

COME BACK FERGUS



Chapter 1:

"Come back Fergus!" cried Emily.

By the time Emily made it out there was merely a cloud of dust and kicked-up trash rustling around. Fergus was an escaped goat. As Fergus made it to the street, there was a sudden screech. People started crowding around Fergus. Fergus got spooked and ran, people trailing behind immediately called animal control. Fergus was a wanted goat. Suddenly he felt strange, he found himself staring at people. these rotten humans. *What have they done?* thought Fergus. *They have turned this once beautiful place into a palace of greedy and desperate people!* By now, he had made it out of the city and into a huge bridge looking at an enormous house. He could sense good people, purer people. He was intrigued so he decided to find out more and was intrigued to investigate. As he moved closer to the giant house, he could hear lovely melodies and tunes that became even more elaborate as they went on. He continued walking. As he was approached the strange large structure, he passed this odd little brick hut, named Hungry Jack's. *What have they done to this place?. They have turned it into a concrete jungle, and the people are wretched and cold.* However, the warm intriguing melodies from the huge house kept him focused. He could sense that there were good people there.

Fergus was no ordinary goat, he could do magical things that no one else could. People would always look into Fergus's deep **emerald** eyes and see themselves reflected as though facing a mirror. Although they would always attract attention to him, they were the most intricate set of eyes people would have ever seen. By the disgust that Fergus was showing, it was very clear to him that this once amazing place filled with warm and beautiful people had now become a honeypot for cold, selfish humans who could only care about making a quick fortune.

At last, Fergus finally came upon the giant house that the soft, soothing tones emerged from. Something drew him to this place. Only seconds after his arrival, a car that seemed to continue on forever, pulled up to the entrance. Fergus had been exposed to a lot today but never had he seen a long black elegant car. Immediately he felt good vibes from this vehicle. He could sense a warm, serene person who he knew had the right intentions. As this human sauntered into the house there were very distinctive features that this human had; he was wearing a shiny tuxedo Fergus realised he was so close to the water he could suddenly taste the crisp saltiness in the air from the roaring sea that was below him.

That man. That man is going to be the one for Emily. He will turn her into the person she had always meant to be.



Chapter 2

Since she was 22, she'd been living by herself with her goat, Fergus. She lived in a run-down apartment along the bay of Sydney in one of its many **zigzagging** alleys. No one knew or cared about her. Gangstas weren't very important, after all. In the eyes of the public, she was just a shadow. Her goat, Fergus, had been passed down through many generations. Her family's first goat was killed by a rivalling family back in Italy many years ago. Her great grandmother stole the other family's goat, and since then her family has owned that goat's descendants. Her goat was not a normal, mind you. If their milk is drunk, the receiver is able to get a special type of X-Ray vision. The drinker is able to feel other's emotions. Her parents died when she was 13, and since then she developed serious anger issues. While she may have put on an iron-hard facade, she actually was just too scared to reach out. Because of this, she fell into the wrong crowd - they were nice to her. They were the only ones that understood. She changed - her tendencies became more violent and rude. She was expelled from school before anyone knew the utter despair she had been through. The girls at her school never understood anyway. They only cared about their Instagram followers and boys from the neighbouring boys school.

Everything about her was black and white. Literally. She had skin as pale as the milk her goat gave. When she turned 15, she died her hair as black as night. She always wore thick eyeliner and lived in black tank tops. She didn't care for her appearance, she only cared about her reputation among the other gangstas in her area. While she was incredibly rude, her science and mathematical skills were rivalled second to none. Fergus was her lab rat, though she only experimented with her things she knew were safe. She couldn't bear the thought of Fergus dying. Her goal was for her to be able to read the minds of others, to manipulate them to do her will. Emily would stop at nothing to reach her goal. However, in an experiment gone wrong, she realised that the power she wanted wasn't going to be achieved through the brain, but the eyes. Fergus began to act... differently. She was clingy when Emily's melancholy waves crashed over her and would be on her best behaviour whenever she was happy. Fergus had gotten the power Emily had tried for so many years to achieve. While she was trying to discover the secret to the power, she became ill with. She researched on Wikipedia, as she believed that to be the most reliable website. Many cures were far too expensive - she was making a living off of her Hungry job. The only cure she could manage was to drink a glass of goat's milk every day. She milked Fergus, and finally, after many agonising years, she finally saw, seeing through feelings.



