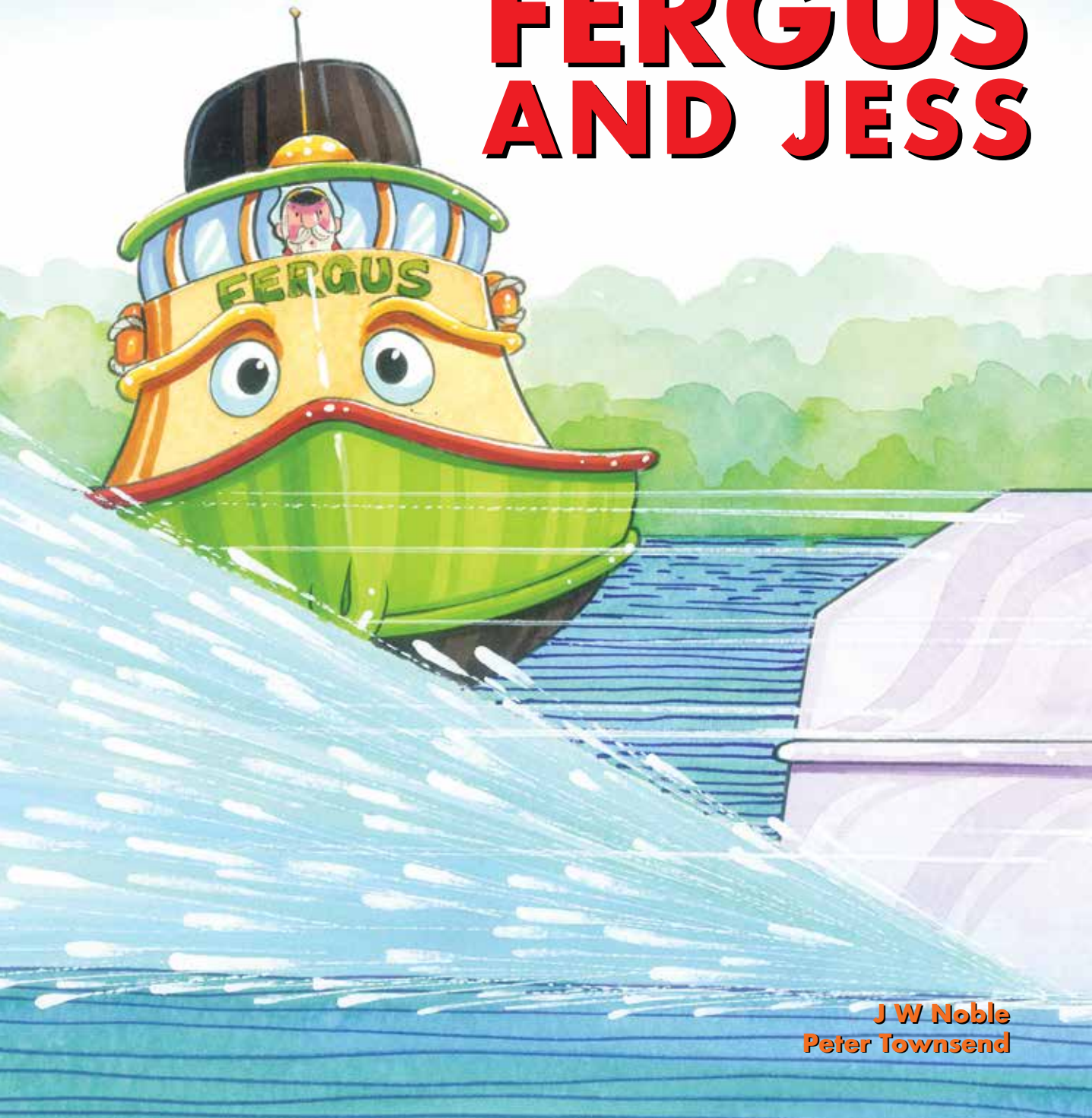


FERGUS AND JESS



J W Noble
Peter Townsend



FERGUS AND JESS

**J W Noble
Peter Townsend**

Snwball
PRESS

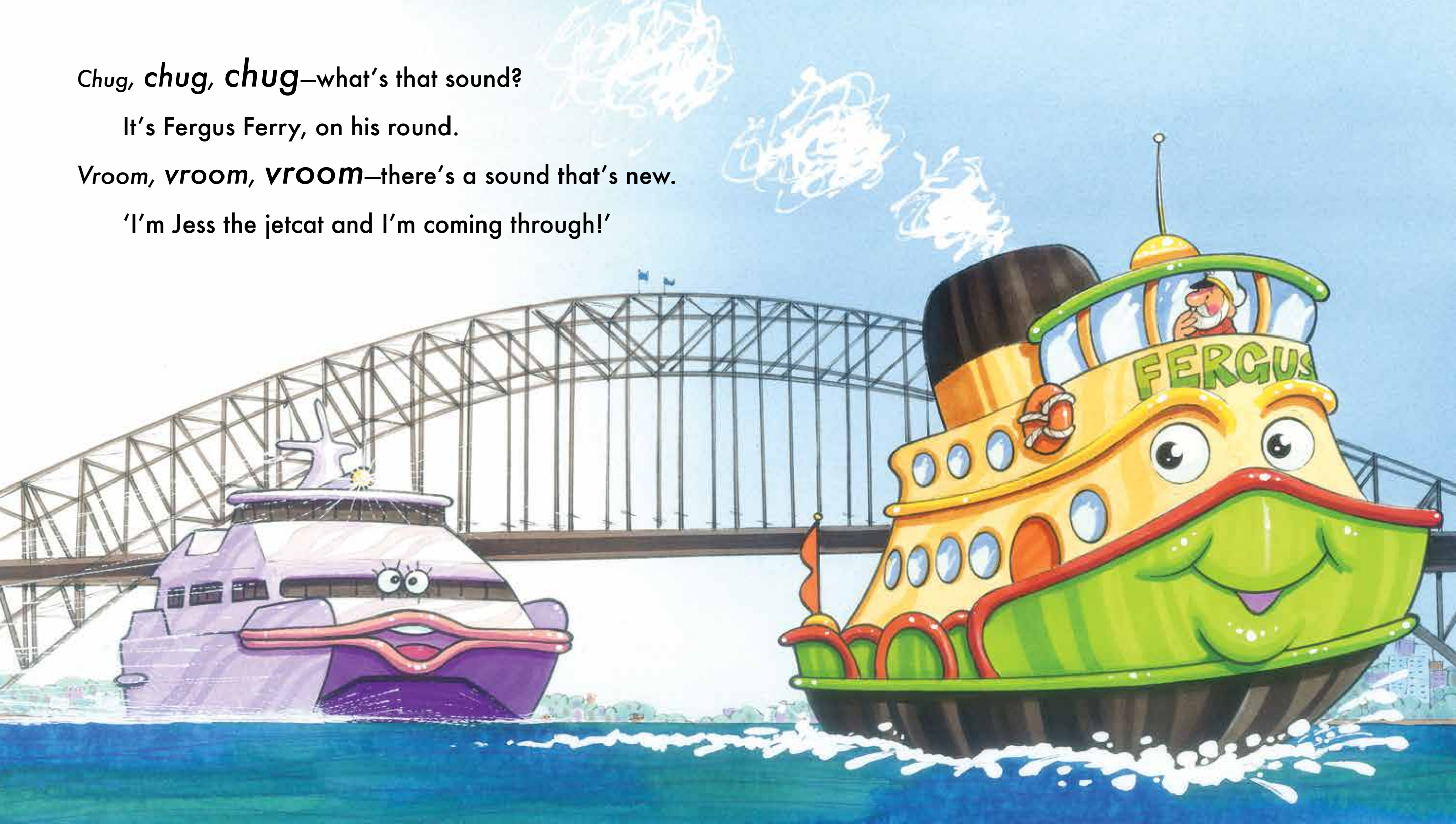
www.fergusferry.com

Chug, chug, chug—what's that sound?

