

THE IMPATIENT ONE

The weather was fine; it was sunny, a cloudless sky. That was the trouble. He could not believe that the sky was not slate gray, the road was not shining wet, that the wind was not blowing in his face; for it never ended, the bad weather in Germany, that was the trouble with his homeland.

Outside of the city boundary expanses of savannah grew for acres, reaching to the edge of the jungle. In the high wild grass, herds grazed. He saw many creatures. "I'm going to go out and take a look," he said. It was for the fun of walking in a perilous area that he wanted to leave the truck. For the sake of the risk, Vicki knew her husband.

Harmensz said, "It's not safe, sir. There are lions lurking."

He laughed, winking at his wife. "Waiting for prey?" He jumped out.

The gamekeeper Harmensz did not grin. He looked ahead into the range, appeared to spy something. He pointed at large dirty beige shapes, moving among the high grass.

"Beasts don't think about anything else. They play, but they kill at play."

"I know, he doesn't," Vicki remarked. She had been there three years ago; the Afrikaaner was giving the two Germans a guided tour in the green-painted pick-up truck, the whole time he spoke softly, his German was more Dutch than anything else, but he yelled when he saw the beast, told the racing driver to return to the vehicle, immediately. Vicki thrust her hand out the window in order to point at a long-legged animal eating from the low grass near the lone tree. "A gazelle," she exclaimed. "I saw them in Kenya, too, when I was there!"

Harmensz had grabbed her husband's arm, forcing him inside the cab. He took the binoculars from the dashboard. Sweat stood out on his forehead and arms. The gazelle jumped away toward the open field, terrified. "Wait," Harmensz murmured. Other animals sped away, so it was clear: a pride of lions: two beige ones went with

swooped strides, faster and faster, intently, until one ceased a moment in order to crouch.

“How fast is it?” thought the racing driver. “What would it be like to race it with my motorcycle, like in the old days? I bet that it’d lose.”

The lions shot after the gazelle. The male snarled as though it were calling the long-limbed beast to slow its pace, second by second the fateful distance between pursuers and prey lessened as the gazelle ran zigzaggedly through the grass, galloping past the truck. It stumbled ten feet away from them. One lion jumped, there was a struggle. Its bite plunged deep into the animal’s neck, lacerating its neck veins, maroon blood spurted; bone showed and sinew was exposed; the second lion attacked; the gazelle hoarsely moaned; moved itself in one final spasm. It was Vicki who screamed.

“I don’t like to see that,” she said. “My God.”

“Would you look at him,” the racing driver said. He felt comfortable with gasoline, oil, synthetic rubber, metal, not this -- the heat, flies, the stink of dry grass, this chase. “I guess that they need to eat.”

“Ssh,” said Vicki. “They need nothing.”

The champion grand prix driver did not want to contradict his wife; she was a writer with the words at her disposal.

Harmensz said, “Sometimes the beasts do it for fun.”

“Doesn’t seem much of a joke,” said the wife. She was looking at the grass, burned a withered yellow; one heard muffled growls, flesh being torn off the bone; they wished to get away.

Harmensz remarked, “The cats stay by their prey until they’ve stuffed themselves; when they’re done, maybe in a half of a day, they fall asleep, digesting, defecate, then leave the rest for jackals and vultures.”

“Do you think that it is alive long after it’s been caught?” asked Vicki.

“Have you ever been near a live lion?” queried the driver.

“What they do, they do it fast; everything that they do is done in that way. They are impatient animals, always hungry; all that they know is to hunt and eat.”

“When were you ever around one?” the driver repeated.

“Closer than this, you mean? Last month. Oh, many times. I never stay long enough in order to see whether they’re really hungry, enough to eat me, but I assume they are. The cats are quick, strong, stupid.”

“Like my Auto Union,” the champion boasted.

“You can turn off the engine of your car; you can’t turn that off.” He pointed at the carnage that the animals were wreaking upon the carcass. Two lion cubs had joined their parents.

“You mean it wouldn’t leave me in peace if it met up with me on this savannah?”

“That’s the problem.”

“What did you do with the lion that you saw last month, Harmensz? Were you in your truck?”

“I shot it dead.”

“You won,” said the driver.

Vicki gulped, she felt ill. She was going to vomit, she claimed, had to go now, it was enough; besides, she reminded her husband, there was the race tomorrow. The two men acquiesced, tomorrow would be a long day, the competition would be grueling in this weather.

