

FERGUS GOES TO SEA



J W Noble
Peter Townsend



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Snwball
PRESS

www.fergusferry.com

Chug, chug, chug—what's that sound?

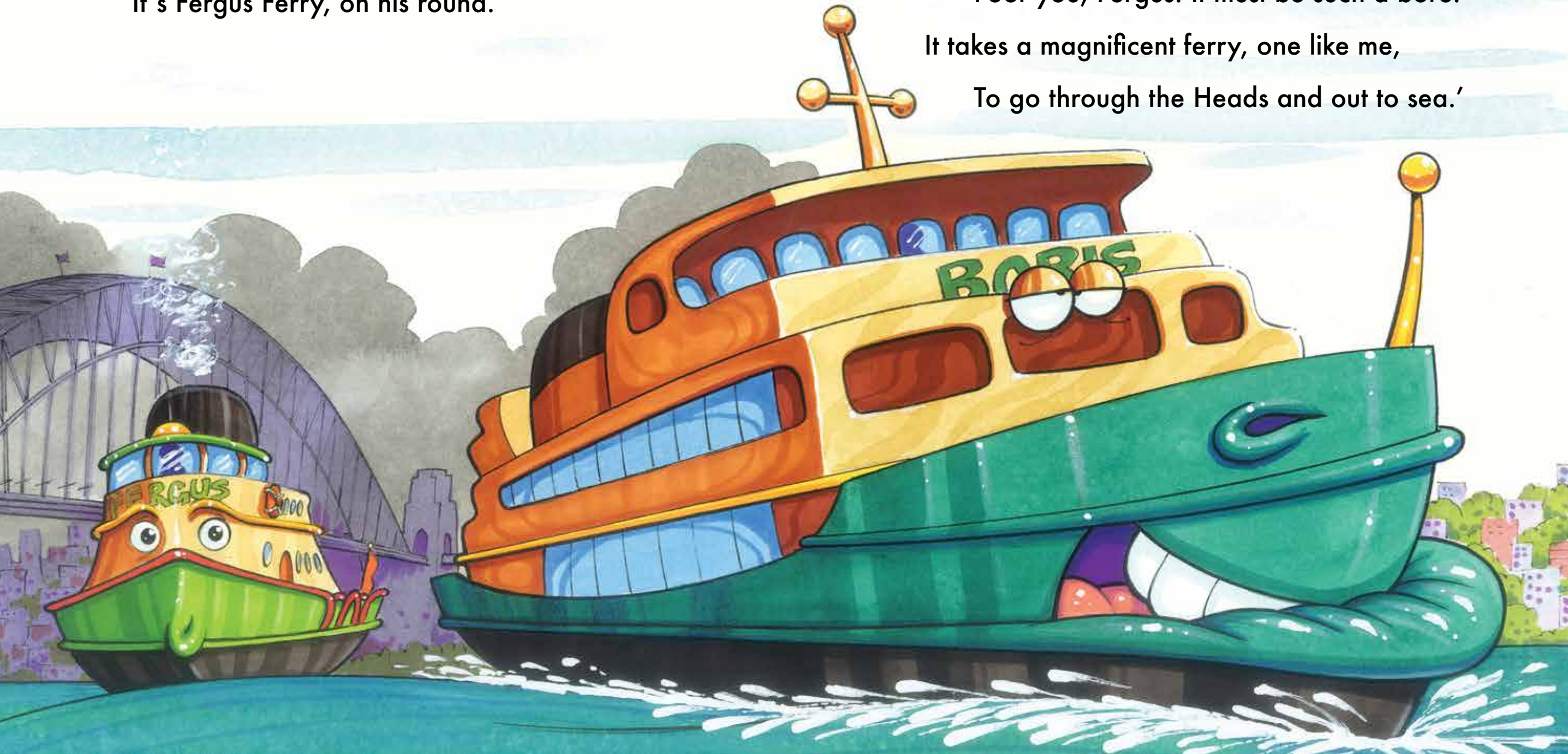
It's Fergus Ferry, on his round.

Boris lumbers by and says, 'Still stuck inshore?

Poor you, Fergus. It must be such a bore.

It takes a magnificent ferry, one like me,

To go through the Heads and out to sea.'

