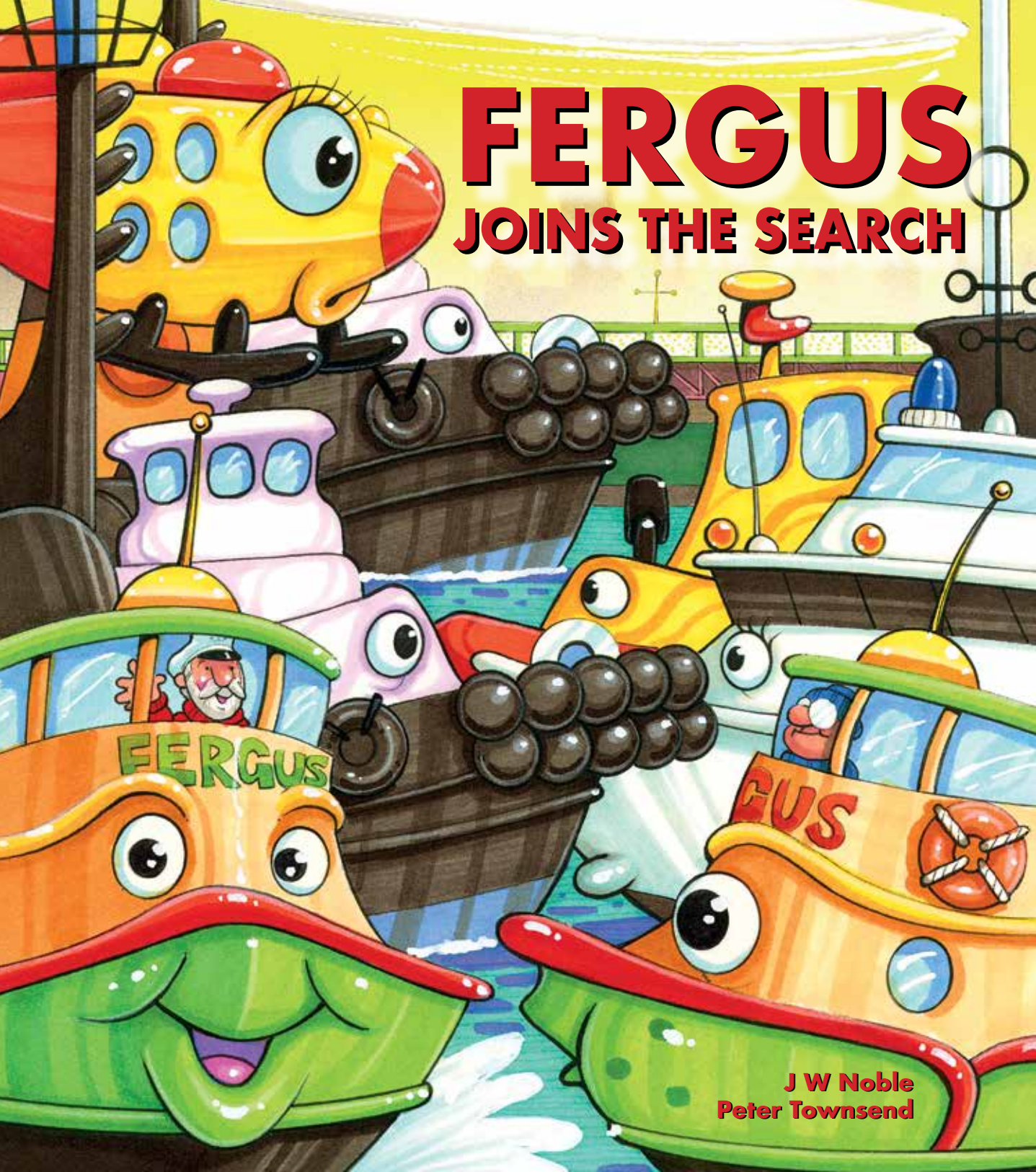




FERGUS

JOINS THE SEARCH

J W Noble
Peter Townsend



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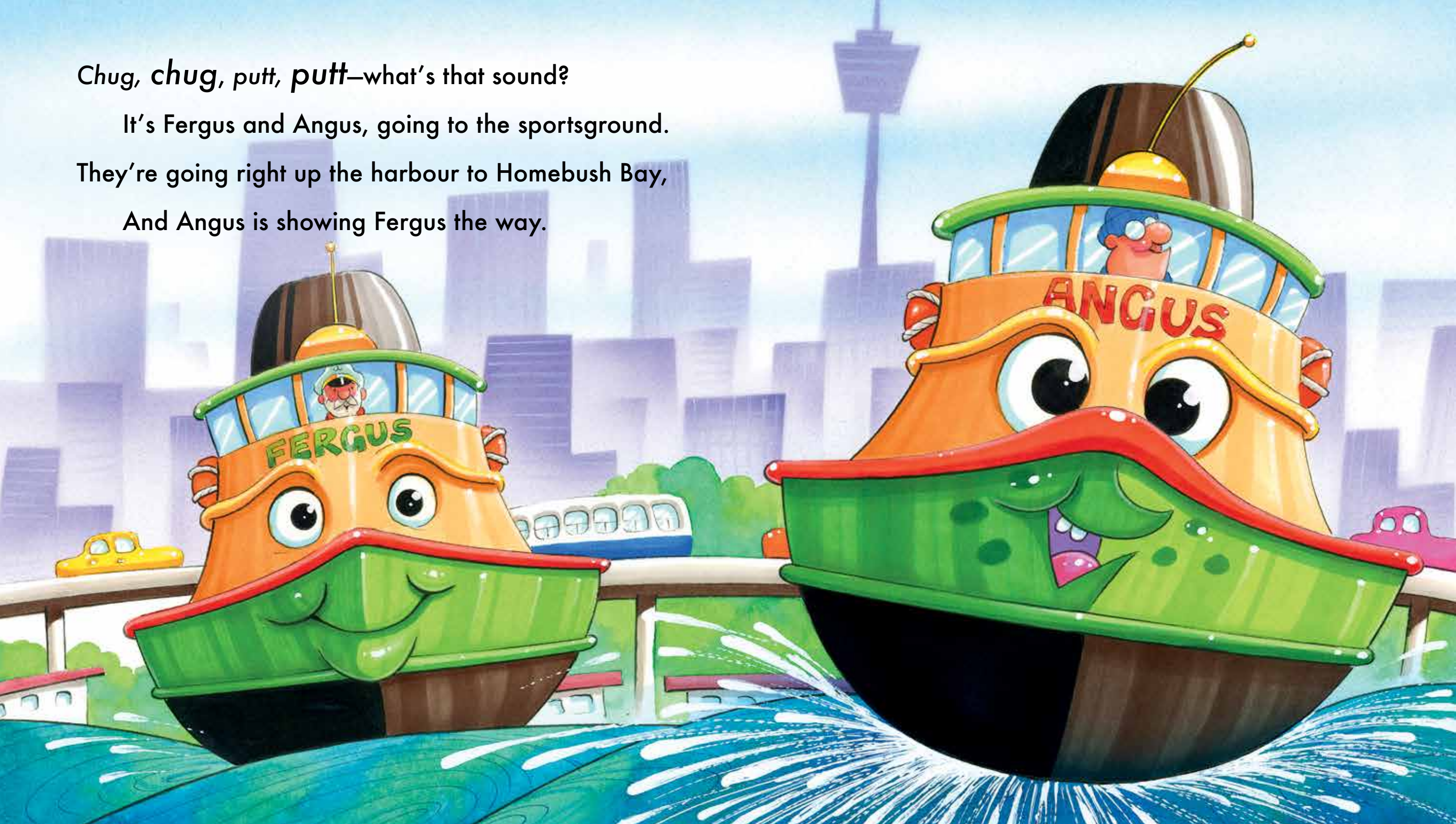
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Peter Townsend

Snwball
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www.fergusferry.com

Chug, chug, putt, putt—what's that sound?