“African savannahs have no boundaries,” Harmensz recounted. Pointed with his thumb as he held the steering wheel while they were driving along a dusty road. “Just the grassland out there.”

“From here, you can’t see much of the sea, can you?”

“No,” he said. “Just the plains, acres of them.”

That evening Vicki and her husband tried not to think about the killing. They were superstitious. At ten o’clock, the racing driver fell asleep on the couch of the hotel room. His wife watched him breathe, thought that surely, this man was safe as

long as she was near him, in this hotel suite with a fan blowing in fresh air. Richard dreamed and said aloud:

“The lions’re preying beside me, what’s the time, eat me if I hesitate.”

Mixed with the whistle of the air flowing past his ears was the growl. He peered left and right, there was no sign of a lion in front of him, only the steering wheel in his hands, the long, long wet road.

He pushed down on the gas pedal, but no matter how hard that he pressed, the growl increased until it echoed in his ears with the wind, then he woke.

They were at the East London track at nine-thirty. The second Auto Union driver, a pudgy young fellow, would race alongside Richard’s vehicle; he and the other man had driven the quickest qualifying laps ever run on the course.

“The tires won’t hold,” said Karlsbad the pit crew boss. He wiped his forehead with a rag. “The synthetic rubber won’t last in this heat, boys.”

“I haven’t got enough hand salve,” the young Max added. He winced, looking at his hands, whose palms and fingers appeared to have a rash so severe that there were boils on the surface of his skin.

“Your hands are as bad as mine,” the champion said. He looked at his wife. “Vicki, tell Moishe about our trip outside of the city yesterday.”

She frowned, “God, we saw a gazelle killed.”

“You saw, what?” Max asked.

“We’ve got more than enough vaseline in the pits!” Richard did not want to go on about yesterday’s incident, come to think of it. He greased his hands in order to prepare for the impending competition. He reached out, took Max’s palms, rubbed in vaseline around the finger joints. “Moishe boy, you have got to grip the wheel with more instinct, see, don’t be anxious about holding the thing lightly.” Richard’s hands, which were also covered with welts and blisters, held Max’s fingers, pressing in the vaseline. “You don’t have to grip the steering wheel for your dear life, man. If you do, oil up your hands, like I did for you.”

Karlsbad the pit boss yelled, "The race will begin soon."

Both men stood next to their rear-engined vehicles in their white overalls, they strapped on leather caps. It was time. The other cars had long ago started, storms of road dust rose as they roared past them, the odd thing was that the Auto Union drivers were last to take off.

"Moishe boy," said the ace, "don't drive around in circles in front of me for once, and if you don't hit the brakes suddenly on the last curve, while I'm following you, then we'll survive. Follow me. I'm your leader."

Max, in Richard's eyes, was "Moishe Boy." The younger colleague had a beak of a nose; wooly hair in a fringe around his ears, meeting at the back of his skull; he was entirely bald on top. "Moishe" became Kaltschmidt's term of endearment for him. As for politics, he had been too busy driving racing cars, so why should he be interested in these affairs? The gab, the speeches, playing the public role? When it came to applying the new rules to sports, he knew -- since Freiherr von Hoffmann had made certain that everyone would hear about it -- that the national leader made exceptions. Max von Hippel was not affected by the Nuremberg Laws anyway, whereas another colleague, Gregor Brod, had a Jewess as a wife, and last year the man had had to endure epithets in white paint being written by irate National Socialists on the pavement in front of his car. There also were attacks on him as being un-German. Von Hoffmann had intervened, the SS did the rest, once word had been sent from the Reich Chancellery to leave Brod in peace. An organization that was useful if one needed it. Richard Kaltschmidt also was a member of it. Smiling with straight teeth, his blond hair and lithe frame, he looked the timely ideal born out of propaganda films for the Berlin Olympic games.

Max von Hippel started; Richard, the last driver to take off, followed him five minutes afterwards, the powerful engines whining, overcoming the Fords, the ERAs, passing car after car, for everybody and everything with wheels had been allowed on the track to compete: Model-T's were chased around by two glittering powerful silver

vehicles. It was a handicap race. Handicaps were reckoned according to the size of the engine, even by the fame of the driver. The race was on New Year's Day.

