

# the French Revolution

by WooEnglish



## Chapter 1: Hungry Days, Angry Nights

Paris.

Winter.

1788.

The wind was sharp... like a knife. It cut through clothes, skin... even hope.

People walked slowly. Heads down. Hands inside torn pockets. Mothers held their children close, whispering, “Just a little longer... we’ll find something to eat.”

But they didn’t.

The markets were empty. Bread was too expensive. A small loaf cost a whole day’s pay. And even then... there was none left.

Marie, a young girl with dark eyes and a red scarf, stood near a bakery window. Inside, she saw a single loaf. Golden. Warm. Sitting on the shelf like a king on his throne.

Her stomach growled. Her lips were dry.

She turned to her brother, Paul.

“Do you think he’ll give us some?” she asked.

Paul shook his head. “We have no money.”

Marie nodded... slowly. She knew. Still... she didn’t move. She stared at the bread like it was magic.

Inside the bakery, the man behind the counter looked out. He saw her. He looked away..

Around them, voices rose.

“This can’t go on!”

“My children haven’t eaten in two days!”

“Where’s the king? Where’s his help?!”

The crowd grew larger... and louder. A woman shouted, “They eat cake in Versailles, while we eat dirt!”

Someone laughed bitterly. “If we’re lucky.”

Paul pulled Marie’s hand. “Let’s go.”

But Marie stayed. Her voice was quiet. “Why do they hate us?”

“They don’t hate us,” Paul said. “They just don’t care.”

That hurt more.

At night, the city became colder. Fires burned in barrels. People sat close, sharing warmth... but not food. There was no food.

Old men told stories.

“When I was young, we had bad winters,” one said. “But never like this.”

Another added, “Not just winter. The king takes. The nobles take. The priests take. And we...”

“We give,” someone finished. “Until we have nothing.”

Marie listened. Paul watched the flames.

He whispered, “What happens when people have nothing left?”

No one answered.

The next morning, the church bells rang.

But not for mass.

For a death.

A child.

Marie didn't cry. She couldn't. Her eyes were dry now... like the fields outside the city.

Paul stood up. "Enough."

"Enough of what?" she asked.

"Of waiting."

Marie looked up. He was shaking... but not from cold.

He was angry.

All around them, others were angry too. Men with rough hands. Women with tired eyes. Young boys with no shoes. Old men with empty hands.

The anger was quiet at first. Like a whisper.

Then it became louder. Like thunder.

Something had changed.

In the hunger... in the cold...

a fire had started.

Not in the streets.

But in the hearts of the people.

They were ready.

And nothing... not even the king... could stop what was coming.

## Chapter 2: The Privileged Few

The palace at Versailles was golden.

Golden walls. Golden plates. Golden shoes.

It was like a dream... if you were inside.

Outside?

The dream ended. The real world returned. Cold, grey, and hungry.

But inside... the music played.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" the announcer called. "The queen has arrived!"

Everyone turned.

Marie Antoinette entered the ballroom. Her dress was blue silk. Her hair was high, like a mountain. Diamonds sparkled on her neck.

She smiled. She laughed. She danced.

A servant poured her wine. Red and rich. Another brought cakes—pink, soft, sweet.

And outside...

A girl named Elise watched from behind the palace gate.

Her hands were red from the cold. Her clothes, thin and wet. She had walked for hours. No shoes. No food. Just hope.

Hope... that maybe someone would help.

But the guards laughed. "Go away, girl."

One threw a coin at her feet.

She didn't pick it up..

Inside the palace, a nobleman raised his glass.

“To France!” he said. “The greatest kingdom in the world!”

They all cheered.

But they did not know France. Not the real one.

The real France worked in the fields.

The real France carried water on its back.

The real France paid taxes... while the rich paid none.

Yes.

The nobles paid nothing.

The priests paid nothing.

The king? He asked for more.

And the people?

They gave. And gave. And broke..

Elise sat on a stone near the road.

She looked at the stars. They were beautiful. Far away. Like everything else she needed.

Her father used to say, “The stars belong to everyone.”

But now, even the stars felt stolen.

She heard footsteps. A woman walked past in a fur coat. She didn’t look at Elise. She didn’t see her at all.

In this country, some people were invisible.

Elise whispered, “Do they even know we exist?”

No one answered.

At the palace, laughter filled the halls.

Marie Antoinette danced faster. Her shoes sparkled. Her hands clapped to the music.

She said, “Why do they always complain?”

A lady beside her replied, “They just need discipline.”

They laughed again.

They didn’t see the anger outside.

They didn’t feel the hunger growing.

They didn’t hear the sound of footsteps... thousands of footsteps... moving closer every day..

Somewhere in a dark street, a boy held a candle.

He said to his friend, “They think we are nothing.”

His friend replied, “Then let’s show them we are something.”

That night, the candle stayed lit.

And more candles followed.

Not for light.

For change.

Because in France, not everyone lived like kings.

