

Beaulieu woke up on a warm summer's day,
He yawned and he stretched on the bed where he lay,
Then into the kitchen that was bright and sunny,
To breakfast on porridge with hot toast and honey.
"Now what shall I do on such a fine day?"
He said to himself as he munched away,
"I always go out as a regular habit,
And today I shall visit Exbury the Rabbit."





So he finished his breakfast and left not a crumb,
Then set off to visit his favourite chum.
But as he stepped out of his holly tree home,
He was met with a sight that caused him to moan.
For there right before him, strewn all around,
Was litter and rubbish all over the ground;
There were wrappings and boxes and bottles and tins,
“Oh dear,” said Beaulieu, “What are all these things?”

In his eyes there were tears, in his throat a big lump,
As he walked through the forest that now was a dump.
To Exbury's house was his plan for the day,
So taking great care he now made his way.
Now when Exbury the Rabbit opened his door,
He saw his poor friend who cried out in awe.
"It's Litterbugs," said Exbury, "They are the cause,
We must act right away, there is no time to pause."

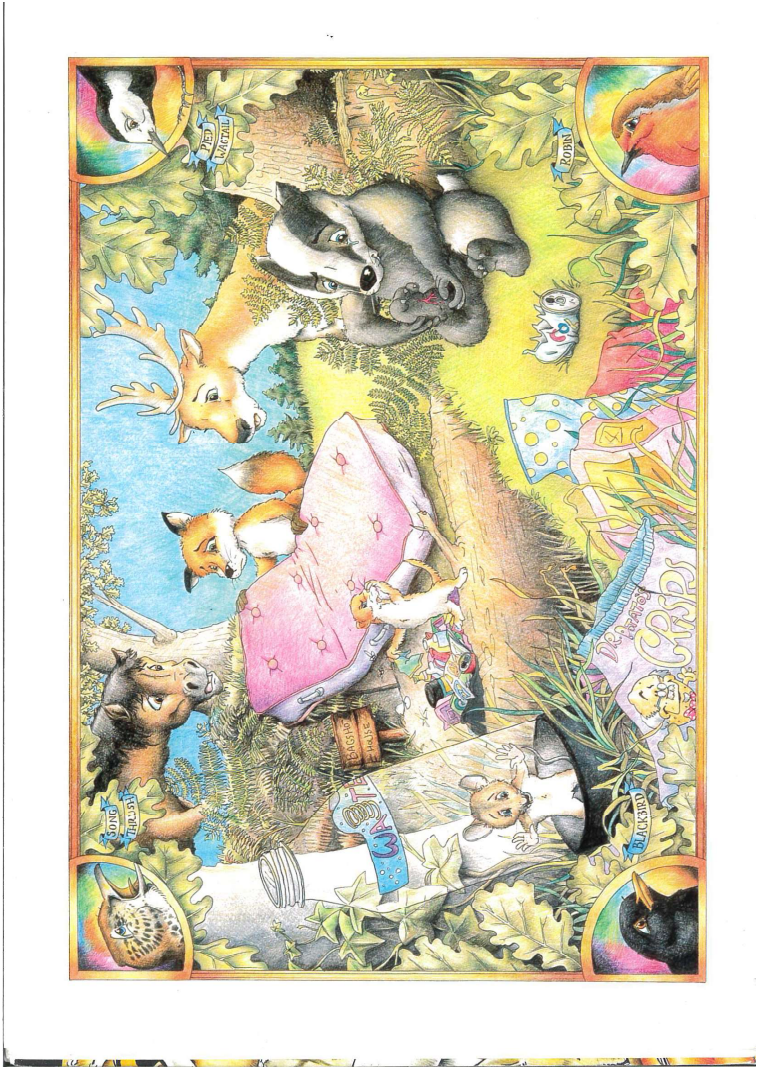




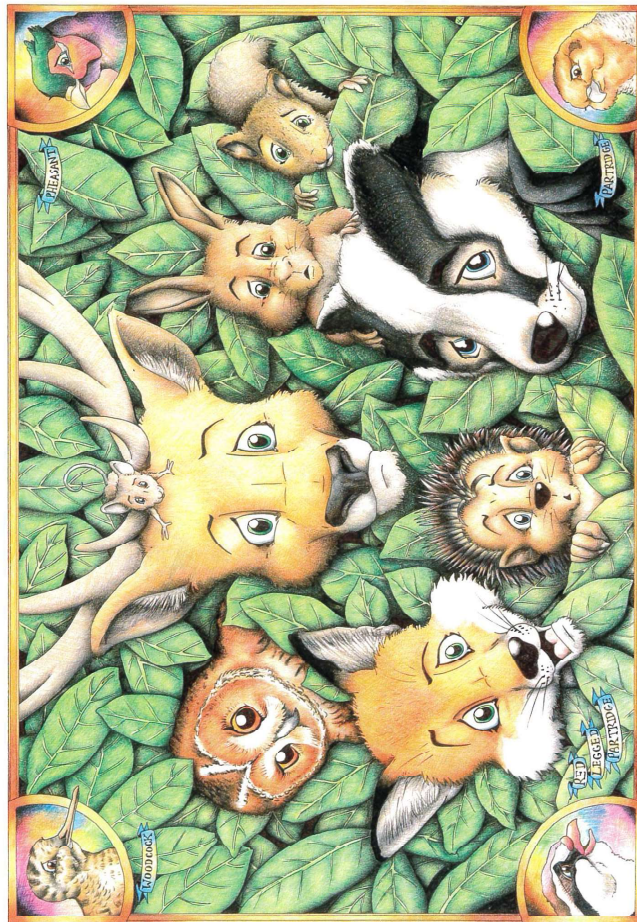
So Beaulieu and Exbury sent out the word
To all forest folk so they could be heard,
And all of the creatures that lived in the wood
Came to the meeting as fast as they could.
They gathered and heard a sad tale of distress,
And wondered what thing could have caused such a mess.
“It’s Litterbugs,” said Exbury. “I’m sure,
That have dropped all this rubbish on our forest floor!”



"Litterbugs, Litterbugs, pray what are they?"
Asked all of the creatures in words of dismay.
"Has anyone seen one? Do they come out at night?"
But no one there gathered had seen such a sight.
Then Hatchet the Squirrel said, "Listen to fact.
If they're bugs then they're insects and big ones at that!"
The forest folk gasped as the vision grew clear
Of a gigantic Litterbug and it filled them with fear.