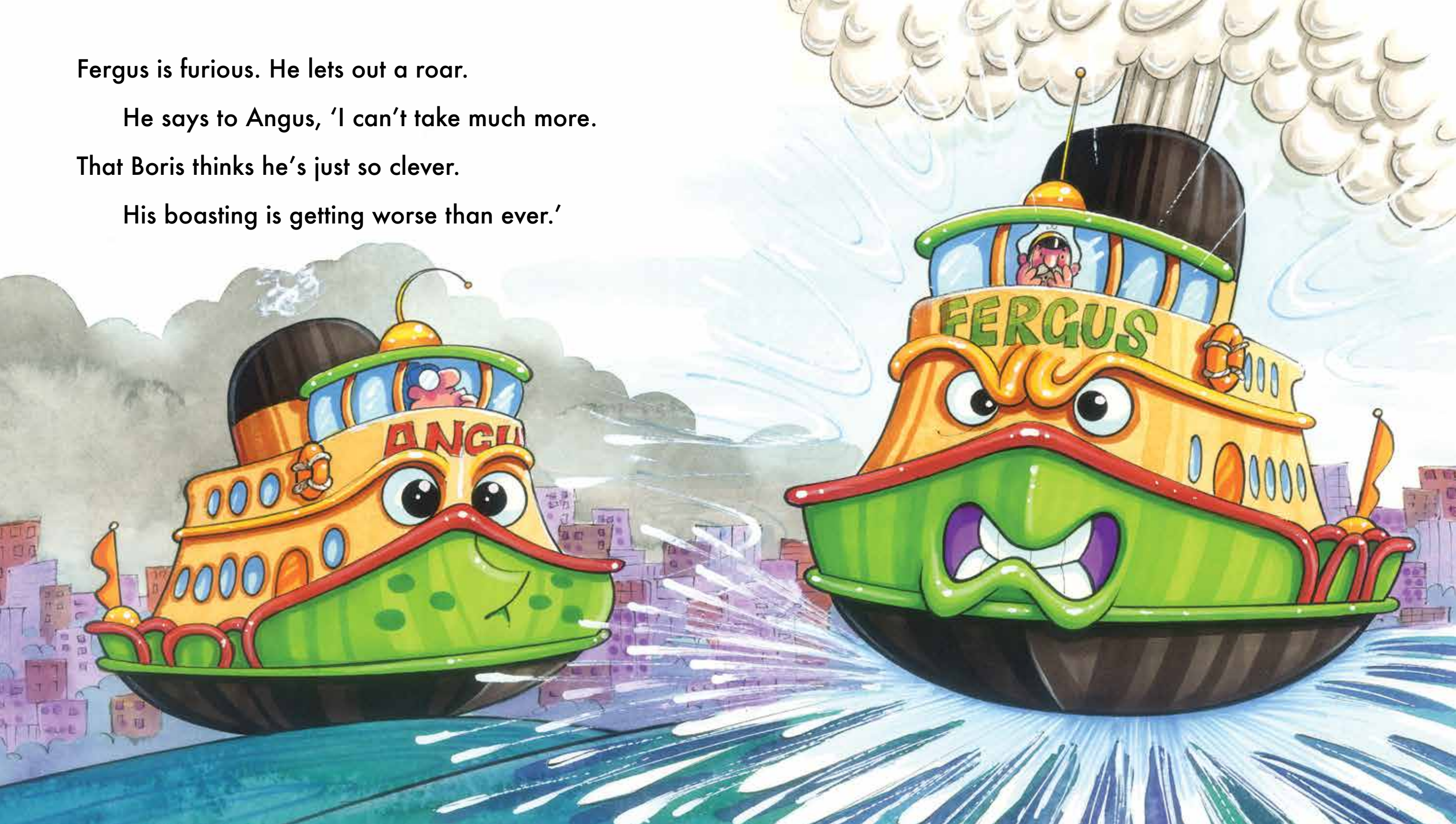


Fergus is furious. He lets out a roar.

He says to Angus, 'I can't take much more.

That Boris thinks he's just so clever.

His boasting is getting worse than ever.'



The wind picks up and the rain starts to fall.

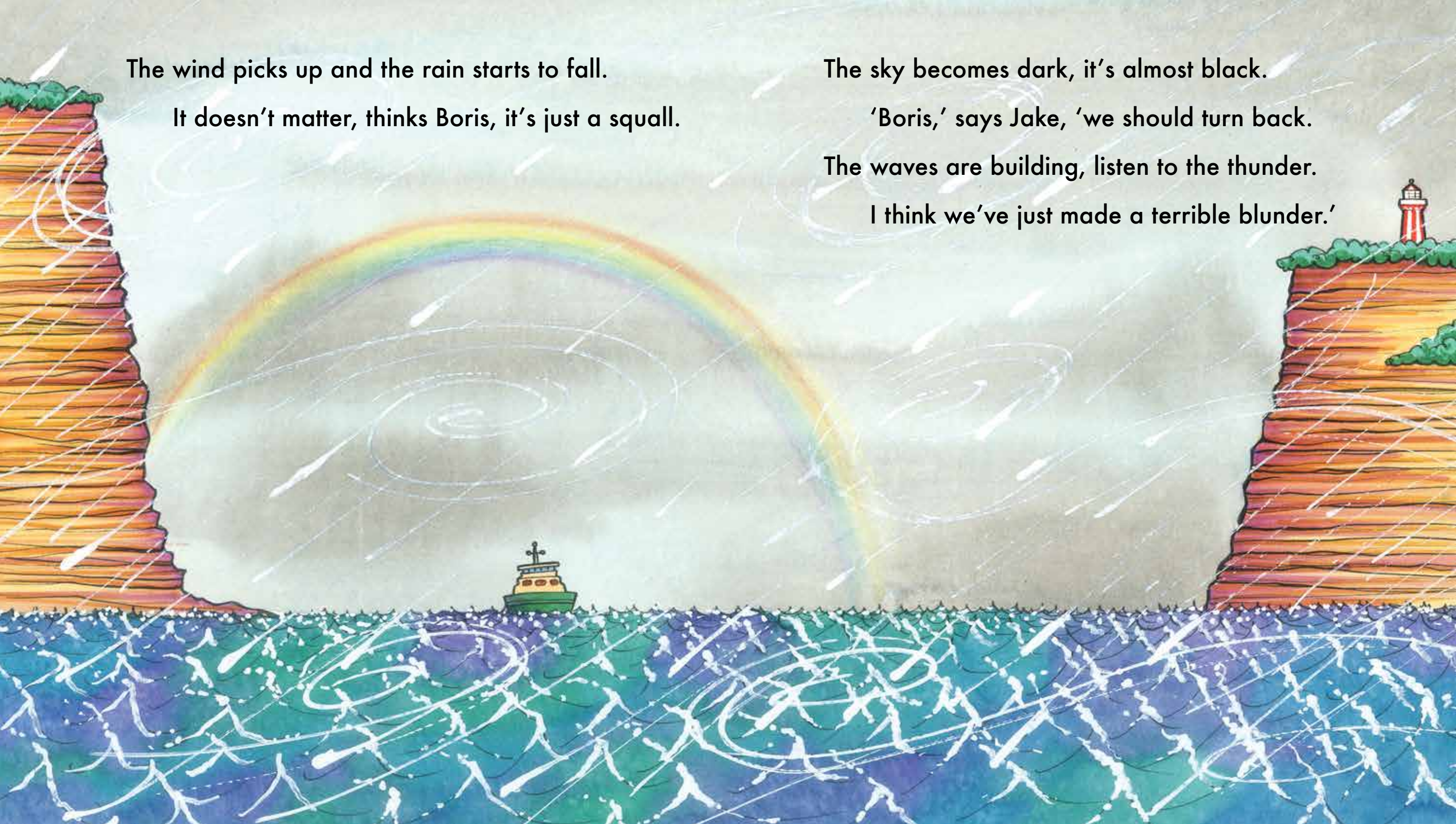
It doesn't matter, thinks Boris, it's just a squall.

The sky becomes dark, it's almost black.

'Boris,' says Jake, 'we should turn back.