It's Fergus Ferry, on his round.

Vroom, vroom, vroom—there's a sound that's new.

'I'm Jess the jetcat and I'm coming through!'



'Hang on,' says Boris, 'not yet you're not.

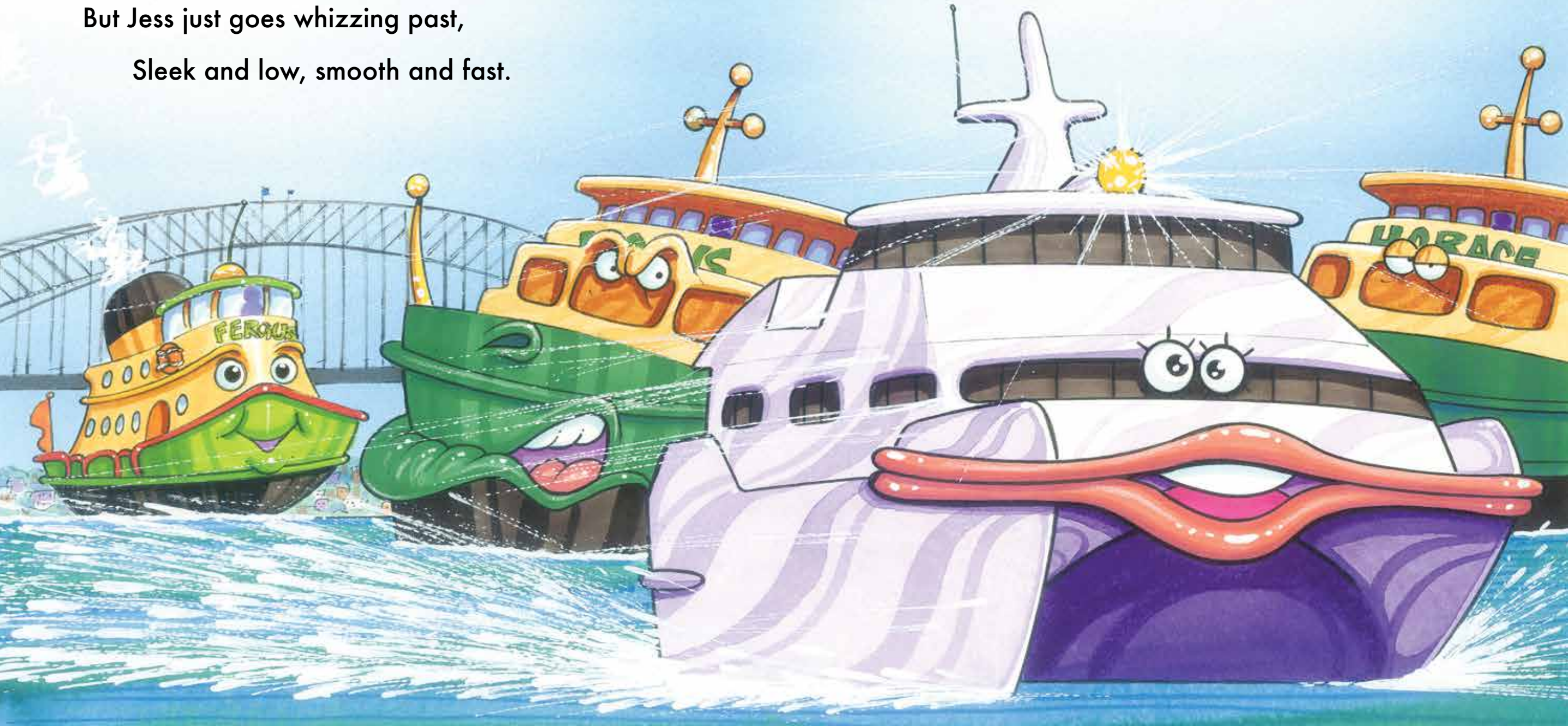
You're still in trials, in case you forgot.'

But Jess just goes whizzing past,

Sleek and low, smooth and fast.

On her roof, there's a flashing yellow light.

She goes so fast that it needs to be bright.



'She may not be long,' says Boris,

'and she may not be wide ...'

'But she's quick,' says Horace,

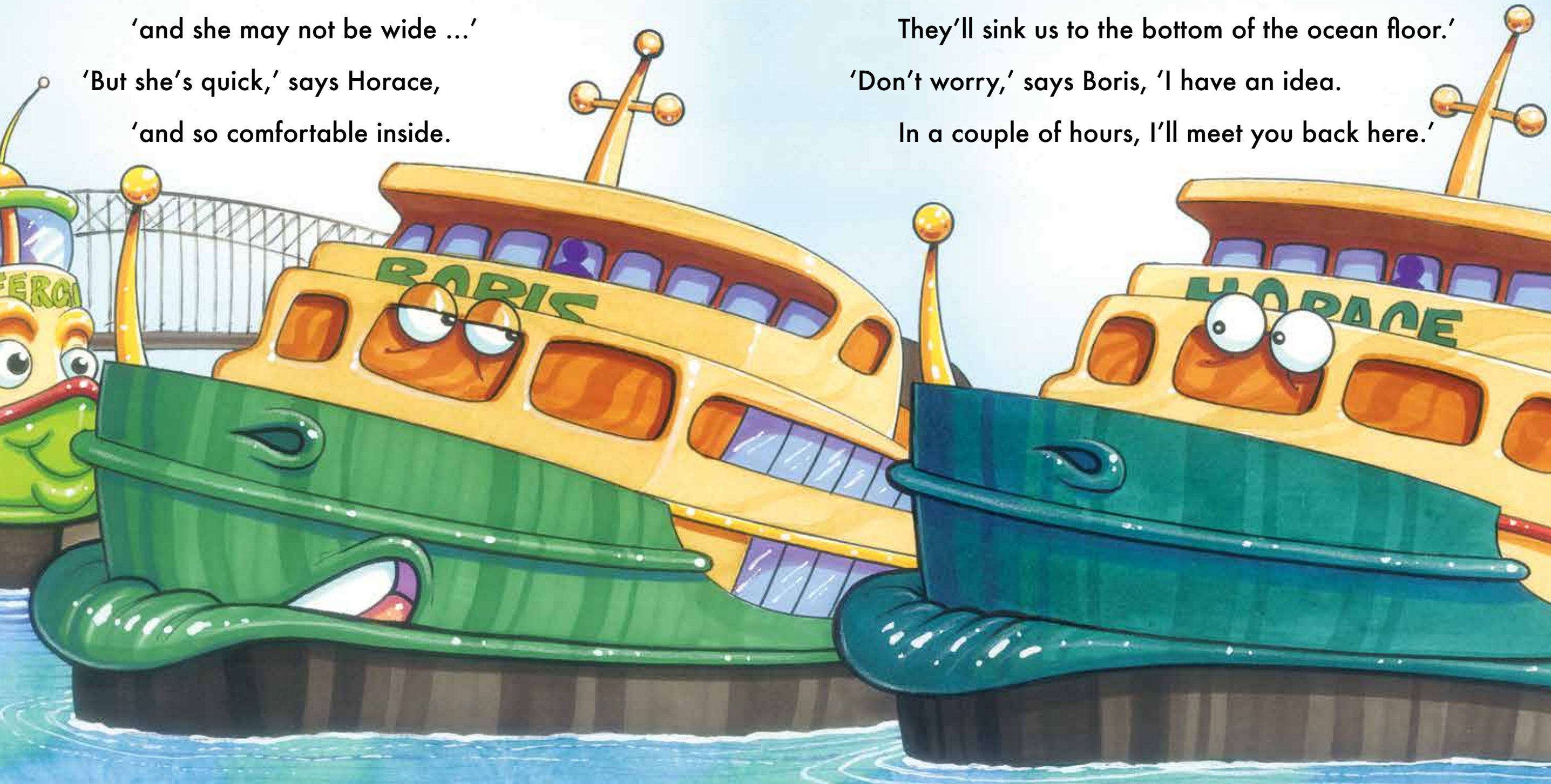
'and so comfortable inside.

