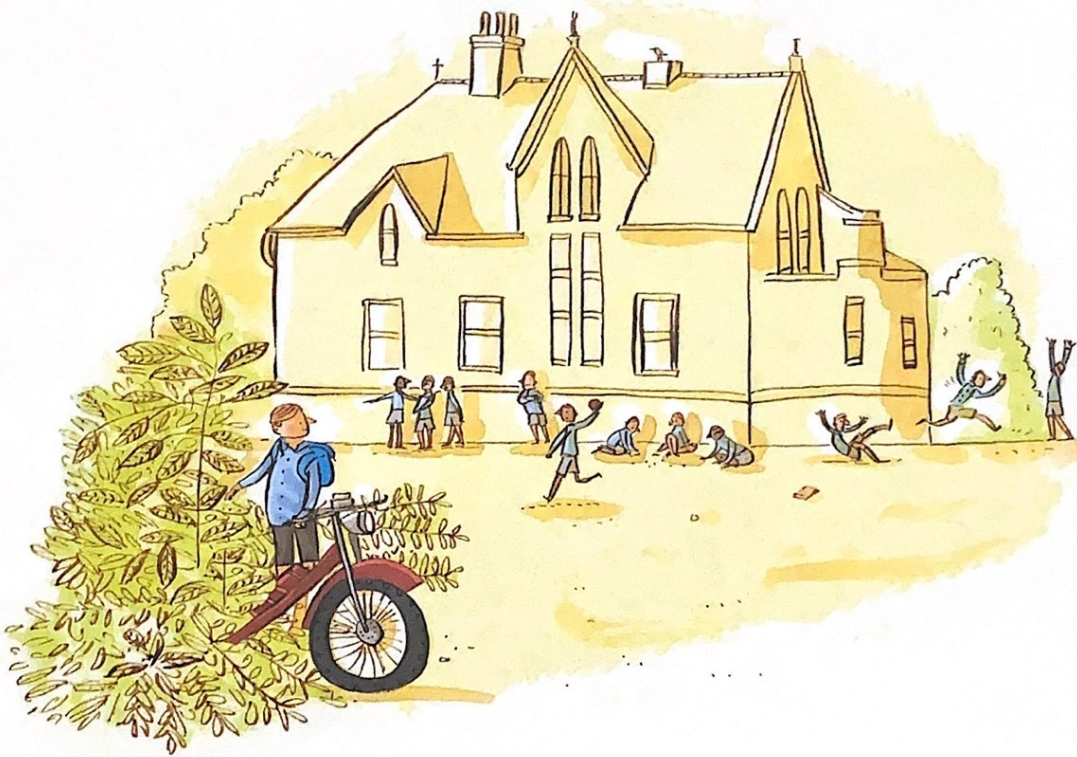
$$4 \times 4 = 16$$

$$6 \times 6 = 36$$

$$7 \times 7 = 49$$



But he wasn't above bending the rules. When he was twelve, Tom bought his first motorbike and he rode it everywhere he could – he would even hide it in the school grounds so that he could look at it at lunchtime!