Caravans of canvas tents had been set up along the track, many combined being a spectator at the race with taking their vacation near the beaches of East London.

On the stretches the Auto Unions drove -- for them relatively slowly -- at three hundred kilometers an hour, but it was very dangerous when they neared a curve where there were six slow cars to pass, if they got out of it, there were six more vehicles to overcome; some of the slower cars were driving at speeds of one hundred-fifty. Since they were forced to brake often in order to avoid colliding with the others, to speed up when they had the chance to do it, their tires were taking a beating, the asphalt was burning hot in the South African sun. On his twentieth lap, the champion had to avoid pressing close to an old Ford, which was inching along, when suddenly the Auto Union lost the rubber on its front tires; he hit his brake carefully in order not to spin, throttled the motor, speeding toward his pit on bare canvas inner tubes, careening on wiggling wheels. Richard felt as he had when he was a child having diarrhea, nearing the toilet, only twenty feet, ten feet to go -- would he make it? Then the inner tube burst, five feet from the pit, screaming spectators fell back as the car swerved with its driver struggling with the steering wheel in order to stay clear of people behind the fence.

"The road's too cluttered," he cursed. "Why don't they allow horse-and-buggies to race too?"

Karlsbad supervised the changing of the tires, calling, "You're running new records on every lap! What're you trying to do, impress Hermann Göring from here?"

Richard was off again; had not heard.

The radio announcer said, "A round to go for the winner!"

But then, who knew who was running first? Vicki feared that no one did. She went to the radio tower.

"Your husband's driven records on every single lap that he's done," the radio official said. "He's fantastic."

But everyone drove pell-mell, the slow and the swift, it was too chaotic in her eyes to make sense out of it.

Max von Hippel broke a piston. He came into the pit with a smoking motor. The race was over for Moishe Boy. He stared at his hands, after he removed his gloves, they were bleeding.

But Vicki's spouse was passing everyone and was furious at the obstacle course that this race proved to be. The radio official looked at his watch doublechecking the timetables, held a sheath of papers in front of his nose; he appeared to be confused about who was who.

Karlsbad wiped his face. It was smeared with gray grease and perspiration. Richard came roaring into the pit, the end lap had been done. He was exhausted, sweat-drenched, but expected to hear that he had been the winner.

The pit crew boss shook his head. "You set a record on every lap that you did. It wasn't fast enough, you placed fifth. That's famous English fair play for you. Lots of luck!"

He cursed.

Karlsbad gave him a lemonade, but Richard did not want to touch it, was angry and spat. "Why'd I come down here? To place fifth?"

The manager Freiherr von Hoffmann waved. The boss of the company was striding toward him, he congratulated his driver by a vigorous tap of his hand on the back of Richard's head, put his arm around the champion's neck. Photographers took pictures. Von Hoffmann was wearing a pressed double-breasted tropical suit, a floppy straw hat. "Now, now. Not so sad, young man, you ran a good race! We accepted their rules when we came. So be it." He opened his monogrammed "Auto Union" handkerchief, giving it to the driver's wife as she wiped Richard's face. Vicki kissed her husband. The cameras got it. His lips tasted of oil and salt. Freiherr von Hoffmann, in the pit, wrote out a check for Richard, slipped it in the driver's top pocket of his overalls, not so secretly.

He and Vicki had always pretended, for the matter was unclear to them, to be indifferent when it came to official affairs. That meant that when a government representative got involved in their particular sport, the two smiled behind his back at his bizarre efforts. But Freiherr von Hoffmann was no small fish in the party; he also was an economic leader for the automobile industry, giving him quick access to the national leader and to Göring. He did what he wanted to do in Zwickau.

Richard fumed. "A man can't win a race here!"

Karlsbad seconded him, wiping off the windshield, which was filthy with insects and dust. "Oh," he said, impatiently. "Their crackpot rules are for the birds. They can get lost if they think that we'll be coming here again in order to run around in circles for nothing. Numbskulls! Perish Albion."

A week later they were ready to sail again for Europe. Dressed in suits on the last day, the drivers, mechanics, and various Auto Union employees gathered in von Hoffmann's borrowed office that was actually a hotel suite put at his disposal by the pro-Nazi Transportation Minister Pirow. Chromium-plated ceiling fans cooled the air. The manager drank mineral water with his employees, who settled awkwardly in wicker couches and chairs; the suite was filled with light from the sun that appeared to penetrate every corner of the urban landscape, and one felt honored as an equal, almost, of the Freiherr.