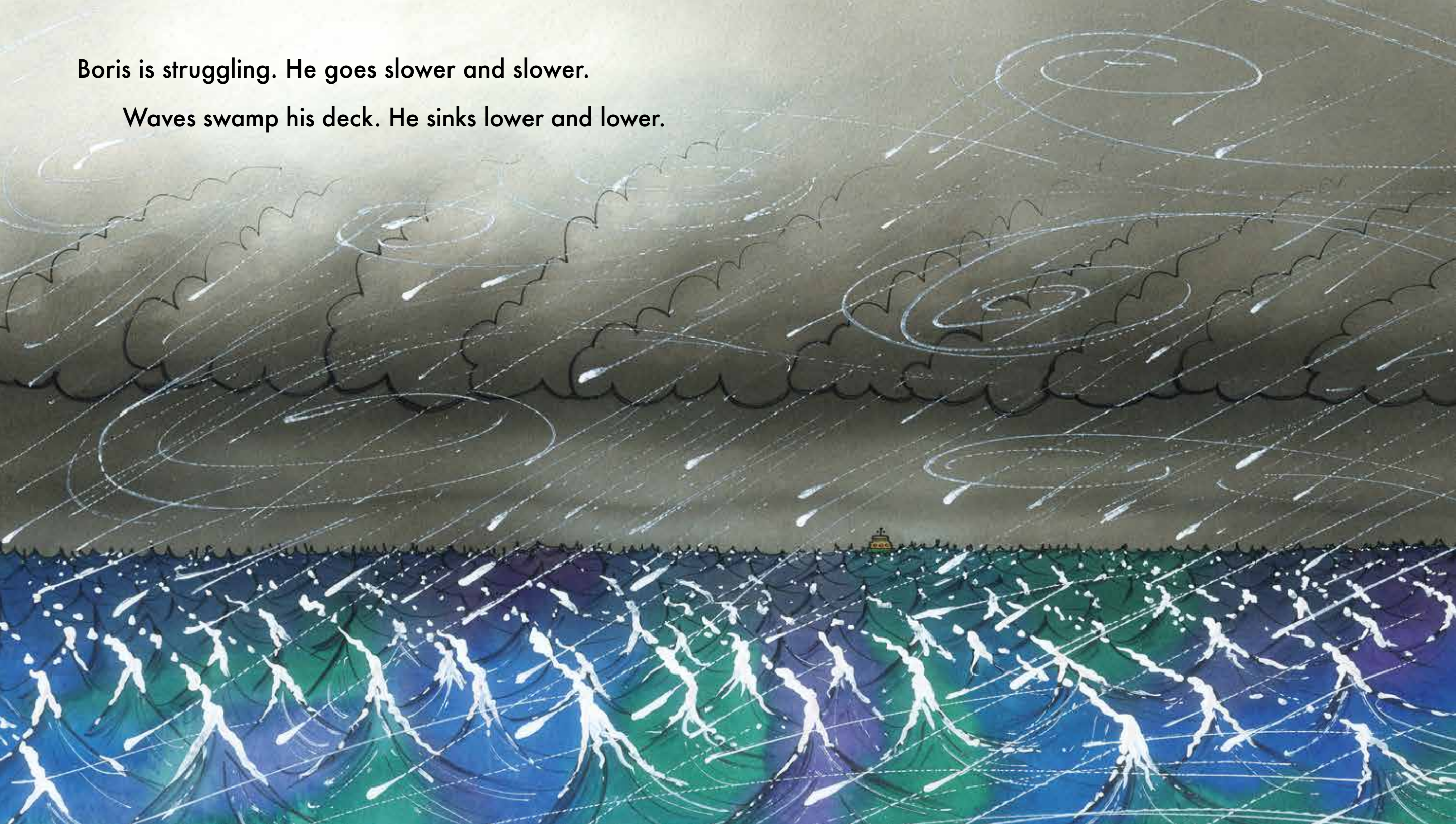
The waves are building, listen to the thunder.

I think we've just made a terrible blunder.'

