

Contents

Chapter 1: Red Receives a Dire Warning	1
Chapter 2: Entering the Forbidden Woods	2
Chapter 3: A Deadly Encounter with the Wolf	4
Chapter 4: The Wolf's Invasion	5
Chapter 5: Red Faces the Imposter	6
Chapter 6: The Huntsman Intervenes	7
Chapter 7: The Final Confrontation	8

Chapter 1: Red Receives a Dire Warning

Red's mother anxiously checks the satchel, her warnings more urgent and emotional than ever.

She repeatedly stresses the dangers of the woods, insisting that Red must trust her and not stray from the path, emphasizing the presence of sinister forces beyond the wolf and forbidding Red from entering the woods alone after dark.

Red's MotherShe closes the flap tightly and presses it into Red's hands, her eyes searching Red's face for understanding, her grip firm and unyielding. Red's mother closed the flap of the basket with deliberate care, her fingers lingering for a moment before she pressed it firmly into Red's waiting hands. Her eyes searched her daughter's face, sharp with worry and insistence. "Red, listen to me—promise you'll remember what I've said," she murmured, her voice low but edged with urgency. "The woods are not safe, not tonight." Her grip tightened, unyielding, as if the force of her concern alone could anchor Red to safety. "Whatever you hear, whatever you see, do not stray from the path. There are things out there that wait for those who wander." Red's MotherShe grips Red's shoulders gently but firmly, eyes searching hers for understanding. Red's mother closed the flap with practiced care and pressed it into her daughter's hands. Her grip was gentle, but Red could feel the strength behind it, the insistence. She searched Red's face, her eyes grave and searching, as if trying to impress the weight of her words onto her daughter's heart. "You must trust me, child—there are shadows in those trees that know your name." Her voice, low and urgent, left no room for argument, only the echo of worry and hard-earned wisdom. Red, feeling the weight of her mother's concern, acknowledges the fear and doubt others have about her bravery.

Red's MotherShe gently places her hands on Red's shoulders, her eyes full of concern. Red's mother moved quietly behind her, her hands settling with gentle firmness on Red's shoulders. She bent slightly, close enough for Red to see the worry etched in her eyes—the look that always appeared before she spoke of the woods. "Red, please listen to me," she said, her voice low but unwavering. "The woods are dangerous, and that wolf is still out there." The words hung between them, heavy with memory and caution. She squeezed Red's shoulders, willing her to understand. "I don't want you wandering off the path, do you understand?" Her gaze searched Red's face for any sign of resistance, her tone softening with a mother's love, but edged with the sternness of someone

who had seen too much. “Promise me you’ll stay where it’s safe.” Red’s Mother gently places her hands on Red’s shoulders, looking into her eyes with concern. Red’s mother rested her hands gently on her daughter’s small shoulders, her fingers tightening just enough to draw Red’s full attention. Her gaze was steady and serious, worry flickering in her eyes as she searched Red’s face for understanding. “If you see or hear anything strange,” she said softly but firmly, “come straight home—don’t linger, and don’t talk to strangers. Especially not wolves.” The words carried the weight of all the dangers she’d seen and feared, her caution sharpened by love as she made sure Red understood just how serious she was. She responds not just with a nod but with a spoken promise of determination, vowing aloud to make it through and prove herself, despite lingering uncertainty.

The exchange concludes with Red’s mother making Red swear never to go into the woods alone after dark, and Red, resolute yet contemplative, sets out toward Grandmother’s cottage, her promise echoing in her mind as she steps into the dusk-shadowed forest.

With the weight of her mother’s warning still pressing on her thoughts, Red finds herself hesitating at the familiar fork where the main path diverges from the shadowy woods. The sun is sinking lower, streaking the sky with amber and violet, and urgency tugs at her heels. Every step forward is a test of her resolve, and as the edge of the forbidden forest looms ahead, Red takes a deep breath, her curiosity and determination compelling her toward the unknown. The boundary between safety and danger blurs, and with cautious steps, she crosses into the woods where secrets and shadows await.

Chapter 2: Entering the Forbidden Woods

Red stands at the forest’s edge, clutching a small basket of medicine, her fingers curled tightly around the handle.

Her mother steps in front of her, blocking the path with outstretched arms and a stern look.

She inspects Red’s cloak for tears, checks the basket, and presses a scrap of dried meat into Red’s palm for the journey.

Red shifts impatiently, glancing toward the shadowy undergrowth, and protests, ‘You don’t have to hover behind every tree like I’m still a child.

