

# The True Story of Little Red Riding Hood

## 6th Period

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Once upon a time, there was a little girl named Iris. Most people called her “Little Red Riding Hood” because whenever she would leave the house she would wear a red cloak. Her family owned a bakery, and Iris would go there everyday.

One cold winter day, Iris went to help her mother at the bakery. They baked loaves of bread, muffins, and some cookies. As they were finishing Iris’s mother said, “Iris why don’t you go bring some muffins to your grandmother. She must be so cold and lonely in the woods.”

“Yes, I agree,” replied Iris. So, she went home and put the muffins in her basket. Then she grabbed her dog, Scruffy, and they left the house. As they were leaving town, an old hag walked up to Iris.

“Where are you going, Red?” asked the woman.

“Oh I’m going to give some of these muffins to my grandmother in the woods. Would you like one?” Iris asked.

The moment Iris said “woods” the woman’s eyes widened, and she grabbed Iris’s arm. “I warn you be careful. The woods are dangerous!” shouted the old woman.

Iris yanked her arm away. "I will," Iris said. Iris walked away with Scruffy. She didn't dare look back. Iris picked up Scruffy and didn't speak to anyone else until she got into the woods. "That woman scared me, Scruffy," whispered Iris, "Old people can be weird."

Iris kept walking, and walking, and walking. They were deep into the woods when Scruffy jumped out of Iris's arms. Scruffy's ears shot up, and she started barking. Iris gave her a muffin to make her quiet. Iris was waiting for her to finish, and she heard something in the bushes. A big gray figure crawled out. It was a wolf. It was huge, gray, and skinny. Iris stared at its ribs in awe. "Hello little girl. What do you have in your basket?" asked the wolf.

"Muffins for my grandmother," Iris said with a smile on her face.

"I am so very hungry," said the wolf.

"Well I hope you find something to eat," said Iris, "Goodbye"

Iris picked up Scruffy and left the wolf. She walked for a while, and when she thought she was far away from the wolf she looked at Scruffy and whispered, "That wolf was creepy!" Iris pet Scruffy and then kept walking.

Iris and Scruffy walked for hours, and all they heard was the snow crunching beneath her feet. Iris looked up and saw that it was starting to get dark.

"Hello again!" said a familiar, slithery, voice. Iris turned around and saw the skimpy wolf staring at her.

"I would love to talk, but I must be on my way. Goodbye!" Iris said. Iris pet Scruffy, hugging her close, and kept walking. "I'm scared of that wolf. I feel like he's trying to eat me!"

Iris examined the inside of her basket. Inside she had twenty-nine muffins left. She put Scruffy down, and she sat on a snowy log. She took out two muffins. She gave one to Scruffy and she ate the other one. When they finished, Iris got up and kept walking. Scruffy strode right beside her. They had only walked a few feet when the wolf jumped right behind Iris. She whirled around and saw the hideous wolf staring intently at her. The wolf held its paws up showing its long, shiny, claws. His huge, drooling, mouth was held wide open showing his yellow razor-sharp teeth. Iris just knew he was going to eat her. The wolf lunged for her, and Iris dashed away. She ran as fast as she could. Scruffy was right in front of her.

She ducked under the branches over her head. She jumped over a log, and thorns tore the bottom of her dress.

She ran and ran. Finally, she looked back and there was no sign of the wolf. “I think we lost him,” Iris whispered to Scruffy. Iris turned around and saw her grandmother’s adorable little cottage. She walked to the front door, with green paint chipping off, and she knocked on the door.

“Come in, Come in!” shouted a dainty voice from inside. Iris turned then brass doorknob and walked inside. She walked into the kitchen. She grabbed a plate, and she put the muffins on it. She picked up Scruffy and she put her in the basket. Then she walked the basket and muffins into the living room. She saw her grandmother sitting on a blue chair.

“I brought you some muffins!” exclaimed Iris.

“Oh, come sit by me on the floor, so we can eat some muffins!” Iris’s grandmother cheered. As Iris got closer to her grandmother she noticed that she looked a little strange.

“Why, grandmother, what big ears you have!” stated Iris.

“The better to hear your lovely voice!” replied Grandmother.

“What huge nose you have!” Iris said.

“The better to smell your delicious muffins!” said Grandmother.

“What sharp teeth you have!” stated Iris.

“The better to eat you!” screamed Iris’s grandmother.

Then she jumped in front of Iris, and she tore off her dress. “You’re the wolf!” screamed Iris. Iris dropped the muffins and ran into the kitchen. She grabbed a knife and ran upstairs to her grandmother’s bedroom. She hid in the corner of the room petting Scruffy, while she cried. She heard the wolf coming upstairs, and she knew it was the end.

The wolf opened the door and stood in front of Iris. “You’re going to make a delicious meal just like your grandmother!” the wolf snarled.

“No I’m not!” Iris yelled. Iris jumped on top of the wolf and stabbed him with her knife. The wolf screamed and cried. Iris fell off the wolf. When she stood up the wolf screamed one more time and then fell to the ground. The wolf started gagging and then he threw up. Then the wolf closed his eyes and took one last breath.

Iris went to see what the wolf threw up. “Grandma!” Iris cheered.

“Yep! It’s me!” exclaimed her grandmother. Her grandmother stood up and kicked the wolf. “Ha! That’s what you get, buster!” yelled Iris’s grandmother.

“You smell Grandma. You really need a bath!” Iris said cheerfully.

“I know, I do.” replied Grandmother.

Iris’s grandmother quickly cleaned herself, while Iris made more muffins, and then Iris, Scruffy, and Grandmother took the hideous wolf back to Iris’s house. They cleaned the wolf, and then they cooked the wolf. They also made a ton of other goodies. Then, Iris and her whole family ate the wolf. They had food for weeks. They had so much food that they invited the whole town to share. They gave food to customers at the bakery and all the families in town. Iris’s grandmother went home, and Iris changed her mind about the woods.