It's Fergus and Angus, going to the sportsground.
They're going right up the harbour to Homebush Bay,
And Angus is showing Fergus the way.

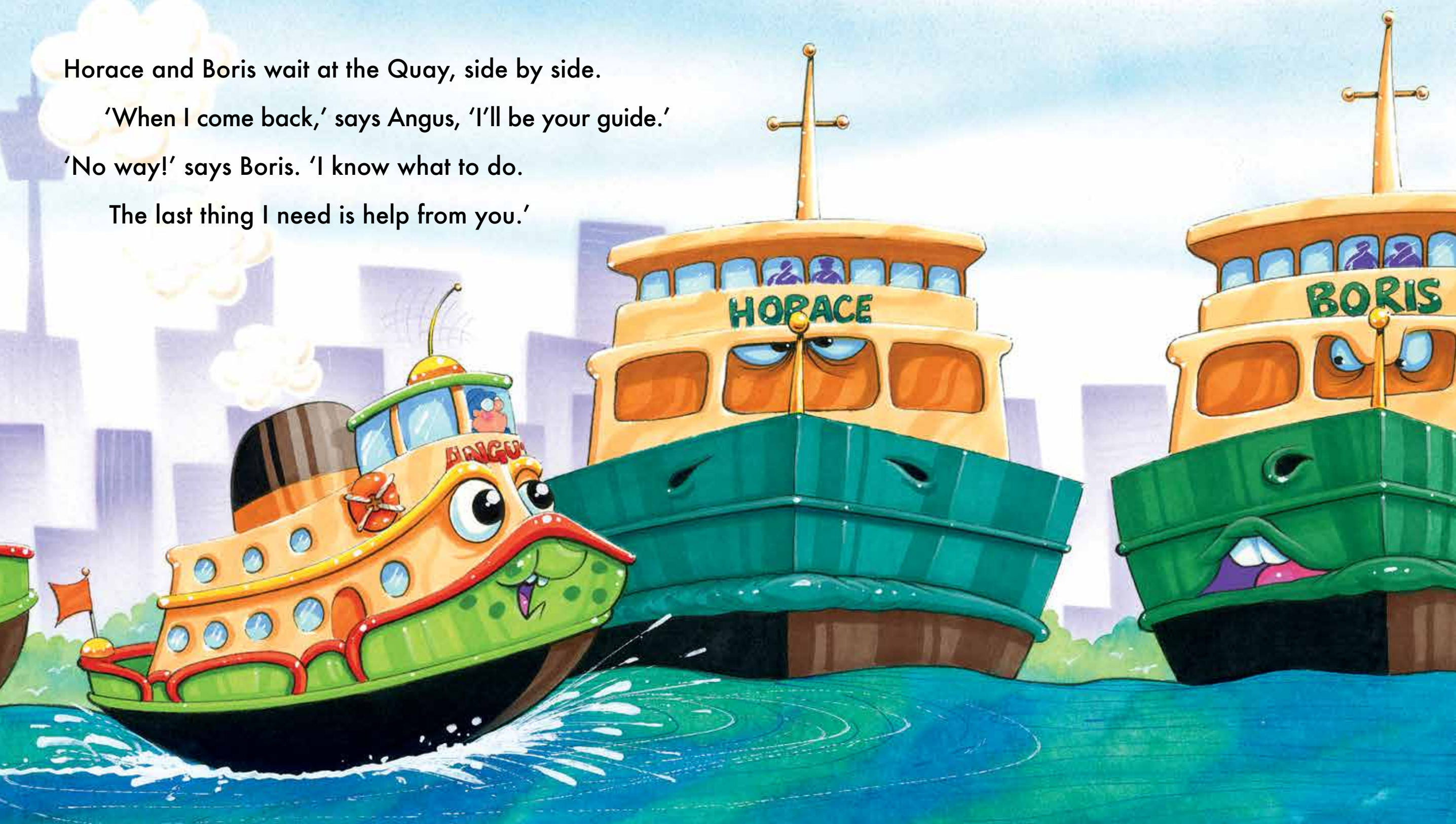


Horace and Boris wait at the Quay, side by side.

'When I come back,' says Angus, 'I'll be your guide.'

'No way!' says Boris. 'I know what to do.'

The last thing I need is help from you.'



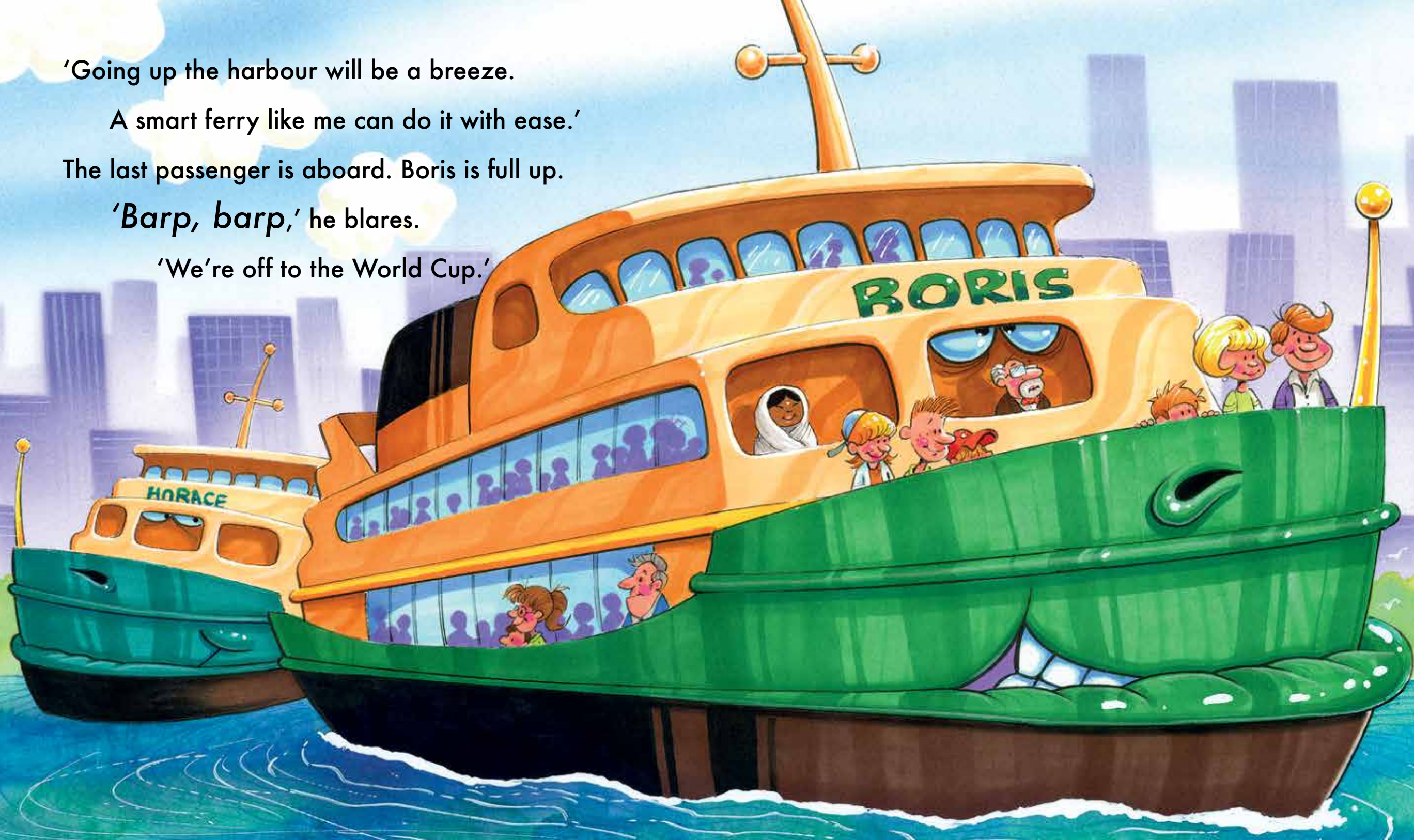
'Going up the harbour will be a breeze.

