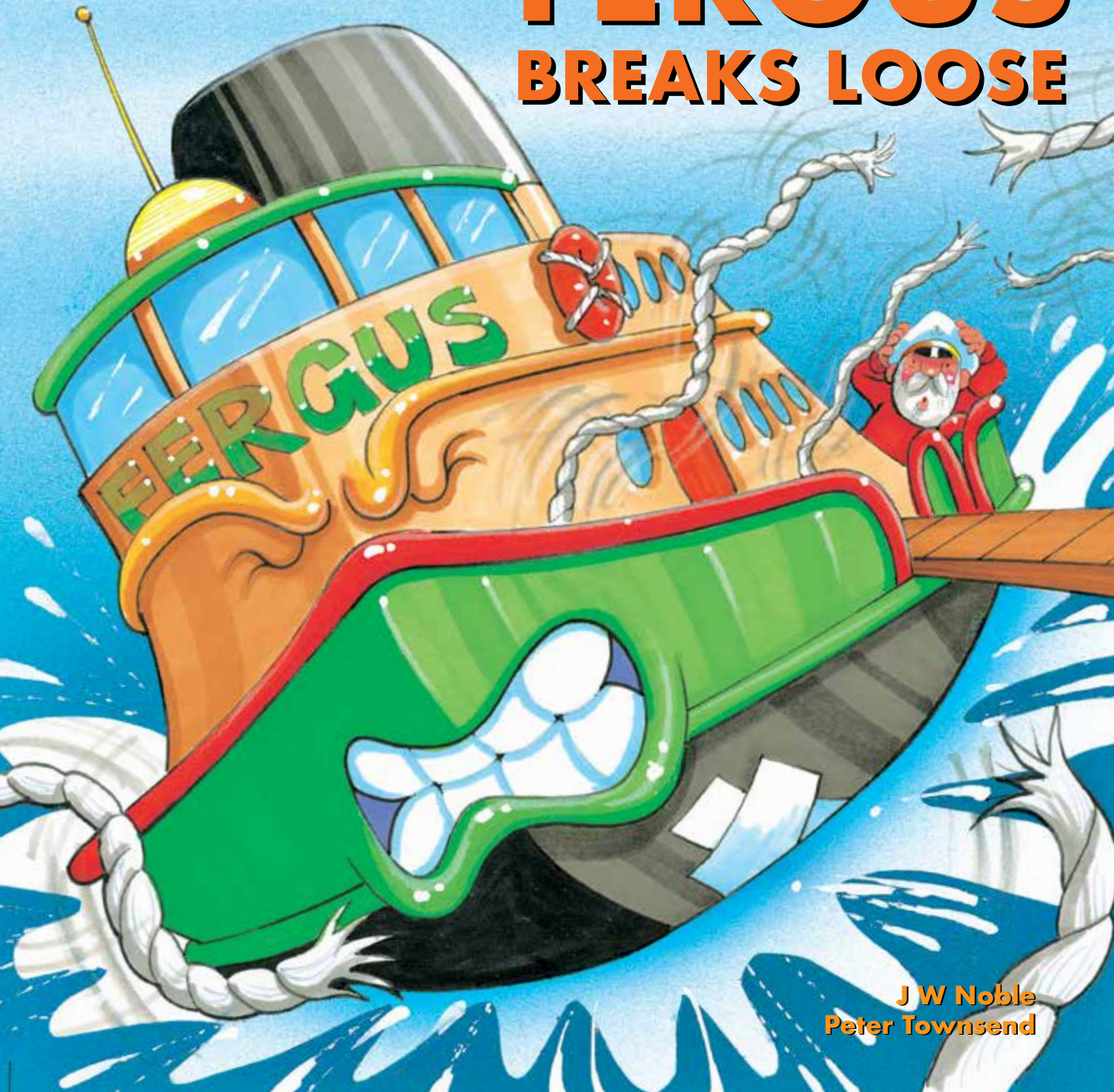


FERGUS

BREAKS LOOSE



J W Noble
Peter Townsend



FERGUS

BREAKS LOOSE

J W Noble
Peter Townsend

Snwball
PRESS

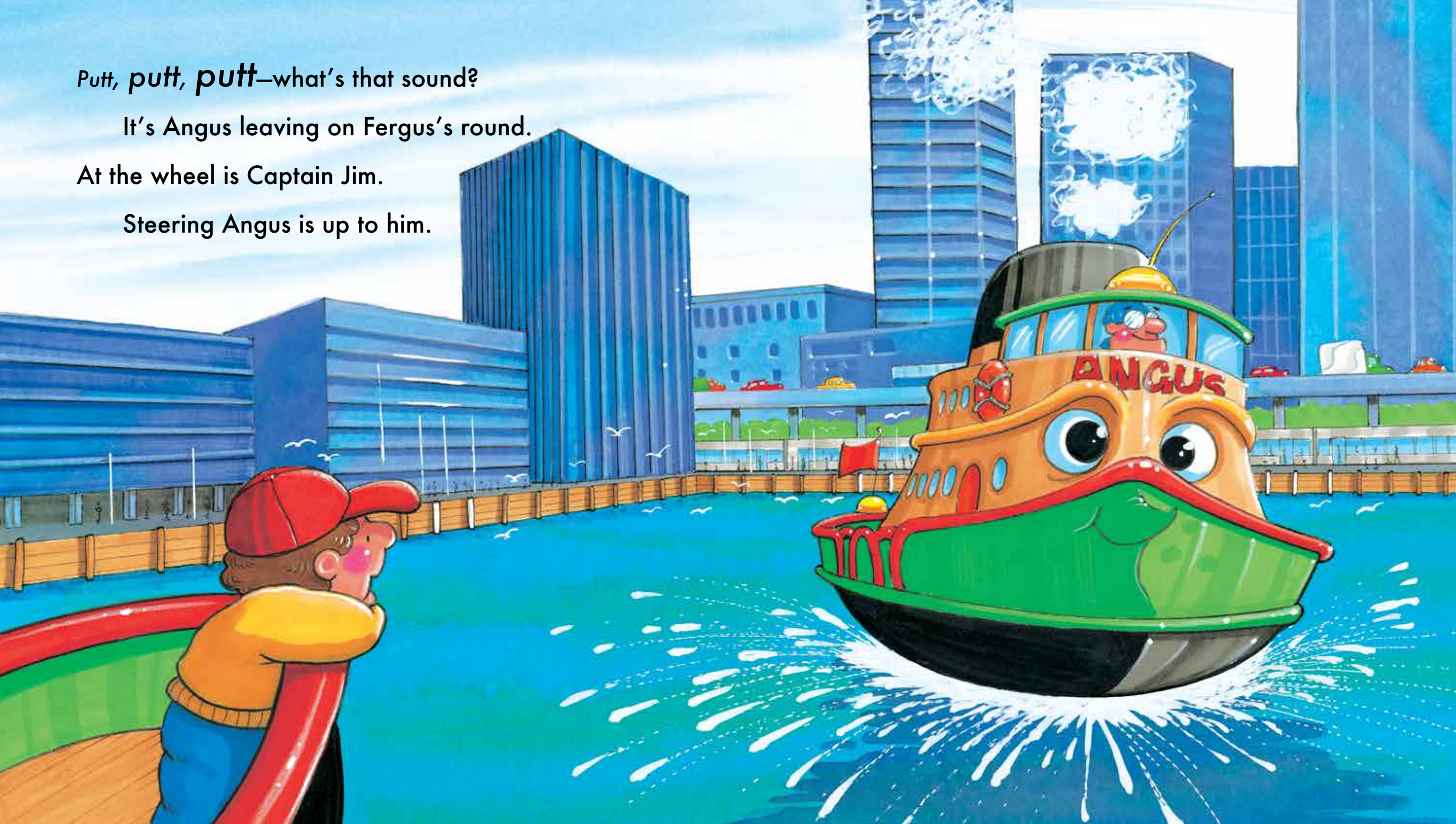
www.fergusferry.com

Putt, putt, putt—what's that sound?

It's Angus leaving on Fergus's round.