Von Hoffmann had a telegram. He claimed that he had been sent a few words of congratulations from Berlin. The Auto Union team that had, like good sportsmen, shown the world that they could also lose were promised medals when they got back; von Hoffmann proudly waved the telegram in the air; but he had not deigned to show the piece of paper to them, for he was again giving them another sign of the influence that he exercised within the party.

The men clapped. Everyone thought that Hermann Göring was a fat jovial fellow who had a sense of humor, nice to have him on their side.

“I have an announcement to make: Fairfield who won the grand prix last week was killed yesterday in a racing accident. It’s all here!” He pointed at a folded piece of paper that he took out of another envelope, which had a black-inked stamp of a spread-winged eagle and swastika on its heading. “Oh,” said the Freiherr, looking at the ceiling, then peering at his watch, which was held by a gold chain attached to his suit’s vest pocket, “we have made them remember us for twenty years. Now we’ll be setting off. If I can get official approval from the authorities to make runs on the autobahn, we’ll break the world record.” Richard thought to himself about how ridiculous it was for von Hoffmann to pretend that he would have to beg for official sanctioning of the runs. They would jump at his suggestion. “How events are speeding up, gentlemen! Our national leader has to play by others’ rules, too, sometimes.”

“Heil Hitler!” said the employees, in unison.

“Glory to Auto Union!” he said. His secretary stood up to pass out checks; in Berlin, they would receive medals. All of them agreed that the money was a better reward.

Freiherr von Hoffmann was speaking in a low voice, so that the employees had to be quite quiet in order to hear him. “It was a triumph for us: although we had no chance to win, we set records. Johannesburg money-changers control the economy here. Get rid of the Oppenheimers. Their cultural niveau is so low, due to their race, that they do the best that they can in the way that they find natural, criminally satisfied with their success.” He sipped his water. “The Afrikaaners are sitting on a treasure chest. But British rule is British backwardness; they let diamond merchants, dealing in death, dominate the city; it’s a pity, you hear them screeching prayers, cursing us. I observed the Afrikaaners in church; sure, they’re good sober people; now as for the black Africans, their god was brought to them by the English; the natives sneak out of the church in order to return to the bush, I watched where they prayed to their painted totems; they like to shake their behinds to the rhythms of oppressive drums.” He cleared his throat, sifting through his sheaf of papers.

“Today, five years ago, I brought Herr Kaltschmidt out of Hameln, the twentieth of January is an anniversary.” He nodded toward the driver, the audience murmured approvingly. The champion deeply inhaled. He hated being singled out by von Hoffmann, even if it was for a special honor, all of the silly words bothered him; he looked down at his veined wrists, they appeared as though they were crawling out of his sleeve, the hands resembled claws, he clenched his fists, the blisters on his fingers and palms ached; while von Hoffmann gabbed, the champion thought about the sky in Africa. The sun, wisps of cloud, brown grass, the lion -- should he be asked to describe South Africa for these gentlemen, he would give them a different idea.

He was staring at the manager with a fixed smile. Oh, he had far to go.

They were sitting in their apartment. He was pacing the living room, but he did not know what to do with his desire. It was winter; the Berlin streets were wet, the tires of the cars going by made the sound of “Shoosh” in the snow, it was slushy, one heard a police siren on Blisse Strasse, there was someone honking a horn, lying on it. In a few days, he said, the weather was supposed to clear up; perfect for a run, should he not ask Freiherr von Hoffmann? Yes, he would ask for one.

“Richard, you’re burning up because Mercedes-Benz set the new records last week.”

“Why not?” he asked. “I want my name to stand in the record books too.”

“Your name’s enough for me on the doorbell.”

“Not for me, darling.” He grinned like he was a winning champion.

“Richard, I already spoke with Frau Brod; she told me that Gregor had no desire to do the runs; they’ll come to you, just wait!”

“I can’t wait.” Her husband, instead of listening to the hit parade on the radio, turned the dial so that the loudspeaker screeched. “I want it now.”

Vicki had once been as he was; had been, as his newly-wedded spouse, the first woman to fly across three continents within twenty-four hours; Cairo, Athens,

Istanbul; three years ago, done in the middle of August; flying alone in a single-engined airplane!