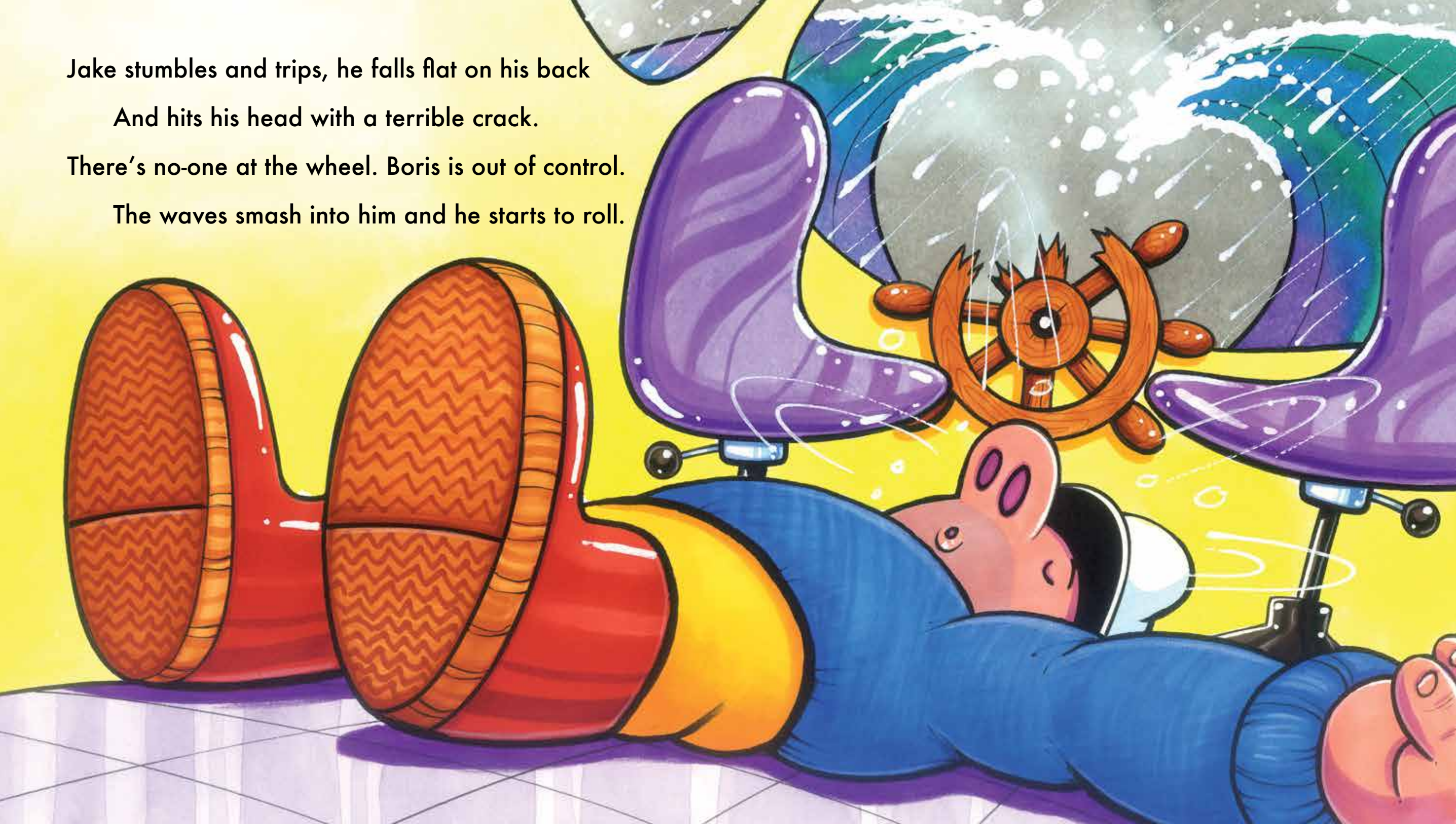


Boris is struggling. He goes slower and slower.

Waves swamp his deck. He sinks lower and lower.



Jake stumbles and trips, he falls flat on his back
And hits his head with a terrible crack.
There's no-one at the wheel. Boris is out of control.
The waves smash into him and he starts to roll.



The passengers go to the bridge just to check,
And see Captain Jake flat out on the deck.
They are on the radio and send an SOS.
Chokka, chokka, chokka—and up goes Tess.



'Here I am,' says Tess. 'You'll be all right.
All you need do is follow my light.'

They turn the wheel and try to steer,
But when Jake fell, he smashed the gear.
When they grip the wheel with all their might
Boris still drifts on into the night.

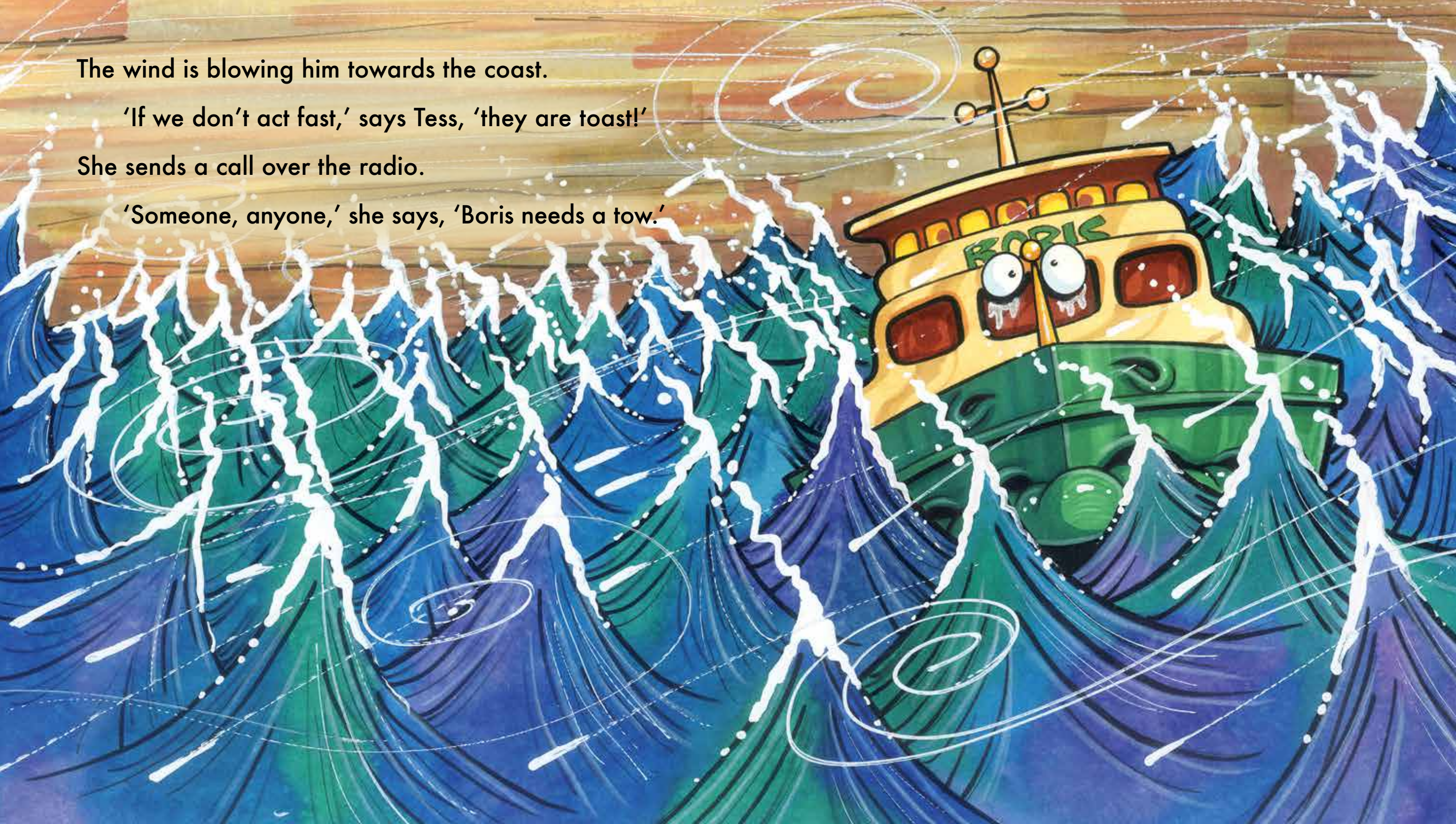


The wind is blowing him towards the coast.

'If we don't act fast,' says Tess, 'they are toast!'

She sends a call over the radio.

'Someone, anyone,' she says, 'Boris needs a tow.'