Some lived like ghosts.

But ghosts can speak.

And ghosts can rise.



## Chapter 3: A Crown of Silence

Louis sat on the throne.

He was king of France.

But his face... looked tired.

He looked out the window. Gardens. Birds. Bright skies.

Everything was calm. Quiet.

Too quiet.

“Your Majesty,” said an advisor. “The people are upset. There is no bread. The prices are rising.”

Louis nodded... but said nothing.

“We must act soon,” the man continued. “They are angry. Hungry. Desperate.”

Still... silence.

Louis stood, slowly. He walked to a map of France. His finger touched Paris.

Then he looked away.

“I need more time,” he said. “Let me think.”

But the people were not waiting..

Across the country, mothers cried.

Not because their children were sick...

But because their children were starving.

“No more flour,” said the baker. “Try again tomorrow.”

Tomorrow?

They needed bread today.



In the market, a woman shouted, “My baby is dying!”

A man beside her growled, “While the king eats meat and gold!”

Another added, “And the queen wears pearls the size of eggs!”

They all knew the stories.

Marie Antoinette and her dresses.

Her diamonds. Her dances. Her smile.

“She says, ‘Let them eat cake,’” someone whispered.

“Cake?!” another spat. “We have nothing!”

The words spread like fire.

And fire... was coming..

In Versailles, the queen looked in the mirror.

“Does this necklace suit me?” she asked.

Her maid smiled. “Very much, Your Majesty.”

Marie laughed. “Then I’ll wear it tonight.”

Outside, a servant passed. He had heard the screams.

Seen the crowds.

He knew what was coming.

But no one asked him.

He said nothing.

And so... the palace stayed quiet.

Too quiet..

In the city, voices rose.

Louder. Stronger.

“They must listen!”

“They must *see* us!”

But the king did not see.

And the queen did not hear.

They were behind tall walls.

Walls of gold... and silence.

Elise, the girl from before, stood in the crowd.

Her voice joined the others.

“We want bread!”

“We want justice!”

She had never shouted before.

But now, her voice felt powerful. Alive.

Because when no one listens...

You shout.

When no one sees you...

You rise.

And when a crown becomes too heavy...

It falls.

Inside the palace, the music played.

The king walked in slow steps.

He looked around the room. So many faces. So many smiles.

He raised his glass. “To peace,” he said softly.

But outside... there was no peace.

Only noise.

Only fire.

Only the sound of people...

Waking up.



## Chapter 4: Dangerous Ideas

The room was small.

Dark.

Quiet.

Only one candle burned.

On the table... a book.

Old. Worn. Full of thoughts that could change the world.

Paul turned the page slowly. His eyes moved over each word like a prayer.

*“Man is born free... but everywhere he is in chains,”* he read.

He looked up at his sister, Marie.

“Do you hear that?” he whispered. “Born free...”

Marie sat by the window. She said nothing. But she was listening..

This book was written by a man named Rousseau.

And it was not the only one.

There were others.

Voltaire.

Montesquieu.

Diderot.

They asked questions.

Strong questions.

Dangerous questions.

“Why does the king have all the power?”

“Why do the rich pay nothing... while the poor give everything?”

“Why are we not equal?”

These books were banned.

But still... they spread.

Passed from hand to hand.

Read in whispers.

Hid under floorboards.

And in the silence of small rooms... people began to think.

To wonder.

To hope..

One night, Paul sat in a tavern.

He spoke to an old man with a long coat and a sharp voice.

“We work. We pay. We starve,” Paul said. “But they live like gods.”

The man nodded. “Yes... but ideas are stronger than kings.”

He opened his coat. Inside were books.

“Take one,” he said. “Read. Learn. Then teach others.”

Paul took it with shaking hands.

He had never touched power before.

Now he held it.

Right there... in his palms..

In the streets, things were changing.

Not fast... but clearly.

A boy asked his father, “Why do we have no bread?”

The father answered, “Because they take it from us.”

A woman told her neighbor, "I read something last night... it said we have rights."

Rights.

That word was new.

Strange.

Beautiful.

"Rights?" the neighbor asked.

"Yes," she said. "We are not animals. We are people."

And just like that... a fire lit in her eyes..

In Versailles, the nobles began to worry.

"These books are poison," one said.

"They make the peasants think," said another.

The king was told.

"Stop the books. Arrest the writers."

But it was too late.

Because once an idea is born...

you cannot kill it.

You cannot burn it.

You cannot silence it.

It moves like the wind.

Through doors.

Over walls.

Into hearts.

.In their small room, Paul closed the book.

"We deserve more," he said.

Marie looked at him. Her eyes were tired... but bright.

“You believe that now?” she asked.

He nodded. “Yes. I do.”

She stood, walked to the table, and picked up the book.

“Then let’s believe it together.”

Outside, the wind howled.

But inside... a new world was waking up.



## Chapter 5: The Voice of the People

The hall was full.