Chapter 3

Jack McMiller was a twenty-year old singer. He was tall and slim with a somewhat handsome, chiseled face. He was never really close to his family, apart from his mother and Grandmother - and had essentially grown up in an empty house - knew only to survive with what he had - his voice. Jack's voice was special and he knew it, although he hated to brag. He had made his living by being a street performer, and after years of exposure, he finally mustered up the courage to take to stage. It was there that he truly discovered his love for singing, and as he began to become more and more familiar with stage performance, he accepted more and more performances

It was almost dark out above the sparkling lights of Sydney, as Jack drummed the wheel of his Holden Commodore. *You shouldn't be nervous* he told himself. *This is not the first time you've performed in front of others, be calm already...* - it didn't help. No matter how many times he sang, no matter in front of how many audiences, he was always at least a bit nervous in the lead up to yet another performance. This time especially, it was his first professional audition for the Pavarotti championships, and his first song in front of an audition of over a thousand.

The vaulted arch ceiling of the Royal Theater threatened to fall on Jack as he stumbled through the entrance hall, *Strange...* he thought. Even for him, he wasn't usually this nervous before performing, perhaps it was the atmosphere - Jules LaVere, a renowned opera composer - was, partnered with some of the leading opera producers, judging this competition. Jack tried to handle his nerves as he made his way to the backstage prep area, he just needed to focus on singing to the audience, that was all. Do that and he would win, then he would be one step closer to his mother's dream, for him to best the very best, and to "get the recognition he deserved".

Ten minutes to stage - Those four words echoed through Jack's head like a siren. *Just sing the song, just sing like that day. Sing like that and I'll be alright.* His mind wandered over to times of his childhood....

Jack McMiller to the stage please, Jack McMiller to the stage please - Jack froze, it was time.

He stared straight ahead, and, taking a deep breath, walked onto stage. The audience's applause was deafening. He raised his hands, and as if a blanket had been laid over the crowd, all fell silent. The music started and somewhere inside, he felt himself panicking. *Calm down mate...*

And he started to sing...
He sang of a life.

A good life.

A fulfilled life.

A happy life

A life that would not end with mere death, but one that would live on in the heart of those she had loved.

It was good.

He also sang of the sorrow. He acknowledged it, he gathered it, he soothed it.

And he casted it away.

Jack was a mess. The song had gone fairly well, he'd been told. The audience had only sat and stared for several seconds after he'd finished, then broken into thunderous standing applause.

He needed to calm down, shaking he shambled over to the main kitchen service counter, a waiter appeared, immediately recognising him as the main performer of the night.

'I'd like a double espresso please" - the words sounded little more than a whisper, but the waiter rushed away immediately.

And so, Jack sat down to wait... not knowing that this coffee would be the beginning of his new life.

Chapter 4

As Jack walked towards the main performing hall, he decided he needed a coffee to calm his nerves. He went to the Opera House kitchens and asked for a double espresso coffee. It was only after he looked up to the counter to give the cashier his money, that he realised that they were running around in a frantic manner yelling; "where's the milk?!" He decided to get out of the way quickly. "I'll come back later" he told himself.

One of the waitresses named Susan had just noticed a white shape moving through the hall. As she caught up with the white shape she yelled excitedly; "It's a goat! We're saved from bad reveiws and low pay!" She rushed to the kitchens to grab a pot to milk him with.

Only once she finished milking a highly embarrassed Fergus that she completed the task of making the most annoying coffee in history and collects payment with a wealthy tip to go with it, Jack walked off sipping the magically charged coffee and enjoying the entire time. After all, he would need the energy on stage to keep his performance going strong and to. Later that day Jack felt stronger and more confident about himself and knew that this next performance would knock everyone off their feet. He wasn't sure why, but he just knew it.



Chapter 5

Jack was walking backstage, taking his last sip of his coffee. It tasted amazing. Better than any other coffee he had before. Jack felt a soothing sensation as soon as he took the sip. He saw a canary yellow glow on his body, but it quickly faded, like the first notes of a song. He took a deep breath and composed himself. There was a huge cheer from the crowd as he walked to the stage. As Jack went on stage to perform for the second time, however something was different

It was like “another world” it was nothing such. It was the same corridor, it was the same Opera House. Only he could see everything. It was only when he had first entered this “world” three years prior that he had realised that his strange curse he lived with everyday was only the tip of the iceberg, the things he could perceive while in everyday perception were nothing compared to his sight in this world. Everything was black at first, that’s how it always was, then every so slowly, grey lines, outlining the shape of all walls, objects and *people* around him began to emerge. The result was very comparable to if you had applied a wireframe without a fill, he could see through walls, he could see through floors, he could see through ceilings, he could see through doors. He could see everything.