A smart ferry like me can do it with ease.'

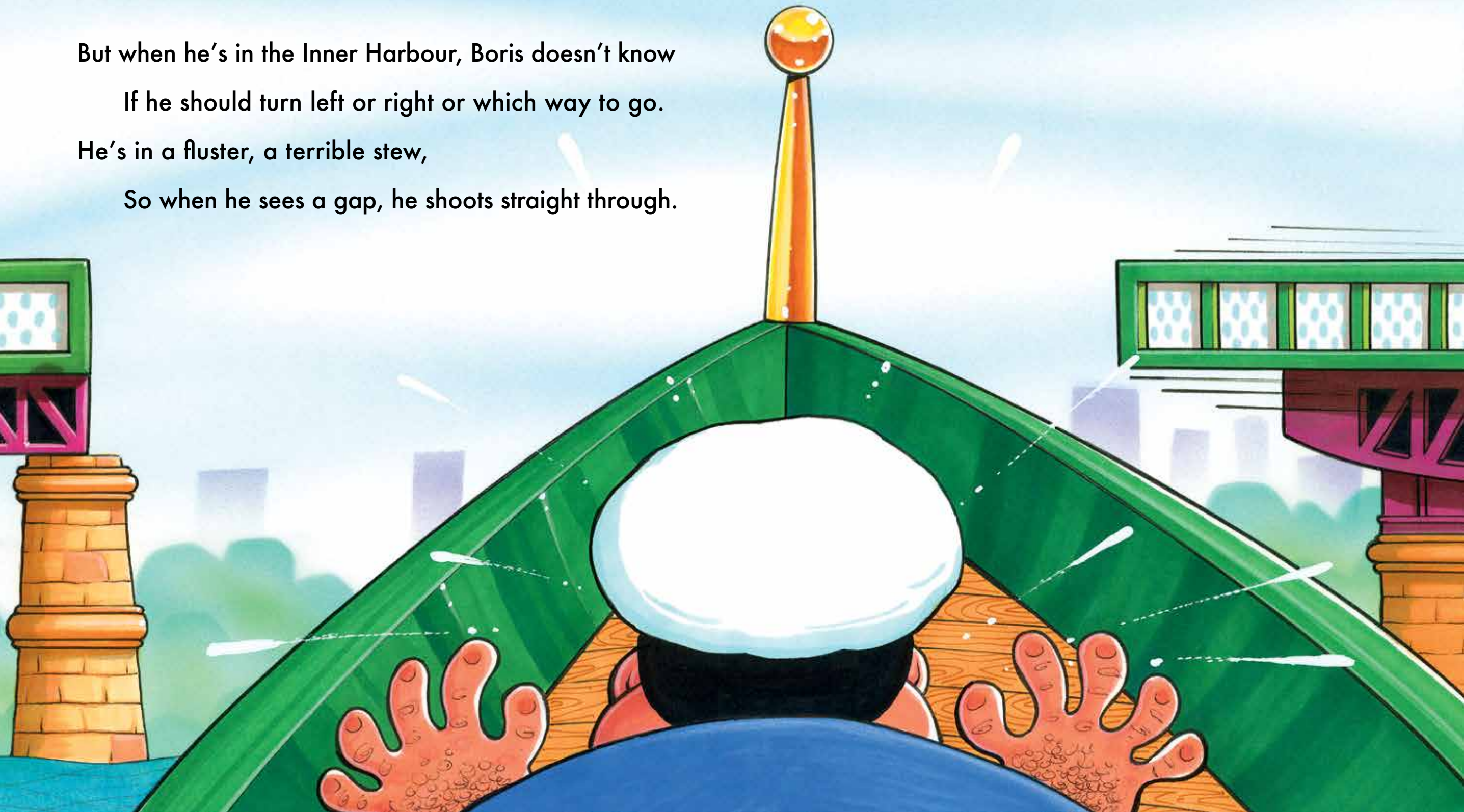
The last passenger is aboard. Boris is full up.

'*Barp, barp,*' he blares.

'We're off to the World Cup.'



But when he's in the Inner Harbour, Boris doesn't know
If he should turn left or right or which way to go.
He's in a fluster, a terrible stew,
So when he sees a gap, he shoots straight through.



'Boris, old mate,' says Captain Jake.

