

"No," said Rose. "We'll find a way to fix it."

Allnutt shook his head. "How? If I had the right equipment, I could fix it, but I don't. This isn't a workshop, Rose, this is the African jungle!"

"I know, that, Charlie," said Rose. "But I also know that you can fix the propeller. I believe in you."

Allnutt shook his head. "I don't know..." he mumbled. Rose looked at Allnutt seriously. "You can do this, Charlie, I know you can."

The mechanic sighed deeply. He just couldn't say no to her. "I suppose I can give it a try," he said.

"That's the spirit!" said Rose with a broad smile. "So what do we do next?"

"I'll have to remove the propeller and bring it up to check the damage," answered Allnutt.

It took a great deal of effort to remove the propeller and bring it back up. Every time Allnutt dived into the dark waters, Rose's heart beat fast with worry. Once on board, the mechanic examined the propeller, and realised that only half of the blade had broken off. It was possible, in theory, to make a new blade out of scrap metal. But the metal would have to be softened first, so that it could be hammered into the shape of a propeller blade.

The only way to soften the metal was with heat, so, Rose and Allnutt built a fire on a nearby bank. Rose kept the fire going, while Allnutt shaped the metal with a hammer.

All in all, the repairs took about three days. It was tiring work for both Rose and Allnutt, but they enjoyed it. They spent most of the time talking and laughing – Charlie enjoyed her company and Rose hadn't laughed so much in her whole life.

When the new propeller blade was finally ready, Allnutt hammered it to the broken one. Then, he tied the three blades together with a thick piece of wire.

"That should do it," said Allnutt.

Rose smiled. "You've done a wonderful job, Charlie."

"I hope so," said the mechanic. "I suppose we'll find out in the morning."