If she passes her trials, they won't need us anymore.

They'll sink us to the bottom of the ocean floor.'

'Don't worry,' says Boris, 'I have an idea.

In a couple of hours, I'll meet you back here.'



Later that day, Boris comes into sight.

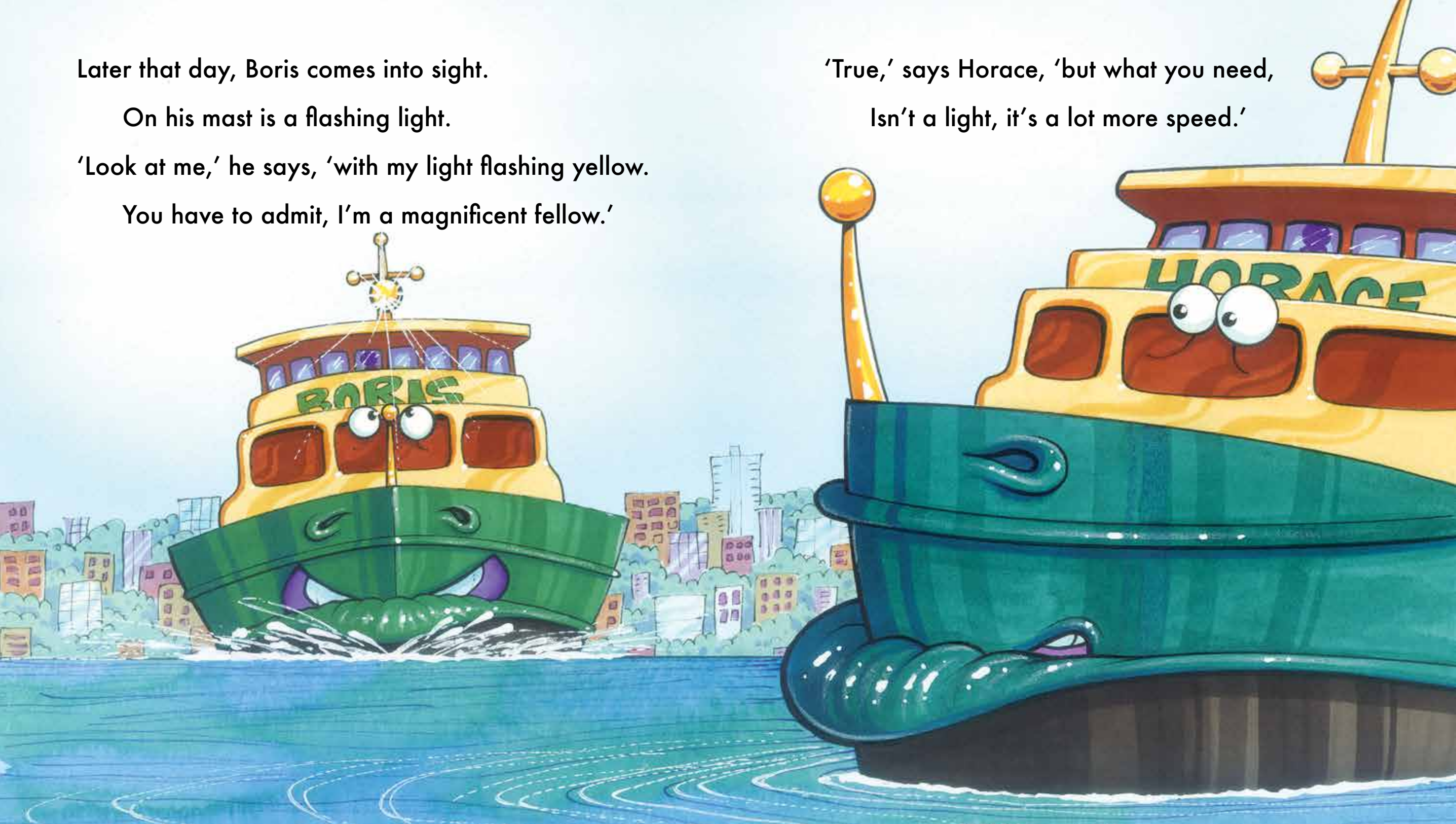
On his mast is a flashing light.

'Look at me,' he says, 'with my light flashing yellow.

You have to admit, I'm a magnificent fellow.'

'True,' says Horace, 'but what you need,

Isn't a light, it's a lot more speed.'



'But I'm the Manly ferry—zoom, zoom, **zoom**.

I'm extremely fast, so stand back and make room!'

As he revs his engines, Jet comes gliding through.

'Oh no!' says Horace. 'Now there are two!'

In no time at all, Jet is out of sight.

Horace looks sick. Boris turns white.



'I give up,' sobs Boris. 'I've tried every trick.