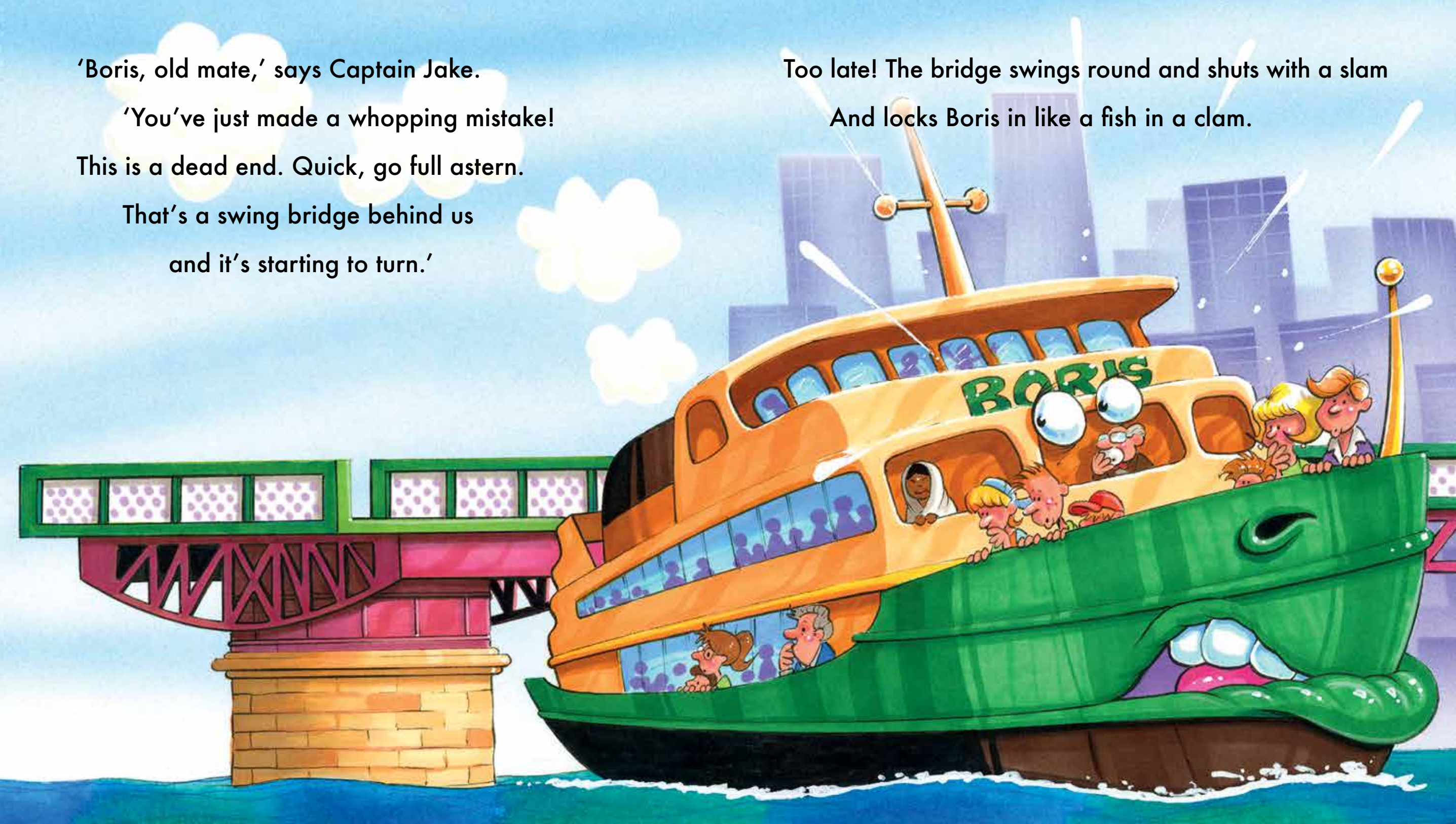
'You've just made a whopping mistake!

This is a dead end. Quick, go full astern.

That's a swing bridge behind us
and it's starting to turn.'

Too late! The bridge swings round and shuts with a slam

And locks Boris in like a fish in a clam.



Jake picks up the radio to call for help.

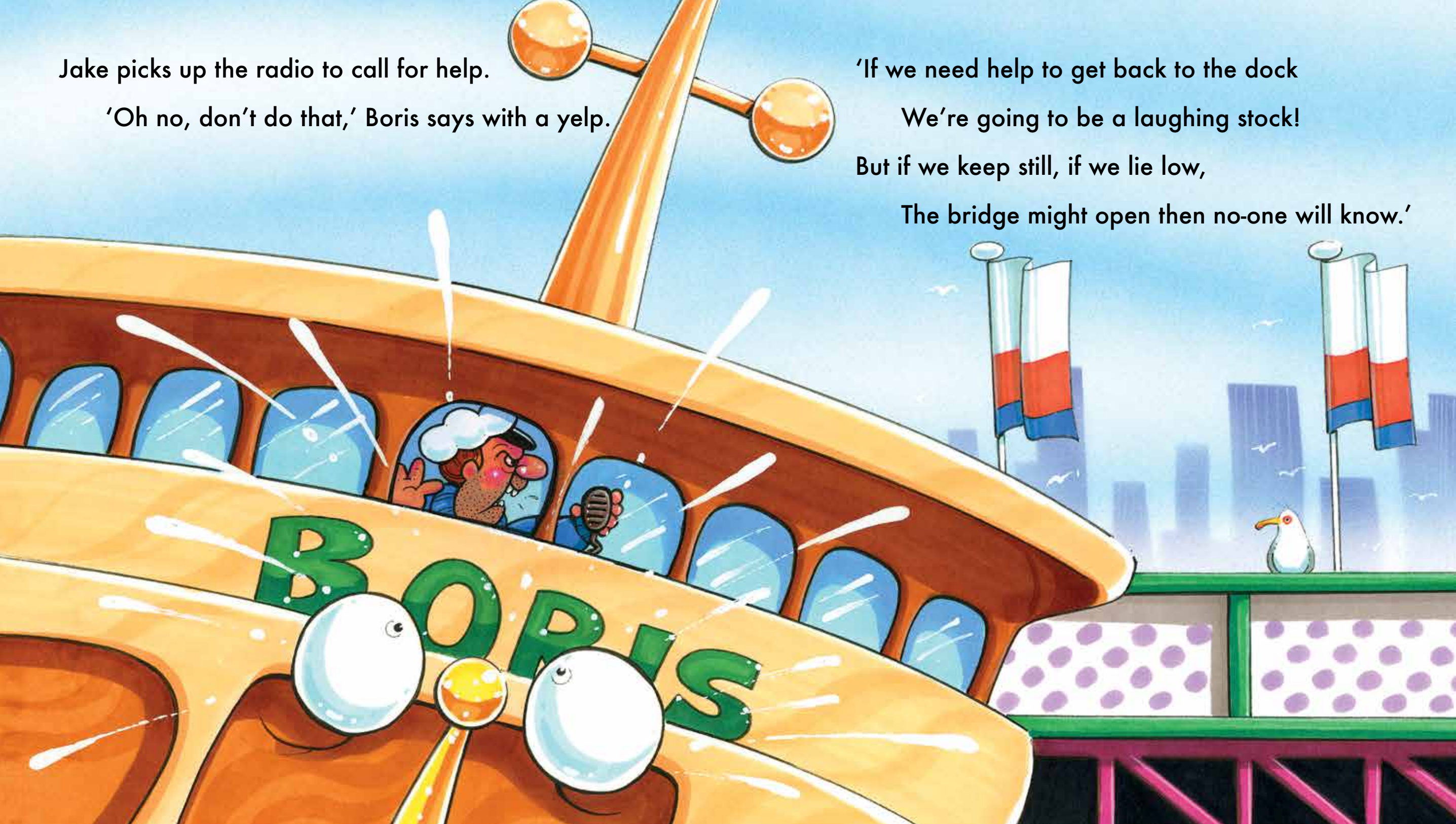
'Oh no, don't do that,' Boris says with a yelp.

'If we need help to get back to the dock

We're going to be a laughing stock!

But if we keep still, if we lie low,

The bridge might open then no-one will know.'



