

Sacrifice And Love

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By : 199429

This is my first romantic short story. Hope you'll enjoy it!

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By Faisal Fransu

Polly's father had been in the hospital for several months, but his health kept deteriorating. She could not enjoy anything while her father was dying. She would visit him every morning just to hear his sweet voice, in case he would die that day.

Polly was a sixteen year-old girl who lived in-it's not important where she lived. But even though we don't know where she lived, we do know that she was very sweet and kind. It was thought by many that she was a fairy, but she laughed at this idea. A number of gentlemen had fallen in love with her, but she had refused them all.

To return to our story now. Polly did not want to lose her beloved father. After all, wasn't he the only parent that she had? He was everything to her. Her mother had died some years earlier.

One day, after she had returned home from the hospital, a young gentleman was standing at her door, ready to greet her.

“ Oh, hello, Harry,” Polly greeted him as they entered the house together. “ I'm sorry for keeping you waiting at the door so long.”

“ Oh that was alright,” he replied cheerfully. “ So how's Uncle Sam?”

“ Well I've just returned from the hospital,” she said, almost crying. “ The doctor says there's no hope for him.”

“ Don't you think that you should do something to make him happy just before he leaves this world?” Harry asked.

“ What can I do to bring joy to his heart before he goes away?” she questioned him wonderingly.

“ Um...” he hesitated for a moment. “ Well you can't! Marry me. Don't you think that your father will be pleased to see that you won't be left alone when he's gone?”

“ I'm sorry, but I don't want to marry you,” Polly told him resolutely but kindly. “ I'm not in love with anyone.”

“ Goodbye then,” he said and then left the house.

A week after this conversation, Polly's father said his goodbye. She could not believe that her father and best friend was no longer with her.

“ No! I won't believe it!” she thought. But it was true.

Her father was gone forever.

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The poor girl spent several months mourning for her dear father, but as you already know, crying does not bring the dead back to life; however, she still did nothing but cry all day long.

A year after the death of her father, Polly received a visitor who was none other than Harry. Now in case you don't know, Harry was her cousin.

“How's everything?” he asked as he sat beside her on the sofa.

“Life is so hard,” she replied. “I'm so lonely.”

“Do you remember when I had asked to marry you?” he said in a sad voice. “But you refused. That's why you're so lonely, because you have no husband to love and take care of you. Polly, I really love you. I would do anything that you want me to. Just say that you will marry me, please.”

“But I have no romantic feelings toward you,” she told him rather shyly.

Suddenly, he remembered something that made him shake with excitement. So after she had brought in two cups of coffee he said, “Will you marry me if I do something great for you?”

“Well, if it's really great I might,” she answered wonderingly. “What are you going to do?”

“I can't tell you now,” he smiled. Then after he had finished his coffee, he departed.

Going to her parents' bedroom, Polly saw a picture of her father and mother hugging each other. This picture was taken on the day of their wedding. There was another picture on the wall which showed her parents standing together. She was in her mother's arms: this picture was taken when she was born.

This was enough for Poor Polly. So she flung herself on their bed and sobbed as if her heart would break. Both her parents were gone forever. Life was very miserable without them. She was left in this big house all by herself. Actually, she had a very wonderful house. But what good is a house if you're the only person living in it?

While she was eating breakfast the next morning, the telephone rang.

“Hello?” she began.

“Hi, It's Dr. Joshua,” the caller said. “Your cousin, Harry, is in the hospital.”

“Is he very sick?” she asked worryingly.

“He is,” replied the doctor. “But he will survive. Do you think you could come and visit him?”

“I'll be there in twenty minutes,” Polly told him. She was very worried about him. After all, didn't he love her?

When she was all ready to go, she opened the door to leave the house when something shocking happened. Polly saw two familiar faces coming toward her. Polly was just as bewildered as they were.

“Polly! Is that you?” called one of them.

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“Yes, it’s me!” and then they were in each other’s arms. She couldn’t believe that her parents were alive again!

“But how did it happen?” she asked.

“We don’t know, dear,” replied her mother in her old sweet voice.

In her excitement, Polly had almost forgotten about Harry, when her father said, “Where are you going?”

“Oh! Cousin Harry is sick in the hospital,” she answered.

“Let’s all go together then,” proposed her mother.

When they entered the room where Harry was, they saw how pale and weak he was. In fact, he could not sit up at all.

“I’m glad to see you again, Uncle Sam and Aunt Hannah,” he said, breathing hard. “I’ve been expecting you.”

“We’re happy to see you too, dear Harry,” said both of them as they shook hands with him.

“But how did you know that we were coming?” asked Polly’s father.

“Well! My sickness is the reason why you’re alive now,” replied Harry, trying to smile. “Let me tell you the whole story. I had promised Polly that I was going to do something great for her. So last night, I

decided to visit Mr. Joshua the magician, who’s a friend of my father’s. He knew how to make the water of life, which could bring people back to life. One of the things that was needed to make the water of life was blood. So I decided to donate from my own blood. When the two cups of the water of life were ready, I took them to your tombs and poured them in your mouths. But when I was leaving the cemetery, I began to feel dizzy and then I fell to the ground and was unconscious for a couple of hours. When I came back to consciousness again, I found myself lying in this bed.”

“Did you do all this just for me?” Polly went over to him and sobbed as if her heart would break.

Because of his sacrifice to bring her parents back to life, Harry had finally won Polly’s heart and love. Several months later, Polly became Harry’s wife and he became her husband.

The end.

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