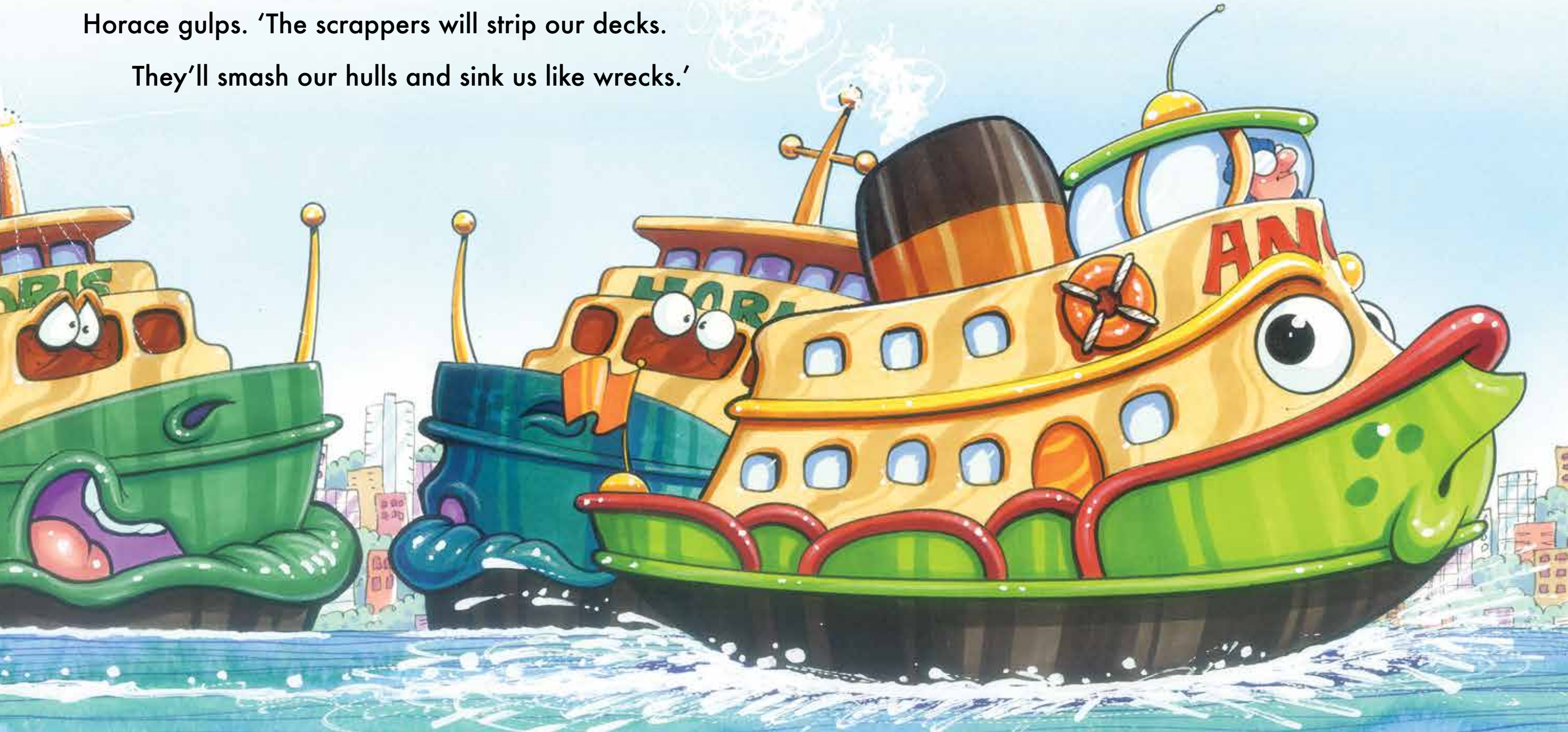
We'll have to accept that they're just too quick!'

Horace gulps. 'The scrappers will strip our decks.

They'll smash our hulls and sink us like wrecks.'

Angus is passing and overhears what they say.

He picks up his passengers and is on his way.

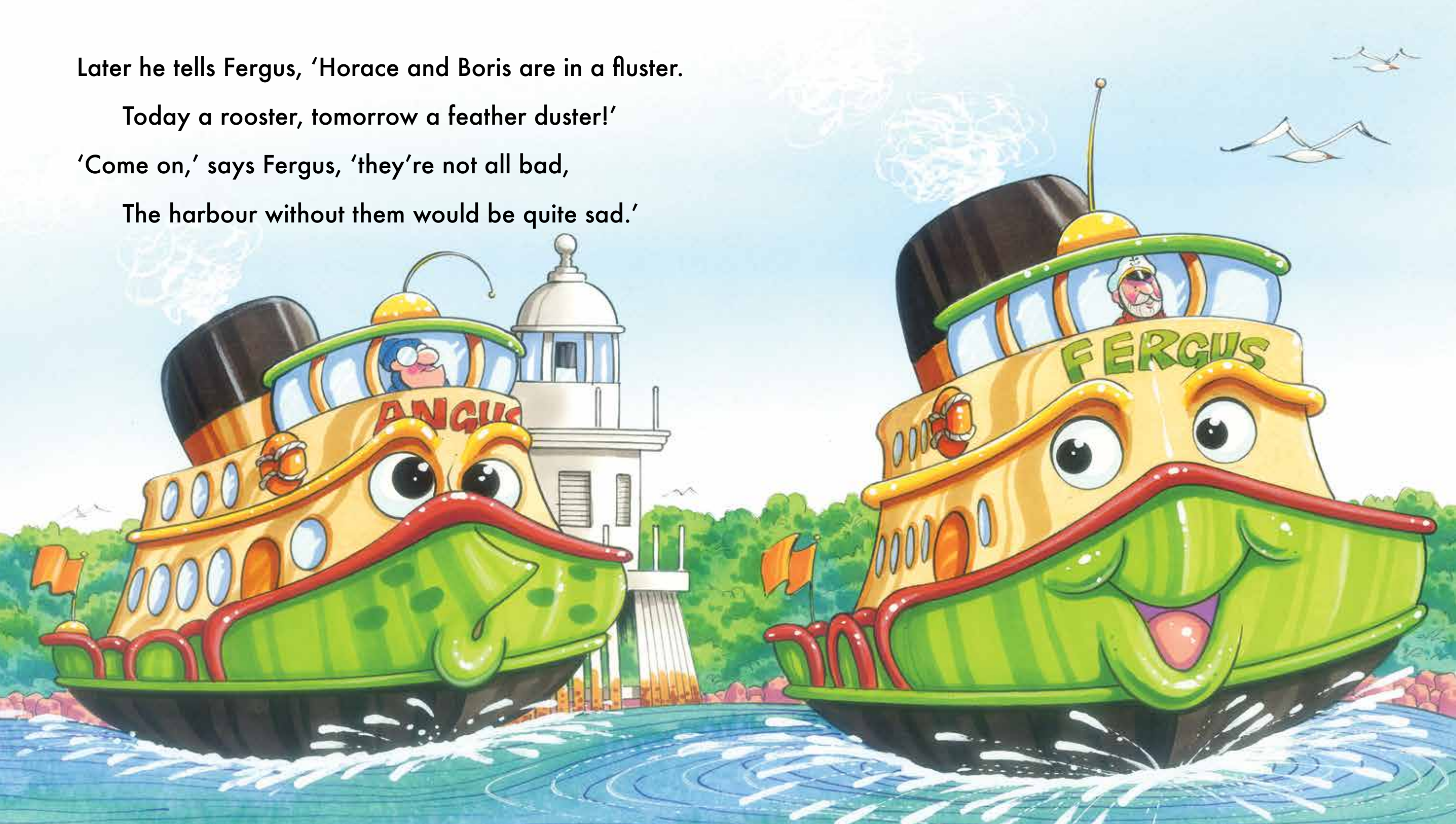


Later he tells Fergus, 'Horace and Boris are in a fluster.

Today a rooster, tomorrow a feather duster!'

'Come on,' says Fergus, 'they're not all bad,

The harbour without them would be quite sad.'

