Chapter 10

Rose becomes Ill

The happy days quickly came to an end. Rose became ill. So ill that her aunt thought she was going to die. “Don’t say that,” said Oliver. “She makes everyone so happy. Heaven will never let her die so young.” “She has a fever. I’ve heard of this fever. It will get worse,” said Mrs. Maylie. “Go at once and fetch Dr. Losberne. He’ll know what to do.” She gave him a letter. “You must travel four miles to deliver it to the station. Once there, they’ll take it from there on horseback to Chertsey.” At the last moment, she gave him another letter. It was addressed to a Henry Maylie, Esquire. Oliver was off at once.

He ran across fields and down little lanes. Finally, he came to the station. He paused and looked about the inn next door. He hurried up the path and knocked into a man coming out of the inn. “Curses to you,” raged the man. “What are you doing here? You haunt me and will continue to do so. Death upon your heart!” Oliver was shaken by the man’s appearance. He had purple lips and sores covered his hands. He tried to grab Oliver but Oliver was too fast, for the man had been drinking. As Oliver ran, he turned to see the man fall to the ground with a foaming mouth. Oliver quickly forgot about the strange man. He ventured forward, delivered the letter, and rushed home to be by Rose’s side. She had grown worse. A local doctor was standing over her. “It would be a miracle if she makes it,” he said.

LIVEWORKSHEETS

Oliver didn't sleep a wink that night. He prayed to God to save the woman's life who had saved his own. Dr. Losberne arrived late the next evening. "So loved. So young. But I am afraid there is very little hope," he declared. That day, Oliver crept away to a churchyard and spent the day in prayer. When he returned, Mrs. Maylie was sitting alone in the parlor crying. Oliver's heart sank. She hadn't left Rose's side at all. What did this mean? Dr. Losberne walked into the room. He took his hat off. "Tell me," cried Mrs. Maylie. "Is she dead?" "No!" cried the good doctor. "She is not dead nor will she die. She will live to see many more days!" They all fell upon their knees and gave thanks through their tears of joy. The next day, Oliver went out to the fields to gather flowers for Rose's room. When he returned, he saw a young man getting out of a carriage. Mrs. Maylie was looking at him through the open door. "Mother! I just heard the news. Rose will live! Why didn't you call for me sooner? If she had . . . I can't even bring myself to say the word." He kissed his mother on the cheek. "I would never have known happiness again if anything had happened."



"There is a stain on her name. If you marry her, that stain becomes yours. It's of no fault of hers. But if you had children, they would feel the shame." "Mother! There is no shame. I love her.

LIVEWORKSHEETS

I would protect her always and never leave her." "You think so now, Harry. But the world is cruel," Mrs. Maylie said. "It would be crueler to never love her. I have suffered greatly without her. My heart is set on Rose. If you oppose me, you strip away all of my happiness." "It is because I love both of you so much that I want to spare your future broken hearts. But come," she grabbed his hands and kissed them. "We can talk of this later." "Will you tell her I am here?" asked Harry. Harry had to wait until the fever was gone before he could see Rose. When she saw him, her eyes filled with tears. "You shouldn't have come. Your future is bright and must not include me." "My future is you!" exclaimed Harry. "Without you, I am nothing." He took her chin in his hand. "Do you love me as I love you?" Rose blushed. "Yes, but there are too many people who would mock you. My background is not worthy. You must go." "If you want me to go, you first must promise me one thing. In a year's time, I will come back to you and you must once again talk of our love." Rose agreed as Harry fled the room. He was too pained to turn to get one last look of the woman he loved. Outside, resting from his sleepless nights filled with prayers for Rose, Oliver saw Fagin's face flash before him. He shuddered. Was it a dream? He then heard a rustle in the bushes. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Fagin and the man with the purple lips. Oliver screamed for help. Harry rushed outside to him. He helped Giles and Brittles look about the property but didn't see any signs of the men. "You've had many troubles, Oliver," said Harry. "Perhaps you are dreaming about them now." But Oliver knew the truth. It was Fagin and his helper coming to take him away from his new family.

LIVEWORKSHEETS