

Rose was touched but refused. "No," she said, "that wouldn't be fair, I'm definitely going to come with you. Besides, one person has to steer the boat, while the other person looks after the engine."

Allnutt smiled. Rose was a stubborn woman and he knew that it would be impossible to change her mind. "All right, Rose," said Allnutt. "But when we're at least half a kilometre away from the ship, I want you to put on the lifebuoy and jump into the water, all right?"

Rose argued briefly with Allnutt – she felt he should be the one to put on the lifebuoy. In the end, she agreed to Allnutt's terms.

They went to sleep a short while later, and Rose spent most of the night dreaming of the Queen Louisa.

After breakfast the next morning, Rose and Allnutt set to work preparing the torpedoes. First, Allnutt turned on the taps of both cylinders so that the gas could pour out. Then, he opened the boxes of blasting gelatine. In Rose's mind, the explosives resembled thick, yellow candles. Slowly, Allnutt placed the explosives in the cylinders and filled the spaces between them with mud, so that they were as tightly packed as possible.

Rose helped Allnutt by bringing mud from the riverbed onto the boat.

"That should do it," said Allnutt finally. "Now it's time to make the detonators. I worked out how to make them last night."

He got to work immediately. He used a cartridge of bullets in order to make the detonators that would trigger an explosion and then nailed them to the bow of the boat. Allnutt worked hard for hours until finally he presented his invention to Rose.

Rose was impressed. "I'm sure that will work," she said. "Good thinking, Charlie."

The torpedoes were finally ready, but the hardest part was yet to come – Rose and Allnutt still had to wait for the Queen Louisa to return.

Those days of waiting were the greatest torture of all. To pass his time, Allnutt cleaned out the engine, while Rose busied herself with