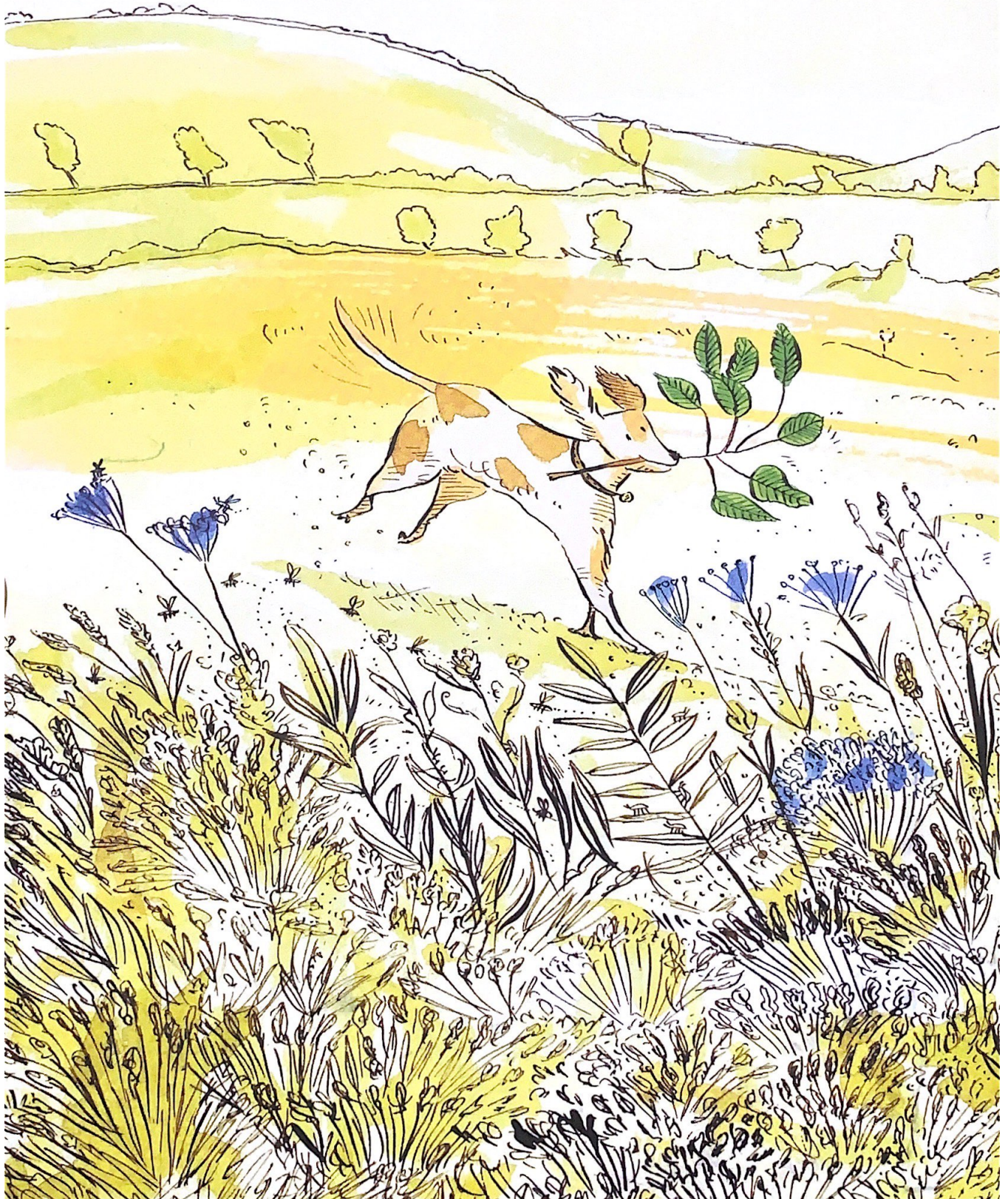


And Tom's motorbike wasn't the only thing he would sneak into school . . .





As Tom grew older, he spent more and more time riding his motorbike. He and Billy would spend whole days racing across the moors, grinning ear to ear as the wind whipped through their hair and the sun bounced brightly off the motorbike.





Every day can be an adventure!



