

# Red Riding Hood

## 2. Wolfie blues

Little Red Riding Hood slept peacefully at home, but the creatures of the woods were not having such a restful night.

'What's going on?' squeaked the sleepy voice of a hedgehog.



'It's the Big Bad Wolf!' cried a squirrel. 'Quick! Hide before he catches us!'

Moonbeams cast a silvery light through the leaves as animals everywhere scuttled for cover. Except for the little hedgehog.

The beady eyes of the hedgehog gleamed as a dark shadow with long bushy hair and sharp white fangs crept towards it. It was the Wolf.



'Where is everyone?' the Wolf demanded.

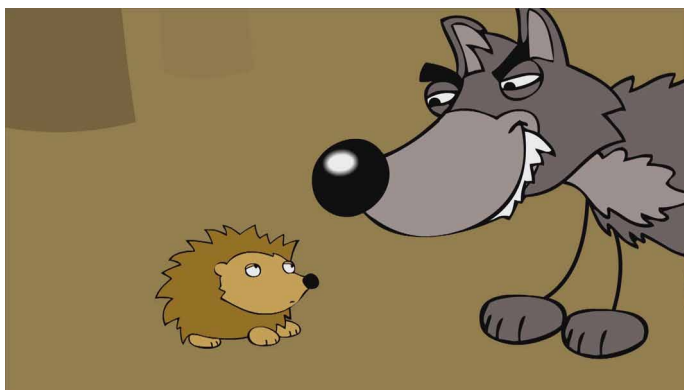
'Hiding from you,' squeaked the hedgehog. 'I mean, you are the Big Bad Wolf, I presume?'

'I'm the Big Bad and Very Hungry Wolf,' growled the Wolf. 'There! Did you hear that tummy rumble? A wolf like me needs meat and lots of it! But I haven't had much luck lately. Take those three little pigs. They were hiding in the third piggy's house, built of brick...'



... I huffed and I puffed but could I blow it down? When I climbed down the chimney instead, I burnt my bottom in a bowl of boiling water!

So that's why I've come here to the woods,' he continued. 'I've heard that lots of tasty animals live here...'



He poked his nose closer to the hedgehog and sniffed. 'You smell delisssh,' he growled. 'You may be covered in spikes, but I'm too hungry to care!'

The Wolf opened his mouth but as he lunged forward the hedgehog curled up into a tiny ball.

And the Wolf howled as the hedgehog's spikes stuck into his nose!

With a giant yelp he ran and ran till he reached the ruins of an old tower in the deepest part of the woods.



The Wolf rushed inside and slammed the door. He'd found the tower when he first came to the woods and had made it his home. He rubbed ointment on his nose then opened a cupboard, looking for food.

The problem was the cupboard was bare. Nothing on the shelves but a few empty plates and a lot of dust. Not even a bone.

Night turned to morning and as the Wolf heard the distant chiming of the church bell he had an idea.



'Of course!' he thought. 'I'll go and snoop around the village! Maybe I'll find some meaty leftovers in a bin...or perhaps something even nicer!'

The Wolf crept towards the village, animals scuttling away before him. Ahead the trees were thinning. He sniffed his sore nose. He'd smelt that smell before. Yes, it was the smell of little girl. Yum, yum!



He crept to the edge of the trees. Just ahead was a rose-covered cottage and in the garden a young girl in a red cape was skipping about.

The Wolf was just about to pounce when a voice called out: 'Time for breakfast, Little Red Riding Hood!'

'Coming, Ma!' replied the girl.

'And what about my breakfast?' hissed the Wolf to himself as she skipped away.

'Never mind. Another time. Now I know where you live, Little Red Riding Hood, I'll be keeping a very close eye on you indeed!'