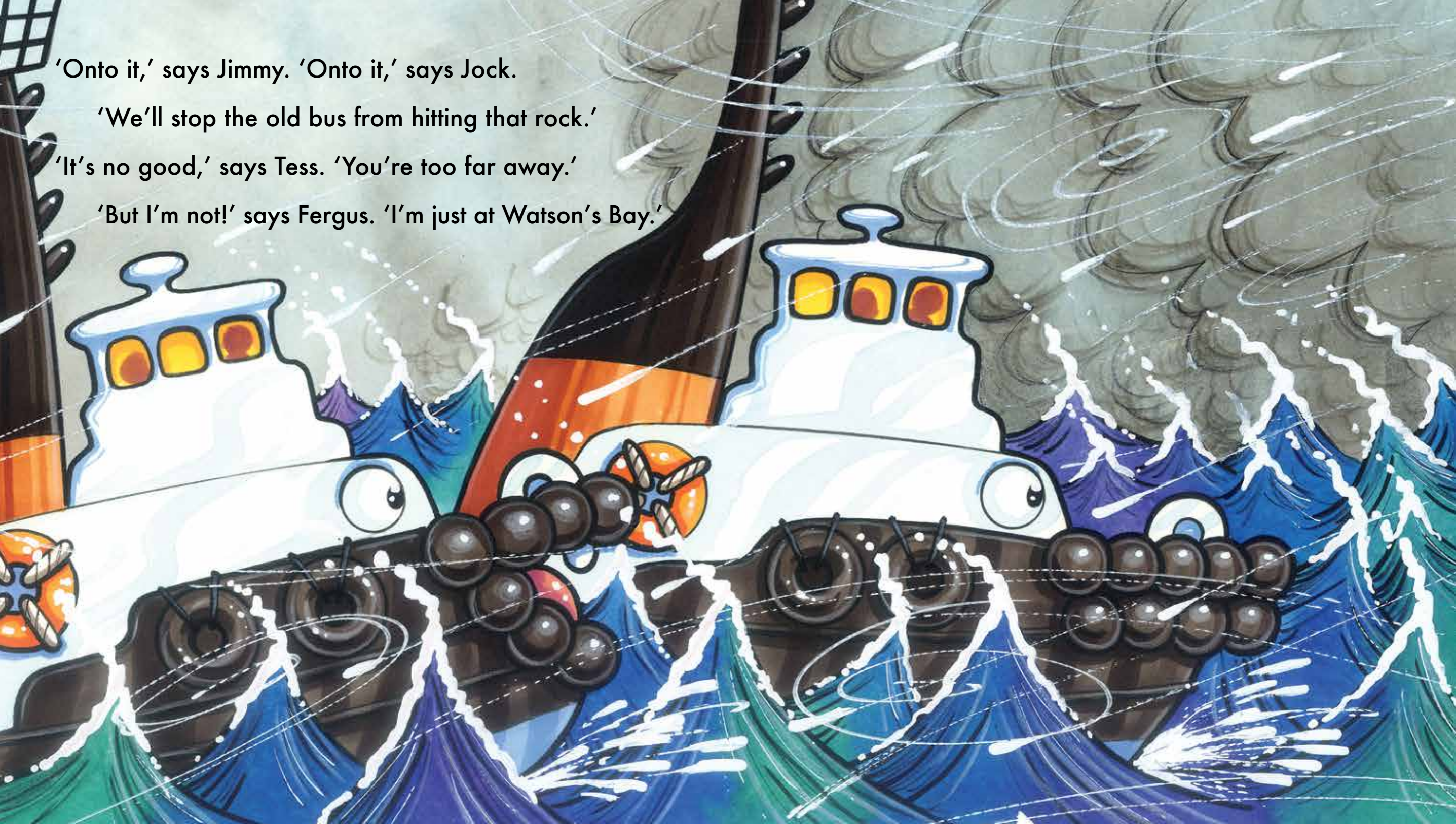


'Onto it,' says Jimmy. 'Onto it,' says Jock.

'We'll stop the old bus from hitting that rock.'

'It's no good,' says Tess. 'You're too far away.'

'But I'm not!' says Fergus. 'I'm just at Watson's Bay.'



'Oh Fergus,' says Horace, 'don't act like a dope.

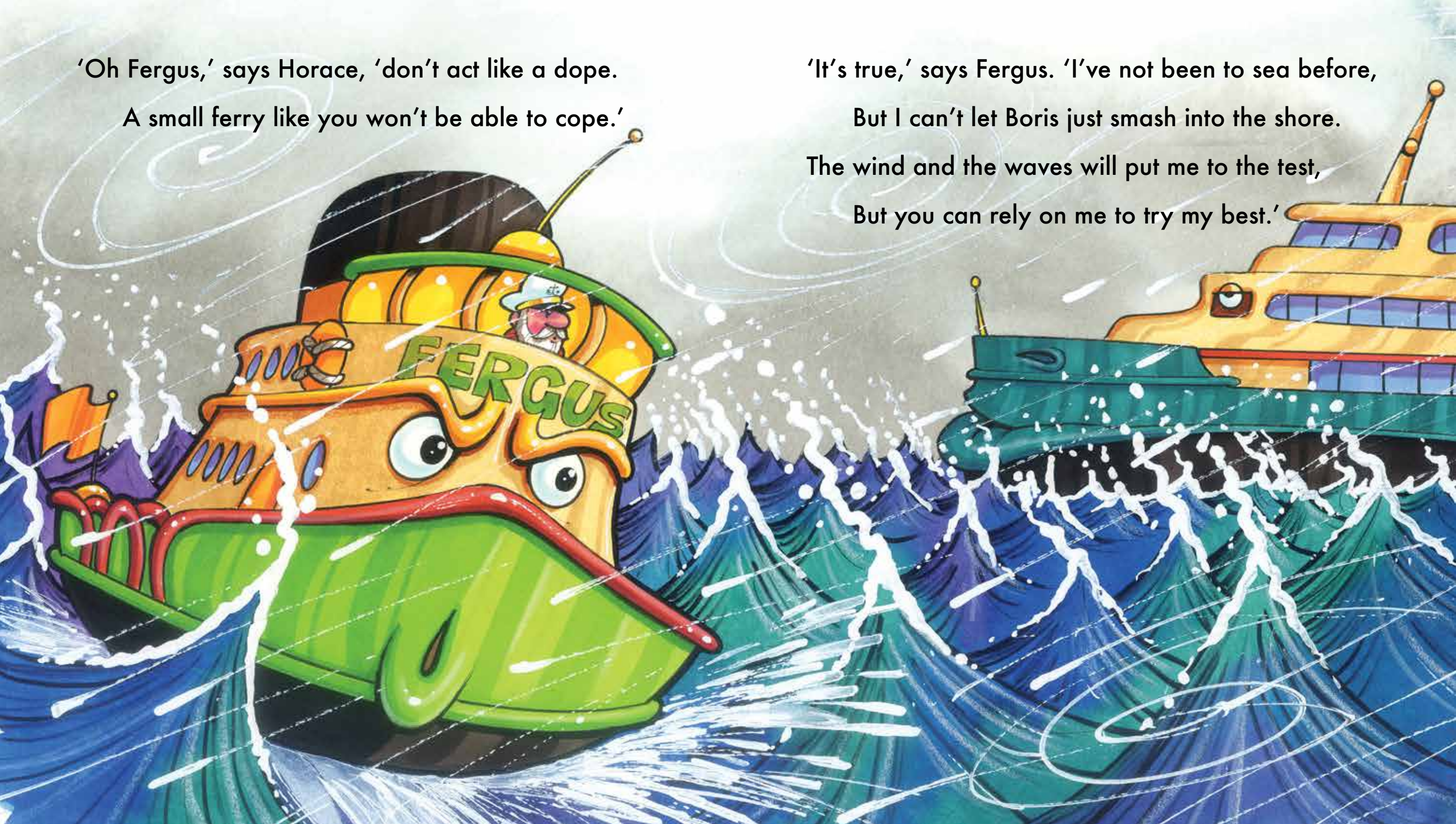
A small ferry like you won't be able to cope.'

