

# *If Little Red Riding Hood Got To Her Grandma's House First*

*Book by Sofia Sosa*

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*People don't tell you who or what you have to be. Be who you want to be~*

Sofia Sosa (the author of this book.)

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Little Red Riding Hood sprinted with her little basket barely keeping up with her. Once she saw the small cottage she slowed to a stop. She looked around panting. The Wolf wasn't there yet. *"I won."* She thought. *"I WON!"* She cried as she threw her hands in the air. She then ran into her grandma's house. She reached the room in which her grandma slept. She knocked on the door. She heard some ruffling and a hushed voice. *"Come in."* Once Little Red went inside she saw an old wiry but sweet old lady. The old lady smiled, *"hello there. Who are you? I'm old and my eyesight isn't what it used to be."*

*"Oh Granny it's me, Little Red,"* Little Red Riding Hood said while grinning. She then continued with, *"I brought you some goodies."* Little Red said while showing the basket she was holding to Granny. *"Thank you, my granddaughter."* The frail old lady said while sitting up leisurely. She then picked up the basket and opened it up. She gasped while covering her mouth with her hands. Small tears trickled down her cheeks. *"A sandwich, a jar of jam, a cupcake, an apple, and some of my favorite goodies,"* she then pulled Little Red Riding Hood to a hug. She then continued saying, *"Little Red Riding Hood, thank you! These were my favorite snacks when I was little. Your mother always gave me these snacks for my birthday because she knew I liked them so much."* She let her granddaughter go, wiping her happy tears away. Little Red just smiled.

Once the wolf reached the house of Little Red's grandma he grinned. *"I knew that little girl would never make it before me. I mean—I took the shorter path. I mean—if she sprinted all the way, she might have made it before me."* He looked around. *"She would have never done that though. I told her that she was taking the shorter path so she wouldn't worry."* He thought as he knocked on the door. It opened. *"Oh you're here now!"* Little Red cried. The Wolf stood in shock. *"H-how are you here?"* The Wolf said, eyes wide open. *"Oh I took the shorter path...remember?"* Little Red said while putting her hands on her hips. *"Oh yes."* The wolf remembered what he told Little Red. *"Little Red, who's out there?"* The old Granny said, now sitting on the couch. *"Oh it's my friend The Wolf."* Little Red said while turning her head to face

her grandma. “Oh really? Well The Wolf, please come in.” The granny said. Once the wolf was inside he felt a feeling that overwhelmed him. He had never felt something like it. It was a feeling of warmth, and intimacy. He’s always been seen as the bad person. “Come on in.” The granny said again. They were sitting down enjoying the exquisite goodies Little Red had brought. “This is the first time I’ve ever been invited into a house.” The Wolf said timidly. “So The Wolf—tell us a little about yourself.” Granny said while The Wolf sat down on the couch next to her. “Well...”

Once The Wolf had told him his life experience, Granny and Little Red devised a plan. The plan was made of three different steps. The first step was to have a nice snack before going to the places The Wolf loves to go, such as a lake and a beach.

The Wolf said that he used to go there with his family members while he was young. Sadly he got separated from his pack and ended up stranded in the forest, with no way back home. He tried to move on in life, trying to make a living with a job he always wanted. He always wanted to be a helper, one who people can look up to and just want to be around. He wanted to be a *hero*. Sadly in every job he applied to he was always turned down. What people told him dug deep into him.

*“Aren't you **a wolf**.”*

*“**Wolves are evil!** Why do you think I would have one in my rescue team?”*

*“I don't think people would come to **a wolf** to help them solve their problems.”*

*“You're too scary. People would never trust **a wolf**.”*

*“Look, you're not cut out for this job. Who would ever accept **a wolf**. **A wolf** is supposed to do evil things. **A wolf** is supposed to be nasty and greedy and **NOT** be a helper. Get real kid.*

*People just would never accept **a wolf**.”*

People thought of him as a villain and that’s what he became. Terrifying people, threatening people, and lastly—tricking people. That’s what he was told so he became it. But—for some reason. Being on this trip with Little Red and Granny and seeing how happy they were, he felt a feeling of *comfort*. He *smiled*.

The second part of the plan was ready. Granny and Little Red were nearing the forest in which The Wolf went to. When The Wolf was in the forest he suddenly had memories gushed inside of The Wolf. *“Little Red and Granny are doing this for me”* He thought. A feeling like *acceptance*. Little Red and Granny knew what he had done—but—they still helped him. He couldn’t help but smile at the thought.

They spent much time in the forest until they reached their final destination. The beach. The place where he and his family spent the most time. The pack lived near a beach and The Wolf’s family loves to go there. Granny, Little Red, and The Wolf spend the sun's last moments at the beach.

*“Look, you're not cut out for this job. Get real. Who would ever accept **a wolf**. **A wolf** is supposed to do evil things. **A wolf** is supposed to be nasty and greedy and **NOT** be a helper. Get*

*real kid. People just would never accept a wolf.*” That sentence flutters around The Wolf’s head. At that point The Wolf believed what that person said. As he looked around at the kind Granny and the sweet little girl he felt *accepted*. That word which he thought of again caused that feeling to overwhelm him again. He for once in a while felt—*accepted*.

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Once the night fell they picked their stuff up and left for the cottage. While they walked home the kind Granny asked the now content wolf how his day was. “So honey, how was your day?”

“Well Granny—I-I found this day—pleasant.” He said trying to keep his composure. “Well honey I hope to see you soon.” The Granny said. “I should take my leave too. It was a very nice day. See you later Granny! See you later, The Wolf.” Little Red Riding Hood then left. She skipped away until he was far from view. Granny then steadily walked back to her small cottage. Even though The Wolf didn’t seem like he changed much on the outside on the inside he was a new man. Or as I must say, a new wolf.

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Fifteen years later a similar little girl was skipping through the woods. She had sky blue orbs and luscious blond hair. She was wearing a similar cape to Little Red’s but not quite the same. The cape was sky blue matching her perfectly blue eyes. She was skipping through until she bumped into a familiar face. “Oh hello there. What’s your name?” She asked, smiling contently. “My name is The Wolf.”

“Well *The Wolf*, I seem to have lost my way. See there’s a cottage too far from here. My mom said that’s where her grandma lived and she wanted me to keep the flowers she was growing alive. Sadly I seem to have lost my way.” The wolf smiled softly. “Well you came to the right person. *I can help, I’m a helper.*”

## The end!