For some reason, he was able to see what the audience was feeling. Jack could see that they were feeling quite sad. There was one girl who he could tell she was very sad. She wore a black sleeveless shirt. She had black hair that went over her left eye - almost look like an emo. He decided to change the original song to a happy song to lighten up the audience. Jack finished the show with his head held high. Some of the audience who came backstage said that he did really well.

Chapter 6

Emily was desperate. She didn't want to lose her only friend. Fergus had run away from her and never came back. It was a cold dark night. The only light came from the moon cowering behind a monotone of grey clouds. Fergus had galloped away, almost as if she had a goal to reach. Emily threw on a jacket and ran after Fergus, but the goat was no match for Emily. She ran through the winding roads and empty streets, only accompanied by a few mismatched people here and there, scattered aimlessly like sheep. Sheep and goats. They watched Emily run past as if she was an escaped zoo animal but they didn't help her. Emily couldn't help but feel some humour in the situation: Sydney was supposed to be a city of innovation and people, not farm animals and gangsters. She pushed the thoughts out of her head - this was not about irony, it was about finding her beloved pet.

She continued until the first rays of dawn crept over the harbour bridge. Tears started to form in the corners of her eyes - the world became fuzzy and her feelings started to sink. She would never find Fergus again. It was impossible. She held her head up high and tried to recall the last time she cried. It must have been that girl's funeral; that boy sung so well. Like that boy at the opera the other day... they were so similar. She wondered this to try to distract her from the events of that night.

And that was when she finally let herself cry.

Chapter 7

After many performances, Jack had realised that the power of seeing people's isn't always for the best - almost like a curse. Seeing the sadness and despair in people's hearts, it feels like their happiness is being extracted from your them and a part of their whole life force is getting sucked away.

But as Jack's mother said; "It's all part of a good performance"

Seeing what people always feel, has it has it's benefits, but seeing people mourning at a funeral can change someone's life forever. He remembers the audience that he was singing to, there were many people there, their faces were as clear as day. One person specifically, caught Jack's eye. There was a girl, she had all black clothes, but white skin like snow. She had emerald green eyes.

He sang of a life.

A good life.

A fulfilled life.

A happy life

A life that would not end with mere death, but one that would live on in the heart of those she had loved.

It was good.

He also sang of the sorrow. He acknowledged it, he gathered it, he soothed it.

And he casted it away.

He said that his grandmother would not have wanted those close to her to have felt grief at her passing, and others realised he was right.

And one by one, the blue and purple lessened their grip on the hearts of those gathered, and the fled, their passing heralded by the calm orange and yellows of serenity and final peace.

And it was at this moment in time that he knew that his dream could only be sated by him doing his best - and being the best.

Chapter 8

Jack ambled into the nearly empty Hungry Jacks. He hung his head low - the adrenaline from the previous performances had worn off. The sorrow of Fergus' death remained in his brain. He couldn't help but feel melancholy - that goat was really something else. His eyes were puffy. He plonked himself down onto an empty table and started checking his phone. He signed into his Twitter account and started scrolling through his homepage. Since his show, he had gained over 20,000 followers. A smile crept onto his face - maybe this city isn't so bad, he thought. As he was aimlessly scrolling through his various apps, he noticed a dark presence enter the room. He looked up and met the figure's eyes. His heart skipped a beat. They were the same shocking emerald as that goat. The person was wearing a dark hoodie covering their eyes. He averted his gaze and pretended to be interested in the Hungry Jack's breakfast menu. Those eyes... they showed the real you, not the one fans and critics alike know you to be. The hooded person sat down at a table a few metres away from Jack. Suddenly, the hooded figure slumped down onto the table and started to cry. No, not cry. It sounded more like they were screaming. The workers' eyes rolled and they walked into the break - they seemed to know this person. Not knowing what to do, Jack slowly stood up and approached with caution. He veered into the seat opposite her. "Hey. What's wrong?" he said, but it was so quiet it was almost a whisper. The person was still unresponsive. He nudged them gently. A mass of tangled, dark hair and white, white skin. As he studied their face, it became apparent that it was the face of a girl. He struggled to find the words to say. "My name's Jack. Who are you?" he said, mustering the courage to talk to the "mystery girl". "Why does it matter to you, you..." She fumbled over her words. This girl had obvious anger issues. "Look, I don't want you to be sad. Talk to me." "You don't care. You're just trying to be the "chivalrous gentlemen" your mum taught you to be." He was taken back. He was trying to genuinely be nice, yet this girl was being outright mean. Who did she think she was? "I don't appreciate you being rude. You're obviously distressed, and I would like to help. I'm feeling sad, too."

