Little Red Riding Hood

# COOL version:

Once upon a time there was a cocky little girl who was popular with everyone who looked at her, but most of all with her soggy old Grandmother, and she let her get away with anything.

Once she let her tear down her curtains and make a red Hood out of them, because “she was from the hood! And everybody needs to know it.” From that day on, she never wore anything else, so they called her “Little Red Riding Hood”.

One day her mama said to her: “Get’sho’ ASS over here, Lil’ Red Ridin’ Hood! Here’s a big fat blunt for yo’ Grand-mama. She’s needs some cheerin’ up and this is the stuff ta’ do it. Start walkin’ now so you actually get there TODAY, you lazy bitch! And take it easy on yo’ way there – no fightin’, no trickin’, and whatever you do… don’t you DARE smoke Grand-mama’s Joint! If I hear Grand-mama didn’t get no Blunt, then you’ll be getting the back of my hand. And when you get there, don’t go runnin’ off right off the bat, but say Hi’.”

“Yeesh Mama! I’ll fricken’ do it, OK?! You know me, I’m good for it! This’ll be eaaasy! Now gimme’ Hi-five, ok?”

The Grand-mama lived out in the middle of nowhere – the city limits, aka all of 4 kilometres away – and just as Little Red Riding Hood got into the suburbs, she spied her buddy “Wolf”, tagging a building. Little Red Riding Hood of course chatted him up, even though he was a hood-lum and she wasn’t supposed to mess around.

*“Yooo, Ma’ homie Lil’ Hoood!”* He shouted.

*“What UP, my Wolf-brutha’?!”* Said Lil’ Red.

*“Where you off this butt-crack early in the mornin’, Lil’ Red?”*

*“Gotta’ go to my fricken’ Grand-Mama… Mama’s makin’ me the Postal-service today.”*

*“Wait… what’s that you’ve got packin’ there… is that… a BIG FAT BLUNT?” Said Wolf, his eyes glistening to life.*

*“You know it, homie… it’s the good stuff too – only thing that’ll cheer up to the old Hag!”*

*“Ey, where does yo’ Grand-mama live, anyway?”* Asked Wolf.

*“Out in the damn boonies – damn-near outside the City. Maaan, it’s gonna’ take me all day to get there…!”* Replied Little Red Riding Hood.

Wolf thought to himself, *“Man I could really, really use some perkin’ up meself… it’s so big, fat and juicy… I gotta’ have some of that M.J.”*

So, he started begging and whining to get a taste of the big, fat Joint: after all, it’s so big, and Little Red Riding Hood had to walk so far… surely, they could light it up just a little bit, and try it, just to smooth out the trip to Grand-Mama’s?

Little Red Riding Hood was a selfish PUNK, so it didn’t take much convincing for her to light the spliff with Wolf, and start passing it back and forth, as they walked to Grand-Mama’s – and wouldn’t you know it… soon the Blunt was all but spent, and Lil’ Red realised now she was out of a Blunt and would get the walloping of her LIFE when she got back home! So, she needed a new Joint to give to her Grand-Mama…