



# Rescue *in* Regent's Park

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LA FROMAGERIE  
MARYLEBONE

MARYLEBONE  
VILLAGE

FIRE BRIGADE  
STATION

OPEN

10.50



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# Rescue *in* Regent's Park

LA FROMAGERIE  
MARYLEBONE

FIRE BRIGADE STATION

The High Street is now quiet,  
All roads are clean and clear.  
A Mouse runs swiftly homeward,  
To family she holds dear.



Far away, Charles Edward Fox  
Leans back against a gate.  
Hungry and alone he sits,  
It's hours since he ate.

Hidden in an oak tree,  
Frederica's house is warm.

In kitchen, bedrooms, playroom,  
They shelter from a storm.



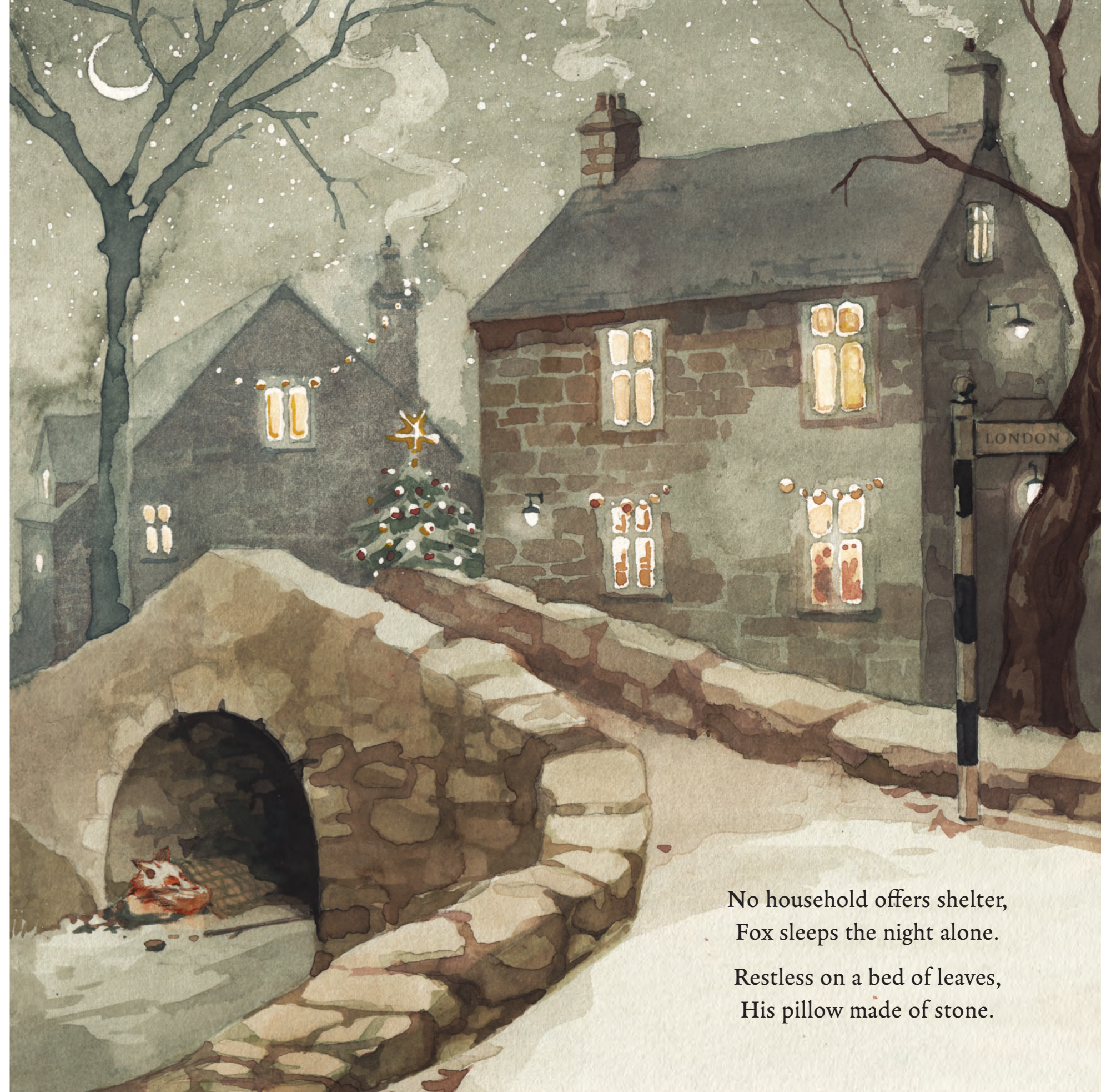
Charles will not go hunting,  
So meals can be more fair.

Meat is off the menu,  
Just food for all to share.



A family will be busy,  
All children must be fed.

No time to think of housework,  
'til young ones are in bed.



No household offers shelter,  
Fox sleeps the night alone.

Restless on a bed of leaves,  
His pillow made of stone.



Book and nuts, a candle,  
All tied in one 'kerchief.

On the road to London,  
A wind-blown scattered leaf.





Home is now all quiet,  
Mouse makes her Christmas plans.

Paper, ribbons, pudding,  
Cards to far-off lands.



Past swings, a gated shelter,  
On a bench beside the wall.  
In a children's playground,  
As snowflakes start to fall.

Mouse is walking early,  
The morning bright and clear.  
Past gardens filled with chatter,  
Playgroups far and near ...

Waking in his frozen fur,  
Fox feels a sudden fear.  
Parents call out loudly,  
To children coming near ...



“Quick,” he hears a tiny voice,  
“Three policemen at the gate.”

“Foxes are not welcome here,  
By order of the State.”

“Hurry now, come with me.  
Forget this place of people.”

“Safety is not far away,  
Beyond the church’s steeple.”





Charles Edward nods, takes his stick,  
The mouse's pace is fast.  
Behind he runs, silently,  
A friend he has at last.

Finally to a hiding place,  
The tree in Regent's Park.

Near a field with space for all,  
A door of shiny bark.



“Welcome to our humble home,  
With room for you to rest.”

“If you choose to come and stay,  
You’ll be a worthy guest.”



“You’re not afraid?” Fox asks,  
“I’ll ruin your hidden store.”

“And take the food you’ve gathered,  
Behind this secret door?”

“Trust is all important,”  
Frederica says most clearly.

“We know that you could eat us all,  
And that would cost us dearly.”



“We hope that you will join us,  
For lunch on Christmas day.”  
“Friendship is the gift you’ll bring,  
A treat from Santa’s sleigh.”



And here began the story,  
Of love which held so true.  
A family made of different folk,  
Shared a life of all things new.

Charles became a painter,  
Wrote books and taught in school.  
Students learned each day in class,  
That kindness was the rule.



Frederica's life was happy,  
Her friends all came to call.  
Known across the Regent's Park  
By creatures large and small.

