

Little red riding wolf

In the very darkest corner of the deep dark wood sat the Big Bad Girl.

The Big Bad Girl was just about as BIG and BAD as a girl can be, and all the woodland animals were afraid of her. She hung out beside the forest path and carved her name on trees. She shouted rude things at any Little animal that passed by.

"Come on big ears. Hop to it."

The Big Bad Girl tripped up Little deer. She stole fur cones from baby squirrels and threw them at the poor Little hedgehogs. The woodland birds didn't dare to sing when the Big Bad Girl was around. But the person the person the Big Bad Girl liked to tease the most of all was a charming Little wolf cub who often passed by on his way to visit his dear old granny wolf.

Little Wolfie was the sweetest, fluffiest, politest Little cub you could ever hope to meet. He would run along the path, skippety-skip, carrying a basket of freshly baked goodies for Old Granny Wolf, singing all the time...

"I'm a Little Wolfie, good and sweet. I am tidy I am neat. With a basket full of lovely grub, I am Granny's favourite cub."

"Wot's in yer basket today, Little-Weedy-Wolfie-Wimp?" snarled the Big Bad Girl.

"MMMM, apple pie? I'll take those. Jam sandwiches? Very tasty."

"Oh dear, oh dear! now there will be nothing for dear old granny wolf," wailed Little Wolfie. His little wolfie tears rolled into the empty basket.

Big bad girl had managed to get her hands on the worst hat ever. As she sat by the forest path wondering what to do with it. She cackled "Surly someone will be stupid enough to wear this hat,". As she spoke, she heard a delightful Little song...

"I'm a Little Wolfie, smart and clean, never nasty, never mean. Hello flowers, hello trees, hello humble bumble bees. "

And who should come along the path, skippety-skip, but Little Wolfie.

"Ah, ha!" sniggered the Big Bad Girl. "Here comes creepy-cuties-custard-cub. This red riding hat would suit him perfectly! I will trick him in to wearing it. Then I will make fun of him forever! Heh heh heh!"

"Where are you going, Little Fluffy Flea Face?" growled the Big Bad Girl.

"I am off to visit my darling old granny wolf," replied Little Wolfie, politely.

"Well, I've just seen yer old granny wolf, "lied the rotten girl. "You can't see her today because she is poorly and might give you her old granny wolf germs."

"Oh, poor old granny wolf," sighed Little Wolfie, sadly.

"but," continued the wicked girl, "She has made you a lovely sort of hat thing. She told me to give it to you and tell you never to take it off, night or day, even if people laugh at you. "

Little Wolfie was very pleased...

... until he saw the revolting red hat then even he had doubts.

But being a good Little chap and wanting to please his granny, he tied it on his fluffy Little head with the dangly ribbons. He Big Bad Girl almost choked with laughter.

Holey sweaty snake socks! She thought. This Little wolf is unbelievably stupid.

But Little red riding wolf said "Thank you" politely and set off home, skippety-skip, chattering away to himself.

"How pleased I am with my new riding hat that granny has made me. From now on I will call myself Little red riding wolf. This will please her even more."

The Big Bad Girl rolled on the path and roared with laughter. "Holy Newt's knickers! LITTLE RED RIDING WOLF!! What a name! a wolf should be called hairy howler or bone cruncher or old yellow eyes. Little Red Riding Wolf is a terrible name."

All that day, Little Wolfie wore the red riding hat and tried not to notice when people laughed at him.

The next morning, he said to himself, "My dear old granny wolf will be better today. I will run along the path and show her how pleased I am with my lovely hat." And off he went, skippety-skip...

But, by the side of the path in the middle of the deep dark wood, blowing bubbles with her gum, something really nasty was waiting for him...

" oi,! Tomato head!"

" I'm not a tomato head," said Little red riding wolf, fighting back the tears. "I am Little Red Riding Wolf."

"Where are you going, ketchup Cap?" demanded the Big Bad Girl, wiping her filthy nose on the back of her hand.

"I am going to dear Old Granny Wolfs house to see if she is better and to thank her for this lovely hat. Now, excuse me while I fill my basket with these pretty spring flowers for her kitchen table."

While Little red riding wolf picked his flowers, the Big Bad Girl picked her nose thoughtfully. "That wrinkly Old Granny Wolf will spoil my fun," she said to herself.

"I will take a short cut to her house. If she gives me any trouble I will lock her in the cupboard, then I will pretend that I am old Granny Wolf. I bet she is even smaller and weedier than little strawberry top"

So the Big Bad Girl ran as quickly as she could to old granny wolfs house. It was a very big house for a Little old granny wolf. But granny Wolf was out chopping wood in the forest. The Big Bad Girl climbed in the back window and ran indoors, just as Little Red Riding Wolf tapped at the door. "Old Granny Wold, Old Granny Wold! It is I Little Red Riding Wolf, in my brand new hat."

"Holy Hopping Hedgehog droppings! That was quick," said the Big Bad Girl. She ran up the stairs and searched for somewhere to hide. She noticed a huge bed, but how could she make herself look like an Old Granny Wolf?

On a hook on the back of the door, the Big Bag Girl found Granny Wolf's Pink Lacy Nightcap. Little Wolfie had bought it for Granny Wolf's birthday, but she never really wore it. Of course, the Big Bad Girl hated hats - and this one was even worse than the red riding hat. But the Big Bad Girl had no choice. She pulled the ghastly nigh-cap right down to her eyes and climbed into the bed, just as Little red Riding Wolf came running up the stairs, Skippety-skip.

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

"Er, over'ere, Little Woolly Hood Head," answered the Big Bad Girl.

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

"Er...yer, Little Bobble Brain... really wicked," replied the Big Bad Girl.

"But Granny Wolf, Granny Wolf, what a tiny voice you have and what small teeth you have too. Perhaps you are still poorly. You seem so pale and weedy today."

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

"But Granny Wolf, Granny Wolf what small ears you have. Infarct... I don't think you are my Granny Wolf at all. She is much bigger than you."

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

Granny wolf was ENORMOUSE. She had huge yellow eyes, big sharp teeth and a long dribbly tongue. She was carrying a great shape axe.

"Ah, Little Wolfie," She said. "What a nice surprise. You are just in time for tea. But why are you wearing that ridiculous hat? And what is this thing in my bed?"

It looks like a Big Bad Girl- A very tasty Big Bad Girl- Just right for my BIG BAD TEA."

This Big Bad Girl 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.

"Father, Farther," yelled the Big Bad Girl.

"Let me in. Let me in. I will be good. I will do whatever you ask."

Her farther peeped out of the window. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. There was his daughter wearing a delightful nightcap/. It reminded him of one he had made himself many years before... He remembered it well because it was the only one he had ever sold.

"I will let you in," he said. "but only if you promise to wear a hat night and day- the one you are wearing now suits you beautifully!"

And so from that day on, the Big Bad Girl became a big good girl (for most of the time). She found a job as a woodcutter and her boss kept a very careful, big yellow eye on her.

The big good Girl kept her promise to wear a hat every day, although it was usually a chainsaw helmet.

And the red riding hat was useful...

...when they had an especially heavy load.