At the wheel is Captain Jim.

Steering Angus is up to him.



Flash hit Fergus and made a hole in his bow.

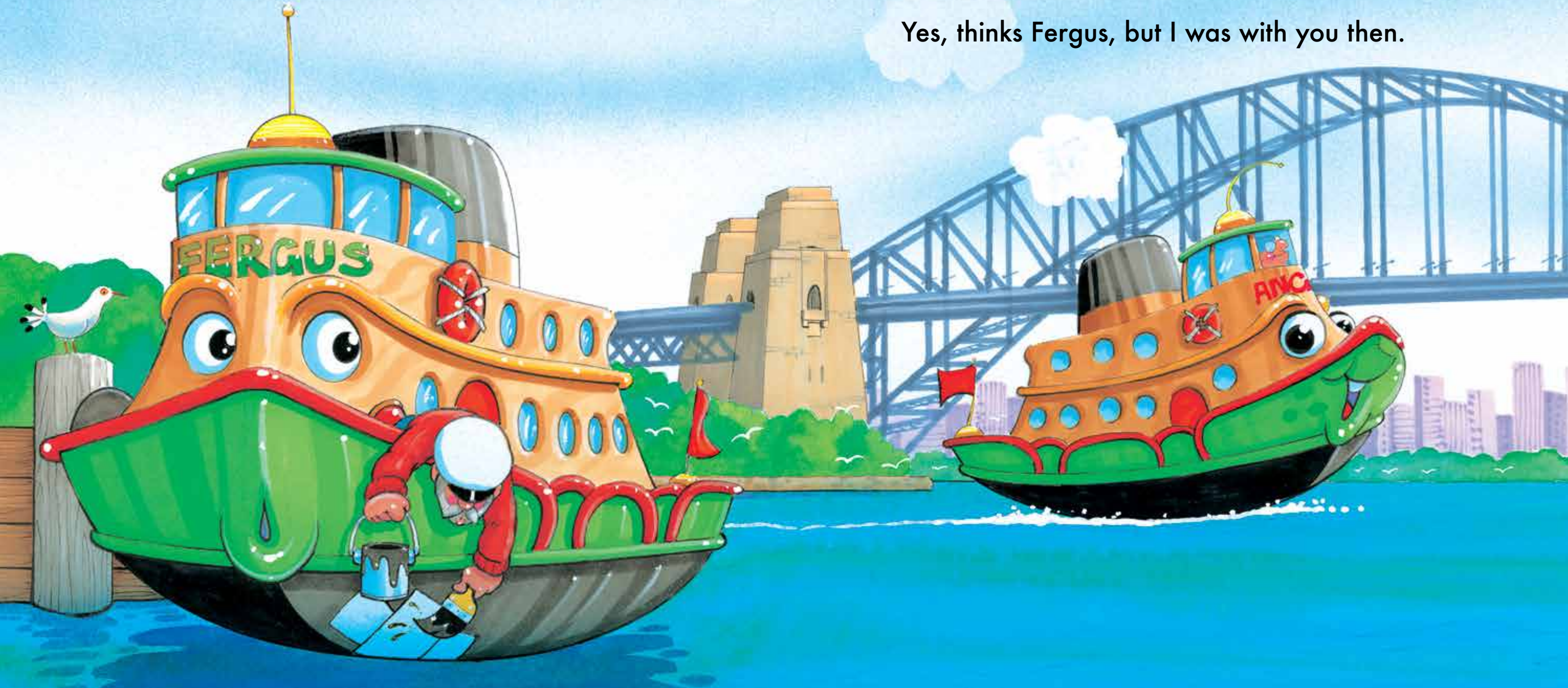
But Fergus is almost fixed up now.

Fergus is in the dock tied up with a rope.

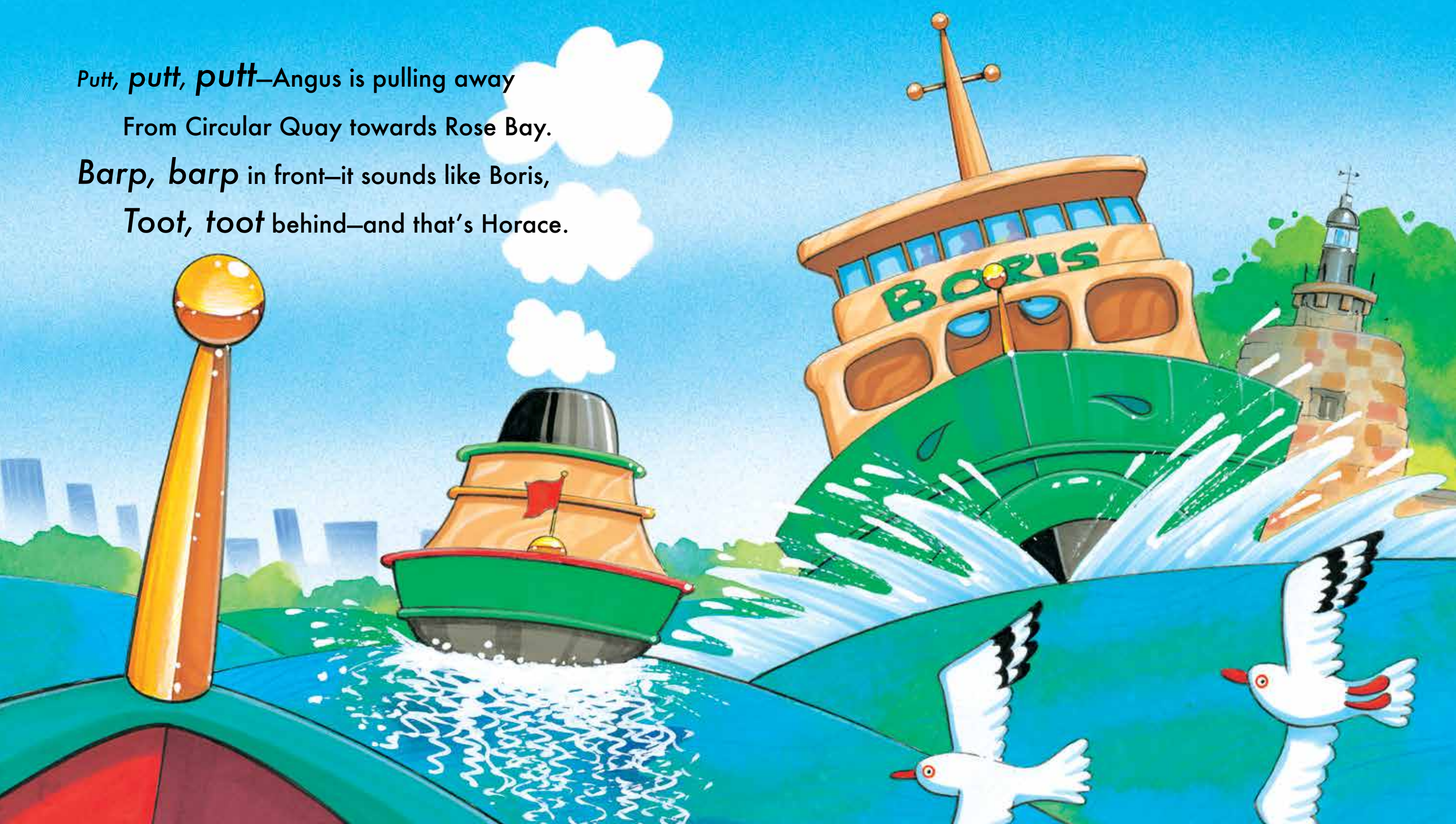
'Angus,' he says, 'are you sure you can cope?'

'I've done it before,' says Angus. 'I can do it again.'

Yes, thinks Fergus, but I was with you then.



Putt, putt, putt—Angus is pulling away
From Circular Quay towards Rose Bay.
Barp, barp in front—it sounds like Boris,
Toot, toot behind—and that's Horace.

