

# **The Brothers Grimm and Bearit Fairy Tales**

*by*

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**ELABORATION**

*A thoroughly silly retelling of four of the more well-known classic fairy tales collected by the Brothers Grimm.*

— BRENDA ROSE —

A king and queen once ruled a land a very long way off, unless of course you lived quite close by. In those days fairies still infested the land, like swarms of locusts. The king and queen were loaded, and had the very best clothes (and the queen very many pairs of shoes - oh, and a very fashionable handbag in which to keep her royal accessories). They had lots of nice food to eat (the king was especially fond of raspberry trifles). And their carriages were the finest in the land, one for each day of the week in different colours and designs.

Yet for all this they had no children. They were very sad. The king wanted a boy so that he could have someone to train to be a king and lift his very heavy sword in battle. The queen wanted a girl so that she could tell her all about needlework and how to dress fashionably. And, being married for some time, they were not getting any younger.

Then, one day, the queen was out walking along the bank of the river at the bottom of their enormous gardens and saw a little fish on the ground. It was panting and struggling, and the queen, realizing they had a plentiful supply of fish in the castle, took pity on the poor creature and threw it back in the river. Surprised indeed was the queen when the fish lifted its head from the water and said, 'Nice one! Cheers! I happen to be a wish fish. It's a bit like a wish bone, but you don't have to snap me. I know your wish, and because you have thrown me back in you shall indeed have a daughter!'

The wish fish's words soon came true. The queen bore a sweet girl, who soon became beloved of both her mother and father. And the king decided to hold a great banquet and invite all the nobles, all his kinsmen and all his neighbours (except for the ones at number fourteen, for they always had their minstrels play such loud music when he was trying to sleep). But the queen said, 'I will invite all my fairy friends from the bottom of the garden, so that they can give their blessings to our daughter, and perhaps make some royal deals on her first teeth!'

Now there were thirteen fairies that frequented the bottom of the royal garden, but the queen, in a senior moment, had only invited and set golden dishes for twelve of them. So in came the first twelve fairies, each with a high red cap on her head and red ruby shoes of the latest fashion on her feet, and a long white wand in her hand. And after the meal was over they surrounded the surprised princess and pointed their wands at her. One shook her wand and gifted her with goodness another with beauty, another with riches, and another with book tokens, and another with a personal alarm system, and so on until they had all but one bestowed the very best gifts upon the little princess.

Then a great noise came from the courtyard, a bit like fingernails down a blackboard. Everyone cringed. Then the great doors shattered and collapsed. Then into the dining-hall flew the thirteenth fairy. A black cap she wore, black shoes, and shocking pink stockings; and the handle of her broomstick was bright green. The queen was shocked by the fairy's lack of colour co-ordination.

The fairy was really miffed at not been invited, and had decided to gate crash - literally. She said some very unpleasant things to the king and queen, and then cried out: 'When the king's daughter is fifteen she will be bitten by a poodle, and fall down dead.'

Everyone gasped and then drained their flagons. Then the twelfth fairy, who had not yet given her blessing, came forward and said the evil gift must be fulfilled. However, she said she would do what she could. Thus she gifted the princess to not die at the poodle's bite, but rather fall asleep for one hundred years. She said this would also save on a lot of bills.

But the king did not want his little princess to sleep for such a long time, after all it was bad enough getting her out of bed in the mornings as it was. Her breakfast was often cold by the time she traipsed downstairs (although, admittedly, there was a long way to come) and she was already behind in her homework. So the king ordered that all the poodles in his kingdom should leave or be put down. He had never much liked the breed, anyway.

In the meantime, all the gifts of the first eleven fairies were fulfilled and the princess became a proper little madam. She was beautiful, wise, well-read and loved by all, except of course by all the other girls her age who could never get any admirers.

Now it happened that on the very day that she turned fifteen, the king and queen were not at home, for they had gone shopping. So the princess decided to explore the huge castle that was so vast that many places still remained a secret to her. As she looked about the chambers and halls, she could not help but pity the cleaners. Then she came to an old tower. Following a narrow staircase, she ascended until she came to a little door. In the lock was a golden key. She turned the key and the door swung open and she beheld an old woman with a funny-looking dog performing tricks upon the floor to her command.

‘Wazzup?!’ said the princess. ‘That’s some mean tricks your hound wit’ the cute cut is doin’!’

‘It’s a poodle,’ said the old crone, humming. She had obviously not washed for days.

‘How prettily the little thang jumps around!’

And so the little princess went to pat the little poodle, but scarcely had she touched it than the little blighter nipped her and the fairy’s prophecy was fulfilled. The princess fell seemingly lifeless to the ground.

However, the princess was not dead but had merely fallen into a deep, deep slumber. And the king and queen, who had just arrived home absolutely exhausted with bags of shopping, also fell asleep and their whole court with them. And all the animals in the stables fell asleep. Indeed every living thing within the castle grounds fell asleep, except for the cat, Cinders, who was already asleep. Lazy thing.

The cook fell asleep in her cake mix; the kitchen-boy fell asleep with a large bar of chocolate in his mouth; the butler fell asleep over a barrel; the maid fell asleep over the washing line; and the night watchman fell asleep, well, in his bed; and thus everything and everyone sat or lay still, and slept soundly.

A large hedge of thorns grew around the castle, becoming thicker and higher every year; till the whole grounds were surrounded and hidden. And it was soon forgotten by everyone, though a persistent rumour would not go away: that somewhere behind the wild hedge lay a beautiful sleeping princess named Brenda Rose. So it was that, in time, young princes of other kingdoms came to do a spot of gardening and, if lucky, rescue the beautiful maiden. But the hedge was strong and they were not equipped with good pruning equipment. Thus many were caught and tangled in the great hedge and hung there bemoaning their sore neglect of sound gardening techniques until they died.

