

washing and mending their clothes. A week went by, and Rose began to doubt that the ship would ever come back. She feared that her plan would fail.

Then, one morning, Rose and Allnutt saw black smoke and a small, white dot in the distance. The Queen Louisa had finally returned.

"Rose," said Allnutt. "I think we should wait until the early hours of the morning to attack. What do you say?"

"Yes," answered Rose. "Let's surprise them. They won't know what hit them."

Towards evening, the ship dropped anchor at a nearby island. The pair had much to prepare and stayed up the whole night to ensure their plan went smoothly.

Allnutt dived down into the water to cut away the reeds that surrounded the propeller. Then, once the boat had been tied to a bundle of reeds, only one thing remained. Allnutt dived again and attached the detonators to the cylinders. It was a difficult and dangerous job – one slip of the hand and the boat would have been blown to pieces.

Allnutt climbed back onto the boat and filled the furnace with wood, while Rose took up her position at the tiller. The boat entered the dark water, moving slowly in the direction of the dim lights of the Queen Louisa.

At that very moment, a powerful wind blew across the lake. High waves crashed against the African Queen and the boat began to rock from side to side.

Suddenly, there was a flash of lightning followed by a loud boom of thunder. Then, it started to rain. The rain caused the water to swirl violently, tossing the little boat about like a toy. Rose desperately tried to keep the boat on course, but it was no use. Within minutes, Allnutt was by Rose's side, putting the lifebuoy over her head. The African Queen was sinking fast. Allnutt was gone, and it was a matter of seconds before Rose, too, was swallowed up by the water.