When Horace arrives at Homebush Bay

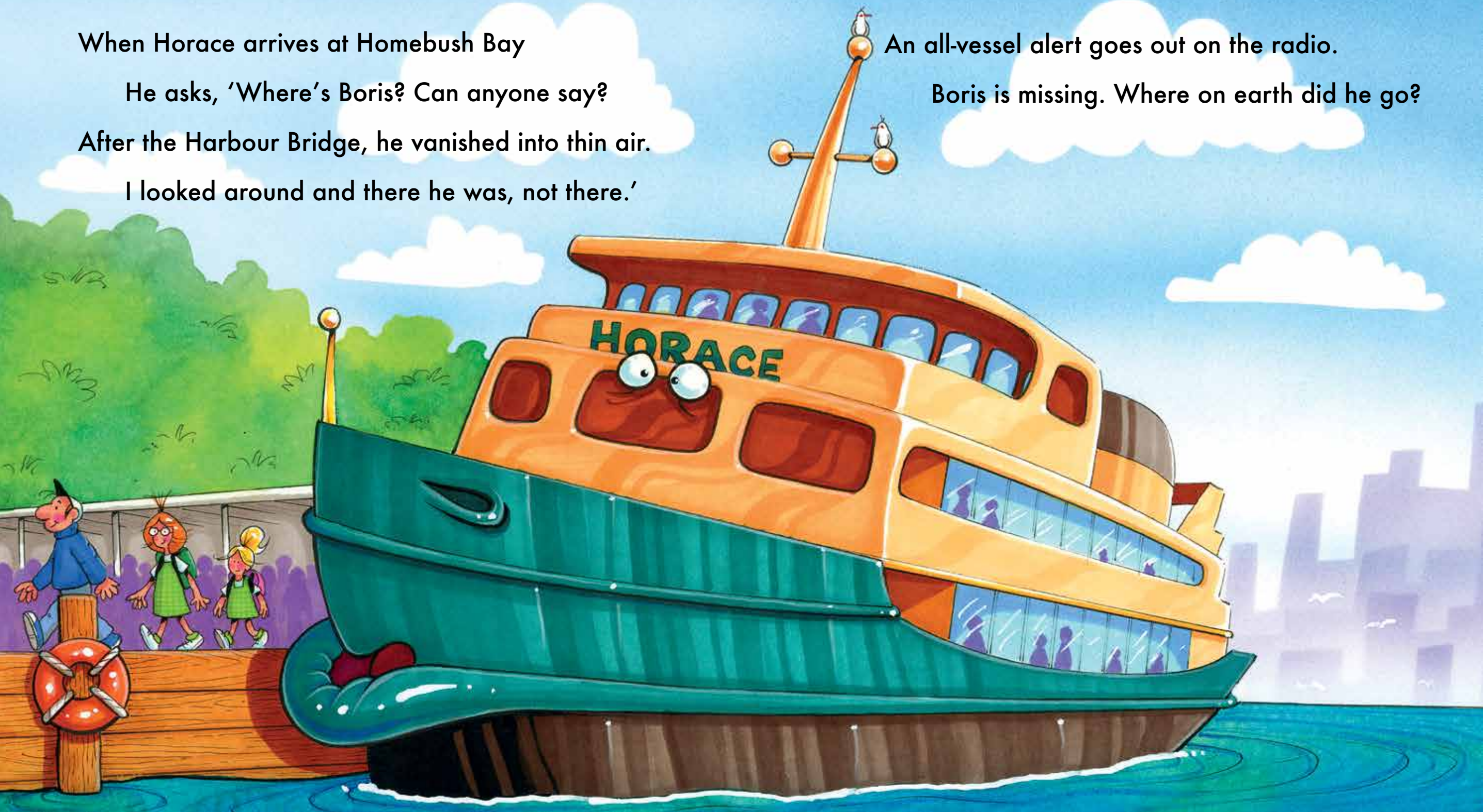
He asks, 'Where's Boris? Can anyone say?

After the Harbour Bridge, he vanished into thin air.

I looked around and there he was, not there.'

An all-vessel alert goes out on the radio.

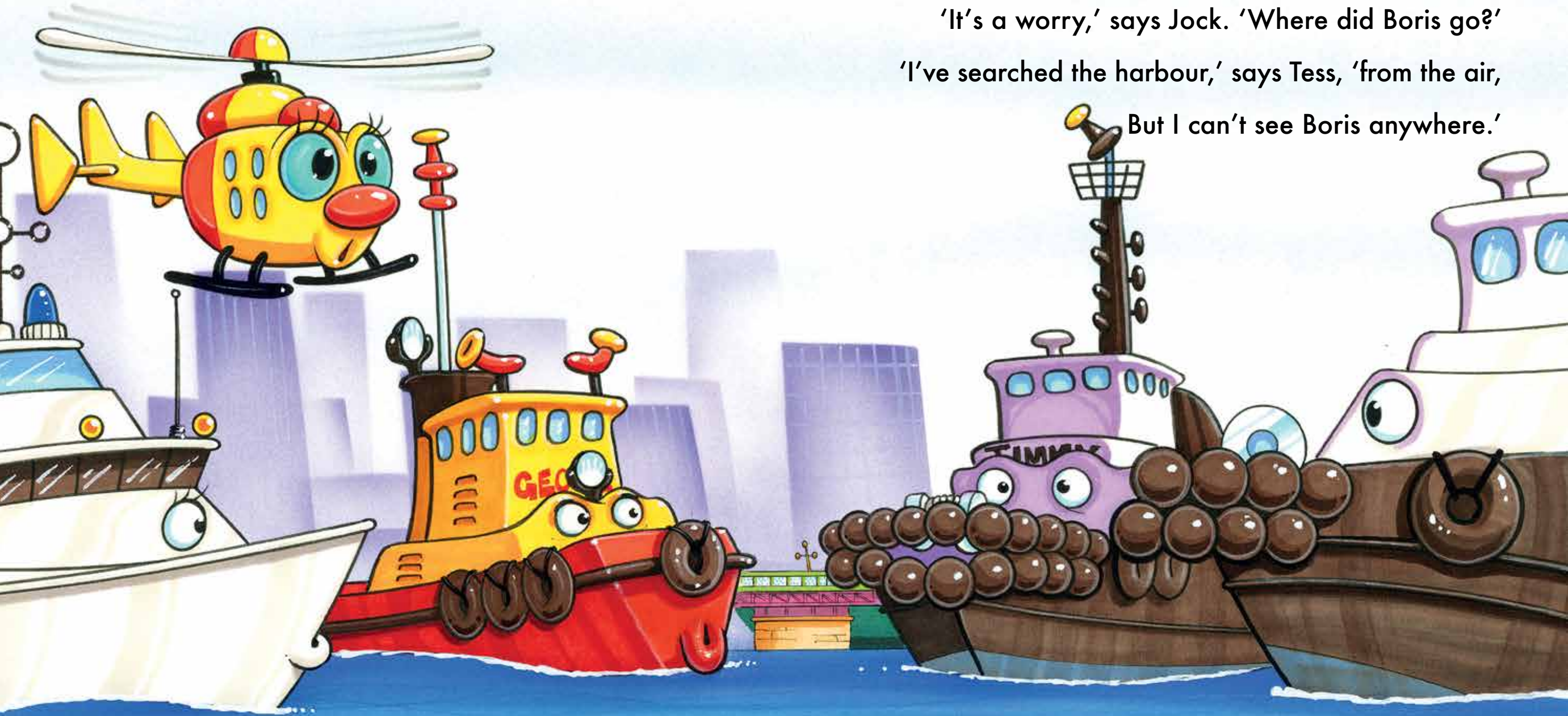
Boris is missing. Where on earth did he go?



