This book is dedicated to Jonathan Dove and the BBC Proms,
with affection and admiration.

Zeb Soanes & James Mayhew

Gaspard's Foxtrot
Published in Great Britain in 2021 by Graffeg Limited.

ISBN 9781913134808

Written by Zeb Soanes copyright © 2021.
Illustrated by James Mayhew copyright © 2021.
Designed and produced by Graffeg Limited
copyright © 2021.

Graffeg Limited, 15 Neptune Court, Vanguard Way,
Cardiff CF24 5PJ, Wales, UK. Tel: +44(0)1554 824000.
www.graffeg.com.

Zeb Soanes and James Mayhew are hereby identified
as the authors of this work in accordance with section
77 of the Copyrights, Designs and Patents Act 1988.

A CIP Catalogue record for this book is
available from the British Library.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be
reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted,
in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical,
photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the
prior permission of the publishers.

eBook ISBN 9781913634841 from Amazon, Apple
(iTunes and iBooks), Barnes & Noble, e-Sentral,
Google Play, Kobo, Overdrive.

Audiobook available on Audible, Amazon, and iTunes.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9



Gaspard's foxtrot



Zeb Soanes & James Mayhew

This book belongs to:





GRAFFEG

A garden is a haven for wildlife, from the worms in the soil to the birds in the trees.

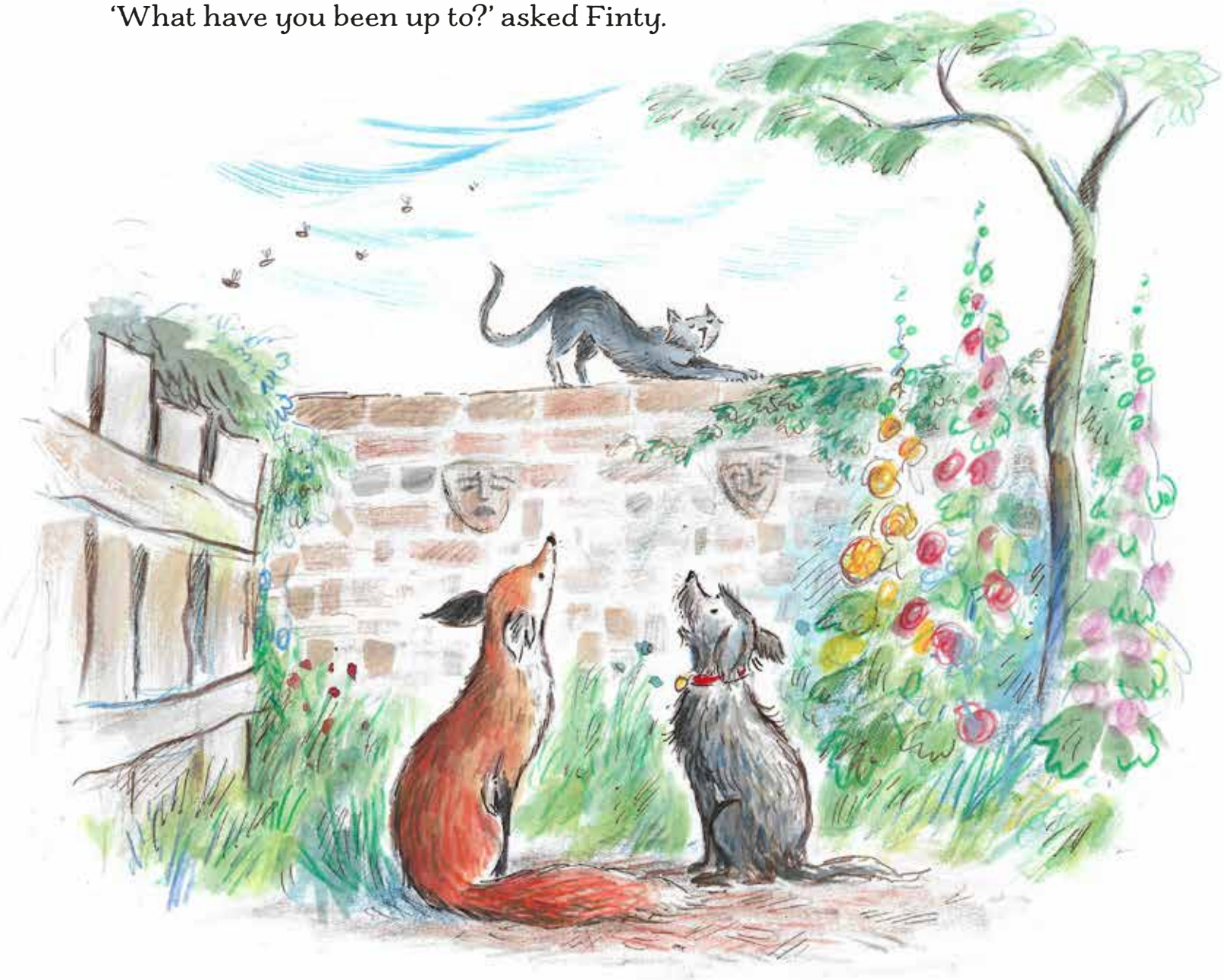
In Honey's garden *all* creatures were welcome, like bees, which she kept in hives by the compost heap, and, curled up in the sun, was Gaspard the Fox.