He wiped his lips with the handkerchief as he paced the room. He stopped at the fireplace to stare at a silver model of a racing car, it had been given him by von Hoffmann, someday he would stand there with his son in his arms. Vicki was pregnant.

“Autobahn runs, autobahn runs, that’s all that I hear from you! You can expect them to ask you.”

The following day Richard rose early, anyway, got his Horch sedan and rode to Zwickau. He arrived at mid-morning; this time, before the old man could interrupt him, he said that he wanted to beat Mendel, the Mercedes ace, in his lousy Silver Arrow, but von Hoffmann broke in.

“Well, every first-place trophy belongs to Herr Kaltschmidt!”

It had gotten to the point that when Freiherr von Hoffmann saw him, he would exclaim: “No, not yet, dear fellow. The weather’s not fit for man or beast, who wants you sliding all over the road? We can’t afford to lose you like we did von Hippel.”

A fatal collision with George Jepson’s Mercedes had happened six months ago at the German Grand Prix, it took all of two days in the hospital for him to die of a brain concussion. Then Richard had viewed Max von Hippel as he had lain in his coffin, the white lilacs in bunches around him. Moishe Boy had deep circles around his eyes, his nose had been broken, the face was powdered. His arms were crossed over his chest.

Richard wanted more than anything to set the record for the mile, if possible within the next five minutes. He begged. “Get me a car that can go fast enough, don’t worry, I’ll put my foot down on the gas pedal!”

“Last season wasn’t so lucky for you, Herr Kaltschmidt,” von Hoffmann told him, getting up from his leather chair. He offered Richard a cigar and lit one for himself and for the driver. Richard shook his hands energetically. He wanted the record attempt! And now! The smoke curled above the manager’s head, it looked like a

blue mist had been set loose in the office as the fumes reflected in the winter sun; light was flowing in from the window. “Nice weather lately,” said the manager. “It could be that we’ll be able to make the runs soon, but I can’t guarantee that the authorities’ll approve right away, like we’d like them to.”

“I want to be the one to do it, sir.” Richard did not hesitate. “I blame myself for my showing last year, only three wins. Mercedes dominated everything during the season. I’d like to get that Fritz Mendel, to show him what we fellows can do.”

“Oh, you’d like to do everything at once.” He looked reflectively out of the window. In some manner, and Richard felt it, Freiherr von Hoffmann despised him. Kaltschmidt was a racing driver, he simply did not know. “We’ve been trying out the new one all winter, there are still adjustments being made by Doctor Porsche. The body was tested in the wind tunnel; the streamlined version seemed to work better than we expected it to. The engine’s been developed, too, I can’t see why you shouldn’t set records in it if you want to. The new chassis is so light, but strong, that I wouldn’t hesitate to compare it with Mercedes’ Silver Arrow record model. We might give it a try. I’ll talk to Karlsbad; if he says we’re ready, we’ll give it a go. Stay here for a minute while I call down in the workshop.” He spoke to his chief mechanic. While he had the receiver in his ear, he relit his cigar and stared out of the window for some time, while the driver sat waiting in a chair in front of the boss’ desk. He turned to Richard. “You’re willing?”

A speed run only lasted two minutes and forty seconds. During the trial runs the Auto Union driver told Karlsbad that it was more wearing to shoot down the straightaway like this than to drive an entire grand prix. The autobahn had been measured off, twelve miles long along a predetermined route. The champion told himself, “I’ll show them what I can do,” adjusted his goggles that were tinted as dark as sunglasses, in order to counter the glare on the road’s surface, yet there was not much sun to be seen. Today first Mercedes-Benz, with Mendel driving, then Auto Union would race down the road.

Richard watched Fritz Mendel revving up the motor of his vehicle, whose low-built body and chassis were painted silver; Mendel roared several times down the length of the stretch; he set a new record of four hundred thirty-seven miles per hour on his third try. "So Mendel has set a new speed record, Herr Kaltschmidt," von Hoffmann intoned. He turned away, as though he were making a challenge.

For a few moments, before he got in his car, Richard was dubious; lost his self-confidence. He did not want to tell anyone how bad that he felt but when Karlsbad asked him if he were ready, a weak smile betrayed him, for those who might look. But no one was interested; they were still under the impression of history being made. Mendel was the hero of the day, it appeared.