All the vessels join the search, even George and Kate.
If they don't find him soon, he's going to be late.

'We've searched high,' says Jimmy,
'and we've searched low.'

'It's a worry,' says Jock. 'Where did Boris go?'
'I've searched the harbour,' says Tess, 'from the air,
But I can't see Boris anywhere.'

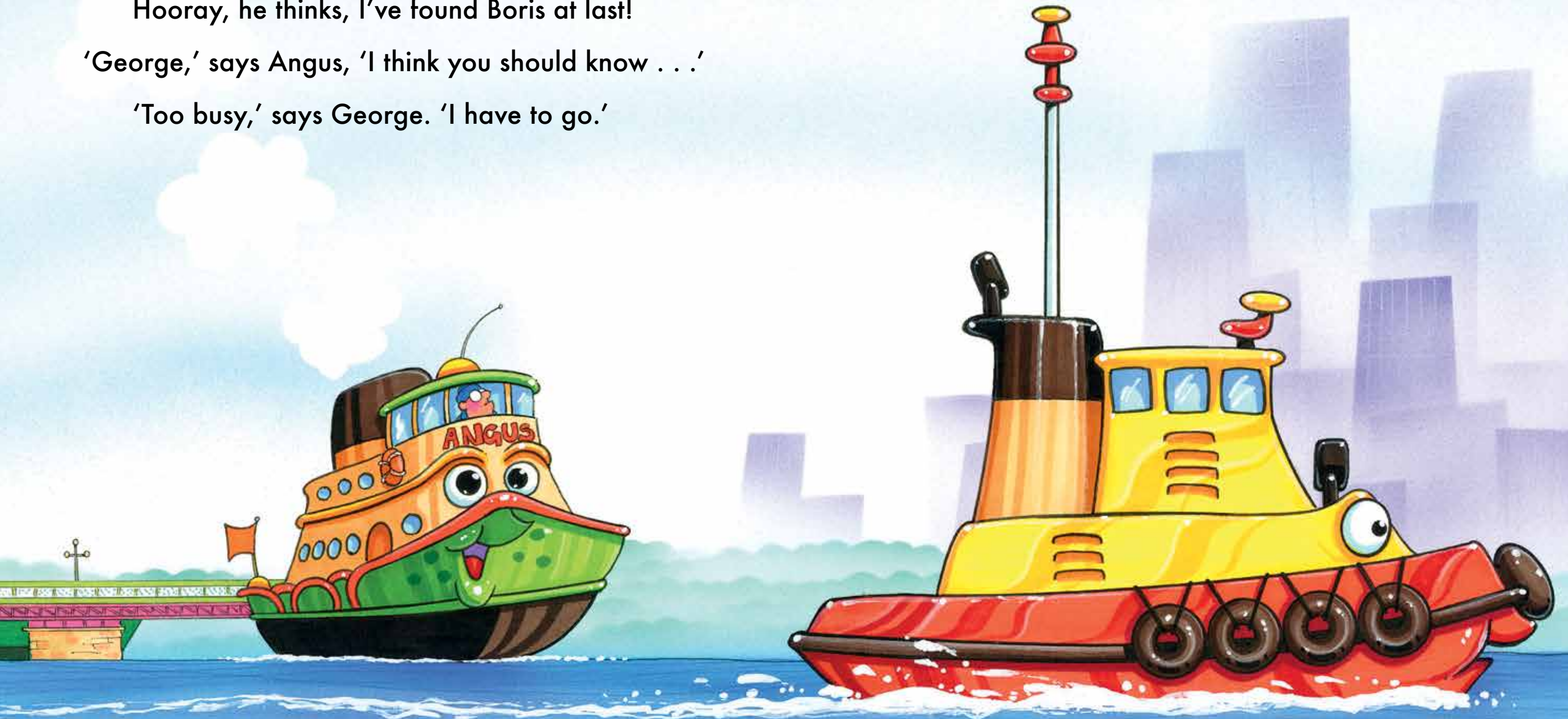


Then Angus sees the top of a mast.

Hooray, he thinks, I've found Boris at last!

'George,' says Angus, 'I think you should know . . .'

'Too busy,' says George. 'I have to go.'



'Jimmy,' says Angus, 'I just thought . . .'

'Must go,' says Jimmy. 'Sorry, sport.'

'Kate,' says Angus, 'I've got good news for you.'

'Later,' says Kate. 'There's a search to do.'

Angus is frustrated. He lets out a yell.

'I've got something to say,
but no-one to tell!'



'Steady on,' says Fergus. 'There's no need to shout.

If you have something to say, just spit it out!'

'Unless,' says Angus, 'I kick up a stink

Nobody cares what I think.'

'Well, I care,' says Fergus, 'so have your say.'

'I've found Boris,' says Angus. 'He's in Cockle Bay!'

'Good on you,' says Fergus, 'I'd already guessed

That you would find Boris before the rest.'



Putt, putt, chug, chug—off the friends head.

When they reach Boris, his face is bright red.

'Boris,' says Angus, 'I think you'll agree.

