What was the difference between Bruce's behaviour and that of other people?

The rough road across the plain soon became so bad that we tried to get Bruce to drive back to the village we had come from.

Even though the road was littered with boulders and pitted with holes, Bruce was not in the least perturbed.

Glancing at his map, he informed us that the next village was a mere twenty miles away.

It was not that Bruce always underestimated difficulties.

He simply had no sense of danger at all.

No matter what the conditions were, he believed that a car should be driven as fast as it could possibly go.

As we bumped over the dusty track, we swerved to avoid large boulders.

The wheels scooped up stones, which hammered ominously under the car.

We felt sure that sooner or later a stone would rip a hole in our petrol tank or damage the engine.

Because of this, we kept looking back, wondering if we were leaving a trail of oil and petrol behind us.

What a relief it was when the boulders suddenly disappeared, giving way to a stretch of plain where the only obstacles were clumps of bushes.

But there was worse to come.

Just ahead of us, there was a huge fissure.

In response to renewed pleadings, Bruce stopped.

Though we all got out to examine the fissure, he remained in the car.

We informed him that the fissure extended for fifty yards and was two feet wide and four feet deep.

Even this had no effect.

Bruce went into a low gear and drove at a terrifying speed, keeping the front wheels astride the crack as he followed its zigzag course.

Before we had time to worry about what might happen, we were back on the plane again.

Bruce consulted the map once more and told us that the village was now only fifteen miles away.

Our next obstacle was a shallow pool of water about half a mile across.

Bruce charged at it, but in the middle, the car came to a grinding halt.

A yellow light on the dashboard flashed angrily and Bruce cheerfully announced that there was no oil in the engine!

When the boulders disappeared, there was a wide plain covered with clumps of bushes.

Ahead was a huge fissure and Bruce stopped.

We examined it and found it was fifty yards long, two feet wide and four feet deep.

Without thinking, Bruce raced the car along it and then we were back on the plane.

The village was 15 miles away and the next obstacle was a very wide, shallow pool.

Bruce charged in and stopped in the middle.

It was typical of Bruce to announce 'cheerfully' that there was no oil in the engine!

For the rest of us, it was a disaster.

We all got out and began shouting at him and then at each other.

What could we do?

We were standing in the middle of a very large pool up to our ankles in water, with a car that was useless.

We tried to push it, but of course it was absolutely impossible.

All we managed to do was to push it deeper into the soft mud.

In the end, we all walked to the next village where we tried to get a taxi so that we could take some oil (and petrol) back to the car.

We couldn't find one driver who would take us over the rough road.

Fortunately, there was a small garage and we paid a large sum of money to the garage owner to rent a jeep.

With a can of oil and an extra can of petrol, we all climbed in and set off.

When we eventually got back to the pool, we attached a rope from the jeep to the car and pulled the car out of the water.

We were not surprised to find that the engine was badly damaged and would not even start with the oil we had brought back.

Disaster again, but Bruce was undismayed!

I got him to tell me the truth.

He got me to translate the article into English.

He suggested that I should go with him.

He insisted that I should stay to lunch.

Can he wait a few minutes longer?

I wonder if he can wait a few minutes longer.

When will he arrive?

I wonder when he will arrive.

What a wonderful garden!

What a terrible day!

How are you getting on in your new job?

She has just got over a serious illness.

Did she get through her exams all right?

He said that the village wasn't very far away.

He told us that the village was 15 miles away.

Why were the passengers so relieved when the boulders disappeared? It seemed less likely that they would meet with disaster.

When they reached the fissure, Bruce stopped the car because the passengers had begged him to do so.

Bruce's reaction to the final episode shows that he was not the sort of person to be perturbed by anything.

He believed in driving a car as fast as it could possibly go.

How relieved we felt when the boulders suddenly disappeared.

Bruce was in the middle of charging through it when the car came to a grinding halt.

Bruce cheerfully announced that the engine had run out of oil.

Glancing at his map, he informed us that the next village was only twenty miles away.

When we pleaded repeatedly, Bruce stopped.

He said: “It's fifteen miles to the village.”