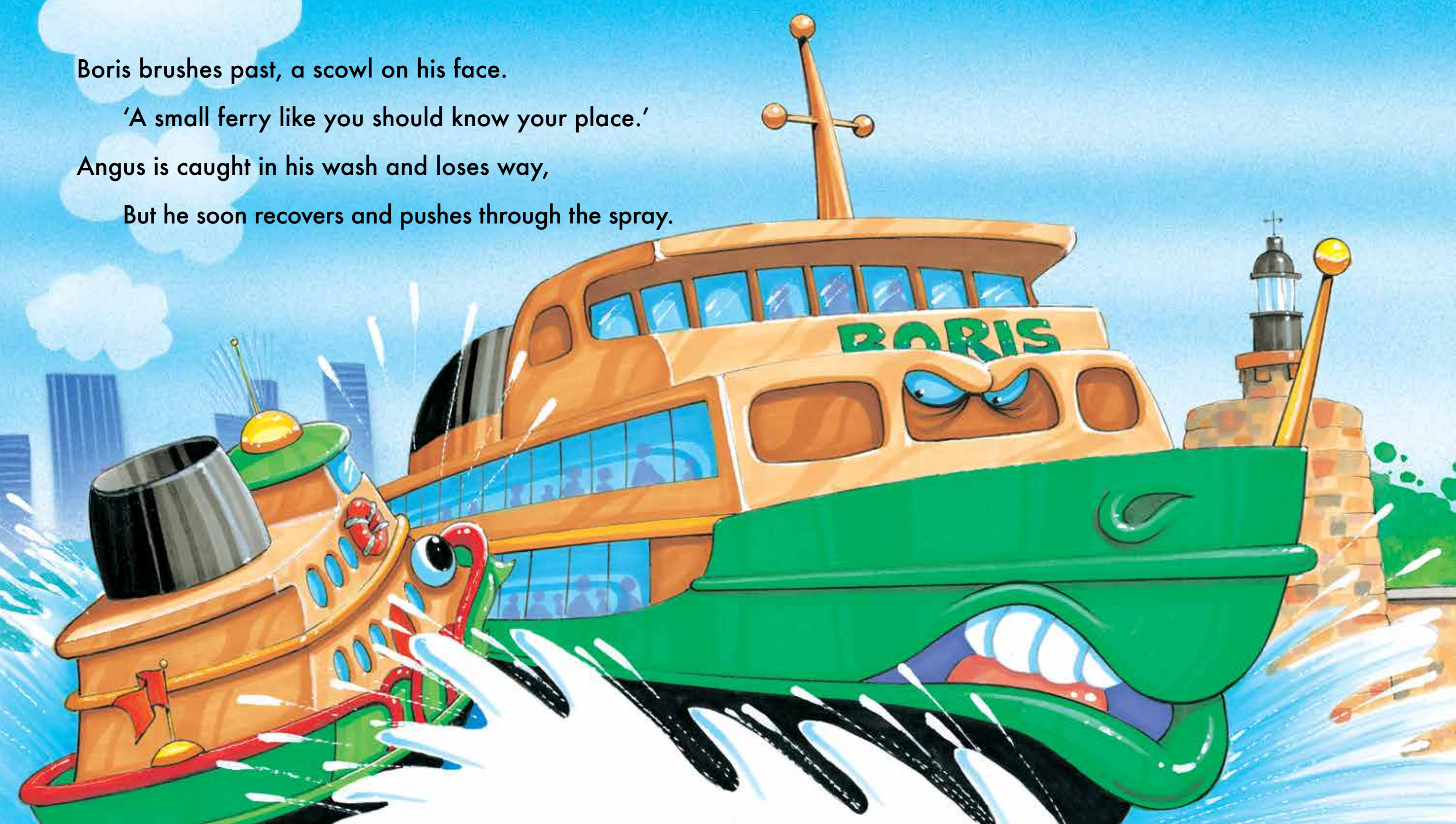


Boris brushes past, a scowl on his face.

'A small ferry like you should know your place.'

Angus is caught in his wash and loses way,

But he soon recovers and pushes through the spray.



'Phew!' says Angus. 'I don't know how Fergus survives.'

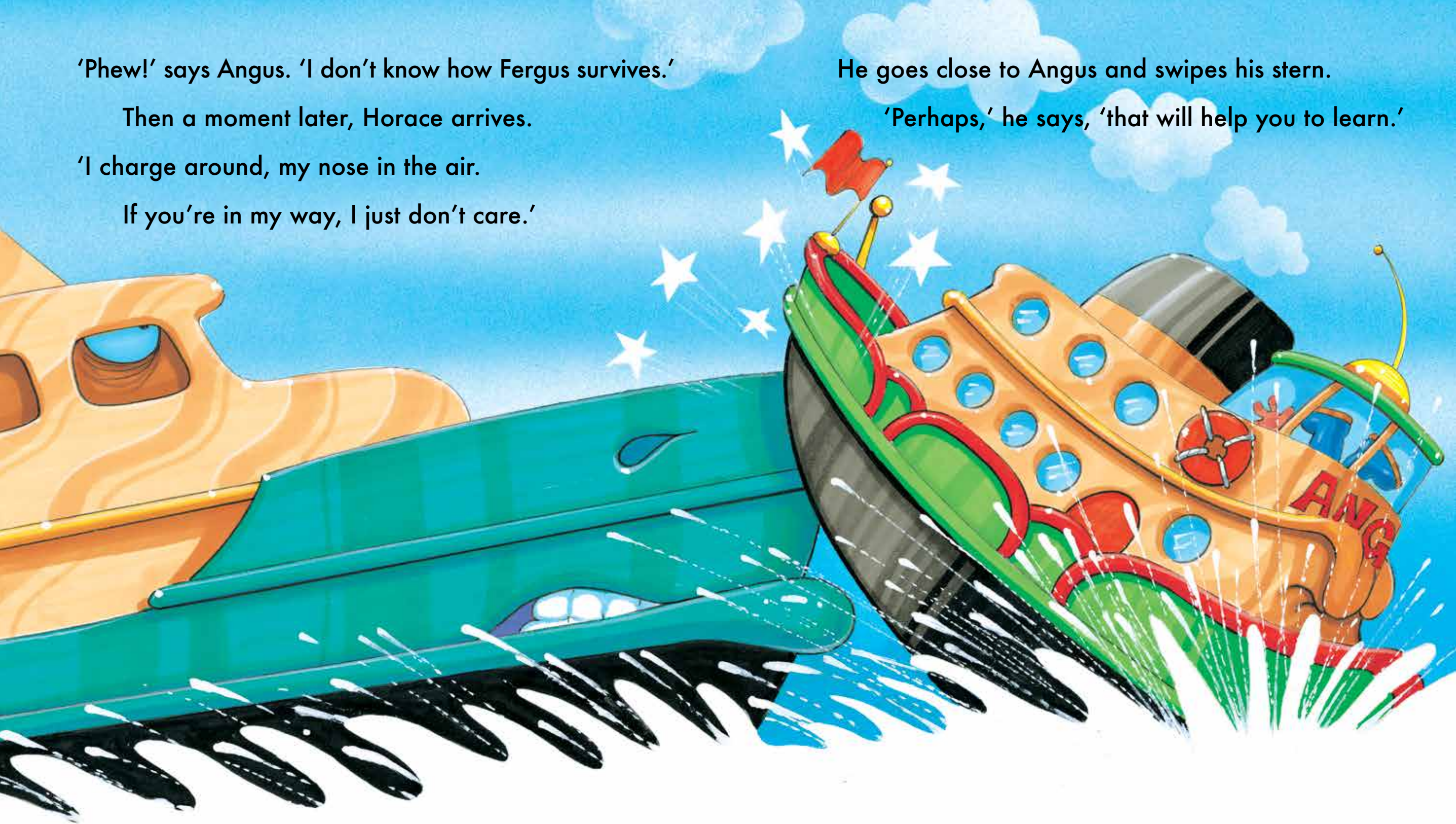
Then a moment later, Horace arrives.

'I charge around, my nose in the air.

If you're in my way, I just don't care.'

He goes close to Angus and swipes his stern.

