

## Fox story

Of all the Wild Things you might find in the wood  
The fox is perhaps the most misunderstood  
He is often made out to be sneaky and sly  
But the truth is he's really just awfully shy

It is true he's been known to dine out now and then  
On squirrels and rabbits or even a hen  
By nature, the fox is a true carnivore  
But this fox, in fact, would prefer nothing more  
Than to scavenge for food you or I throw away  
In our household waste, in our wasteful way

So, at night, when the city is falling asleep  
The woodland around starts to sound and to creep  
With a swish of a tail and a flash of red locks  
Out from his den flies Frankie the fox

He heads straight for the bins in the park where he finds  
Lovely titbits and scraps and he joyfully dines  
And then, once a fortnight, more gifts in black sacks  
Appear on the streets where he gleefully snacks

The food we throw out, to a fox, is too tempting  
But less so the packaging we have it wrapped in  
He makes sure before his great banquets begin  
To leave all the rubbish right there in the bin

One evening, mid meal, our fox was disturbed  
Loud shouts and jeering and cheering he heard

With a swish of a tail and a flash of red locks  
Back to his den flew Frankie the fox

On return to his woodland he found, in dismay  
A fresh pile of litter lining his way  
Bottles and cans and plastic from sweets  
Crisp packets, wrappers from all kinds of treats  
Take away packaging, nappies and wipes  
Poo bags and cigarettes, gosh what a sight.  
Now, previous dropped litter he's managed to shift  
But this lot was too great for one fox to lift

To tidy this up would need teamwork, but who  
Would listen to what a fox told them to do?  
With a droop of his tail and a shrug of red locks  
Into his den slunk Frankie the fox

Next morning, our fox vowed to go out and try  
To talk to his neighbours and not be so shy  
He would ask them for help, in his friendliest tone,  
To clear up the litter and tidy their home

With a flick of his tail and a flash of red locks  
Once again from his den flew Frankie the fox

Hester the hare would never have guessed  
In the bright light of day as she lay there at rest  
That a fox would approach with a "How do you do  
May I possibly ask for a favour from you"  
Now hares are quite strong and they know how to box  
But this hare didn't dare pick a fight with a fox

Instead, she listened to what fox had to say  
And her vast ears pricked up, in a hare kind of way

“Dear fox, all this litter has caused much upset  
Poor badger had broken glass dropped near his sett  
The birds have found plastic caught up in their nest  
And the squirrels have nuts buried under this mess  
If you know how to fix it, I promise I can  
Assemble a team to help you with your plan  
Though the birds may need some assurance from me  
That you won’t try to nab them and grab them for tea”

The fox gave his word so hare gathered a team  
The unlikeliest group that you ever have seen  
They put aside differences and there where they sat  
A plan formed to tidy up their habitat

The birds took the small bits and bobs in their beaks  
And dive bombed the bins in the park with loud shrieks  
(That way, they felt, the message would land  
For humans to pick up their trash with their hands).

Bin bags were brought by the mice, for they said  
They saw sacks through the cracks in a nearby shed  
The squirrels hung them from a branch as a bin  
And the animals shovelled the rubbish right in

“Don’t throw it all” cried out Frankie the fox  
“The humans place some of this junk in a box  
Of a different colour” and he took off in haste  
To fetch a green box labelled ‘recycled waste’.

Soon all the big pile of litter was clear  
But Hester the hare said "dear Frankie, I fear  
This may happen again if we don't try to stop it  
These humans will still come and litter, then hop it

Fox twiddled his whiskers and thought for some time  
Then finally exclaimed "what we need is a sign  
Grab some sticks and sweet wrappers and then we'll begin  
To make a word I've seen on many a bin"

They all began winding bright plastic round sticks  
And the bees offered honey as glue for to fix  
These sticks to a tree trunk the humans could spy  
A large 'T' and an 'I', a 'D' and a 'Y'

The animals gazed on their work with great pride  
Their woodland was tidy, their sign could be spied  
For Frankie, yet more pride as his day's work ends  
He overcame shyness by making new friends

With a wag of his tail and a bow of red locks  
(and a yawn that is born from changing your clocks)  
Once again to his den staggered Frankie the fox