Gaspard was friends with Honey's dog, Finty. When Honey was out, she left the radio on to civilise the bees.

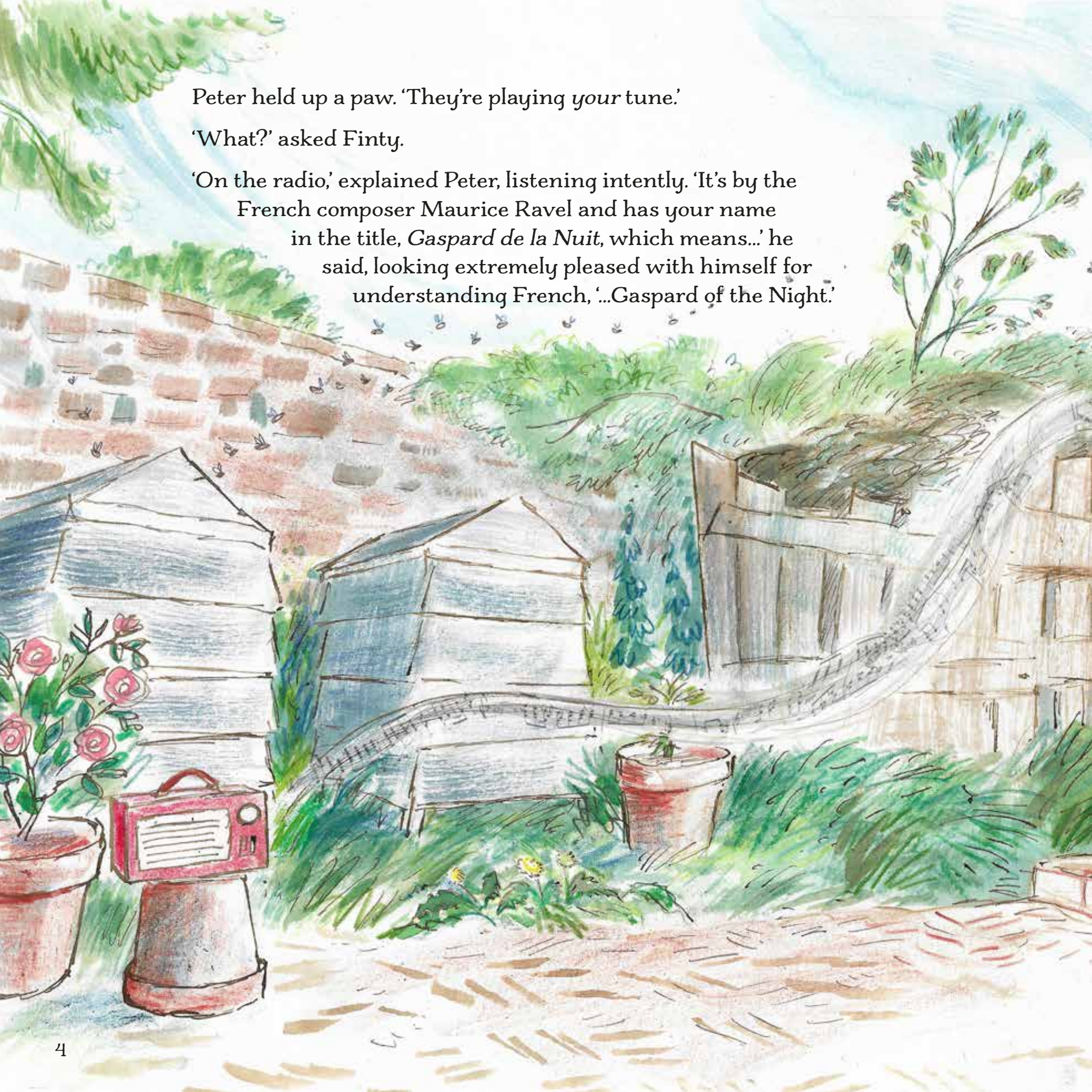
A cat appeared on the garden wall. It was Peter.

'What have you been up to?' asked Finty.



'*Peregrinating*,' replied Peter, stretching. 'It means,' he continued, 'wandering nowhere in particular, entirely for pleasure.'

'That sounds fun,' said Gaspard.



Peter held up a paw. 'They're playing *your* tune.'

'What?' asked Finty.

'On the radio,' explained Peter, listening intently. 'It's by the French composer Maurice Ravel and has your name in the title, *Gaspard de la Nuit*, which means...' he said, looking extremely pleased with himself for understanding French, '...Gaspard of the Night.'



'That's perfect!' said Finty, wagging her tail, and the three sat listening whilst the bees buzzed overhead.

'We're going to a concert in Hyde Park tonight,' said Finty when the music had finished. 'You should come! It's all about London's wildlife.' Gaspard beamed.



'Don't be stupid,' scoffed Peter, 'it's the other side of town. Foxes can't go on buses. You can sit outside our living room window – I'll be watching it on television.'

Finty was thinking of something rude to say when the back door opened and Honey came outside.

'Sorry to break up the party, Finty,' she said, tying a scarf around her head, 'we need to get going.'



Gaspard walked Honey and Finty to the bus stop. Honey's neighbours had grown accustomed to seeing her with her animal friends and thought she was just a bit eccentric.