Red crosses her arms, her gaze fixed on the thick shadows beyond the brambles. She shifts her weight, tapping her foot impatiently, but her jaw is set with stubborn determination. Red crossed her arms, her gaze unwavering as she stared into the thick shadows beyond the brambles. She shifted her weight, tapping her foot in irritation, but the stubborn set of her jaw betrayed her determination. “I can find the path myself, Mother,” she insisted, her voice edged with defiance. “You don’t have to hover behind every tree like I’m still a child.” She flicked a glance back at the narrow trail. “Honestly, it’s just a little woods—hardly the dark, twisted forest you warned me about. I know the way. I remember every step from last time.” Red straightened, her chin lifted. “You always act like something’s lurking out here, but maybe you just don’t trust me to walk alone.” I know the way.

Red stands firm, meeting the unseen challenge head-on, voice steady with conviction. Red planted

her feet, refusing to flinch as the shadows deepened around her. She met the unseen challenge head-on, chin lifted, her steady voice betraying not a hint of doubt. No matter what happened, she would not stray—she knew that with the same certainty as she knew her own heartbeat. Even if things grew tough, even if the night itself tried to swallow her, Red's path was set. Nothing would pull her off course. She would see this through; her grandmother was counting on her. You always act like something's lurking out here, but maybe you just don't trust me to walk alone.

Red's MotherShe grips Red's shoulders, her eyes searching Red's face for understanding, her voice trembling with both fear and love. Red's mother gripped her daughter's shoulders, her fingers firm but trembling slightly. She searched Red's face, her own eyes wide with a mixture of fear and fierce love. "Red, listen to me—don't stray from the path, no matter what," she said, her voice low and urgent, as if the words themselves could shield her child. "The woods are not safe, and there are things out there you can't see, things that don't wish you well." Her hands tightened, making sure Red understood the weight of her warning. "Promise me you'll stay to the trail." ' Despite her frustration, Red assures her mother, 'No matter what happens, I won't stray.

Red's Mother looks at Red seriously, placing her hands gently on Red's shoulders to emphasize the importance of her words. Red's mother knelt before her, her hands settling gently but firmly on Red's shoulders. The seriousness in her gaze was unmistakable; love and caution mingled in the set of her brow. "Before you head out," she said, her voice low and steady, "remember what I've always told you." She searched her daughter's face, making sure the lesson had not faded. "Don't speak to anyone you don't know." Her thumb brushed comfortingly across Red's shoulder, but there was no mistaking the underlying warning. "There are dangers in the world, and not everyone has good intentions." She waited, needing reassurance. "Promise me you'll be careful, Red, and keep to yourself." Red's MotherShe places her hands gently on Red's shoulders, looking her in the eyes to emphasize the seriousness of her warning. Red's mother placed her hands gently on her daughter's shoulders, holding her there for a moment so that Red could feel the steady warmth of her touch. She met Red's eyes, her gaze unwavering and full of maternal concern. "If anyone tries to talk to you," she said, her voice firm but gentle, "just politely walk away and come straight home, understand?" The woods held too many secrets, and Red's mother wanted no harm to befall her only child. Even if things get tough, my path is set—and I won't let anything pull me off course.

Red's MotherShe grips Red's shoulders tightly, her eyes wide with worry as she speaks, making sure her words sink in. Red's mother's grip tightened on her daughter's shoulders, her fingers pressing through the fabric of Red's cloak. Worry widened her eyes, her gaze scanning Red's face as if searching for any sign she truly understood. "Listen to me carefully," she said, her voice low but urgent. "If you ever hear howling—no matter where you are, no matter what you're doing—you must run." She paused, making sure Red met her eyes, her tone brooking no argument. "Don't stop to look. Don't try to figure out where it's coming from. Just run, as fast as you can, and don't look back." The air between them seemed to buzz with her intensity. "Do you understand? This is very important." ' Her mother, more anxious than before, repeats her warnings in a firmer tone: 'Don't stray from the path, no matter what.

Promise me you'll stay to the trail.

Don't speak to anyone you don't know.

If anyone tries to talk to you, walk away and come straight home, understand?

And if you hear howling—run.

This is very important.

' After a final, tense hug, Red steps forward into the woods as her mother watches, arms crossed, her worried gaze lingering at the forest's edge until Red disappears among the trees.

