



DIALOGUE 28. A dreadful train crash

(Consonant sounds followed by [r])

PRUE: Weren't you in that train crash on Friday, Fred?

FRED: Oh Prue, it's like a dreadful dream.

PRUE: A tractor - isn't that right? - crossing a bridge with a trailer of fresh fruit crashed through the brick wall in front of the train?

FRED: Yes. The train driver's a friend of my brother's. I was travelling up front with him. I was thrown through the windscreen on to the grass, but he was trapped under a huge great crate. I could hear him groaning.

PRUE: Fred! How grim!

FRED: I was pretty frightened. Prue, I can promise you! I crawled through the broken crates and tried to drag him free. His throat was crushed. He couldn't breathe properly, but he managed a grin.

PRUE: How incredibly brave!