

Rose smiled at the mechanic. He seemed so helpless sometimes, she thought, like a child who needed to be protected. Rose was starting to fall in love with Allnutt, although she was unaware of it at that moment.

The pair spent the rest of the evening chatting and drinking tea, before finally falling asleep.

After breakfast the next morning, Rose and Allnutt set sail down the river. Their journey was peaceful until they reached rough waters. With waves crashing all around them, Rose and Allnutt realised, too late, that they had entered a very narrow channel which was filled with obstructions. Suddenly, Rose heard a loud noise and the African Queen shook violently. Rose panicked – she felt that something was very wrong and she frantically searched for a place to stop. Allnutt shouted something at her, but she couldn't hear him. Finally, Rose found a suitable place to stop the boat and Allnutt shut down the engine.

"What was that noise?" asked Rose nervously. Her cheeks were red and she was out of breath.

"I don't know," replied Allnutt. "But it seems there's something wrong with the propeller. I'll have to go down and take a look."

Allnutt jumped into the water and came up a few minutes later.

"Did you see anything?" asked Rose anxiously.

Allnutt climbed back into the boat with a sigh. "Yes. The propeller is damaged. One of the blades has broken off. We must have hit a rock."

"Then we'll just have to fix it," said Rose.

"Fix it?" repeated Allnutt. "How on earth do you expect me to fix it out here? It's impossible. No, Rose, this is it. Our journey down the river is over."

But Rose, who was the more optimistic of the two, wouldn't let Allnutt give up so easily.

"It's not the end yet," she said. "All you have to do is make another blade with some scrap metal. There's plenty of it on board."

"And then what?" asked Allnutt. "Tie it on with string?"

