

Minutes later, Samuel died. Rose was devastated; she knelt down at her brother's bedside and wept. When she felt that she could cry no more, Rose stood up and walked out on to the veranda. It was a clear, beautiful morning and the sun was beating down on the village surrounding her home. The huts were empty – the happy, smiling people who used to live in them were gone. Suddenly, Rose was full of hatred for the Germans. They were responsible for her brother's death – the destruction of the mission had broken his heart.

Now Rose was all alone in the world. She had dedicated her life to helping her brother build the mission, and she had no idea what she would do next. As Rose wondered about her future, she saw a familiar figure in the distance. It was Charlie Allnutt, the English mechanic who worked at a gold mine further up the river. Samuel had always disapproved of Allnutt because he never went to church, but he was English and a friendly face and Rose waved to him to come nearer.

Allnutt approached the house with caution. "Where is everyone, miss?" he asked.

"Gone," said Rose. "The Germans took them."

Allnutt shook his head. "The same thing happened at the mine," he said. "I took the boat to Limbasi to get food and supplies and by the time I got back everyone had disappeared."

"You have a boat?" said Rose.

"Yes, miss," replied Allnutt. "The African Queen. She's tied up nearby."

"I see," said Rose.

"Where's the Reverend, miss? Your brother?" asked Allnutt.

Rose paused. "He's...he's inside," she said. "He's...dead."

Allnutt gasped. "Oh, I'm sorry to hear that, miss."

Rose nodded. She could feel tears in her eyes, but refused to start crying.

"Are you all right, miss?" asked the mechanic.

"Yes, yes, I'm fine," said Rose. "Why don't you come inside?"

Allnutt removed his hat and followed Rose into the house. He mumbled his condolences when he saw her brother's body.

"How long has he been dead, miss?" he asked.

"About two hours," said Rose.