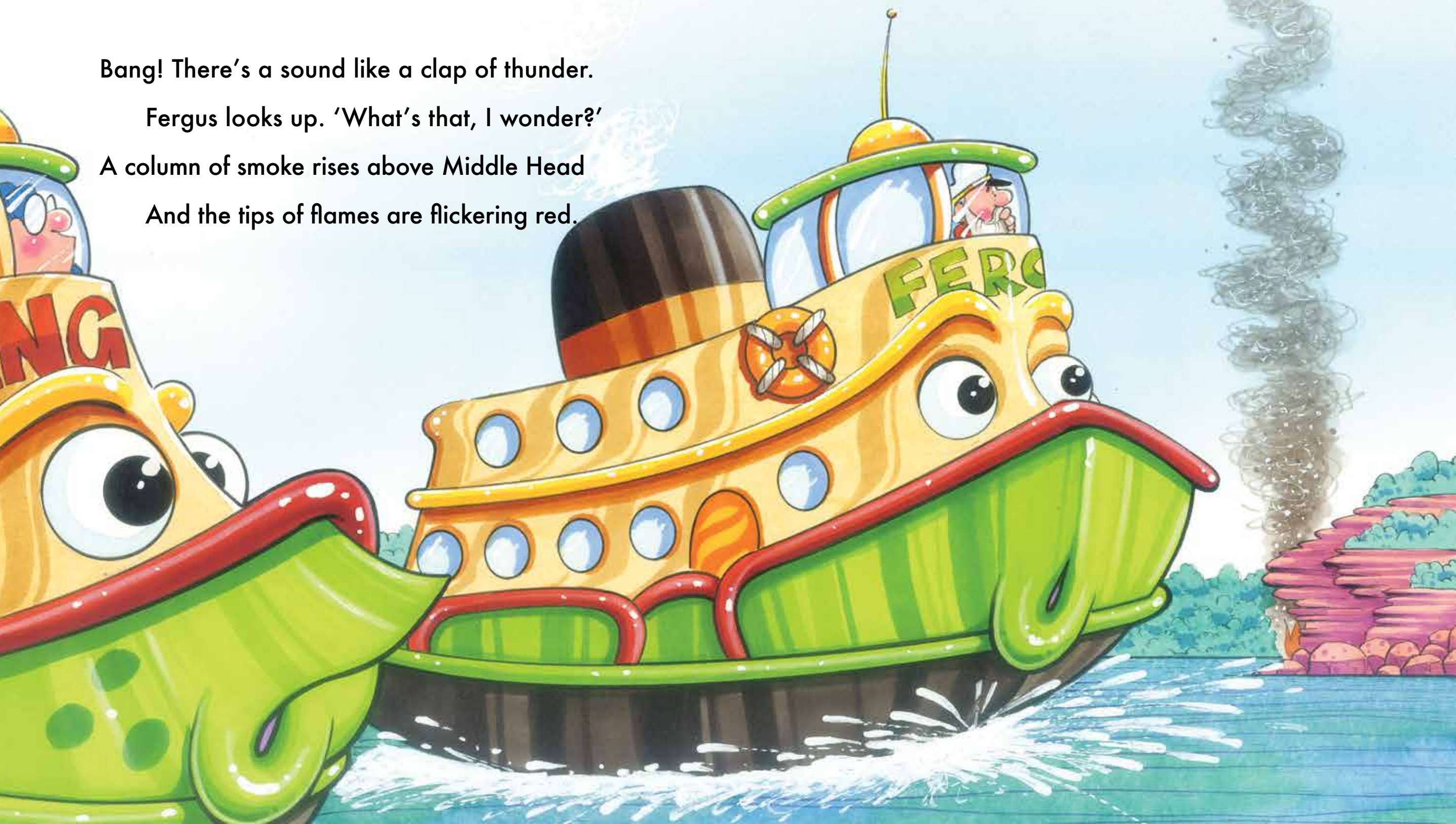


Bang! There's a sound like a clap of thunder.

Fergus looks up. 'What's that, I wonder?'

A column of smoke rises above Middle Head

And the tips of flames are flickering red.



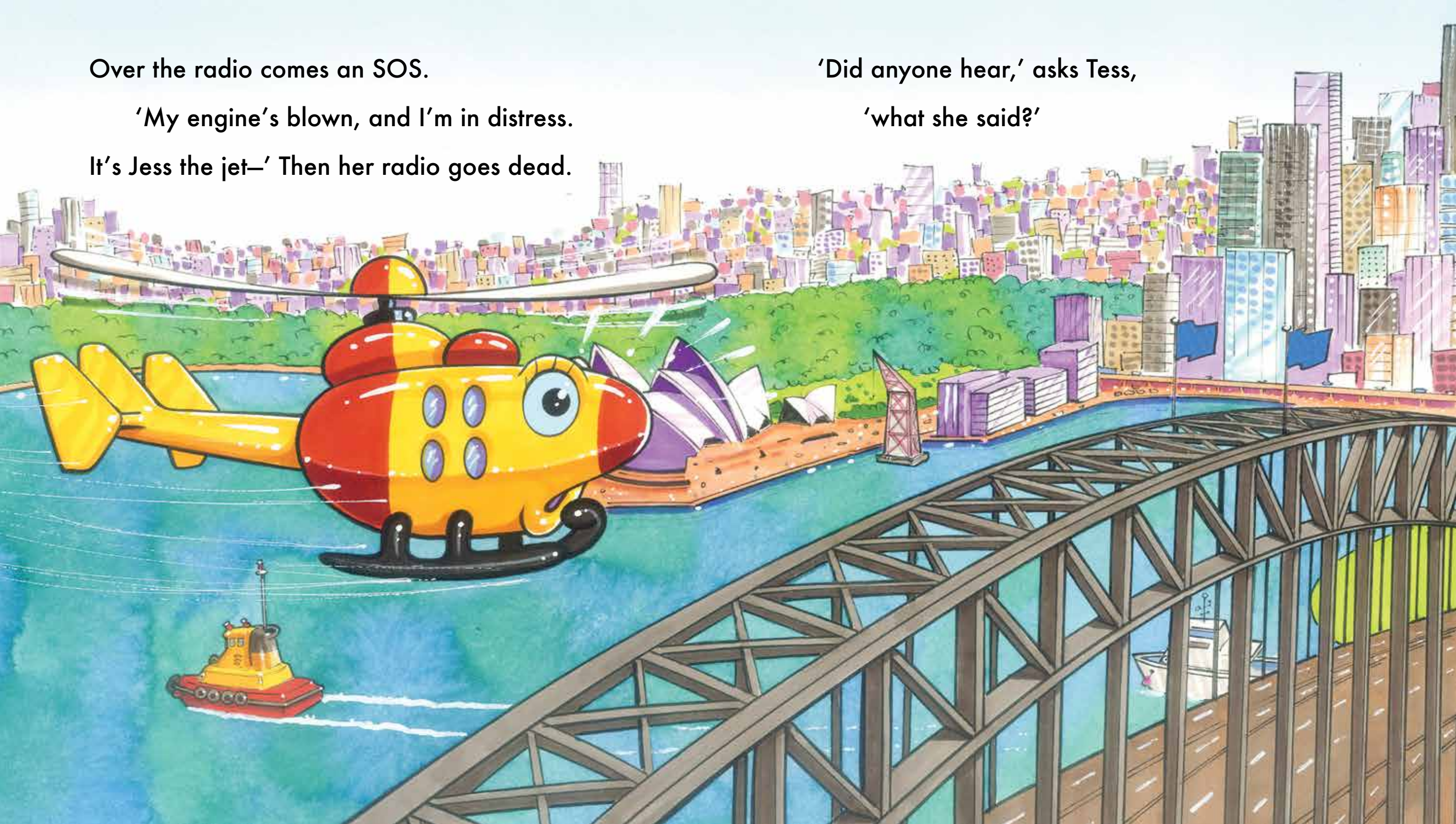
Over the radio comes an SOS.