The forest swallowed Red in its gloom, the hush broken only by the crunch of her footsteps and the distant, haunting calls that echoed between the trees. Each step carried her further from the comfort of her mother's watchful eyes and deeper into the unknown, where shadows seemed to dance just out of sight. As the path twisted ahead, Red's resolve battled against a rising sense of unease, unaware that something far more dangerous than the huntsman's warnings was already watching her from the darkness.

Chapter 3: A Deadly Encounter with the Wolf

Red treads carefully along a narrow path, clutching her basket and scanning the tangled undergrowth for movement.

Suddenly, The Wolf emerges from behind a gnarled tree, its fur bristling and yellow eyes locked on Red.

The Wolf circles, its claws digging into the soft mud, and sniffs the air, intent on catching Red's scent.

Red backs away, keeping her basket close, and calls out, 'Stay back!

Red grips her basket tightly to her chest, her eyes wide with fear as she takes another step away from the threat. Red's knuckles whitened around the wicker handle, the basket pressed tightly to her chest as she edged backward, heart pounding against her ribs. The shadows seemed to stretch and ripple before her, threatening to swallow the narrow path. She forced her voice to be steady, though fear quavered at its edges. "Stay back!" she called, her eyes darting for an escape. "I mean it—don't come any closer!" The words hung between them, sharp as the chill in the forest air; she braced herself, ready to run if the threat took another step. I'm just passing through.

Red glances over his shoulder, scanning the quiet road ahead, his voice low and edged with fatigue. He shifts the worn bag on his shoulder, as if ready to move on at a moment's notice. Red glanced over her shoulder, eyes scanning the quiet road ahead with wariness. The worn bag dug into her shoulder, a constant reminder of the urgency that pressed her onward. She shifted its weight, ready to bolt at a moment's notice if trouble appeared. Her voice, low and edged with fatigue, carried across the hush—soft but insistent. "Don't mind me," she said, determined to keep moving. "I won't be here long. Just passing through, that's all." Red glances over his shoulder, eyes scanning the empty horizon, fingers tightening around the worn strap of his satchel. Red paused for a moment, glancing over her shoulder. Her eyes swept the empty horizon, searching for any sign of movement, every nerve taut with both vigilance and resolve. The leather strap of her satchel creaked softly as her fingers tightened around it. Roads like these, she thought, have a way of swallowing you up if you linger too long. The words echoed in her mind—a warning learned from stories and from her mother's anxious cautions—reminding her that hesitation wasn't an option, not when someone's life depended on her courage. Red glances over his shoulder, eyes scanning the

horizon as if expecting someone—or something—to catch up. Red threw a quick glance over her shoulder, her sharp gaze sweeping the horizon as if she half-expected shadows to break free from the treeline behind her. Her heart thudded with a stubborn determination that refused to let her linger. She pressed forward, boots crunching softly in the settling dust, and under her breath she murmured, “Got somewhere I need to be, and it’s best if I keep moving before the dust settles.” The words were less for any unseen pursuer than for herself—a reminder that pausing, even for a moment, was a luxury she couldn’t afford. ’ The Wolf lowers its head, lips curling, and responds with a guttural growl, ‘Little one, the woods are not safe for stray lambs.

The Wolf’s claws flex into the earth as it circles closer, eyes glinting with cold, hungry anticipation. The Wolf’s massive paws pressed into the damp earth, claws gouging silent furrows as it prowled in ever-narrowing circles. Its yellow eyes glittered with a cold, hungry anticipation, never leaving its trembling prey. Lowering its great head, lips peeling back to expose bloodstained fangs, it let out a guttural growl that vibrated through the stillness. “Did your mother never warn you, little one?” The words slithered from its maw, heavy with menace. “These shadows belong to me—and so, soon, will you.” ’ Red glances at a nearby fallen branch and, driven by her determination to reach her grandmother, grabs it and brandishes it in warning.

The Wolf lunges, snapping its jaws inches from Red’s cloak, but Red swings the branch, striking The Wolf’s snout.

The Wolf recoils, growling, and disappears behind a thicket, leaving Red shaken but determined to hurry onward.

The encounter forces Red to decide to take a less-traveled shortcut, hoping to avoid further danger and reach her grandmother before sunset.

Red presses forward through the tangled undergrowth, her heart pounding from the recent confrontation. As the forest grows quieter and shadows lengthen, a sense of urgency propels her onward, unaware that the Wolf has already set its own plan into motion. While Red navigates the unfamiliar shortcut, a chilling scene unfolds elsewhere, where the Wolf wastes no time in reaching the unsuspecting grandmother’s cottage.