'It's true,' says Fergus. 'I've not been to sea before,

But I can't let Boris just smash into the shore.

The wind and the waves will put me to the test,

But you can rely on me to try my best.'



The sky is pitch black, the rain is pouring,
Thunder crashes and the wind is roaring.
Walls of water smash down on Fergus's decks.
'Here we go again,' shouts Joe, 'risking our necks!'

Fergus chugs on into the night.

'Follow me,' says Tess, 'look for my light.'

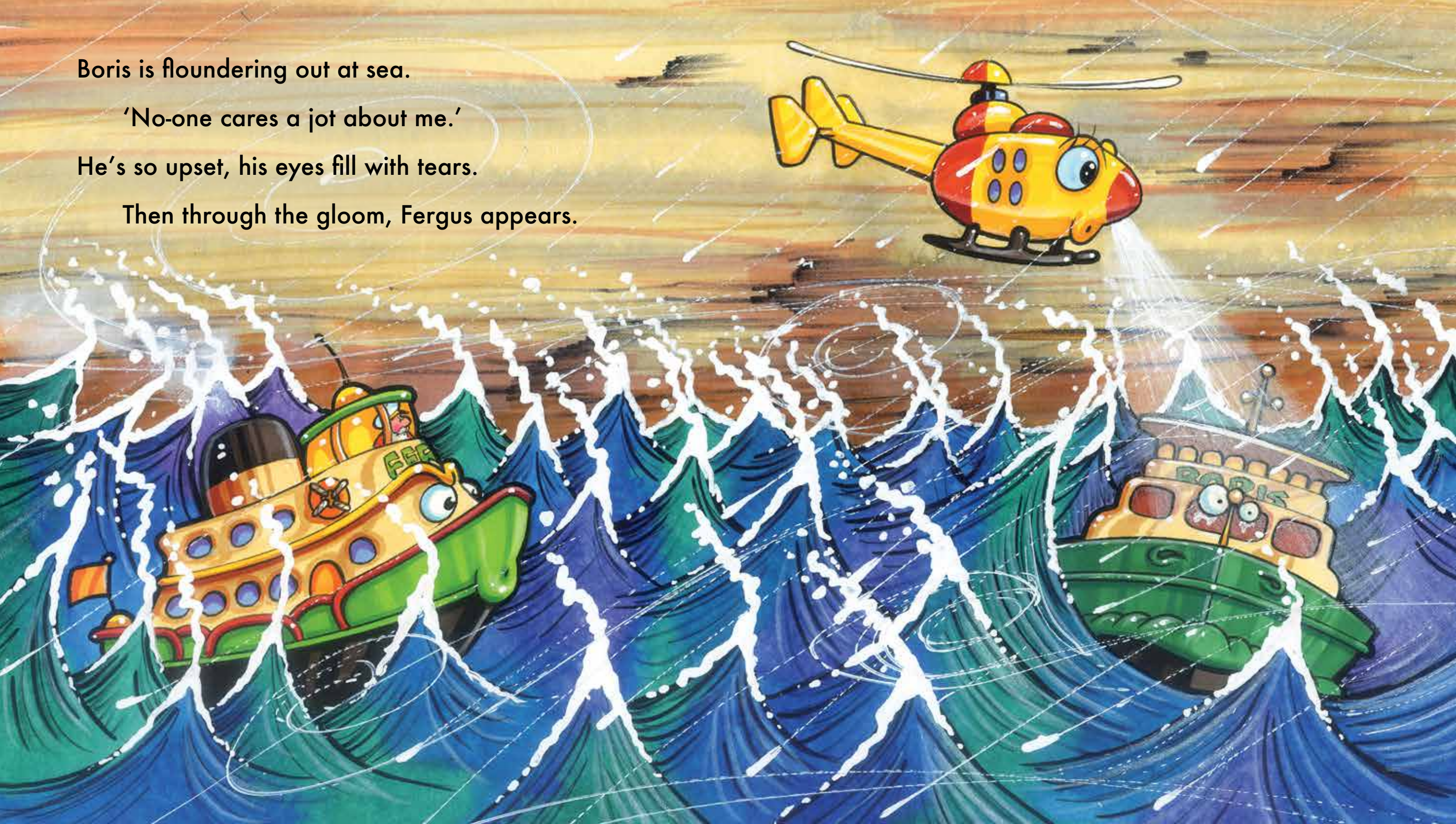


Boris is floundering out at sea.

'No-one cares a jot about me.'