'My engine's blown, and I'm in distress.

It's Jess the jet—' Then her radio goes dead.

'Did anyone hear,' asks Tess,

'what she said?'



'I did,' says Horace. 'There's no need to fuss.
Boris and I are close. Leave it to us!'

Then Fergus sees Boris rolling by,
Looking sneaky, a glint in his eye.



'Horace,' says Boris, 'listen to me, mate.

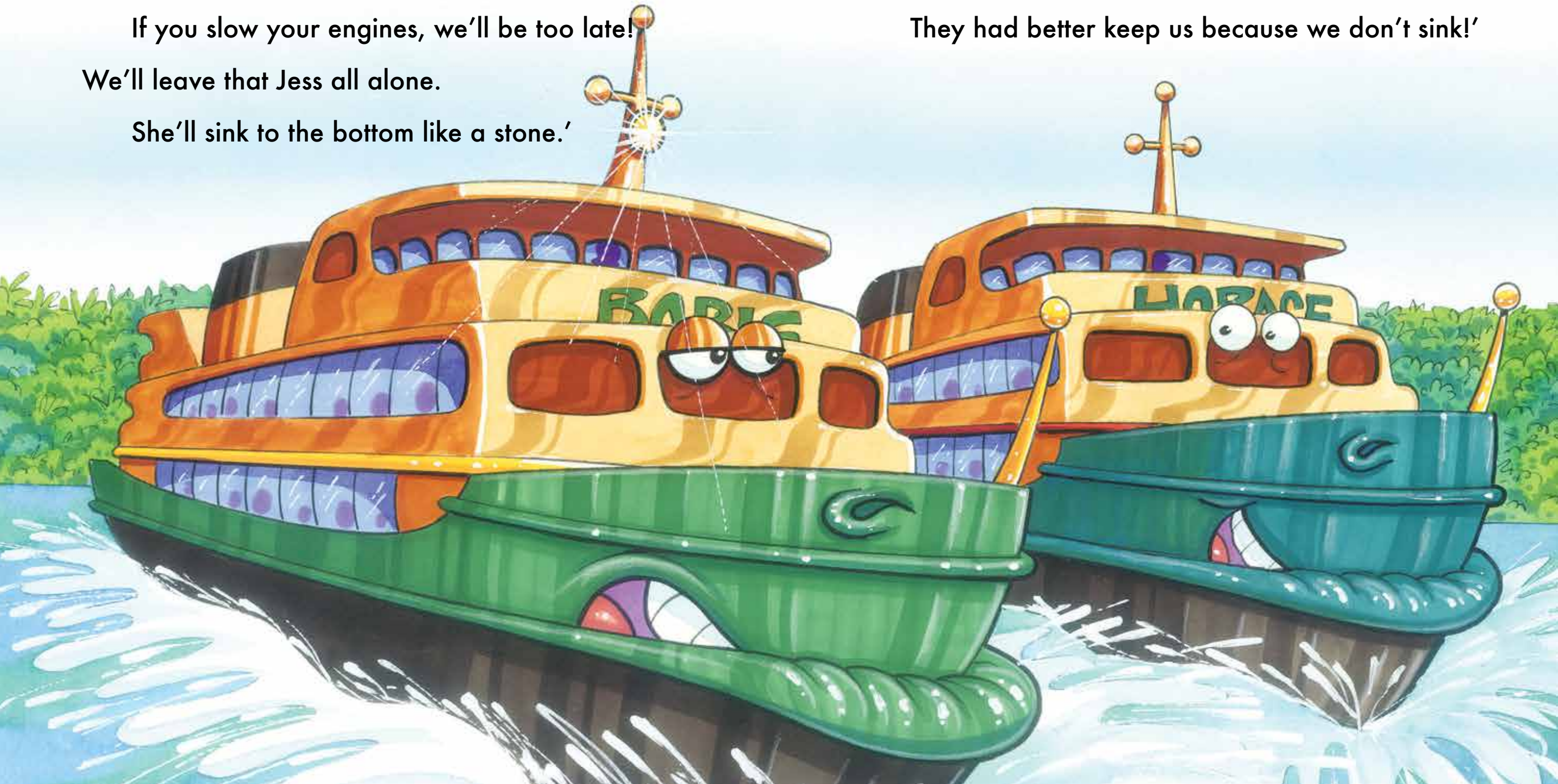
If you slow your engines, we'll be too late!

We'll leave that Jess all alone.

She'll sink to the bottom like a stone.'

'Yes,' says Horace. 'If she goes down they'll think

They had better keep us because we don't sink!'

