

31.1.22

LO: to identify direct speech

On a hook on the back of the door, the big bad wolf found *Granny's* pink lacy nightcap. The little boy had bought it for *Granny's* birthday, but she never really wore it. Of course, the Big bad wolf hated hats and this one was even worse than the red riding hat but the Big bad wolf had no choice. She pulled the ghastly nightcap right down to her eyes and climbed into the bed, just as Little Red Riding Wolf came running up the stairs, Skippety-skip.

"Granny, *Granny*. Where are you?" He called.

"Er, over'ere, little woolly hood head," answered the big bad wolf.

"Oh *Granny, Granny*, thank you for the beautiful hat you made me. Doesn't it look wonderful?" He asked.

"Er...yer, Little bobble brain... really wicked," replied the big bad wolf.

"Granny, *Granny*, what a rough voice you have and what yellow teeth you have too. Perhaps you are still poorly. You seem so grey and off today," said Little Red Riding Hood.

"Listen, Little Jam Man. You should learn not to make personal remarks!" snapped the Big bad wolf.

"Granny, *Granny* what strange ears you have. Infact... I don't think you are my *Granny* at all. She is much smaller than you," said Little Red Riding Hood in a worried voice.

At that precise moment *Granny* pushed open the door...

Granny was furious. She had huge blue eyes, small white teeth and a bundle of grey curls on top of her head and she was carrying a great sharp axe.

"Ah, little boy, what a nice surprise! You are just in time for tea. Why are you wearing that ridiculous hat? And what is this thing in my bed? It looks like a Big bad wolf. A very tasty Big bad wolf. Just right for my BIG BAD TEA." She said as she licked her lips.

This big bad wolf leapt out of her bed, down the stairs, out of the door, into the forest and along the path as fast as her big bad legs would carry her. She hammered on her father's door.