'Perhaps,' he says, 'that will help you to learn.'



Angus loses his rudder. He's in a spin.

He doesn't know which direction to go in.

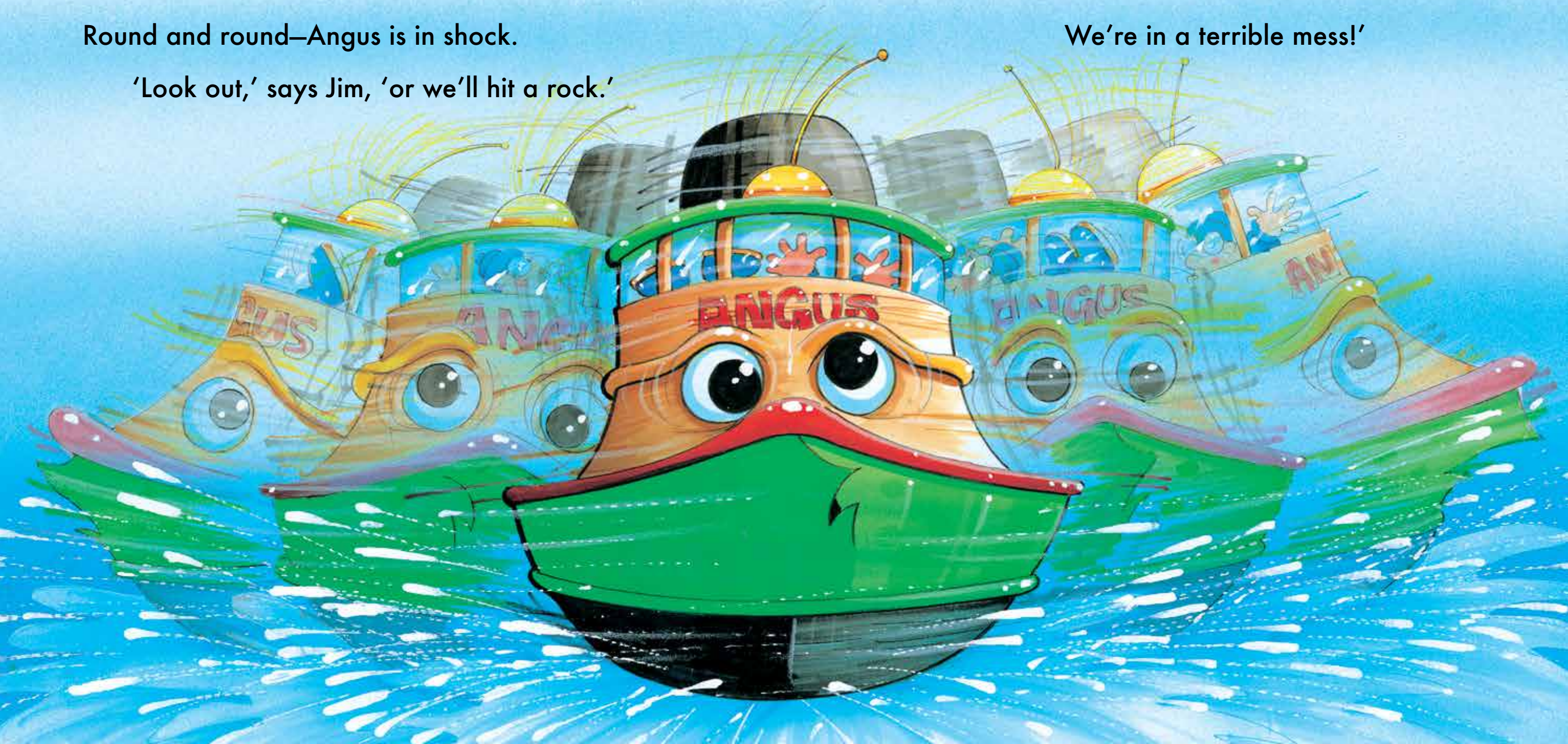
Round and round—Angus is in shock.

'Look out,' says Jim, 'or we'll hit a rock.'

Jim is on the radio. He sends an S.O.S.

'Someone help us, please!

We're in a terrible mess!'



'Roger that!' says Tess, as she leaves the ground.

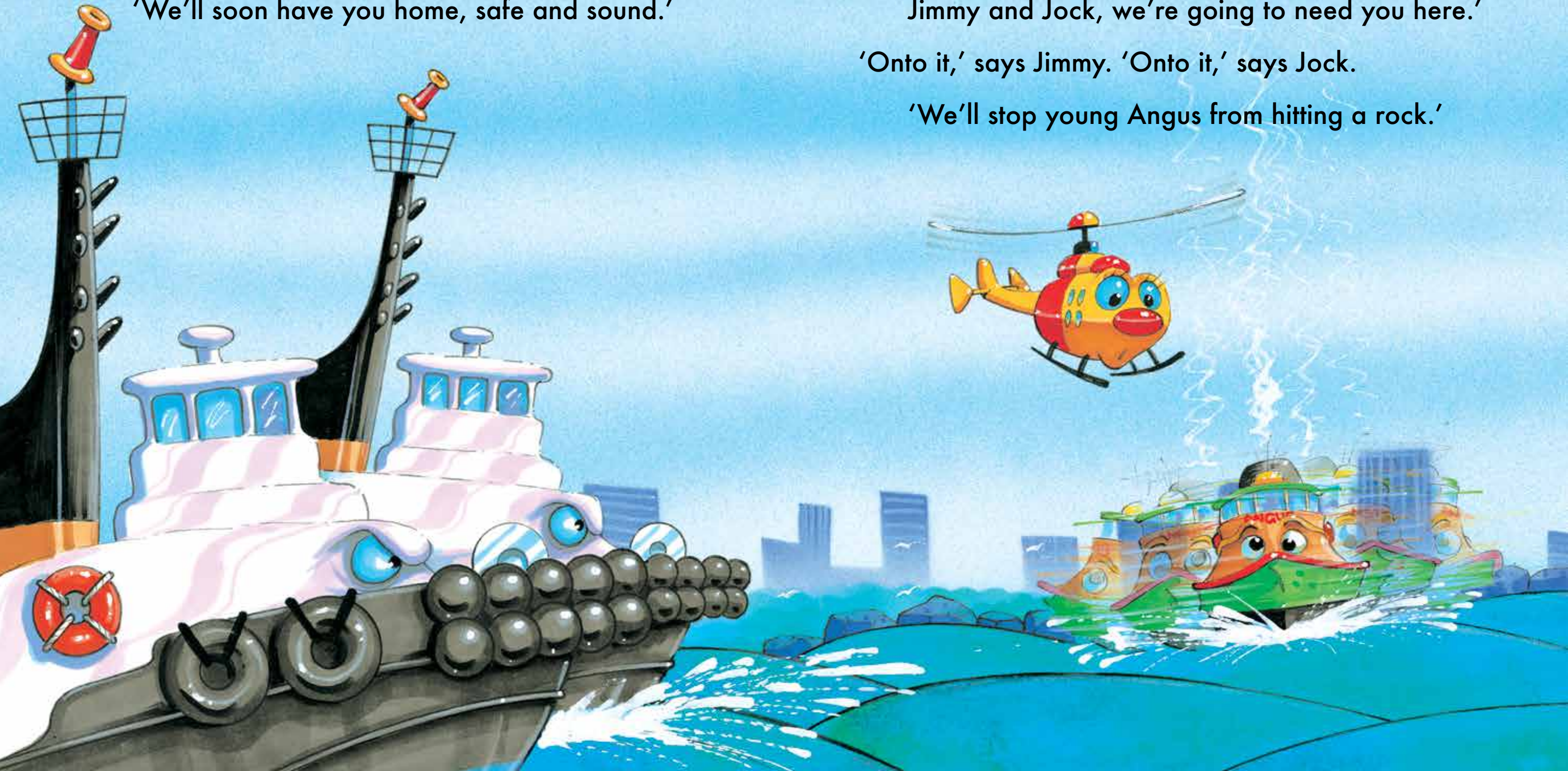
'We'll soon have you home, safe and sound.'