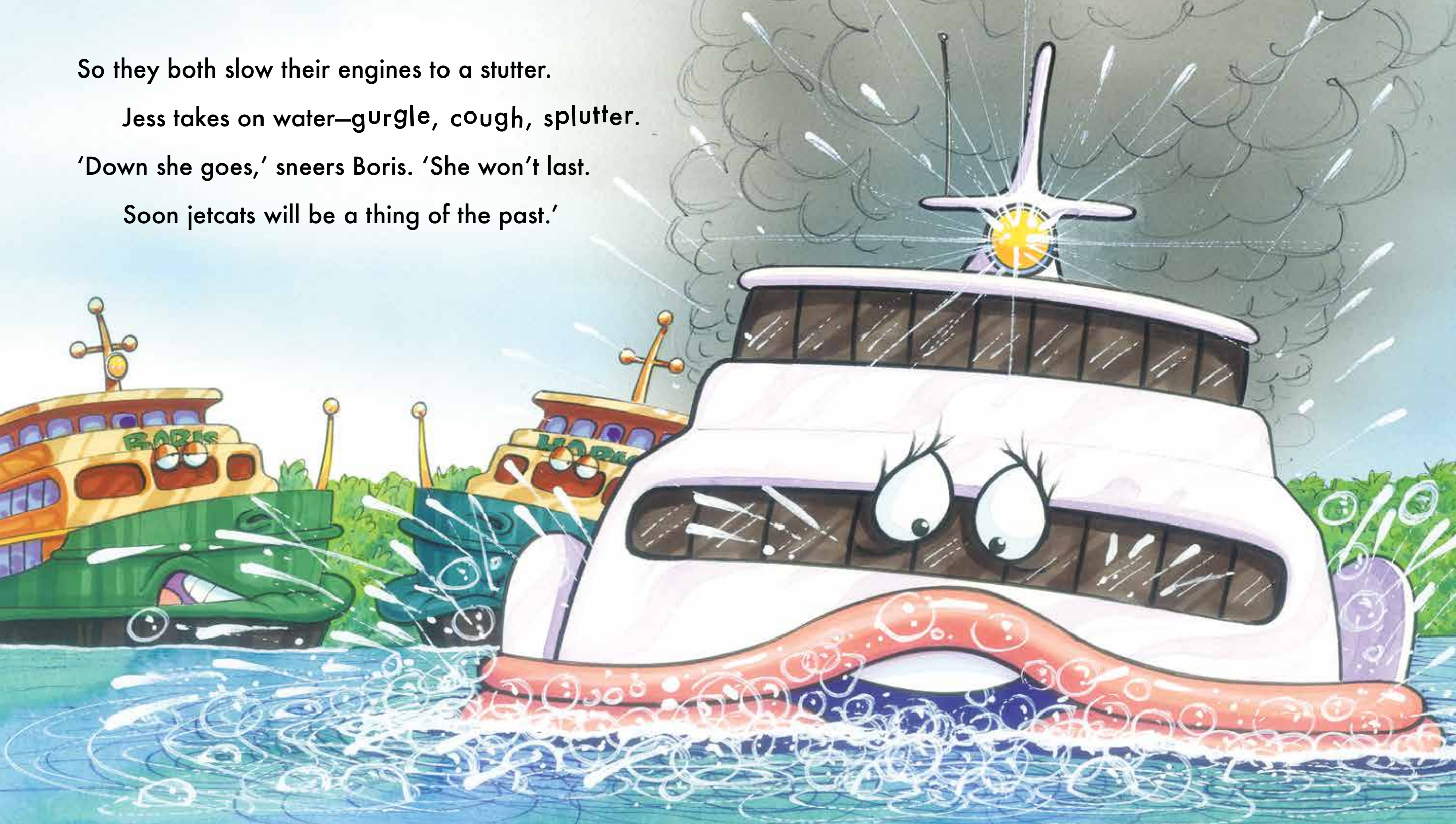


So they both slow their engines to a stutter.

Jess takes on water—gurgle, cough, splutter.

‘Down she goes,’ sneers Boris. ‘She won’t last.

Soon jetcats will be a thing of the past.’



But *chug, chug, chug*—what's that sound?

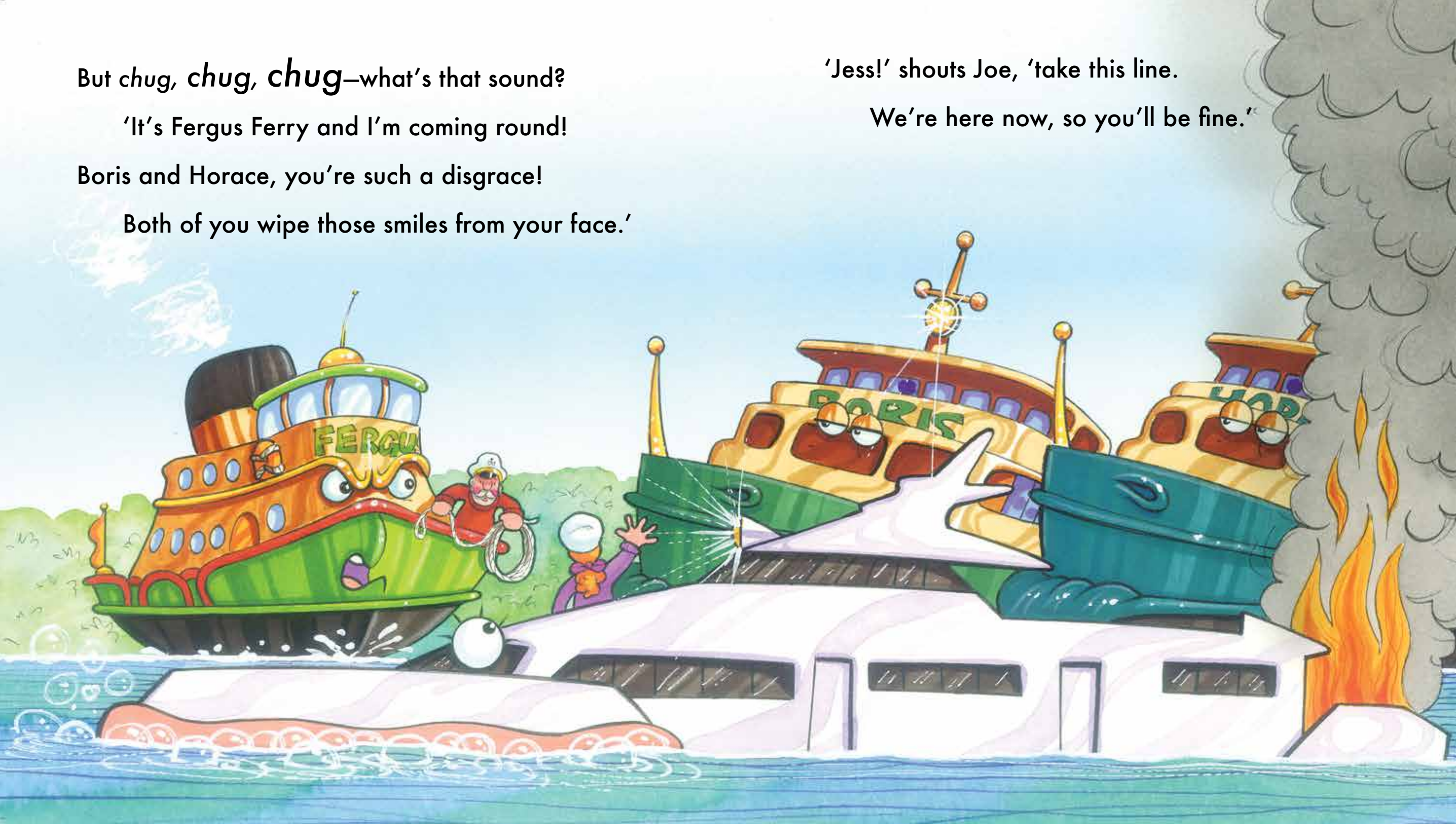
'It's Fergus Ferry and I'm coming round!

Boris and Horace, you're such a disgrace!

Both of you wipe those smiles from your face.'

