**“DJ Red Riding Hood” / 847 words**

I’m working at a party. The lights are bright. The music is loud. I look around and see all the guests dancing and jumping, singing along to the music. I see my boss walking over towards me. My body tightens.

 “Ms. Riding Hood, we would like to get you to come to LA and record an album. Are you interested?” She said, I froze. I could barely hear her. It took me a second to process it.

“Yes, I would love to!” I finally answered.

“Great, can you be there by tomorrow?” She asked.

“Yes!” I said without thinking.

 The sun was bright when I opened my eyes.  I shot up, hopped out of bed and slipped into a red t - shirt, some jeans, socks and shoes. Realizing I had to be in LA today, I pulled out a duffle bag and threw in some clothes, a toothbrush and hair brush. I hopped on my red motorcycle and started to drive. I started so fast I almost flew off. It was a warm day but with a slight breeze, causing my hair to blow in my face.

My phone started ringing. Almost crashing, I managed to answer. “Hello?”

“Are you on your way?” It was my boss’s voice.

 “Yes.” I yelled, trying to be heard over the cars.

 “Ok, you're going to have the afternoon to relax and then meet us in our hotel room at around 2:00. I’m sending you the address.” She said.

 After hanging up, I opened the address.

The hotel was smaller than most hotels you see in California.
 The hotel looked like it had about 3 floors. When I walked inside I was given my room number and floor. I rode the elevator up to my room. The room was dark. My hand traced the wall searching for the light switch. I turned on the light and saw the room. There was a queen bed in the corner with a floral comforter, a TV, and some shelves. I threw my bag onto the floor and jumped onto the bed.

When I opened my eyes, I realized I must have fallen asleep. It was 1:45. I decided to head over to the other hotel room.

I knocked on the door at least 4 times before I heard my boss’s voice.

“Come in.” She spoke. It didn't sound like how it usually did. The door was unlocked so I opened it and walked in. She was wearing jeans and a nice button up shirt. She was on her computer which was hiding her face. I slipped off my shoes and looked at her’s.

 “My what big feet you have.” I said looking at her feet compared to her shoes, which were about 3 times too small.

“Oh, those are my old shoes…” She said, in that same squeaky voice. I nodded and walked over to her.

“My what big ears you have.” I said. I never noticed how big and hairy her ears were…

 “That’s so I can hear your music better.” She said with an awkward laugh and smile.

 When she finally closed her computer, my jaw dropped. I was frozen. That wasn’t my boss. That was… THE BIG BAD WOLF!

I screamed and dropped my computer, running out of the room.

I ran back to my hotel room and locked the door. It was silent for a moment before I heard his paws knocking and scratching the door.

“What do you want?” I yelled at him.

“I just want to be a star.” He said. What? I thought he wanted to eat me…

“What do you mean?”

“I want to be featured in one of your songs in your album.” He admitted.

“Oh, well if that's all you want…”

“It is. I went to your boss’s room to ask but she wasn't there. So, I just borrowed her clothes thinking you would listen to me.” He spoke. I picked up my phone and started to call my boss.

“Hello?” She answered.

“Hi, it’s me. Where are you?” I asked.

“We changed the meeting spot to be in the hotel lobby. Sorry if I forgot to tell you.”

“It’s ok, I'm bringing someone who is going to be featured in one of my songs.” I said, hanging up before she could say anything.

I never would have imagined that The Big Bad Wolf would be riding on the back of my motorcycle, but he was. We were heading to the recording studio. About 15 minutes later we arrive. We walk into the brick building and see a recording booth with microphones, speakers, instruments, lighting. After we turn on the microphones we test them. “Check one two.” I say into the microphone.

My boss arrives and we start recording. I recorded about 5 songs until the song featuring The Big Bad Wolf. It was a smooth song until The Big Bad Wolf joined in. It changed tempo and was more rap and pop. It sounded good.

After recording we all went out to lunch. I guess The Big Bad Wolf wasn't so bad.