The Last Bell Before Breakfast

The Foxes of London



A complete new adventure starring four foxes from the recovered Foxes of London artwork. When the breakfast bell disappears, a ribbon, a runaway umbrella, and four very different talents lead to a cheerful rescue.

FEATURING

The Detective / The Courier / The Reader / The Tea Keeper

A quiet kind of trouble



Breakfast waited in Foxglove Square. The clock reached eight. The bell said absolutely nothing.

THE COURIER
If the bell doesn't ring, does breakfast still count?

THE TEA KEEPER
The biscuits say yes. My ears say something's wrong.



They climbed the tower. Its rope remained. Its bell did not.

THE DETECTIVE
A silent bell is one mystery. An absent bell is another.

THE READER
Then we'd better solve both before the tea gets cold.



A turquoise ribbon fluttered from the window latch. Outside, the pigeons watched the rooftops.

THE COURIER
Someone left us a very long clue.

THE DETECTIVE
And our witnesses appear to be waiting.

The rooftop witnesses



The pigeons offered no explanation. They simply hopped farther along the ribbon.

THE READER
They're looking upwind.

THE DETECTIVE
Good observation. Let's see what surprised them.



The Courier took the quick route. The others chose the sensible one.

THE COURIER
Blue ribbon, red roof, left at the chimney!

THE TEA KEEPER
And everyone arrives with all their paws, please.



Beyond the chimney floated a red umbrella. The missing bell dangled beneath its canopy.

THE COURIER
Our bell has learned to fly.

THE DETECTIVE
Temporarily. We shall encourage it to land.

A route through the wind



The morning gust had swept the loose bell into an umbrella and carried both away.

THE TEA KEEPER
That is the least practical umbrella I've ever seen.

THE COURIER
Excellent at ringing in the rain, though.



The Reader spread out the newspaper's little map and traced the wind's path.

THE READER
The canal bends west. It'll drift right past the footbridge.

THE DETECTIVE
Then we meet it there. No chasing in circles.



The shortcut had a gap. The umbrella had no intention of waiting.

THE COURIER
Those mooring posts are close enough for me.

THE TEA KEEPER
Take the rope. Clever plans ought to have something solid attached.

Four foxes, one good plan



Quick paws carried the line. Patient paws tied a knot that would hold.

THE COURIER
Rope across!

THE TEA KEEPER
Knot checked. Now we give everyone a crossing.



The Detective supplied the plank. The Reader found its firmest resting place.

THE READER
On the stone supports, not the loose boards.

THE DETECTIVE
A very useful footnote. Hold steady.



One hook, four foxes, and a wonderfully unglamorous tug brought the runaway down.

THE DETECTIVE
Got it!

THE COURIER
Please tell me we get extra biscuits for air-traffic control.

The smallest sound in London



Back in the belfry, they fastened the bell, checked the hook, and reached for the rope.

THE DETECTIVE
Bell secure. Everyone clear?

THE COURIER
Ready for the loudest breakfast in London!



The bell swung. A tiny squeak escaped. Four pairs of ears tilted.

THE READER
That was rather less grand than advertised.

THE TEA KEEPER
Look underneath. Our bell has swallowed a teacup.



A cup left in the tower had caught around the clapper. A soft cloth and four steady paws freed it.

THE TEA KEEPER
There. Bells need room to sing.

THE DETECTIVE
And cups need to stay where the tea is.

Breakfast, properly announced



This time the bell rang clear across the square. The pigeons took off as one.

THE COURIER
Now THAT counts as breakfast!

THE READER
A little late. Exceptionally well researched.



The umbrella found a useful job. The tea was refreshed. The biscuits were still waiting.

THE TEA KEEPER
One pot, four cups, and nothing lodged in a bell.

THE DETECTIVE
A most satisfactory arrangement.



Then a much smaller bell rang at the table.

THE COURIER
Ding! Emergency biscuit announcement!

THE DETECTIVE
Case closed. Biscuit tin open.