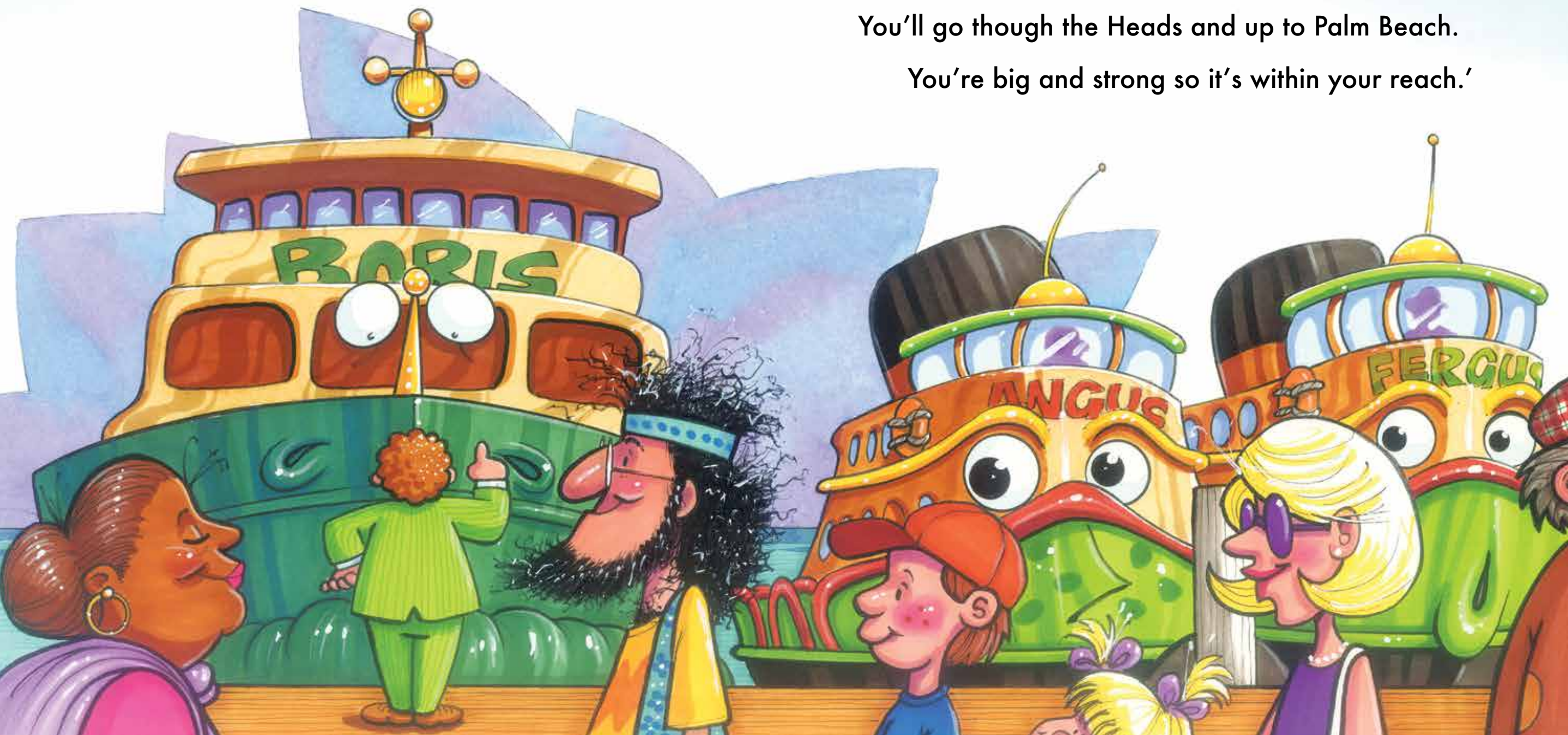
'Jess!' shouts Joe, 'take this line.

We're here now, so you'll be fine.'



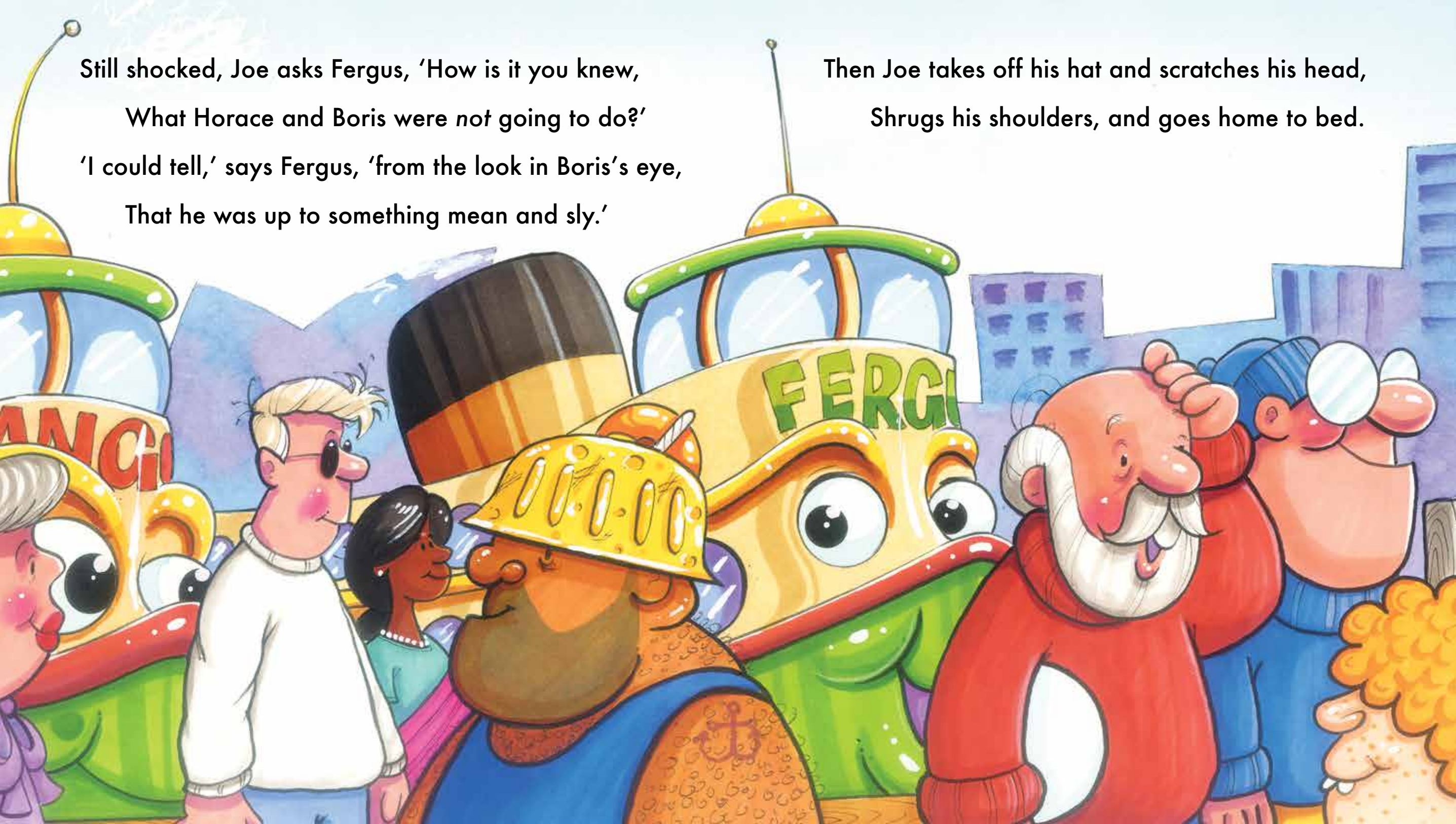
When they all get back to Circular Quay,
Captain Joe's boss says, 'Boris, listen to me.

You won't cause trouble in the harbour anymore—
I'm sending you away to work along the shore.
You'll go though the Heads and up to Palm Beach.
You're big and strong so it's within your reach.'



Still shocked, Joe asks Fergus, 'How is it you knew,
What Horace and Boris were *not* going to do?'
'I could tell,' says Fergus, 'from the look in Boris's eye,
That he was up to something mean and sly.'

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



Succeed on your own strengths, not by pulling others down.

For Kate McAllan

JWN

For Dr Ian and Ira Townsend

PT

Snowball Press Pty Limited (ACN 110 061 142)
P.O. Box A2619, Sydney South, NSW 1235
☎ + 612 9518 9999
info@fergusferry.com

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