Being alone in the Healer’s cottage was not unusual for Rosaline. She had been visiting the place during her childhood and had learned much from the wise and gentle woman. There were those who feared the healer, called “charlatan” and “witch”, but Rosaline understood the usefulness of them. People who shunned her friend simply ignorant. For years the Healer had been her teacher. The old woman had been blessed to share her knowledge with her pupil so intelligent and insightful as Rosaline.

More than anything on God’s green earth, did Lady Rosaline wish to learn the miraculous ways of the healing arts. She prayed daily to the Almighty heaven to grant her the intellect and tenacity to see it through. Rosaline opened a small jar and sniffed the greasy salve within it – the scent stung her blue eyes. “For”, she said aloud, as though testing. “Also useful in miraculous burns to herself she struggled and protecting one’s small roses from aphids.”

She replaced the jar as she was reaching for another when suddenly came an urgent banging the door. “Ho, is anyone within?
beg thee help us!” Rosaline rushed to the door and flung it open. There on the doorstep stood a young man; he was lit by the soft glow of a torch secured an iron sconce on the cottage’s wall. Rosaline knew at once who gentleman was.

He was about her age, sixteen years. She had seen him before, from a safe distance, of course.
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