

From the Wolf's Perspective

Ever so long ago, my grandwolf told me how delicious it is to eat a human. All I have wanted ever since is to take a bite, even just a small bite, of mankind.

Oh, sorry. I forgot to introduce myself. I'm Murphy, and sorry about that beginning. You may also know me as the BIG BAD WOLF but really, I'm not that big, or bad - I'm not even that scary. It's just the fact that I'm a wolf that makes people scared.

See, my family has a long history of being big, bad, and scary. My great-great-great grandwolf ate sheep after a young shepherd cried wolf, even though there were none. My great-great grandwolf got eaten because he dressed up as a sheep to get more food and nobody noticed, so when the shepherd went to make dinner he chose my great-great grandwolf, and, well, that was the end of him. My great grandwolf was a smart wolf, and one day he got a bone stuck in his throat, so he asked a crane to get it out and promised her that if she did, she would be rewarded. After the bone was out, the crane asked for her reward, and great grandwolf told her that her reward was not getting eaten when her head was in his throat. I guess she got pretty mad. My grandwolf loved eating humans and spent his entire life hunting for them. My dad blew down two pigs' houses but got boiled in the third. It was terrible, and it was all over the news. Mom cried for days and days.

I'm pretty sure every one of my ancestors have shown up in a big bad wolf story. Mine happened today, and it happened with a little girl who was wearing a red cape and holding a basket.

If you think you have heard of me, congratulations! If not, oh well. If you think you know my story, you probably have it all wrong and think that my first thought when I saw

the little girl was, "I want to eat you." Actually, I was lost in the woods, and I needed directions. See, I have always had a missing chip when it comes to directions, so when I got lost, I panicked. When the little girl came around the bend, I was so happy to think that she could give me directions that I didn't even realize that she was a human and, in this case, a little girl.

I asked her for directions and asked her why she was in the deepest part of the darkest woods for she should always walk with a buddy. But the little girl replied by telling me that her mother had warned her not to talk to any strangers.

She then strode off, leaving me lost once more. But then I thought of something: the little girl was holding a basket, right? So she *must* be going somewhere, I thought. Maybe the person there could give me directions.

I quickly realized that I would need to ask for directions at the place where the little girl was going and get out before she even got there, or I would be in even more trouble than I was already. I hate it when people think that I am scary. Grownups are usually calm around me, though, so I figured the person that the little girl was trying to see wouldn't freak out when I walked in.

I ran ahead, and sure enough, I quickly caught up with the little girl - but I didn't stop there. I raced up a little hill and ran through the woods so quickly that when I finally stopped in a clearing, I couldn't catch my breath.

I was running so fast that I didn't realize a little old cottage parked in the middle of the clearing. "Oooh," I thought. "This must be where the person the little girl was going to visit lives." The only reason I know this is because humans can't walk that far, especially little girls, and her mother must not have sent her on a very difficult journey. I

figured even if it's not the little girl's final destination, the person who lives there could still give me directions.

I clambered up the steps and knocked on the little door with rusty hinges.

"Come in," said a squeaky little voice. This *had* to be the girl's stop, and that voice sounded like a grandmother.

"She must be visiting her grandmother!" I accidentally said out loud.

"What?" Granny squeaked back.

"Nothing!" I replied, doing my best little girl voice.

I opened the door slowly at first, but I couldn't help myself, and I accidentally slammed it open.

"AAH!!!" the grandmother screamed.

"Seriously?" I thought, "Grownups are not supposed to be scared of me."

"Back away, wolf!!!" the grandmother screeched at the top of her lungs.

"Get out of my house!!" she yelled even louder, this time waving her arms around frantically.

She then got out of bed, ran like a cheetah to the closet, stepped inside and locked the door with a little key that she picked up from her nightstand.

Knock, knock, knock. Someone rapped on the door. "Oh no," I thought. "That must be the little girl coming to visit her grandmother. But what will she say when she walks in?"

Suddenly, I had a brilliant idea. If the little girl thought I was her grandmother, she could give me directions, and I could go home to my mom.

I quickly went into the closet, looking for something to dress in. My plan was to pretend to be the little girl's granny and ask for directions, then get out quickly.

I found a night dress and a little night cap and put them on lightning fast. I crawled into the squeaky little bed that very much resembled old granny. It was small and uncomfortable, and it shook when I lay down.

"Grandmother?" the little girl asked. "Are you there?"

"Yes," I said, imitating the granny as best as I could. "Come in...dear," I added, unsure of what she might think.

She came in, put her little basket on the little nightstand, and sat down on my little bed. She leaned over and kissed my nose. It tickled me to feel the hot wet breath on my nose.

I think she realized that I was not her grandmother because she quickly backed away.

"Grandmother," she said, looking at me closely, "what big eyes you have!"

"All the better to see you with!" I said, making something up quickly.

"But Grandmother," she said again, "What a big nose you have!"

"All the better to smell you with," I said, using my last reply.

"Grandmother," she said, this time looking a little confused, "What big teeth you have!"

Oh no, I thought, what am I going to say?

"All the better to..." I thought about it a moment longer. Suddenly, I had an uncontrollable urge. "...EAT YOU WITH!!!" I shouted.

“AAHH! You’re not my grandmother!!!” she shrieked, running around waving her arms just as *her* grandmother had done. Then the closet door swung open revealing granny who was waving her hands in fright. The little girl ran into the closet and slammed the door hard.

I went to the window to see if anyone could give me directions. A hunter came along, and I went out to ask him, but *he* looked scary. I didn't know what to do, so I ran away.

I ran up the hill and through the woods that I had come through. I ran around the bend where the little girl had first appeared and where my troubles first started. Then I stopped running. *There's no way he can catch up to me!* I thought, gasping for breath.

Well, I've been trapped here ever since because...remember? I already told you that I'm no good with directions.

Hey! YOU can help me get out of here! And if you were one of the people who thought you knew my story, chances are, like most people, you were wrong. Now you know the true story of what they call “Little Red Riding Hood”! Now, can you help me get home? I’m really hungry!