She hovers overhead and says, 'One thing is clear.

Jimmy and Jock, we're going to need you here.'

'Onto it,' says Jimmy. 'Onto it,' says Jock.

'We'll stop young Angus from hitting a rock.'



Angus is turning round like a top.

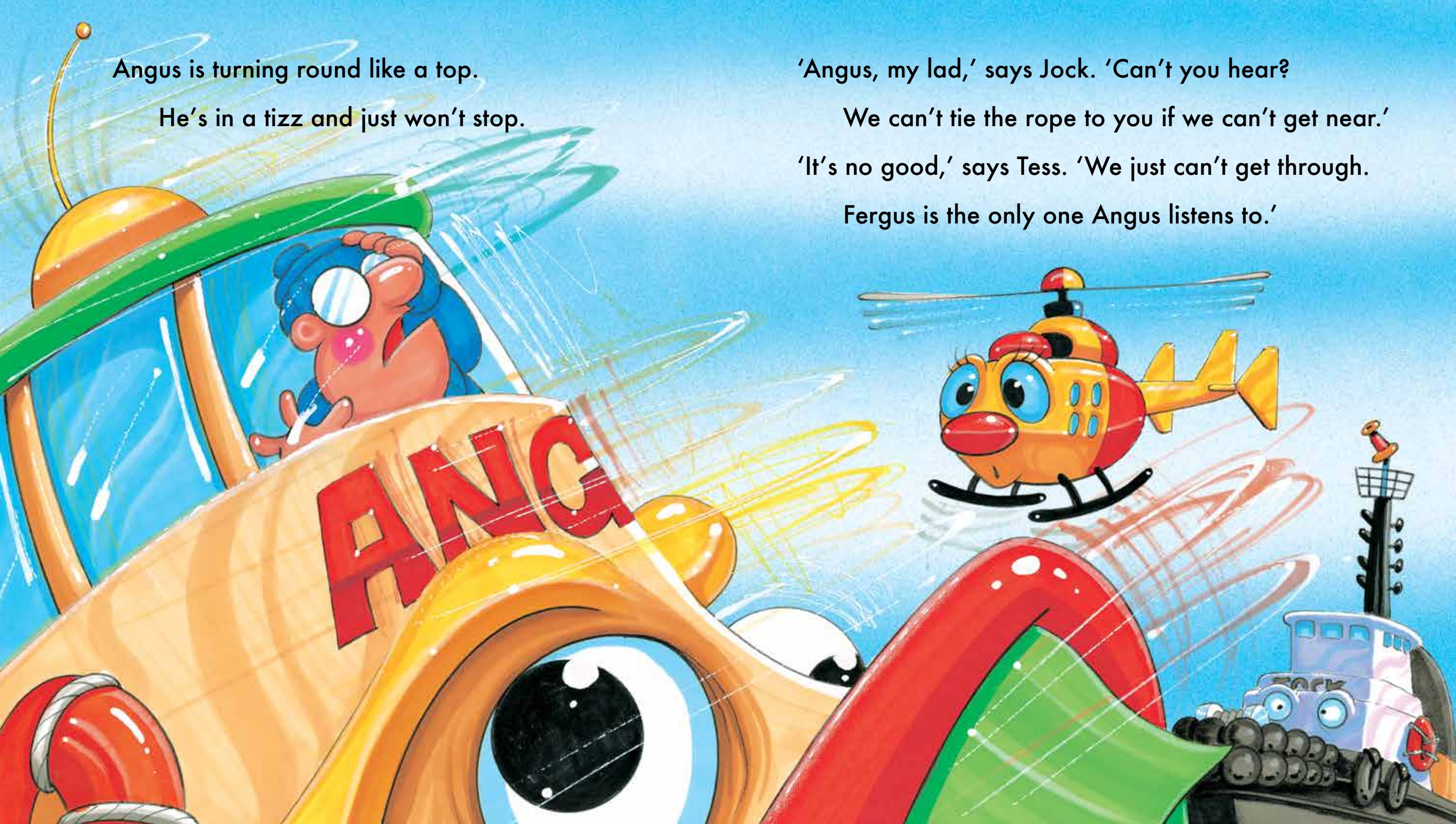
He's in a tizz and just won't stop.

'Angus, my lad,' says Jock. 'Can't you hear?

We can't tie the rope to you if we can't get near.'

'It's no good,' says Tess. 'We just can't get through.

Fergus is the only one Angus listens to.'



Fergus is at the dock. He hears all the fuss.

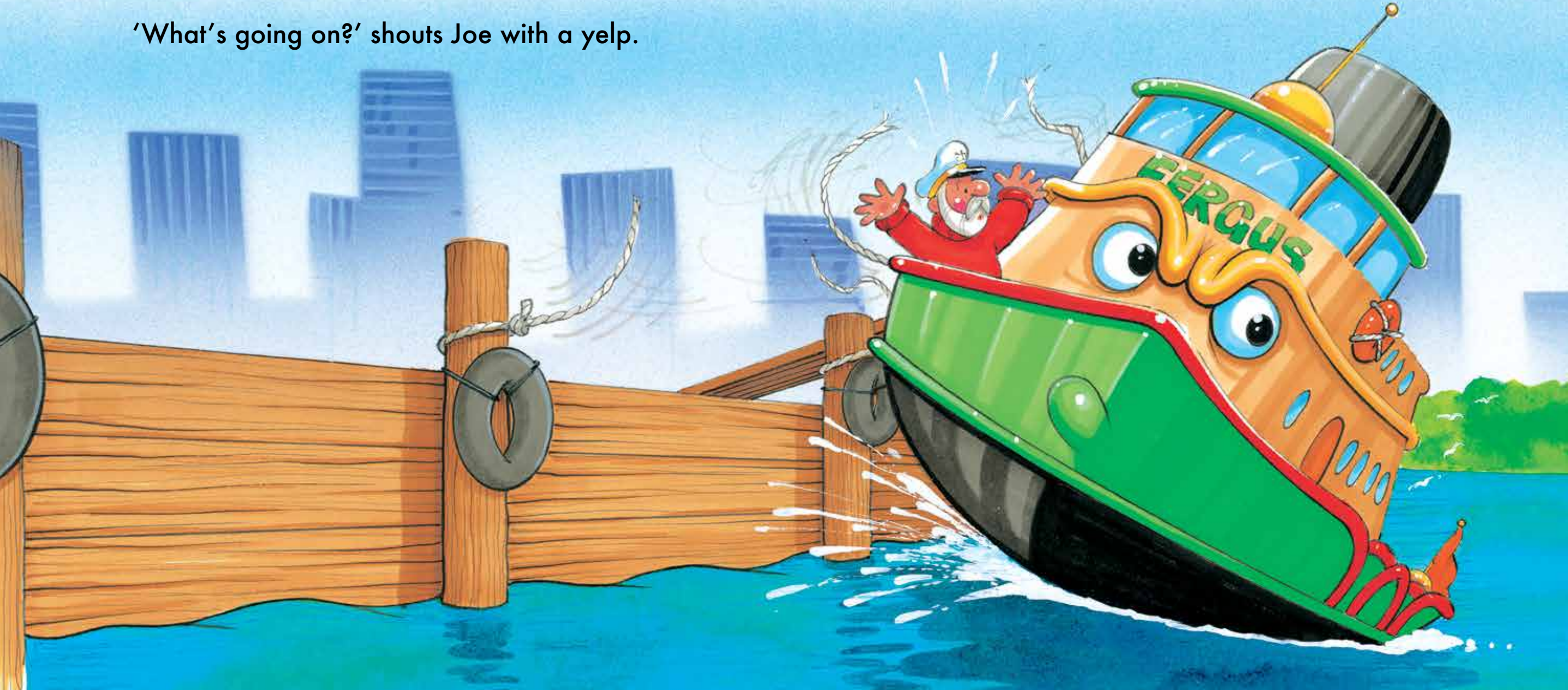
They've tried their best, he thinks. Now it's up to us.