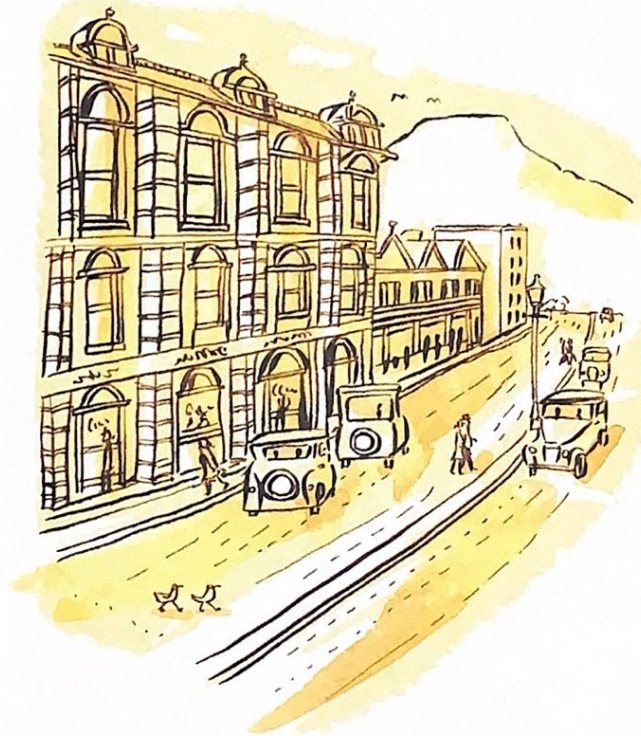
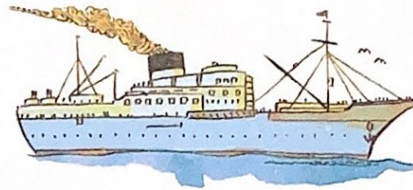


In 1939, when Tom was nineteen, war was declared. It was a worrying time but Tom wanted to serve his country, and so the next year he signed up as an officer in the army. Seagulls wheeled overhead as he waved goodbye to his family to go far away to fight.

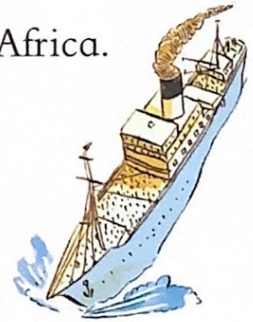




Tom's ship was bound for a country called Burma, in South-east Asia. It made many stops along the way – from the bustling, dusty harbour in Freetown, the capital city of Sierra Leone . . .



. . . to the awe-inspiring  
Table Mountain in  
Cape Town, South Africa.



It took many weeks to reach Burma and Tom would never forget the people he met or the incredible things he saw throughout the journey.





Life in Burma took some getting used to – especially the enormous bugs and creepy-crawlies that lived in the jungle, including a spider as big as Tom’s hand! Tom made use of his love of engines, and his talent for fixing things, by teaching the troops how to ride and fix motorbikes – and then tanks.



War could be scary, and Tom missed his family, but he and his new friends made sure to have fun, too. They would take holidays around the country and even travelled to try to see Mount Everest, the tallest mountain in the world – but it was cloudy, so all they could see was fog.



And on special occasions there were parties and concerts – once, the famous singer Vera Lynn made the long journey from Britain to visit the troops and to sing for them. Tom could hardly believe that he was seeing her with his own eyes!



*I know we'll meet again some sunny day.*



So, even though Tom, along with the rest of the world, was pleased when the war finally ended and he could go home, he missed his friends and the amazing sights he had seen.



Day after day, Tom worked with his dad building houses.



And at night he dreamed of the adventures he used to have.





Tom wasn't ready to give up on adventure though, and he rediscovered the wonderful feeling of freedom that he had always found riding motorbikes. He started to race in events called time trials and he won race after race after race! Tom knew then that even when the sky seems full of dark grey clouds . . .



The sun will shine again.



And the greatest adventure of Tom's life began when he met Pamela. He thought she was the most beautiful person he'd ever seen and made excuses to travel the great distance between their home towns to see her.



Before long, they fell deeply in love.



After Tom and Pamela got married, they had two little girls – Lucy and Hannah. They taught the girls about cooking and about fixing engines.



Hannah was the smallest, so her job was to change the oil in the car!

Tom had never forgotten the lesson his mother had taught him. No matter who you are . . .