Chapter 4: The Wolf’s Invasion

Red steps onto the mossy porch, clutching a leather satchel of medicine, her boots scraping against warped wooden boards.

She knocks twice on the crooked door, the sound echoing inside.

As she waits, a low growl emanates from the thicket;

The Wolf’s shadow stretches across the clearing.

Driven by hunger and cunning, The Wolf circles the cottage, its paws sinking into the damp soil, eyes locked on Red.

Red scans the tree line, her breath quickening, then calls out, ‘Grandmother, are you there?

' The Wolf, voice gravelly and mocking, responds from behind a fallen log, 'She won't answer you, little one.

' Red's grip tightens on her satchel as she backs toward the door, determined to reach her grandmother and deliver the medicine.

Red glances nervously at the shadowy hallway, then steels herself and steps toward the door, clutching her satchel tightly. Red's grip tightened around her satchel, knuckles white beneath the worn leather. She glanced nervously at the shadowy hallway that separated her from the world outside, heart racing with each uncertain beat. Her grandmother was waiting, and every second mattered. She couldn't afford to falter now. Bracing herself, Red squared her shoulders and stepped toward the door, resolute. Grandmother's counting on me, she reminded herself fiercely, refusing to let fear root her in place. Whatever lurked beyond that threshold, she would not let it stop her—not tonight. Red steels herself, taking a deep breath before slipping out the door and into the looming dusk. Red hesitated only for a moment at the threshold, her breath catching as the evening pressed against the windowpanes, thick with shadows that seemed to gather strength with every passing second. She tightened her grip on the satchel slung across her shoulder, feeling the weight of responsibility settle in her chest. Even as unease crept along her spine, she squared her shoulders, refusing to let fear root her in place. The dusk outside was daunting, yes, but Red reminded herself—she wouldn't let fear slow her down, no matter how much darker the path ahead became. With one final, steadying breath, she slipped out the door and into the waiting night, her resolve burning brighter than any lantern. The Wolf prowls closer, hackles raised, ready to block her path.

The Wolf lowers his head, yellow eyes gleaming, muscles tensed as he plants himself firmly in the middle of the trail, daring her to make a move. The Wolf lowered his massive head, yellow eyes burning with a predatory gleam as he stepped into the middle of the narrow trail. Muscles coiled and hackles bristling, he planted himself squarely in her path, a living barricade of fur and menace. With a voice as low and dangerous as a growl, he warned her, "Not another step, little one. This path is mine—and crossing it comes with a price." The Wolf bares his teeth, lips curling in a silent snarl, muscles tensed for a sudden leap. The Wolf crept forward, each sinewy muscle coiled beneath his bristling pelt, amber eyes fixed unblinking on his prey. His lips curled slowly, exposing a glint of ivory fangs in a silent, unspoken snarl. Blocking her only escape, he let his words drip with menace, his voice a low, predatory rumble. "Turn back now," he warned, the threat curling through the cold forest air, "or you'll find my fangs are sharper than your courage."

Unbeknownst to Red, danger now lurks behind the cottage door, its familiar warmth replaced by the wolf's cunning presence. As she approaches, the forest seems to hold its breath, the echoes of her encounter with the wolf trailing uneasily behind her. With each step toward her grandmother's house, Red draws closer to a peril she cannot yet imagine—where trust and deception blur, and the true test of her courage awaits in the shadows within.

Chapter 5: Red Faces the Imposter

Red steps through the creaking wooden door, clutching her satchel of medicine.

She sets it on the scarred table and scans the dim room, her eyes narrowing at the sight of 'Grandmother' tucked beneath a patchwork quilt.

The Wolf, disguised in Grandmother's nightcap, turns its snout slightly, keeping most of its face hidden.

Red edges closer, wrinkling her nose at the musky, unfamiliar scent in the air.

She leans in, studying the sharp glint of teeth barely concealed by the quilt, and asks, 'Grandmother, why are your eyes so big?'

'The Wolf, voice thick and gravelly, deflects by saying, 'Why, my sweet child, I must wear these spectacles now—my old eyes aren't what they used to be.

Red leans in closer, her brow furrowing in concern as she studies the face under the bonnet, noticing how different her grandmother looks. Red leaned in, her brow furrowing with concern as she studied the face beneath the bonnet. Something was off—the familiar softness around her grandmother's eyes seemed stretched, and their size was almost startling. Red's voice wavered with worry as she asked, "Grandmother, why are your eyes so big?" The question slipped out before she could check herself, her protective instincts fighting down the uneasy feeling creeping up her spine. Come closer, so I can see that lovely face of yours.