He starts his engines. 'Angus, we're coming to help.'

'What's going on?' shouts Joe with a yelp.

The ropes mooring Fergus break with a twang.

The gangplank falls to the wharf with a clang.

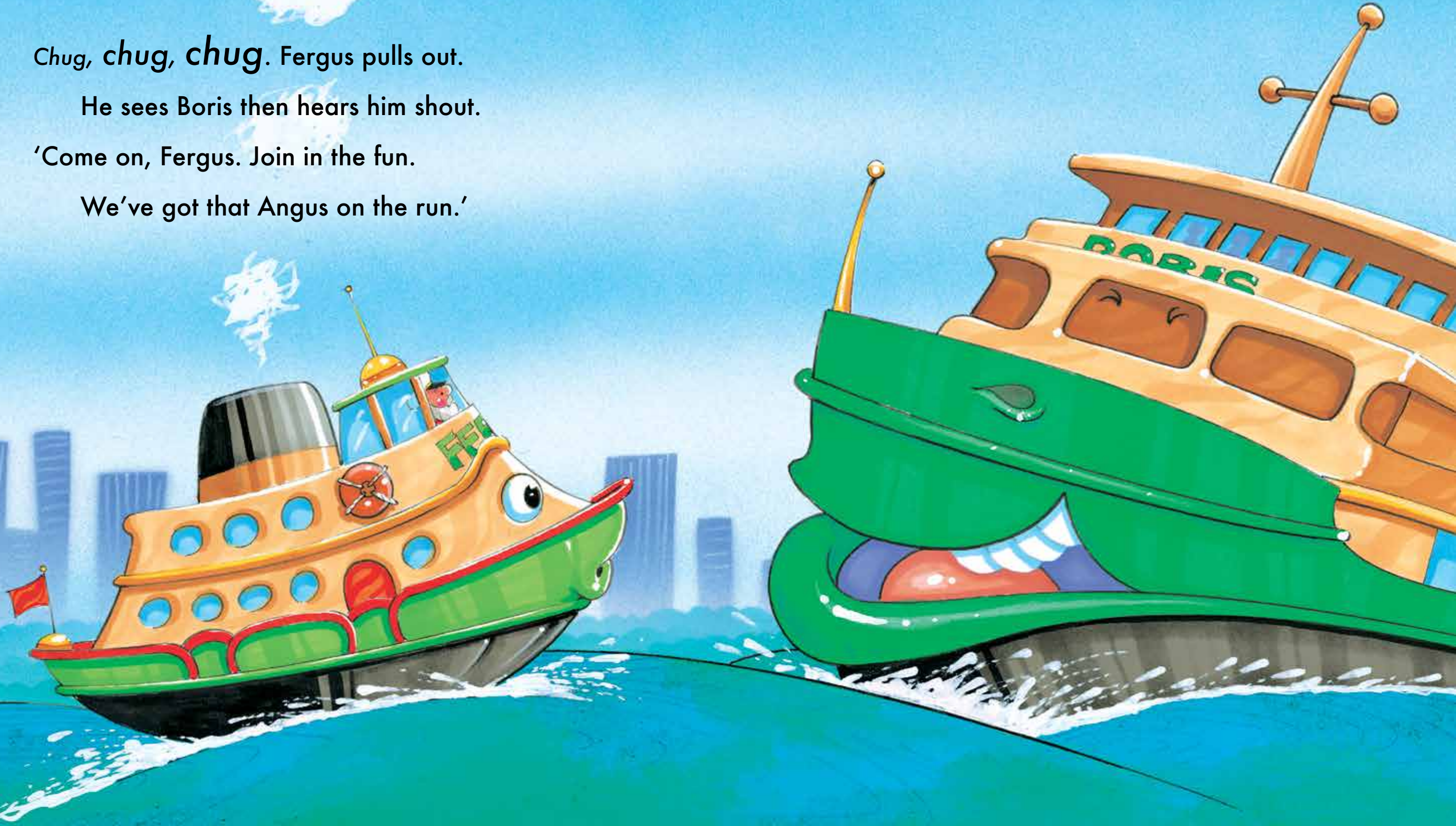


Chug, chug, chug. Fergus pulls out.

He sees Boris then hears him shout.

'Come on, Fergus. Join in the fun.

We've got that Angus on the run.'

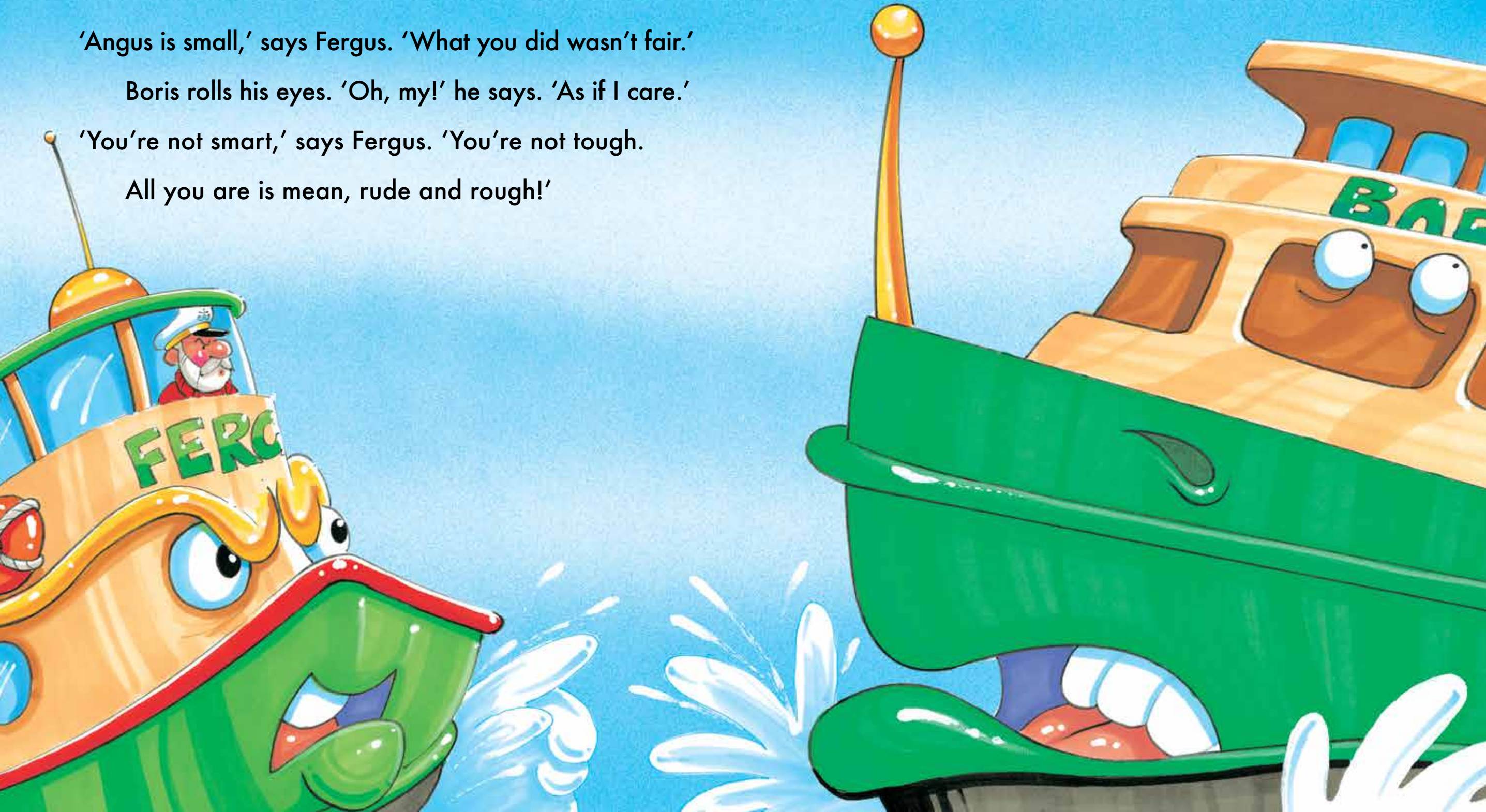


'Angus is small,' says Fergus. 'What you did wasn't fair.'

