

What Went Down in the Fary Tale

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this is for an assignment i did for ELA. it is Little Red Riding Hood from the wolf's point of view.

1. When Red came in

I think we've all heard the story of the cute little girl with a cute little red riding hood atop her cute little head. Well, I have something to tell you. That whole story with the big bad wolf swallowing an innocent old Granny whole and planning on eating little Red is NOT in any way how that whole thing went down. That's just the way the journalists wanted it to go down. But I know the true story, and I am telling the truth, for all those skeptics out there. Wolf's honor. First of all I guess I should introduce myself. I am R.E.Deater. I know what you are thinking, "Red Eater", and I suppose that's what made me look guilty, but I can't help it if my name is Ryan Edward Deater. I'm sort of an investigative journalist, it's a hobby of mine. But enough of me, on to the villain of the story. Little Red. Now first of all, she isn't so little. She's at least twelve by now. And cute? I think not. It's not her in particular, it's all humans. I mean, can you seriously call that evolution. Well, I suppose I should get on with the story. So, I was going to work on a story about how woodpeckers enjoy the wood more than the pecking and here she comes, tearing apart the path that I made, on her bike. I don't mind people using it but it seemed like she was trying to destroy it. So, I stopped her and was going to nicely ask her to ride more carefully when I smelled the delectable scent of fresh-baked goodies. From a lack of anything better to say, I simply asked her where she was going, said good-bye and she was already on her way when I realized I forgot to ask if I could have some goodies. So I got on my trike and headed up to Red's Granny, a.k.a. the Goody Lady's house. I had gotten there before Red and when I went in the door Granny was tied up in nylon rope, bungee cords, and blue duct tape. She asked me to stuff her in the closet and lock the door for reasons I do not know, maybe she was some kind of escape artist or something but I'm not sure. Since I simply can't deny an old lady's request I gently put her in the closet and closed the door confused. "Why would an old lady be bound and want to be stuffed in a closet?" I asked myself but I did not expect what happened next. It nearly sent me into a cardiac arrest. It was the soft, gentle sound of little Red, knocking on the door, "Granny, are you in there?"