**Little Blue Riding Hood/ 992**

In the east of Europe, there was a very small village. So small that it only had the bare necessities, but on the edge of this town was a lush forest and past the forest, was a cliff. In one cottage, lived a boy. A very special boy. Very few knew his name, he was mainly recognized by the light blue hood his grandfather made for him. To most of the town, he was known as Little Blue Riding Hood.

One day, his wolf-phobic mother told him to take some bread and butter to his grandfather, who lived in the middle of the woods. “Don’t go off the path,” said his mother. “Don’t worry, I’ll be safe,” said Blue. Then he filled his wicker basket and set off into the forest. He’d been trotted along for several hours, when a man walked up to him. The man had long brown hair, and horizontal pupils and he oddly resembled a wolf. “Hello, little boy,” said the man, and Blue stopped on the path and looked at him, “Uh, hi?” said Blue, nervously. “May I know where you’re going to?” asked the man. “Uh, no thank you,” said Blue. Then he sped up, but the man caught back up with him. “Uh, I really need to talk to you, and I’m not leaving till I do.” said the man. “Then you’re going to be here for a while.” replied Blue. Then, as he sped up again, the moon came up. “It’s that late?” questioned Blue. When he turned, he saw that in the place of the man, was a silver werewolf.

“Uh oh!” he cried, as the wolf lunged at him. He quickly turned into the woods, but it seemed the whole entire woods were attacking him; owls were swooping down on him, and branches hit his face, cutting his cheek. “What is going on!?” he screamed, but then he could see his grandfather’s house in the distance. He kept running but he looked back and saw the werewolf was getting closer. “Stay away, man!” he yelled, as the wolf lunged, and his claws dug into Blue’s cloak. “Aw come on!” he yelled. When Blue jumped into the air, the wolf took off, but he took a piece of Blue’s hood with him.

Blue quickly ran to his grandfather’s house and in the open door, closing and locking the door behind him. “Glad that’s over,” Blue said to himself. Then he grabbed his basket and went to the kitchen to rest,

as he didn’t want to go into his grandfather’s room breathing super hard, because his grandfather would ask him what was wrong, and no one would believe that story!

So, he sat and waited till he saw his grandfather’s cocker spaniel sitting and staring out the window, “Hey Hera, come here girl. Why won’t you come to me?” he said, and she looked at him and ran and jumped onto his lap. “Hey, do you want to go see grandpa?” he asked, but Hera looked at him with sad eyes and shook her head at him. “Something’s happened to grandpa?” he said in terrified tone, then he leaped from his chair, with the dog in tow, and saw that his grandfather’s bedroom door was open, but all he could see was a shadow of a man moving in the background. “Uh, grandpa, is that you?” he asked, but then the shadow moved in a weird way, a primal way, a wolf-like way, and the shadow was moving towards him. He backed away from the bedroom and uttered, “That’s…… not grandpa.” As the shadow moved closer, Hera started barking loudly at the shadow, but the shadow didn’t seem concerned. “Ok, time to go!” he whispered, urgently.

Blue tiptoed to the back door, which was locked, when he saw the wolf once again, “Get away from me! I don’t know what you did to my grandfather, but I know you’re a werewolf!” he screamed as he fumbled with the door handle. “Why, my boy, you are hysterical!” said the wolf. “Get away!” Blue screamed. “My, my quite a feisty child.” said the wolf, as Blue backed against the door and fumbled with the lock “What are you going to do, eat me!?” he yelled in defiance. The wolf leered at Blue and stated, “Precisely.” As Blue finally got the lock undone and gripped the handle of the door, he said, “Uh, why don’t we play a game?” “What kind of game?” asked the wolf, curiously. “How about you be the wolf and I’ll be the runaway sheep!” Blue yelled, as he flung open the back door and stumbled out backwards with Hera following. “Ok, I’m running backwards!” he whispered to himself, then he spun around, but heard the wolf closing in behind him, so he grabbed a large tree branch and stopped. “Ok! Don’t come any closer! I have a stick!” he yelled, trying to sound brave. The wolf taunted, “What are you going to do with that, one bite and that’s done for!” Blue screamed, “I can do this!?” and he threw the stick and it hit the wolf in the face. “NO!” yelled the wolf, as Blue ran, throwing any spare rocks in the direction of the wolf, but not bothering to look to see if he was actually hitting him.

He came to a cliff and turned and faced the wolf who was stalking towards him “Looks like you’re out of options, boy.” said the wolf, menacingly. “I will not let you hurt me, you’ve hurt me so much already” Blue admitted. “Where do you think you’re going to go?” asked the wolf. Blue looked behind him and saw the ocean, far below. The wolf was right, Blue was out of options, all he could do was turn, and jump, hoping his hood was enough to save him.