Boris rolls his eyes. 'Oh, my!' he says. 'As if I care.'

'You're not smart,' says Fergus. 'You're not tough.'

All you are is mean, rude and rough!



'I'm here, Angus,' calls Fergus.

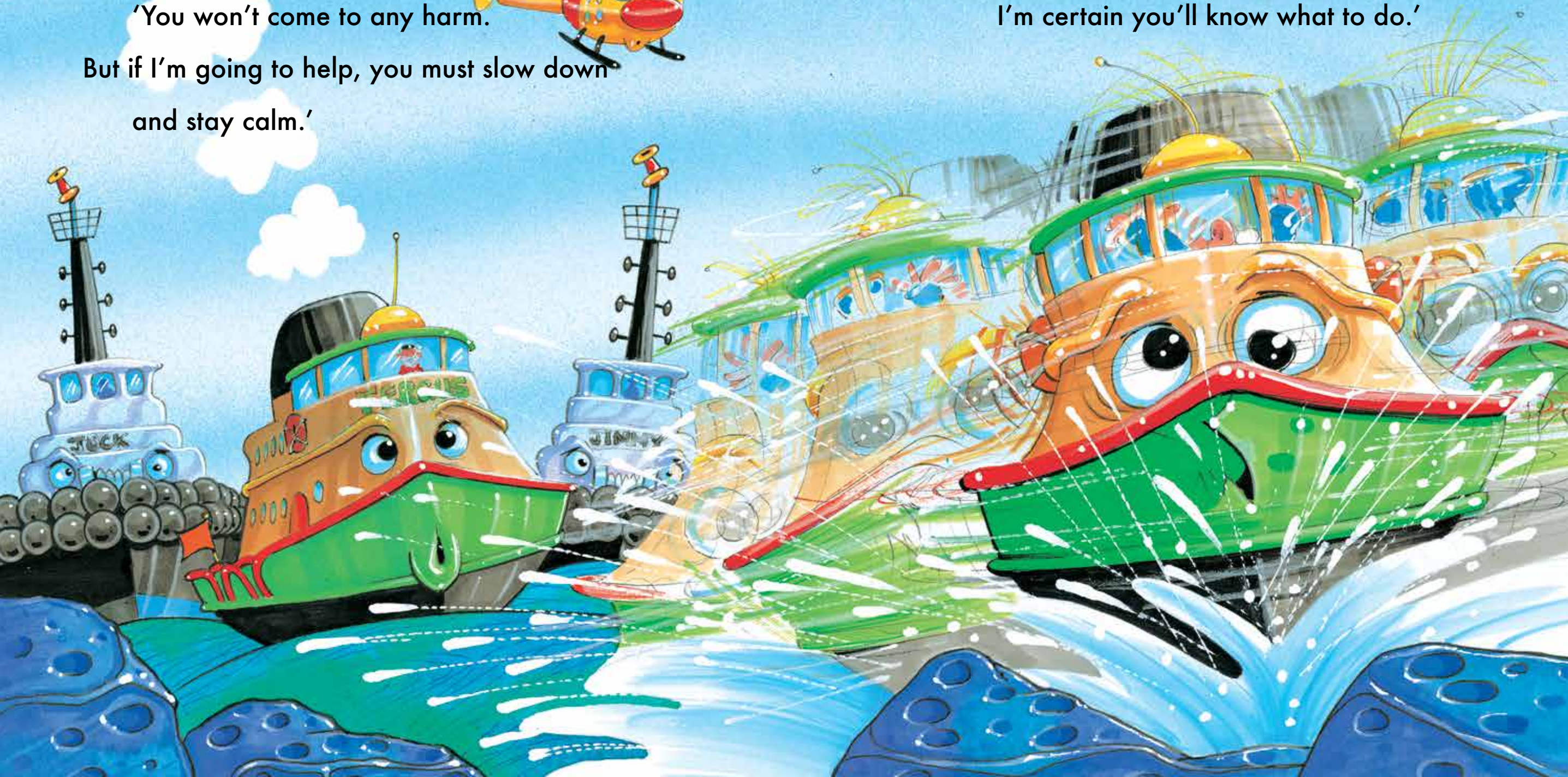
'You won't come to any harm.

But if I'm going to help, you must slow down
and stay calm.'



'Oh, Fergus,' says Angus. 'I'm glad it's you.

I'm certain you'll know what to do.'

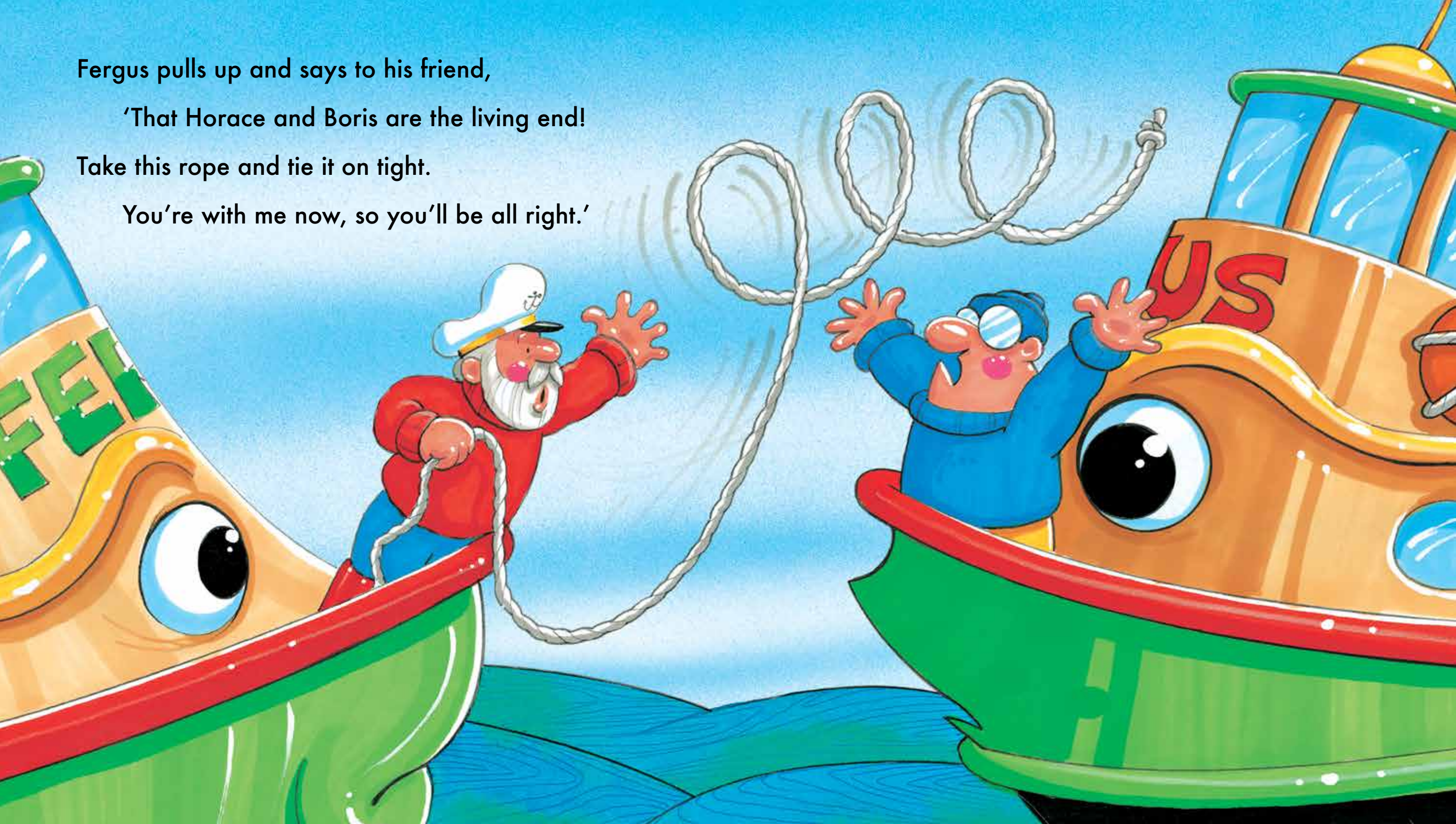


Fergus pulls up and says to his friend,

‘That Horace and Boris are the living end!

