I’m a Very Hungry Wolf

Once upon a time, I was an incredibly hungry wolf. I wasn’t in the mood for meat at the moment. Suddenly, I smelled something that caught my attention. A child, and her large basket of pastries. She skipped along, humming. And her red hood draped behind her. I *had* to get that basket, but where was she going? I listened quietly and heard her singing a silly tune, “To grandmother’s house I go.”

I stop her, in the middle of a clearing, and I tried to sound amiable. I asked her what was in her basket. The things she named alone made my mouth water. I asked to see it. I guess she was smart too, because she wouldn’t give it to me. Seeing that, I went away. Then, as soon as she was out of hearing distance, I had an idea and I followed her to her grandmother’s house.

By Julie, Nevaeh, and Olivia