"That's nothing. I'm going to beat it."

The champion was pale, his hands were shaking. He hid them. He grinned like a death's mask. "I'll give it a running; not to break Fritz's time, because I don't think that it's my day today, I'll just cruise along, not push it."

Von Hoffmann knew that Kaltschmidt had never just cruised along but had always given everything that he could. He nodded at Richard's lackadaisical remarks.

"Yes, give it a try."

"Then I'll go home."

"It's up to you."

They screwed on the top of the cockpit, a lightweight steel piece that had a small windshield on its front; it was as though a metal jacket was fastened above Richard, so that he could not get out of the driver's seat; the driver was effectively trapped. He tightened under his shivering chin the straps of his leather cap, lifted his gaze to the sky where the sun was beginning to show itself among the clouds, pulled the goggles over his eyes. His silver Auto Union looked like a rocket, not a car, it was even lower than Fritz's Mercedes. The Auto Union's engine was to the rear of the driver. It was started up.

Telephone communication had been established at key points along the route. Richard was rolling along at a hundred fifty miles per hour within a few seconds, two

hundred, picking up speed, three hundred to three hundred fifty to four hundred, before he was at the end of the cordoned-off stretch; and on the return he hit an average speed of three hundred ninety-eight.

He reached the pit, the mechanics swarmed out to check the tires. They screwed off the cockpit piece. Richard got out of the car hurriedly, went off to the woods, behind a tree. His stomach was acting up.

“Another warm-up lap!” he said. Karlsbad gave him a thermos with hot coffee in it. He asked for a bar of chocolate and water; von Hoffmann was standing in front of him, whispering to Porsche. He looked at von Hoffmann’s back, at the camel’s hair coat, floppy gray winter hat. “I’ll show him.” On the sides of the autobahn were oaks, elms, birch trees, pines. Richard was glancing at the sky again. The sun had appeared, it was cold, below zero. He told Karlsbad: “Here’s the last run. I won’t push it. It’s Fritz’s day.” He climbed in the car. They screwed back on the top of the cockpit. “I want it now,” he murmured to himself, flicking the steering wheel slightly to the left, in order to follow the white strip.

He felt jolts, gusts of wind, charging under a bridge, not knowing what would hit the car after he got it past the stone construction. One must react instantaneously to wind, by instinct. Unfortunately he had not told his pit crew boss that for a brief period, five seconds, he had felt very dizzy. No helping that! Wind slashed at his ears as he put his foot down on the pedal as hard as he could. Velocity made his lips press back on his teeth, the eyeballs hurt. Guiding him was an angel. Or a devil. He heard Vicki’s whisper but could not whisper back.

The Mercedes crew were monitoring the champion; they could hear from their own people posted at the telephone points that he had passed how high his speed was. He would better Mendel if he kept at it.

“He mustn’t slow up,” von Hoffmann wished. The man was glad that the insensitive phrase was not spoken aloud.

“My eyes,” Richard thought. He was feeling light, needed air. Something flickered at the moment that he went under the bridge. He heard the roar behind him; or was it in front of him? It was in his ears, a hungry growl.

He saw the lion shoot out after the gazelle, right on to the asphalt, past him, and the blue sky beckoned, a long low horizon where there was range grass, beyond which was a jungle, but the lion was chasing him, why not run quicker? He could never be swift enough, as he swerved, in order to steer away from the beast in the grass and went toward the trees.

Karlsbad heard in the earphones: “He’s just passed the eight-kilometer mark. Speed is a phenomenal four hundred forty-two!”

The pit crew boss stood next to the telephone truck, peering at the antenna; listening to something miles and miles away as it happened.

“Oh, no! Richard!”

Nothing occurred, nothing can happen to him, Karlsbad repeated into the telephone, but nobody could reach the champion whom Karlsbad was positive would emerge from whatever that it is that one imagined with a steering wheel in his hand, the Kaltschmidt boy grinning. “Believe that I scared you, huh?”

When the bridge had been passed, the vehicle wobbled, it hit the grass sideline as it swerved toward the right, then toward the left before an explosion ripped the light body apart, in the rear, tipping the chassis so that it somersaulted over, twice, landing with a slam at the edge of the woods where the driver was flipped out.

Richard lay under an oak tree fifty feet from the road, all help was in vain.