



## LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD - FROM THE WOLF'S PERSPECTIVE!

By Stephen Macky

**T**he forest is my home. I lived in it and took great care of it, I tried to keep it tidy and clean.

On a sunny day, while I was cleaning the rubbish that one camper had left, I heard steps. I jumped and hid behind the tree. I saw a little girl walking down the forest trail carrying a basket. I immediately was suspicious of her, because she was dressed a little strange, with a covered head as if she wanted to hide from someone. I asked her who she was and what she was looking for here. She told me that she was going to her grandmother's house to give her lunch. She looked like an honest and good person, but she was still in my forest, and she seemed suspicious to me with that strange hat. I said it was dangerous to go alone through the forest, but she only rudely told me that it was not my job and continued along the trail.

I ran to arrive at her grandmother's house before her. I told the good old woman what happened and she agreed that her

granddaughter needed to be taught a lesson. At first, she agreed to be out of the house until I called her, but then we decided for her to hide under the bed. When the girl arrived, I called her in the bedroom and in the meantime, I dressed in her grandmother's clothes.

The little girl entered and immediately commented on my big ears. She had insulted me before, so I tried to explain that I have big ears so that I can listen better. At the moment when I wanted to tell her that she was a good girl, she started to talk about my big eyes. However, taught to turn the other cheek when I'm insulted, I told her that my big eyes serve me to see her better. The next insult hit me the most. I could not believe how this girl apparently so lovely hid such antipathy in herself. I am aware of my problem: I have big teeth, but what can I do? And the girl commented on their size too.

I knew that I needed to control myself, but I jumped out of the bed and started to growl, shouting that my teeth serve me to easily eat her. Now to be honest, no wolf would eat a little girl, everyone knows that. The little girl started running around the house, shouting, and I ran after her trying to calm her down. I took off the grandmother's clothes, but the situation worsened.

Suddenly the door opened. A huge hunter with an axe appeared. I looked at him and I knew that I was in trouble. I saw an open window and flew out of there.

I would like to say that this is the end of the story, but the girl's grandmother never narrated my version. After a short while, rumours began to circulate that I was a bad and antipathetic wolf. Everyone started to avoid me. I did not hear anything else about the girl with

that ridiculous and strange hood, but after that event, I never lived happily ever after.