

The Little Red Wolf

Naomi

I am a Red Wolf. I was wandering around the forest in my favourite green go-cart. I was going as fast as lightning when suddenly.....uh oh. That little boy with the long Curley hair, and to be honest at first I thought he was a girl, was coming with his basket full of, well he calls them sweets but I thought they're something else because they quite frankly looked like he had been playing in mud when he made them.

He was going to his grandmother's house with the...um well I think I'm just going to call them mud pies. His grandmother is actually my best friend and the last time he was with her he had broken a vase over her head so I kind of got the vibe that they weren't the best of friends. I had to get in there to warn Agnes, yes her name is Agnes, but I couldn't figure out how to get in without getting seen.

That little brat had already got in the house and locked the door, so I did what anyone would do in that situation I smashed a branch of a tree through the window. Sure, I was seen but at least I got in. Then it hit me. The boy had put honey in the mud pies, Agnes is allergic to honey and if she eats honey her throat would close up and she would go all puffy and look like a big bunch of blue balloons! The boy was trying to shove the mud pies down her throat!

So I jumped on the boy and shoved him in the closet. I locked the closet door and got Agnes's medicine. Luckily I was just in time. Agnes was ok "Thank you, oh thank you. You saved my little old life."

"No problem," I said, " it was nothing."

"Do you know what's funny? The first time I have ever saw that boy was when first time he attacked me!"

So the boy wasn't her grandson after all, what do you know?

"That's odd." I said. I took the boy out of the closet and kicked him out of the house. That afternoon, Agnes and I had tea and biscuits and laughed at the little boy, who was trying to get back in the house.