Take this rope and tie it on tight.

You’re with me now, so you’ll be all right.’



Chug, chug, putt, putt—the friends pull away.

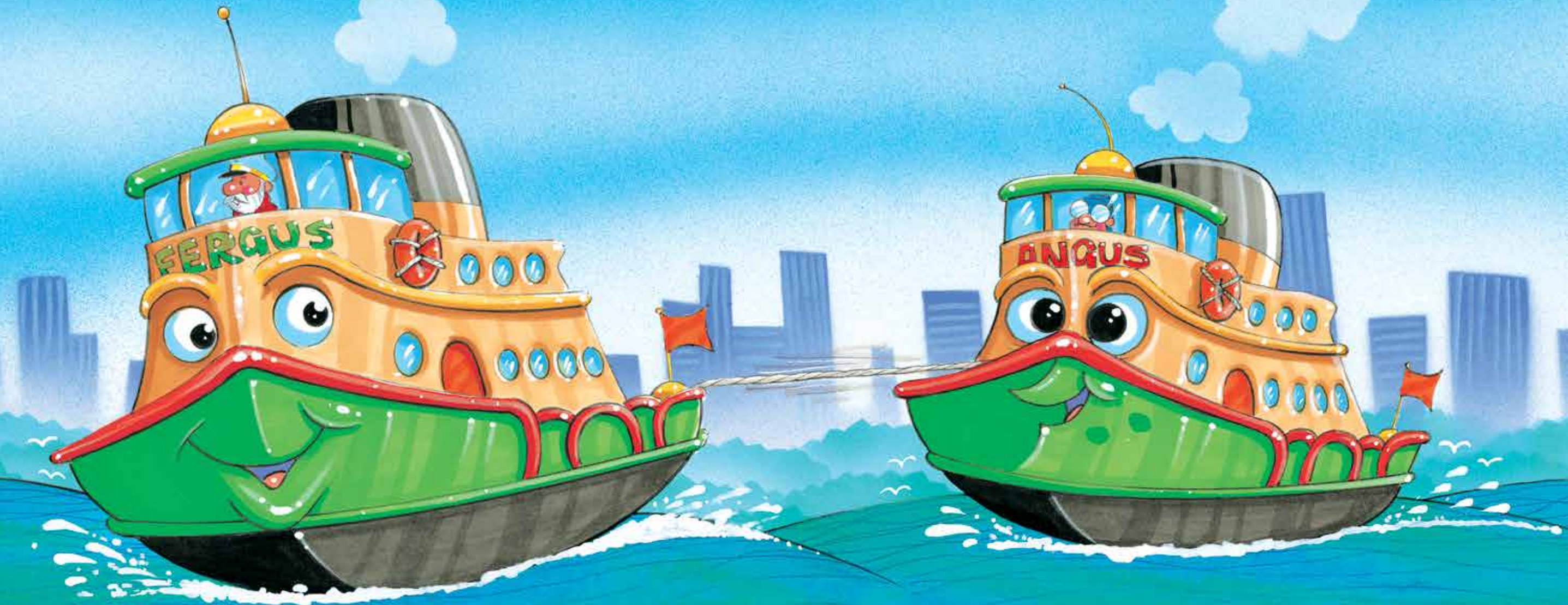
'Keep it up,' says Fergus. 'You're doing okay.'

'I've learnt my lesson,' says Angus, 'and now I know,

The outer harbour is not where I go.'

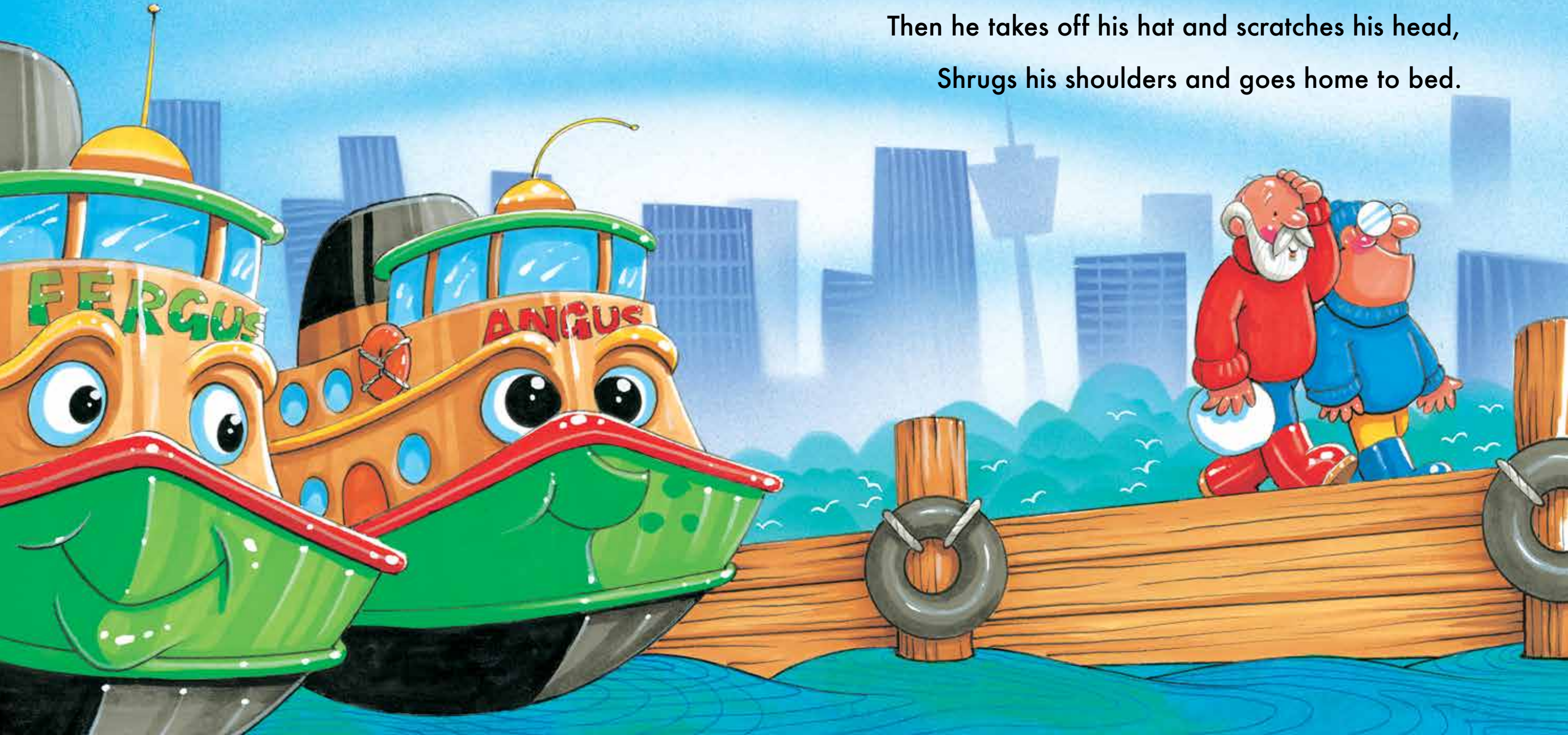
'It's true,' says Fergus, 'that there's a lot to learn.

But take it step by step and you'll have your turn.'



Fergus arrives at the dock and Joe steps ashore.
'Each day,' says Joe, 'you surprise me more and more.'

How you broke that rope to give Angus a tow,
Is one thing, old friend, that I'll never know.'
Then he takes off his hat and scratches his head,
Shrugs his shoulders and goes home to bed.



What's good to know takes time to learn.

For Linda and Michael Thompson

JWN

For Dhanashri

PT

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