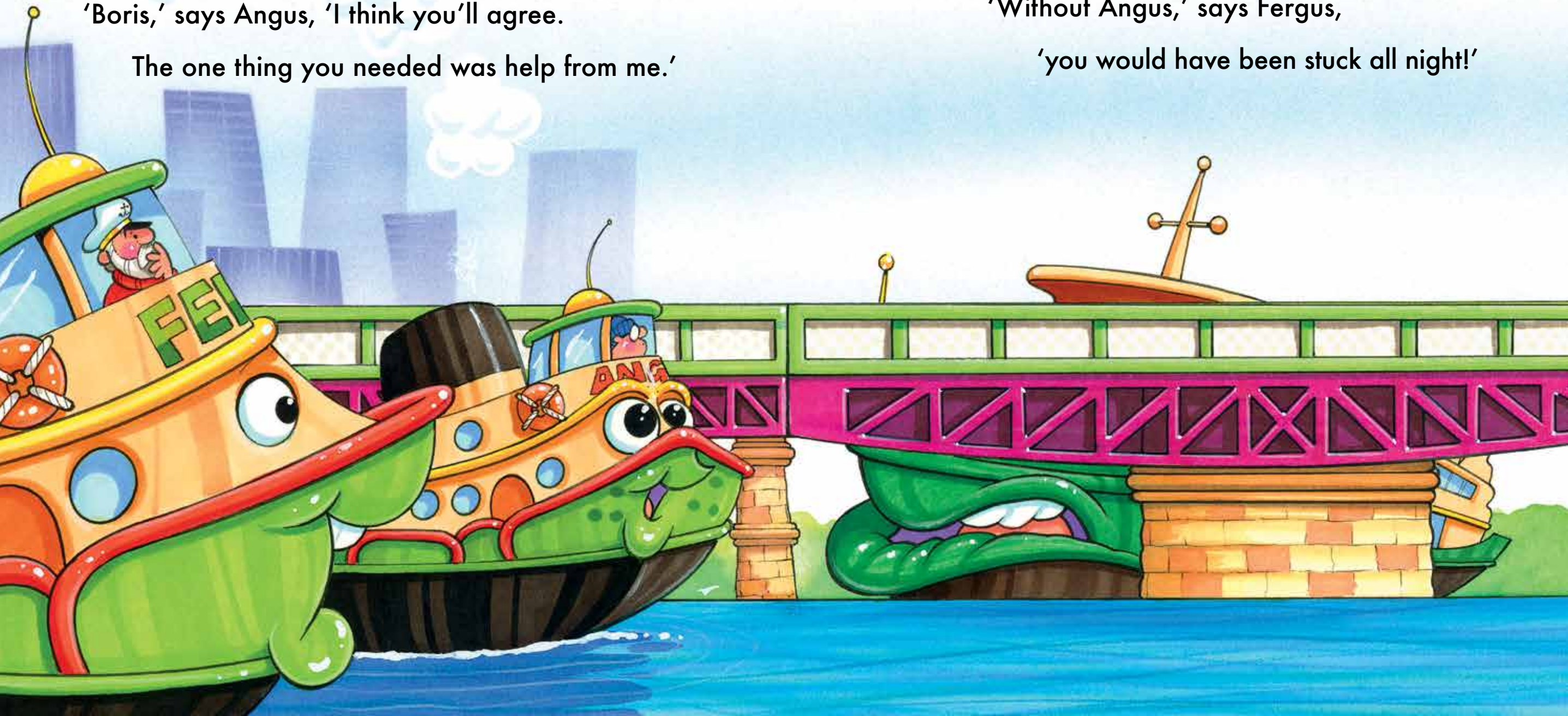
The one thing you needed was help from me.'

'I didn't need help,' says Boris.

'I would have been all right.'

'Without Angus,' says Fergus,

'you would have been stuck all night!'

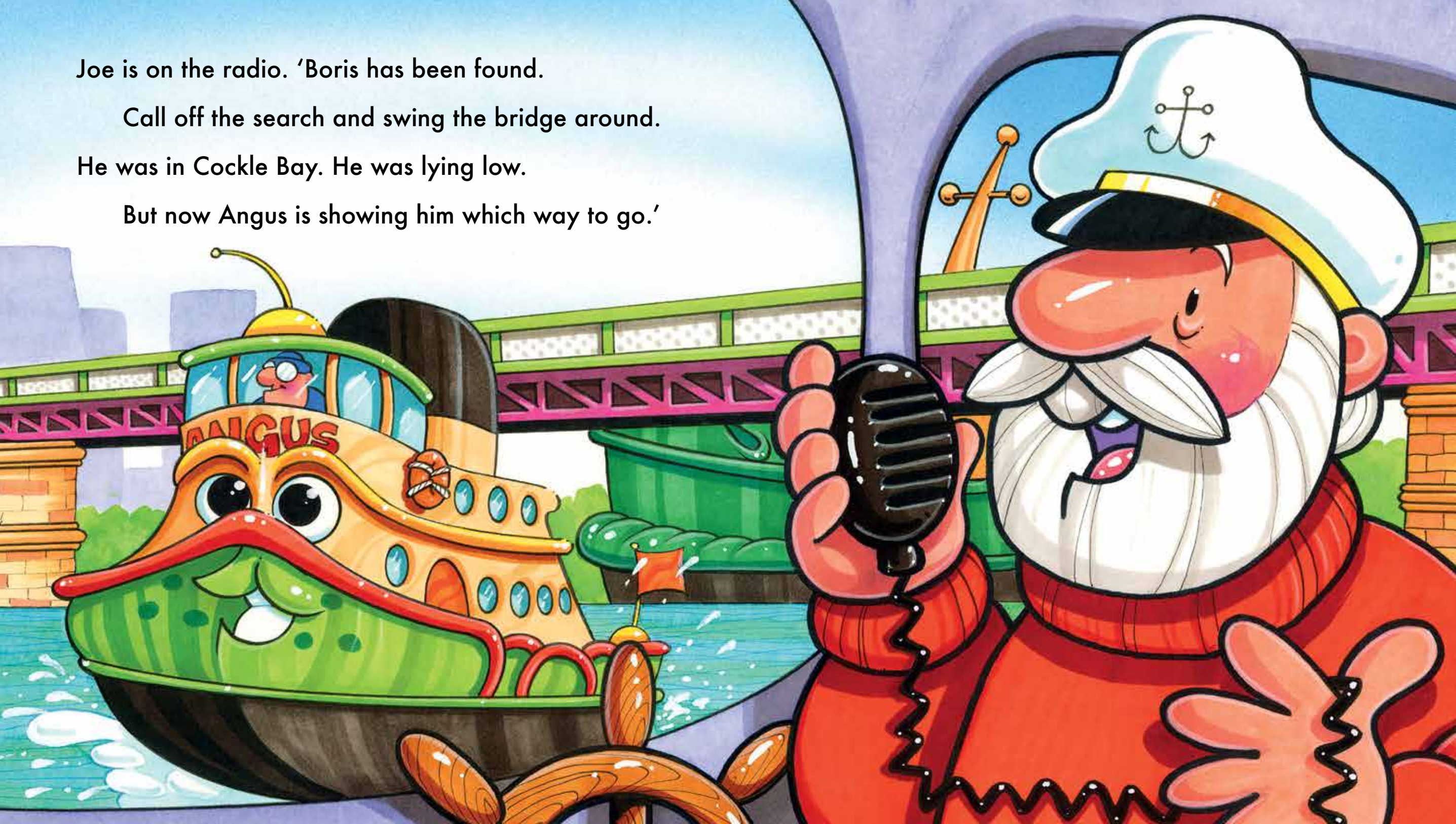


Joe is on the radio. 'Boris has been found.

Call off the search and swing the bridge around.

He was in Cockle Bay. He was lying low.

But now Angus is showing him which way to go.'