"Yeah right you're feeling sad. You don't understand anything."

"I do. A friend of mine passed away. His name was Fergus."

"...Fergus?" she replied, with a tinge of surrimement on her face. "Me too. She was my best friend." "Was she...human?" Jack replied. "No. She was a goat. But why does it matter to you?" Realisation crept onto Jack's face, and he was taken aback. Could this girl too know Fergus? "Wait. How did you know Fergus? My Fergus too was a goat." "I owned him. I've known her all my life. We go way back actually. It all started like a bunch of years ago-" but Jack cut her off. "What is your last name?"

"Why does it matter?" "My family's goat was stolen over 50 years ago, back in Italy. What is your last name? You may be related to the goat stealers."

"...Bianchi." she replied with uneasiness. Why did this random guy want to know so much about her? "You. YOU!" Jack shouted. "Your ancestors ruined my family's life! Ada Bianchi stole my family's goat and their business was shut down. Because of your family's stupid actions, most of my ancestors died!" Jack felt anger building up inside him, ready to erupt. He was always the scapegoat for his grandparents who ranted about how they built their business up from nothing again. "Ferdinand was the best goat we ever had! When that no-good family took him from us, our whole life collapsed!" Jack had been told this story many times, and his grandmother's words coated in a thick Italian accent rang through his mind. While he was yelling, Emily started feeling more and more despair. Her whole life had been ruined with the death of her beloved goat. She closed her eyes and counted to ten, resisting the urge to throttle this guy's neck. While she was trying to calm down, Jack's voice went very high-pitched, almost that of a singer. He spoke with such passion, such emotion. She was brought back to the previous night, where she saw that opera singer. What was his name? She lifted her head high, and the man's voice wavered. He saw no emotion on her bleached face, just sadness and regret. He recognised not only her out of place eyes, but also her proportions. Sagging skin. Sad eyes. A nose too small for her gangsta-aura. He remembered that face in the crowd last night. He turned his head to the side, and asked her

“Did you attend the opera last night?” She nodded her head, obviously afraid of his response. “What did you think of him? Jack McMiller?” She pondered on her answer for a short while, then responded “He was awful.” She glared at him, stood up, and left, leaving a very confused and sorry opera singer behind.

Chapter 9

Jacks stormed out of hungry Jack's with a furious face. He felt disappointed about how Emily's family stole his family goat and used him for her bitter purposes. Jack liked Emily. He thought she was cute but when she told him her story, something snapped and he didn't want you look at her again. Jack jumped in his car speeding off down the rocky road. He sped past cars when he finally got to his house. It was vast with lush gardens and a marble water fountain but the bucketing rain made the green grass muddy. Jack walked in taking off his black polished shoes and blazar. He slumped on the couch lying there crying.

Emily walked home in the cold wet rain. She didn't have an umbrella to keep her from getting wet . instead of walking home she decided to walk to Jack's house. She loved him and didn't want to be without him. She started running to his house. She regretted telling him about stealing the goat. She was still upset about how Fergus had run away. She ran faster. She didn't stop but kept going just like Fergus. She reached Jack's house in a heap. She was hot and worn out despite the wet weather. She tapped the doorbell hoping Jack would open it. Jack peeped through the spyglass in the door. He opened and there was a sparkle on Emily's face. She sat down next to Jack on the white leather couch.

'I'm sorry that my ancestors stole your goat' Emily whispered.

Jack felt disappointed that he left Emily behind in the rain and apologised. The next three minutes were quite awkward because no words were spoken. Then Emily leaned into jack, he did too. The two of them engaged in a passionate kiss. Then they got lost in each other's eyes.

Night fell, Jack and Emily sat down on the couch and watched the movie karate kid, which was their favourite movie. They slowly drifted off into a peaceful sleep

A few weeks later Jack and Emily were slowly strolling down a small lane way along the harbour. They held hands, looking at the soft glow of the stars.

'I am still sorry about accusing you and your family for stealing my goat....' Jack apologized 'Is that Fergus?'

The couple looked up at the Harbor Bridge, and saw a fuzzy figure standing on the highest point, glowing brighter than the stars. Slowly, two other figures trotted up to the figure and stood next to it.

' I guess he doesn't belong to anyone anymore' sighed Emily.

' I'm glad that at least he has friends' laughed Jack.

Giggling, the couple walked away, under the soft shining moonlight.