



Fergus Says “Sorry”

A Wee Tale about Mudcastles,
Mistakes & Apologies

Fergus the Highland Cow loved living on McTavish Farm.

He loved Farmer and Granny McTavish.

He loved the barn, the pastures, the other farm animals, and especially the mud when it rained.

But there was one thing Fergus did NOT love about the farm-
FLIES.

Fergus did not enjoy the buzzing by his ears. He did not enjoy flies landing on his fluffy fur. And he especially did not like flies sitting on his nose.

But flies LOVED Fergus.

They really loved when he stood still and they could easily land on him. So, when flies were around, Fergus would start twirling.

Yes, twirling.

One afternoon, the flies came buzzing. Fergus started stomping and twirling around the barnyard.

He raised his hooves high, stomped around, and spun in zig zag circles.

“He’s dancing again!” squawked Millie the chicken.

All of the chickens clucked. The goats cheered. Penny the Pig rolled her eyes.

“You’re going to knock something over one day,” she snorted. “Like my mudcastle.”

Penny had been working on her mudcastle all morning. It had towers, a moat, and even a tiny flag made from a toothpick and a leaf. It was her greatest squishy masterpiece.

Fergus glanced at it. “Don’t worry, I’m a professional twirler.”

He puffed out his chest (which is hard to do when it’s covered in so much fluffy hair), took a deep breath, and...
TWIIIIIRL!

Fergus spun once. He spun twice.

He spun a third time—and then...

SQUISH! Right hoof.

SPLAT! Left hoof.

Right into the middle of Penny's perfect mudcastle.



“Oh,” Fergus mooed, as he looked at Penny. A fly landed on his nose.

Penny gasped. The goats gasped. A chicken fainted.
“You SMASHED it!” Penny cried.

Fergus looked at his muddy hooves and then looked at Penny's muddy snout, scrunched in frustration.

Fergus stood there, saying nothing.

He blew a puff of hot air from his nose to shoo the fly, and he trotted away... leaving Penny and her squished mudcastle behind.

Later that day, Fergus tried to eat some clover, but it didn't taste quite right.

He tried to nap under the apple tree, but he couldn't seem to relax long enough to fall asleep.

Finally, he stood up and plodded back to the mud puddle. He knew what he needed to do, even though it was hard.

Penny was lying next to the squished mudcastle, looking sad.

Fergus cleared his throat to get her attention. She ignored him.

He cleared it again, louder. "AHEM-AHEM-MOO." Penny still said nothing.

So he took a deep breath and said the words that were stuck in his throat like a stubborn corn kernel.

"I'm sorry, Penny." He sighed.

Penny looked up. "What?"

"I'm sorry I stomped on your mud castle," Fergus said. "I should've looked before twirling. And I definitely should've said sorry when it happened. That was not very kind of me."

Penny blinked. She was glad Fergus cared about it after all. She gave a tiny smile. "Well... it was a pretty good twirl."

"Really?"

"Top five, at least."

They both laughed. And then, Penny handed Fergus a stick. "Wanna help me rebuild the mudcastle?"

He smiled. "Absolutely. Let's make it even BIGGER this time. Maybe with a moat and a drawbridge!"

And so they did... together.

Saying "sorry" made both Fergus and Penny feel better.

Fergus decided he would rather have ten flies land on his nose than to hurt his friend's feelings again.

Together, they built the biggest mud castle the farm animals had ever seen.



FUN FACT FROM FERGUS

Highland cows might look big and furry, but they are super gentle! They love to slowly wander around and are careful with their friends- humans and animals alike.

A TINY THOUGHT



Sometimes it's hard to say "I'm sorry" when you make a mistake, but it almost always makes things better right away. Has there ever been a time when you probably should have said "I'm sorry," but you didn't? It's never too late!

That night, Fergus
slept better than
he had in days.

His tummy felt
light, his heart
felt peaceful, and
best of all—
Granny's oat treats
tasted delicious
again!



FUN FACT FROM FERGUS

Cows have excellent memories! They can remember other cows and people for years. That's why trust is so important—cows like Fergus remember when someone is kind and honest with them, just like people do!



A TINY THOUGHT

Have you ever kept a secret that made you feel yucky? How did you feel after telling the truth? Why do you think being honest is important, even when it's hard?