The Wolf shifts beneath the covers, pulling the quilt up to shadow his snout. His gaze lingers hungrily on Little Red Riding Hood, though he keeps his tone gentle, almost grandmotherly. The Wolf shifted beneath the covers, pulling the quilt higher to cast a deeper shadow over his elongated snout. His yellow eyes, glimmering with a hungry anticipation, lingered on Little Red Riding Hood as she hesitated at the foot of the bed. He affected a gentle, almost grandmotherly tone, coaxing her closer with deceptive warmth. "Why, my sweet child, I must wear these spectacles now—my old eyes aren't what they used to be," he murmured, voice thick and gravelly. A clawed paw patted the empty space beside him. "Come closer, so I can see that lovely face of yours." The words, wrapped in feigned affection, hid the wolf's relentless hunger as he watched her every move. 'However, Red, suddenly alarmed, blurts out, 'Stay back!

It's not safe—there's something out there!

'Her instincts, already on edge from the unfamiliar scent and the odd behavior of her 'grandmother,' make her suspect danger both inside and outside the cabin.

She hesitates, torn between approaching and retreating.

The Wolf, sensing her unease, tenses beneath the covers, ready to spring if she lets her guard down.

Outside, a distant rustling in the undergrowth catches Red's attention, mingling with her mounting panic as she desperately scans the room for anything to defend herself. Just as the wolf's claws scrape against the barricaded door, a heavy footstep sounds on the porch, shifting the balance of danger within the cottage. Unbeknownst to Red, help is already at hand—someone else has been drawn to the scene by the commotion, and the tense standoff is about to take a new and unexpected turn.

Chapter 6: The Huntsman Intervenes

Red pushes through a bramble thicket, scraping her arm as she presses forward, intent on reaching her grandmother's cottage before dusk.

Suddenly, The Wolf emerges from behind a mossy log, baring its teeth and blocking her path with a low, guttural growl.

Red freezes, gripping the basket tighter and glancing over her shoulder for escape.

The Wolf pads closer, its tongue flicking and nostrils flaring as it sniffs for the scent of food.

Before The Wolf can lunge, twigs snap behind them;

The Huntsman steps into the clearing, boots crunching on wet leaves, crossbow raised.

He calls out in a gravelly voice, 'Step back, beast.

You'll find no easy meal here.

' The Wolf snarls, circles once, then slinks into the underbrush, yellow eyes glaring.

The Huntsman lowers his weapon, nods curtly to Red, and gestures for her to follow the safe route.

Red obeys, her steps hurried and purposeful, basket swinging as she moves.

The encounter ends with Red and The Huntsman striding toward the distant cottage, the wolf's presence lingering in the hushed woods.

But even as they leave the shadowed clearing behind, Red senses that their ordeal is not yet over. The woods seem to hold their breath, every branch and leaf tense with anticipation. With each step toward safety, a silent understanding grows between Red and the Huntsman: the wolf is wounded, but far from defeated. As the cottage comes into view once more, the threat that stalks them through the trees draws ever closer, setting the stage for the final confrontation.

Chapter 7: The Final Confrontation

Red, clutching the satchel of medicine, creeps along the mossy flagstones toward her grandmother's door.

She pauses, noticing muddy pawprints smeared across the threshold and the faint, rancid odor of wet fur.

The Wolf, jaws parted and eyes glinting, emerges from behind the woodpile, blocking Red's path and growling low, 'Too late, little messenger.

' Red, heart pounding, raises her walking stick and swings it at the Wolf, striking his muzzle.

The Wolf snaps at her, teeth flashing, but a sharp report cracks through the air—a warning shot from the Huntsman, who strides out from the treeline with rifle raised and voice hard: 'Step back, beast.

' The Wolf snarls, circling, but the Huntsman advances, boots crushing ferns, forcing the predator to retreat into the dark thicket.

Red rushes to the door, throwing it open to reach her grandmother inside.

The Wolf, thwarted and hungry, melts into the shadows, eyeing the humans with cold calculation.

Red slams the door shut, breath ragged, as the Huntsman stands guard outside, scanning the woods for any sign of renewed attack.

Safe at last in her grandmother's arms, Red let the storm outside fade, knowing that courage—and kindness—had carried her through the darkest woods.