


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WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

# The Wolf's Story

Toby Forward

Izhar Cohen



No, please.  
Look at me.  
Would I LIE to you?

Think you know what *really* happened to Little Red Riding Hood? As everyone knows, there are two sides to every story, and as the Wolf tells it, there's a logical explanation for everything.

First of all—it was never his fault. He was just a friendly wolf doing odd jobs for Grandma. Then that spoiled Little Red came along and ruined everything. Now that you know the truth, you can trust a wolf . . .

can't you?

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WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

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# The Wolf's Story

Toby Forward

Izhar Cohen





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**N**O, PLEASE. Look at me.  
Would I LIE to you?  
It was the old woman who started it.  
I did nothing wrong. Would I?  
We hit it off from the beginning.  
Not everyone likes a wolf, do they?  
Look at you.  
You're not certain.

Would you like to come and sit a little  
closer while I tell you about the kid?  
I don't bite.

No? Sure? Okay.  
Up to you.



SHE WAS about to pop one of her sticky toffees into my mouth. And I couldn't stand that, so I leaped out of bed, and it may have looked as though I was going to eat her or something. Then she started screaming.

**“WOLF! WOLF!**  
*You've eaten my grandma!”*

Do I look like the sort of wolf  
who goes around eating grandmas?



I TRIED to help her get it, but she fell over, right into the wardrobe. And, you know how it is—Grandma got a teeny tiny bump on the head that knocked her cold. And the kid was banging on the door.

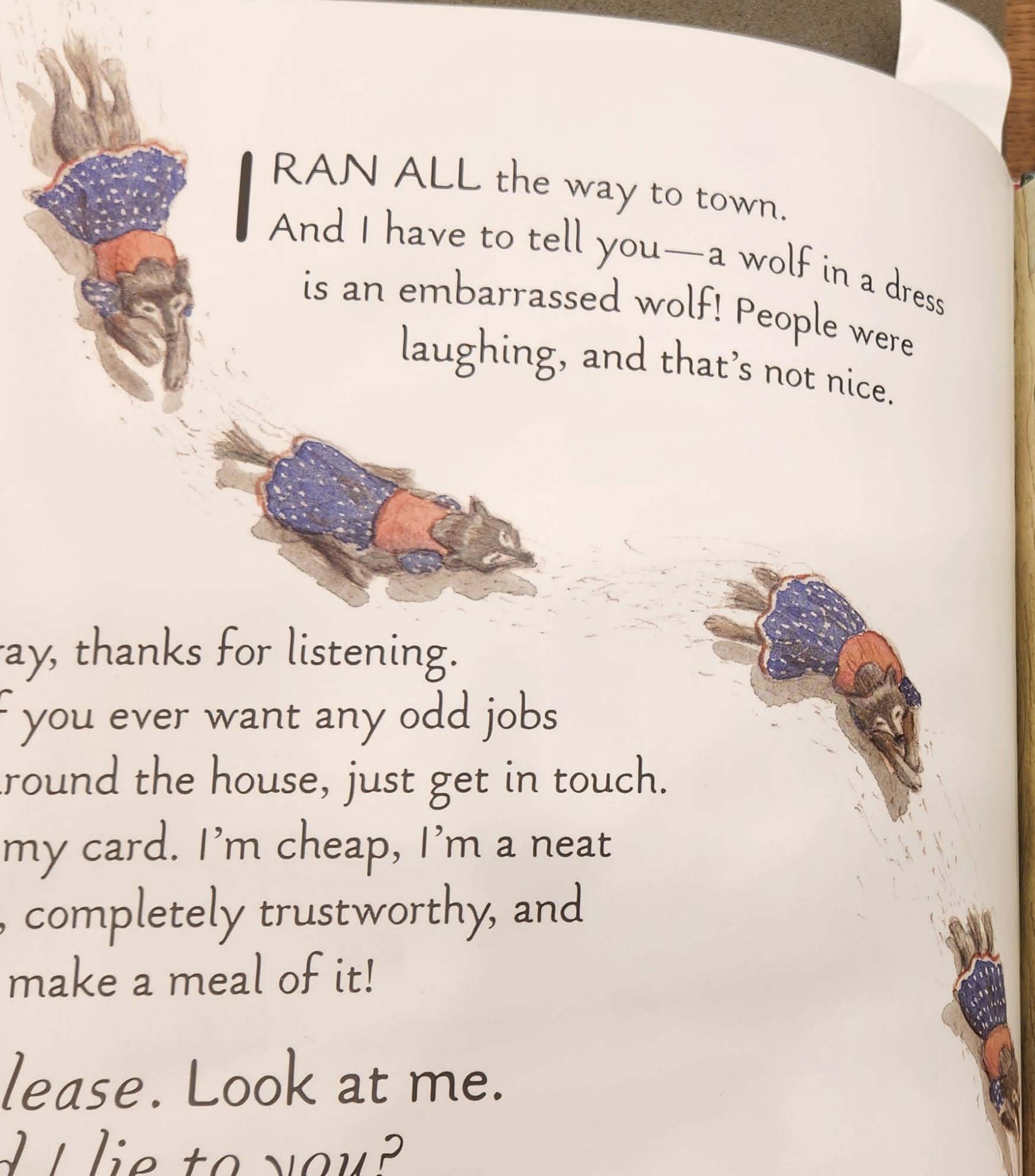
All right. I panicked. It looked bad. Not everyone trusts a wolf. I thought they might say I'd done something bad to Grandma.

## ME?

Anyway, I shut the wardrobe, put the dress on—sort of thought I could cover it up, and pretend to be Grandma till she was better.

I have to admit, I don't have the best legs for a dress. So I jumped into the bed. Anyone would have thought I was Grandma.





I RAN ALL the way to town.  
And I have to tell you—a wolf in a dress  
is an embarrassed wolf! People were  
laughing, and that's not nice.

Anyway, thanks for listening.  
And if you ever want any odd jobs  
done around the house, just get in touch.  
Here's my card. I'm cheap, I'm a neat  
worker, completely trustworthy, and  
I won't make a meal of it!

No, please. Look at me.  
Would I lie to you?