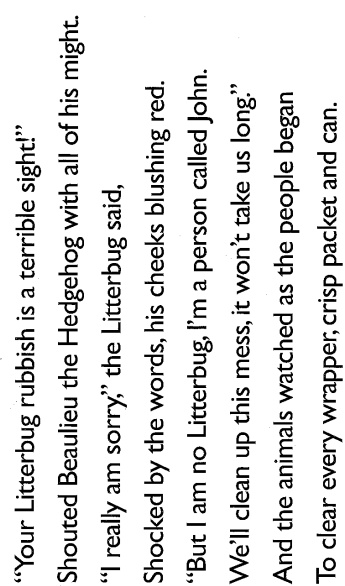
Brockenhurst the Badger then lifted his paw,
A cut from a can had made it quite sore.
Then Emery the Woodmouse came forward to speak
Of being trapped in a bottle for nearly a week.
"It's clear then," said Beaulieu, "That rubbish is bad
And causes great danger, which makes me quite mad.
This Litterbug insect I really must find,
And I'm going to give him a piece of my mind."



"Then I shall come also," said Ower the Owl,
And Burley the Fox agreed with a growl.
"Hang on," said Brockenhurst. "You're not leaving me."
"And I shall come too, then," said brave Exbury.
So the heroes set off with a leap and a bound,
And soon found much litter strewn over the ground,
And there in the clearing the Litterbugs played
With packets of crisps and fizzy lemonade.



As the Litterbugs littered, without any care,
The smallest one threw a ball high in the air.
“They don’t look like insects,” Exbury confessed.
“Agreed,” said Beaulieu, “But they are a great pest.”
Then they all watched as a throw of the ball
Crashed straight through the hedge and frightened them all.
There was no time to run and nowhere to hide,
The ball-hunting Litterbug was right by their side.



“Your Litterbug rubbish is a terrible sight!”

Shouted Beaulieu the Hedgehog with all of his might.

"I really am sorry," the Litterbug said,

Shocked by the words, his cheeks blushing red.

“But I am no Litterbug, I’m a person called John.

We'll clean up this mess, it won't take us long."

And the animals watched as the people began

To clear every wrapper, crisp packet and can.



With all of the litter now in a big sack,
Brave Beaulieu cried out, "Our clean forest is back!"
John came to the hedge and the animals cheered.
This Litterbug wasn't as bad as they'd feared.
John said, "Now I must go, but in future I'll try
To keep your home tidy." And they all waved goodbye.
Said Beaulieu the Hedgehog, "I'm glad this has passed,
But of people and Litterbugs we've not seen the last."

