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The True Story of Little Red Riding Hood

I am the "so-called" big bad wolf in the story of Little Red Riding Hood. Let me tell you the real story.

One day when I was feeling bored, a chubby little girl was skipping through the woods, eating as she went. "Where are you going little girl?" I asked.

"I'm just going on a picnic," she said as she flung her red cape around her shoulders.

At this point I was so bored I was willing to do anything. "Can I go on the picnic?" I asked.

"Sure, the more the merrier," chimed the little girl. We went to a nice quiet river and began to chow down. The little girl must have had eyes bigger than her mouth because she had packed enough food for days. There were lots of fruits and vegetables and healthy food, but the little girl just ate all the candy and nothing else. I ate nothing because it was all people food, and I just waited patiently for the picnic games to begin.

After the girl had polished off the last piece of candy, she shook my paw, thanked me for coming, and started back to her house.

"Isn't your mother going to be mad when she sees that all you ate was candy?" I called out.

She froze. "You're right," she said. "As long as I'm in the area, I'll drop the rest off at Grandmother's house."

"One more thing," I added. "Aren't we supposed to play games? I didn't come to the picnic just to watch you eat."

"If you're so big about games," she said, "then we'll play 'Who can get to Granny's house first'. I'll go this way, and you go that way, and the first one who gets to Granny's house wins."

It was a dumb game, but I was so bored I was willing to do anything. I ran like the wind, and would have won except that on the way I saw three houses, a straw house, a stick house, and a brick house. I went to the straw house and...

...Well, that's another story altogether. Anyway, to sum it up, I ate two pigs, and almost got cooked myself after a narrow escape. The point is, because of this little detour I came to the house last.

Meanwhile Little Red Riding Hood had gotten to the house first and went inside. Her Grandmother had recently had plastic surgery done. But the surgeon was an amateur, and he had had equipment problems, and the results were that poor grandmother had ended up looking very weird. Because of this she was not feeling well and was lying in bed, trying to recover.

Little Red Riding Hood went into her grandmother's hut. "Oh, Grandmother, what big hands you have," said Little Red Riding Hood.

"The better to hug you, my dear," answered the grandmother.

"Oh, Grandmother, what big eyes you have."

"The better to see you, my dear."

"Oh, Grandmother, what big ears you have."

"The better to hear you, my dear."

"Oh Grandmother, what a big mouth you have."

"The better to eat you, my dear." Then they both laughed, because Grandmother had been joking.

Just about this time I arrived. When I walked through the door, Grandmother saw me and jumped out of bed in a fright and ran around the room screaming. Little Red Riding Hood, upon seeing this, thought that maybe Granny had really lost it after all, and hadn't been joking about eating her.

A Woodsman heard the commotion, and ran into the house. Seeing everyone running around, he naturally assumed the wolf was to blame, and cut my stomach open. Two little pigs came running out of my stomach, and I blacked out.

Little Red Riding Hood thought I would be hungry now that my lunch had run out of my stomach, so she filled up my stomach with rocks so I wouldn't be hungry.

I awakened to see the woodsman with his axe standing over me, so I decided to play dead. Fortunately, everyone bought it.

When Little Red Riding Hood got home, she ran to her mother and said, "You'll never guess what happened. I was bringing food to Granny's and--."

"I thought you were going on a picnic. You were bringing food to Grandmother's house? Why how sweet," her mother interrupted.

"And I met this wolf after we went on a picnic--"

"Picnic?" Her mother asked.

"I mean after I met him, he wanted to play a game, so he went one way and I went the other and I got there first, but Granny had turned into a wolf and I said, 'Grandmother, what a big mouth you have,' and she said, 'The better to eat you my dear.' I thought she was kidding at first but then..."

And she told the rest of the story.

Well, you know how mothers are. The mother drew her own conclusion from the story, and told all the rest of the mothers. And that's how the story that you know came to be.