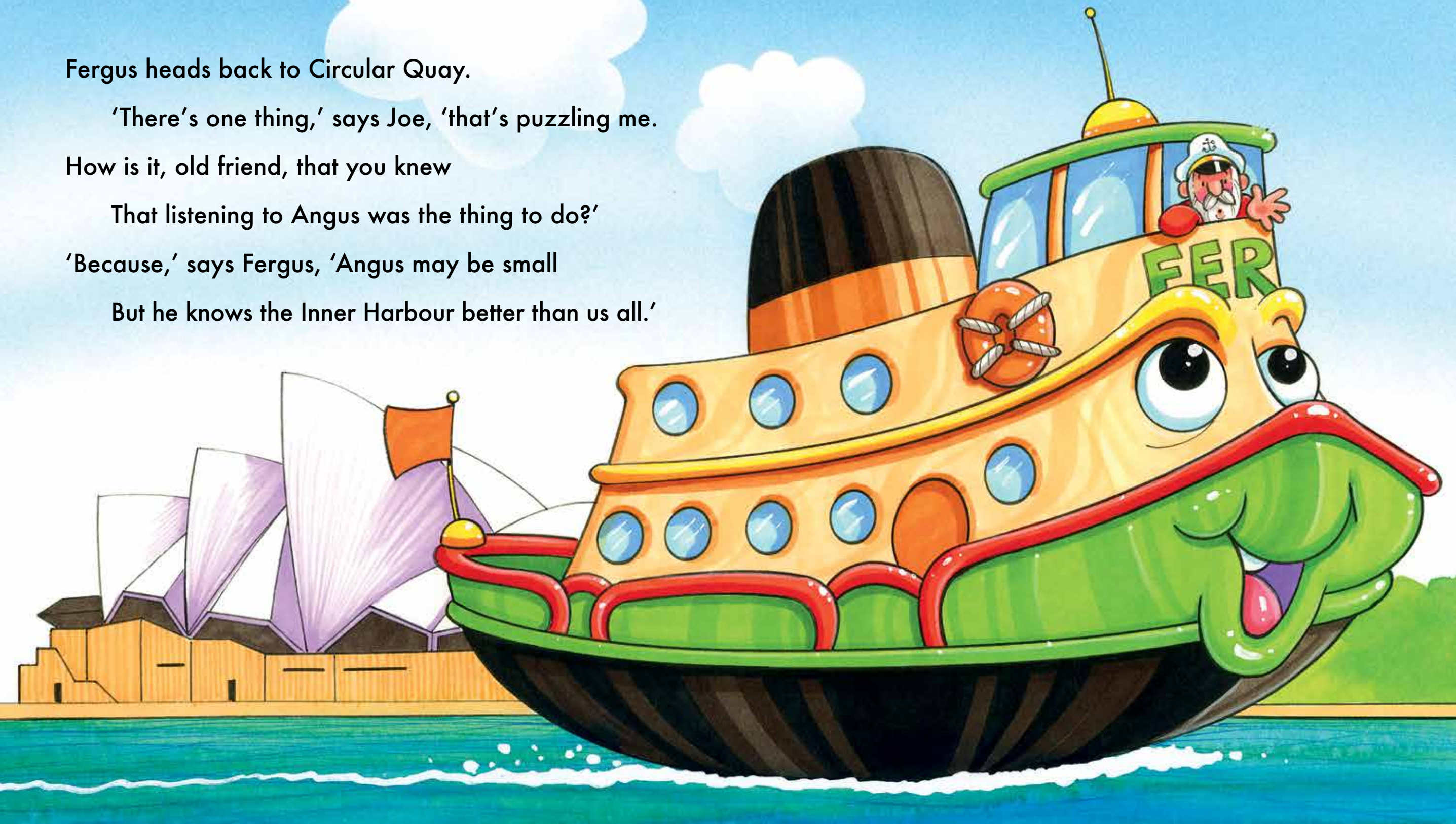


Fergus heads back to Circular Quay.

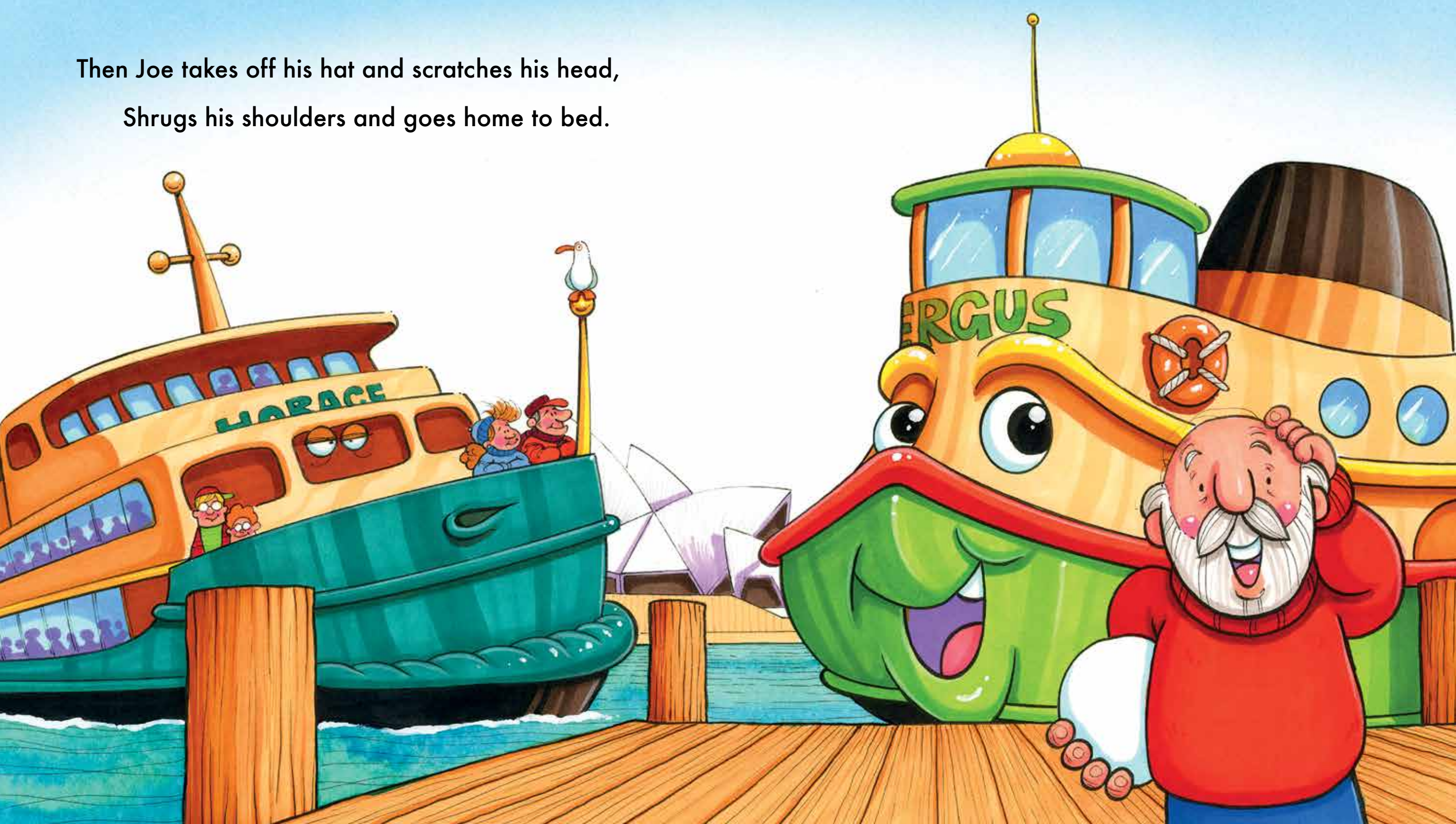
'There's one thing,' says Joe, 'that's puzzling me.
How is it, old friend, that you knew

That listening to Angus was the thing to do?'

'Because,' says Fergus, 'Angus may be small
But he knows the Inner Harbour better than us all.'



Then Joe takes off his hat and scratches his head,
Shrugs his shoulders and goes home to bed.



Discover your strengths and play to them.

For Helen Tardent

JWN

Sri Mata Amritanandamayi

PT

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