He's so upset, his eyes fill with tears.

Then through the gloom, Fergus appears.



'Oh, Fergus,' says Boris, 'I didn't know you cared.

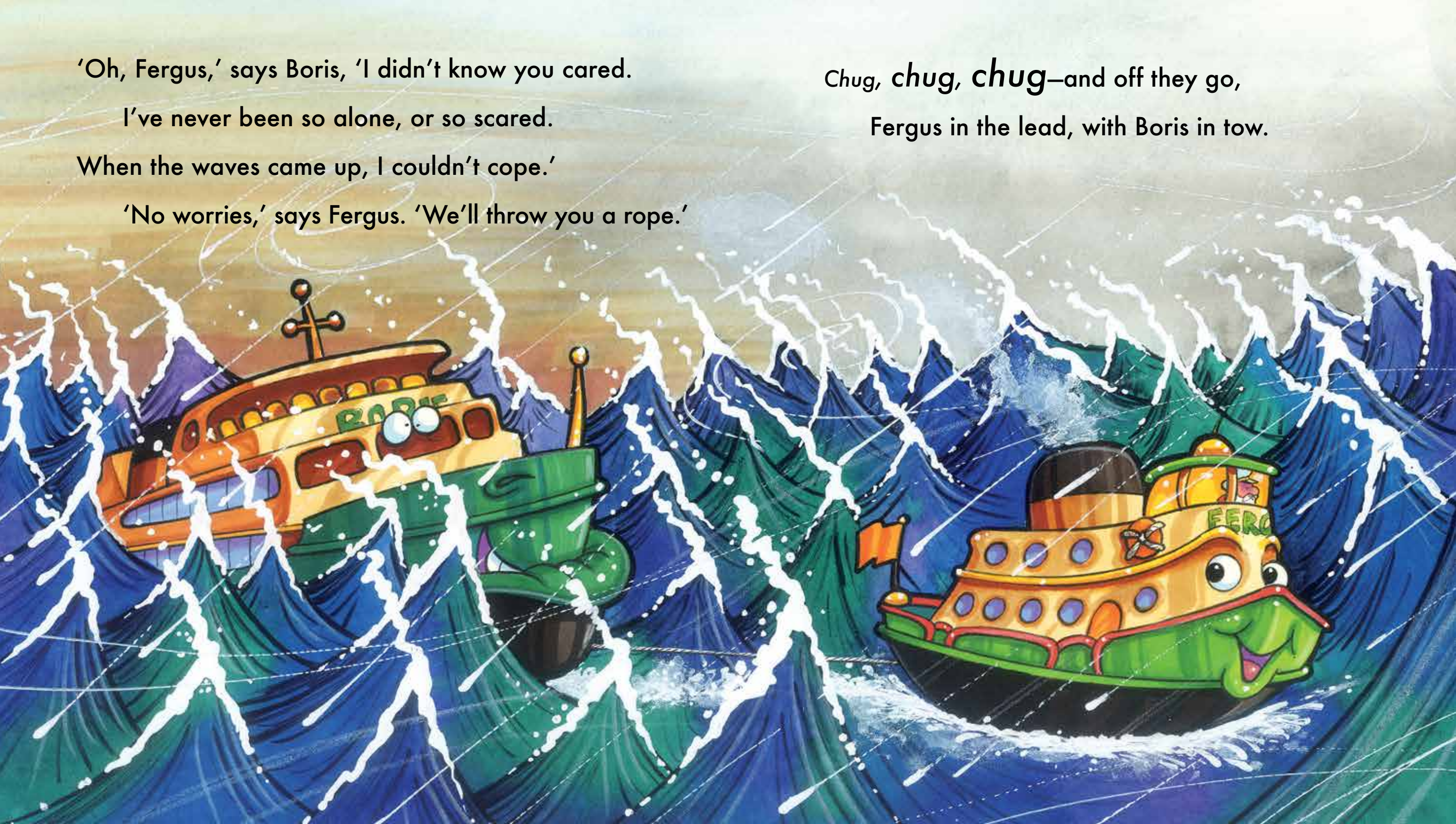
I've never been so alone, or so scared.

When the waves came up, I couldn't cope.'

'No worries,' says Fergus. 'We'll throw you a rope.'

Chug, chug, chug—and off they go,

Fergus in the lead, with Boris in tow.



Captain Joe's boss is waiting back at the Quay.

