

Little Red Riding Hood versi 2

(A Fractured Fairy Tale)

POV: The Wolf

So I'm packing up my troubles in an old kit bag in the woods when I hear a twig snap. I turned to see a Little Red Hooded Teen with a picnic basket that said: "Mommy's little girl" along with a picture of the girl yawning. "Hey, Lil Hood, I like that basket." I rolled my eyes. "Whateva", I need to text Granny that you are utterly creepying me out." She threw a piece of gum in her mouth and stared into my eyes while chewing.

A few seconds later, she pulled out a smartphone and pushed me out of the way. I started to follow her. "So, what's in the basket?" I asked.

She backed away from me. I reached into my pocket for the Friendship Coupon I got for my birthday.

Instead I pulled out an "I will eat you" coupon used for The Three Thousand Humongous Pigs restaurant, which enables you to get an allyoucaneat dinner.

She screamed an earpiercing scream that made me roar and fall to the ground and curl up.

"It's an armadillowolf and it's going to, like, totally attack me!" She shrieked and ran into the woods.

A troop of seven dwarves marched out of the trees. They all turned towards me.

"We're the Seven Levels of awesomeness," a red shirted dwarf said in a squeaky voice and



then played a high chord on an electric guitar. The dwarf started to explain a boring history story.

As soon as his eyes crossed, I stepped over the whole row of dwarves in one step. I continued to look for the Girl.

“I want to be friends with you!” I yelled. “You are, like, a liar!!!” She responded from behind an incredibly noticeable tree trunk.

“You, like, just gave yourself away!” I replied. She ran out from behind the tree. “I don’t have a job! So please don’t eat me!” she yelled.

What a terrible excuse. “Yes you do! You have a delivery job!” I spat back. She groaned. “Ugh! It’s like mom all over again!” “Mom?” She led for the second time.

As she ran away I saw a label on her basket. It said ‘To Grandma, 2235 NE Forest Ct.’ Hmm.... Maybe ..., just maybe, I could be friends with Little Hood there.

I arrived at the old lady’s door when I saw my old friend, Bobwolf, chasing three little pirates in the brig. He had recently chased three little famous pig chefs but that’s a whole different... uh... mall game, I think. Anyway, I knocked on the door.

“Who is it?” a sweet voice of a grandma called. “The uh, Crayola department?” I answered. Wow, that as lame. “Come in,” the grandma said. As soon as I entered, the grandma was so scared she jumped into my mouth.

I accidentally swallowed the sweet little woman.

BLECH! Wasshe disgusting.

At the worst time in possible times that are worse than worst times, Little Hood showed up. “Gra-any! I brought your cookies!” she sang.

COOKIES!!! I DESPISE cookies. I swallow an old lady to make friends with somebody because I want to know what’s in a basket, just for cookies!

WOW, is my life messed up. “Okay, I’ll take the cookies now my beloved Hooded Girl



-- I mean, Granddaughter," I said in my best old lady voice.

I waited at least a minute. "Kay Grandma. Now let me hand you the goodies," she finally said. I reached a paw out.

"Wow, Grammy, what big paws you have," she said in a slightly frightened tone. "Aren't you a bit too old to be concerned about what your Granny looks like?" I scolded back with a hint of worry. I heard a bubble pop.

"No and F-Y-I, I'm only, like, fourteen." She sassed. "Wait, humans can't have paws! Hey, you're the creepy armadillowlow who wrote a note card that said 'I will eat you'!" I step guiltily out of the door.

"You caught me red handed, wait no, you caught me by my hand." I gazed at my hand. The girl slapped it out of the way. "Enough chit-chat!" She said and then screamed, "DOCTOR!!!" One quote unquote Seven Levels of Awesomeness dwarf with a doctor coat appeared on the top of my head. "Pull out my Grandma!" the hooded girl ordered. "Don't do it!" I said with a creaky voice.

The dwarf reached his hand into my throat. He pulled out a frog. "Boy, you have a frog in your throat," he said. I didn't speak a word. "Cat got your tongue?" The dwarf said, and pulled out a cat. "You're just full of surprises aren't you?" Finally, after tons and tons of terrible puns in my mouth, grandma was pulled out. Then we all lived taxfree ever after.

THE END