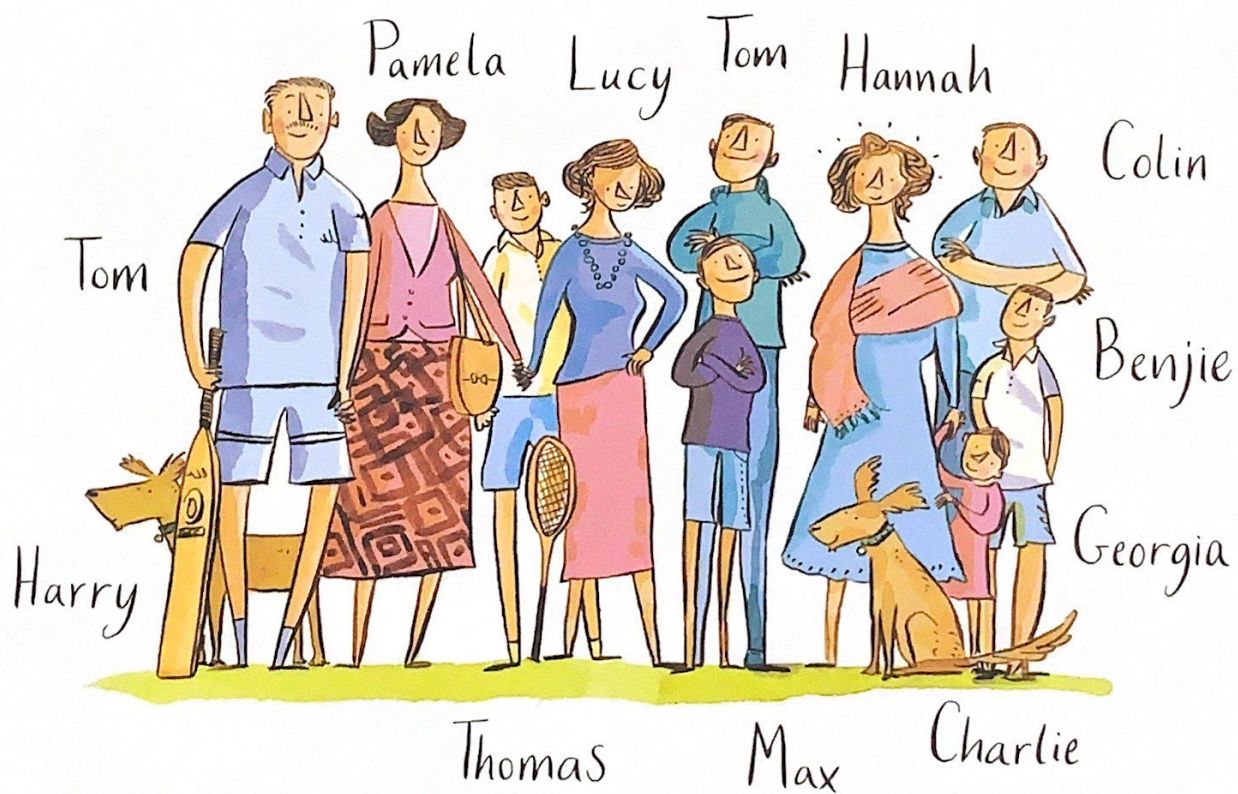
You can do and be anything you want.



As the years went by, Tom and Pamela's family grew  
and grew  
and grew!



Lucy and Hannah had  
children of their own . . .



and there were always new dogs!



Over the years, Tom made sure that the family had lots of adventures, and their days were filled with laughter and mischief – and the dogs made more mischief than anyone!



But sadly, when Pamela was sixty-three years old, she got sick and, eight years later, she passed away.



Without Pamela, Tom was very, very sad. But he surrounded himself with his family and they helped him to find happy days again. In fact, these years were the happiest of his life so far. His family showed Tom that . . .



At the end of the storm,  
there is a golden sky.



They certainly kept him busy fixing things.



He kept an eye on the garden, even though things didn't always go to plan.



And he made sure to go off for the odd adventure . . .



... like travelling to Everest, so that he could finally see it with his own eyes! It was a very long journey for a ninety-year-old and Tom could hardly believe it when he saw Everest at last, the mountain rising, bold and majestic, ahead of him. It took his breath away.



*It's never too late  
for one more  
adventure.*



So, when a dangerous disease swept around the world,  
Tom knew that he had to do something to help others,  
just as his family had helped him.



Together they had the idea . . .



... to raise money  
by walking one hundred lengths of his garden,  
in time for his one hundredth birthday.