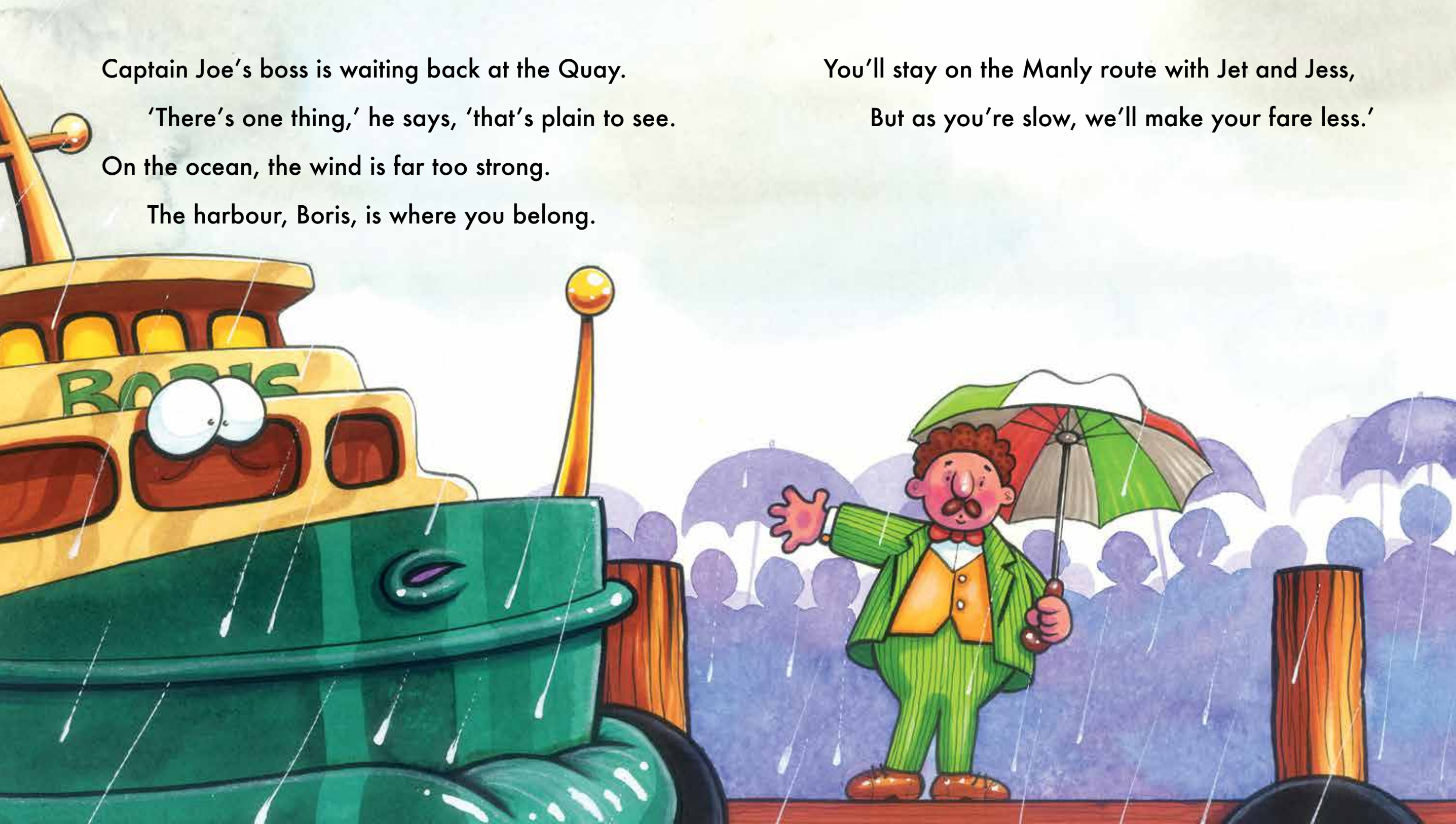
'There's one thing,' he says, 'that's plain to see.

On the ocean, the wind is far too strong.

The harbour, Boris, is where you belong.

You'll stay on the Manly route with Jet and Jess,

But as you're slow, we'll make your fare less.'



'Fergus,' says Joe, 'there's something I don't understand.

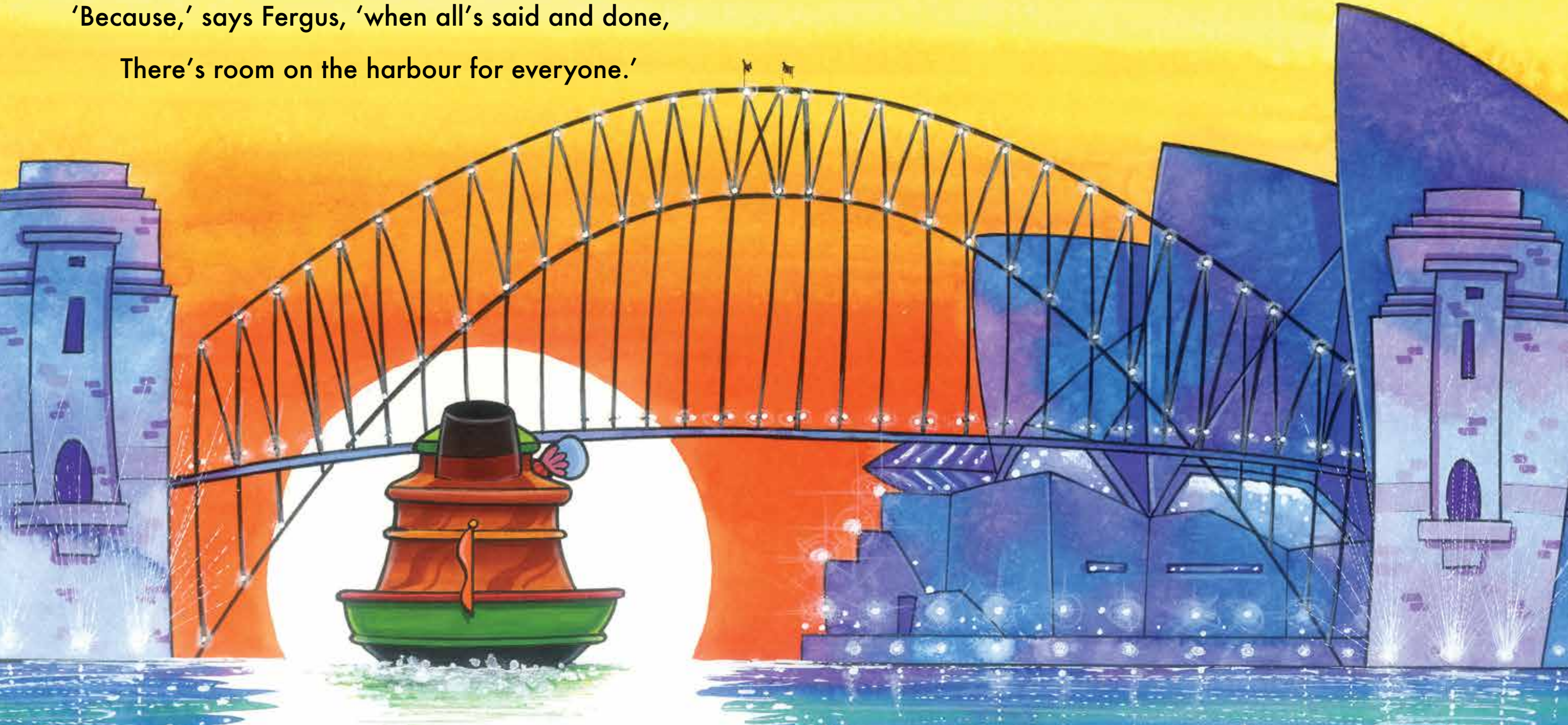
You don't like Boris, so why did you lend a hand?'

'Because,' says Fergus, 'when all's said and done,

There's room on the harbour for everyone.'

Then Joe takes off his hat, and scratches his head,

Shrugs his shoulders and goes home to bed.



In the end, when all's said and done, there's room in this world for everyone.

For Lore Foye

JWN

For Dr Ian and Ira Townsend

PT

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