Men stood in rows. Their coats were old, but their eyes... were bright.

It was May, 1789.

For the first time in 175 years, the king had called the Estates-General.

Three groups.

Three voices.

One country.

The First Estate — the Church.

The Second Estate — the Nobles.

And the Third Estate... the People..

Paul stood with the Third.

Farmers. Bakers. Teachers. Merchants.

They had no power. But they had something stronger.

Hope.

He looked around the room. The nobles wore wigs and jewels. The priests held crosses.

And the people... wore the truth.

They had walked for days. Some were hungry. Some were tired.

But all of them were ready.

The king sat above them. Quiet. Still.

He said, "Speak."

And the voices began.



A man from the First Estate stood.

“The Church serves God and king. We must protect order.”

A noble from the Second Estate rose next.

“We have ruled for centuries. That must not change.”

Then... a voice from the Third.

A tailor. Thin. Nervous.

But he spoke.

“We work. We pay taxes. We bleed for this land. And yet... we have no say.”

Murmurs filled the room.

Another man stood.

“We are not asking for kindness. We are demanding justice!”

Then Paul stepped forward. His voice was not loud... but it carried.

“We are France,” he said. “Without us, there is no food. No streets. No kingdom. So why do we have no power?”

The room fell silent.

Even the king looked up.

.But the silence did not last.

“No!” a noble shouted.

“You forget your place!” cried another.

“This is dangerous talk!”

The king rose.

“Enough,” he said. “Each estate will vote separately.”

Gasps.

This meant the First and Second Estates — the rich — would win. Again.

The Third Estate stood frozen. Angry. Betrayed.

It wasn't fair. It wasn't just.

They had come to speak.

But the door... was closing.

The next morning, Paul arrived at the meeting hall.

The doors were locked.

"What's happening?" someone asked.

"They shut us out," another replied. "We're not welcome anymore."

Paul looked around. Dozens of men. Shivering. Confused.

Then, one voice said, "Follow me."

They walked. Past shops. Past guards.

To a small indoor tennis court.

There... they gathered.

There... they stood.

Someone raised a hand.

"Let us make a promise. Right here. Right now."

Paul nodded.

"We will not leave... until we have a constitution. A voice. A place in our own country."

Dozens of hands rose in the air.

"Yes!"

"We swear it!"

The Tennis Court Oath.

Not a war. Not a fire.

But a promise.

A promise that the people would not be quiet.

Not anymore..

In the palace, the king was told.

“They have formed their own assembly.”

Louis turned away.

But he could not turn forever.

Because when the people speak...

the world listens.



## Chapter 6: Bastille Falls

Paris.

July 14.

1789.

The sky was grey. The air... heavy.

But the streets were alive.

Not with music.

Not with joy.

With footsteps. Voices. Fire.

The people were moving.

Men. Women. Young. Old.

With sticks. With stones. With anger in their hearts.

They marched... not for bread.

Not just for justice.

They marched for freedom..

Paul held Marie's hand tightly.

They were in the crowd now. Thousands around them.

"What are we doing?" Marie asked.

Paul's voice was calm... but fierce.

"We're taking back our future."

Ahead of them stood a great stone building.

The Bastille.

Tall. Dark. Cold.

A prison... and a symbol.

Not just of walls.

But of fear.

Inside were weapons.

Gunpowder.

And prisoners.

But outside...

Outside was power.

The power of the people..

The crowd stopped. For a moment, there was silence.

Then—

A shout.

“Open the gates!”

The guards stood still. Nervous. Sweating.

They didn’t expect this.

Another voice:

“We are the nation! You serve *us* now!”

Then—

A shot.

No one knew who fired first.

But once it started...

It did not stop.

Boom.

Crack.

Smoke. Screams. Fire.

Marie covered her ears. Paul pulled her behind a cart.

All around them, people ran, fell, shouted.

“We need more!”

“Bring the cannons!”

“Down with the Bastille!”.

Hours passed. The sun climbed. Then dropped.

The people did not leave.

They did not break.

And finally... the gates began to fall.

Stone by stone.

Hand by hand.

The Bastille... was breaking.

At last—

The prison surrendered.

The people rushed in.

They freed the prisoners.

They took the weapons.

And they took... a piece of history.

That night, Paris burned with light.

Not from fire.

From candles in windows.

From hope.

Paul stood in the square. His hands were black with dust.

But his eyes... were bright.

Marie looked at him.

“You were right,” she said. “We *can* change things.”

He smiled.

“We already have.”

Someone nearby held up a broken chain.

“Never again!” he shouted.

Another raised a piece of the Bastille wall.

“This is our victory!”

And the crowd answered...

With cheers.

With tears.

With the sound of a new beginning.

Untitled.

In Versailles, the king heard the news.

“The Bastille has fallen,” his servant whispered.

Louis sat in silence.

He did not speak.

He could not.

He looked out the window.

The world... was different now.

And it would never be the same.



#### THE END

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