Doug Woods and the Great Goat Escape

Many years ago at the Rockton Fair, when the midway lights dimmed and the crowds headed home, one man remained on duty—Doug Woods, the fair's faithful night security guard.

Armed with a flashlight, a radio, and a healthy respect for things that go bump in the night, Doug made his regular rounds through the grounds. One evening, as he entered the Blue Agricultural Building for his routine inspection, something seemed a little off.

He heard a faint rustling.

Then a soft bleat.

Then another.

Doug shone his flashlight down the aisle and froze. A small herd of goats from the petting zoo was casually wandering through the building as though they owned the place.

"Well, this isn't in the security manual," Doug muttered.

The goats had apparently discovered that a loosely latched gate made for an excellent midnight adventure. Fortunately, they had bypassed the rows of carefully arranged craft vendor booths. Quilts remained folded, knitting stayed neatly displayed, and not a single handcrafted ornament had been disturbed.

The goats' attention had been captured by something far more appealing—the Ministry of Agriculture display. In particular, the bright, shiny apples sitting front and centre.

By the time Doug arrived, one enterprising goat had already sampled the exhibit and left a very noticeable bite mark as evidence.

He began the delicate process of goat wrangling. After a surprisingly spirited game of "follow the flashlight," mixed with a little gentle persuasion and a few handfuls of feed, the furry fugitives were slowly escorted back outside and safely returned to their pen.

With the goats secured and peace restored, Doug returned to the Ministry display. Examining the apples, he decided that replacing it at midnight wasn't exactly an option.

Using the kind of practical problem-solving that keeps fairs running smoothly, he carefully turned the apples over so the bite mark faced the bottom of the display.

Problem solved.

The next morning, exhibitors arrived none the wiser. The craft vendors found their displays untouched, the Ministry exhibit looked perfectly presentable, and the goats appeared innocent enough to deny everything.

Only Doug knew the full story of the Great Goat Escape of Rockton Fair. And as he finished his shift and headed home, he couldn't help but smile. And as every good fair volunteer knows, all's well that ends well—especially when the evidence is displayed bite-side down.