Many years after these failed attempts, there came another king’s son into the land and he was told by an old man the story of Brenda Rose and the great thicket, and also of the many princes who had tried their hand at pruning and failed.

Then the young prince said, ‘I shall overcome this thicket!’

And the old man, hard of hearing, replied, ‘Hey, who you calling a thick head?’

Then the prince departed for the castle before the old man could misunderstand him any further. And with him he took a pair of the finest pruning hooks and shears, for he was well trained

in both battle and gardening.

Now it so happened that the day he reached the castle was the day the hundred years were ended. What are the chances of that, right? Anyway, all he found was beautiful flowers and shrubs. He could even identify them all. Making his way through this floral wall, he came at last to the palace and found everything asleep. The dogs lay on the floor, kicking in their dreams; the horses stood asleep in the stables (how do they do that?); even the pigeons sat upon the roof all asleep, though with a great deal of their mess beneath them.

The prince went further on, hearing his every breath in the silence. Cobwebs covered everything; which was strange because the spiders should have been asleep, too. At last he came to the old tower and opened the door. Inside he found Brenda Rose asleep on a couch by the window. He could not take his eyes off her, for she was so beautiful. So he stooped over her and gave her a smacker of a kiss, and the moment he did so she opened her eyes and smiled.

‘Do it again,’ she cried. ‘Do it again!’

And an hour later, after the prince had extricated himself from Brenda’s grasp, they walked out of the tower and watched as everyone else woke up.

The court awoke and looked at everyone in astonishment; the dogs jumped up and barked, wondering why they had not been taken out for walkies in a century; the cat woke up, looked around, yawned, and went back to sleep again, the pigeons shook their feathers, looked down beneath them, and quickly disappeared out of the area; the cook awoke and sneezed the one-hundred-year-old flour all over the kitchen boy, whose teeth had rotted something awful. The butler went rolling past on the barrel as the king and queen opened their eyes. And they perceived what had happened and asked the prince his age.

‘I am three and twenty sir,’ he replied.

The queen shook her head. ‘It is a big age gap, son. But if my one-hundred-and-fifteen-year-old daughter is willing to take so young a man?’

Brenda Rose nodded eagerly. ‘Yes, madam. He’s a good kisser!’

‘Well, that’s settled then,’ said the king.

And the prince and the princess were married, and a great feast (no fairies invited) was held; and they lived happily ever after together all their long lives. And they never did own a dog.

## — THE TOAD PRINCE —

One very pleasant evening a young princess put on her bonnet and heavy wooden clogs, and went walking in the woods. She soon came to a cool spring and sat down, removing her clogs and cursing her physical trainer for making her wear them. He said they would help her keep a shapely leg. She paddled her feet in the spring as she held her golden ball on her lap. She carried it everywhere with her. The thing weighed a ton. The trainer said it was a medicine ball and it would help her develop good upper strength in her body.

She began to throw it up and catch it, but she misjudged its heaviness on the third throw and it fell through her hands and into the spring. ‘Darn!’ she cried, sucking her bruised fingers. She looked into the spring, but it was very deep and the ball was nowhere to be seen. Then she started pouting and crying and kicking things (after putting her clogs back on).

‘Alas,’ she said, ‘if only I could get my golden ball back again. I would sell all my fine dresses and jewels!’

This was not surprising. The ball was solid gold and selling it would allow her to buy back all clothes and jewellery and still have some change.

Whilst she was speaking to herself, a warty toad popped its head out of the water and said, ‘Princess, why are you acting like a spoilt brat?’

‘Eek!’ she said, ‘A speaking frog!’

‘I’m a toad, not a frog!’ replied he.

‘It’s the same thing,’ she said.

‘No, it’s not!’ the toad countered, clearly upset.

‘Well,’ said she, ‘toad or frog, you are slimy and all warty and cannot possibly help me. My golden ball has fallen in your spring and is lost.’

‘Hmmm,’ began the toad, pausing to grab an unsuspecting fly with its tongue. ‘Princess, I don’t want your dresses or jewels, but if you will care for me, and let me live with you and eat from the same golden plate, and even sleep upon your bed, then I will go get your ball for you.’

‘Are you having a laugh? Have you any idea how heavy that thing is?’ said she, but then she thought to herself: ‘this toad cannot get out of the spring, and even if it did it would never make it across the road what with all the carriages, so I shall agree to what he says.’

She nodded and looked at the toad. ‘Bring me my golden ball, and I will agree to your terms.’

Then the toad dived down, splashing water in the princess’s face. She scowled. After a short while, the toad reappeared with the ball in its mouth. It was only then she realized how huge the toad was. The herculean amphibian threw the ball to the side of the spring and the princess picked it up. She was so happy to have the ball that she decided to throw a ball - a dance that is, not the actual ball; I mean that’s what made her lose it in the first place, throwing it. She forgot all about the toad as she ran home as fast as she could in a pair of wooden clogs and carrying something that weighed more than a bowling ball.

The toad called after her, ‘Oi! What about our agreement?’ But the princess ignored him.

The following day, as the princess sat down to have her fine dinner, she heard a strange sound - tap, tap, slap, slap. Were the kitchen staff doing the fish-slapping dance again? They had already been told about that once. No, it was coming from the stairs. Then there came a small knock at the door and a little voice cried:

‘Open the door, love of my life,  
Open the door, or there’ll be strife!  
Remember the words that thou and I said,  
By the fountain cool, or did it go over your head?’

The princess ran to the door and opened it, and there before her squatted the forgotten toad. Her eyes widened and she shut the door again, leaving the toad outside. When she got back to the table the king asked her what the matter was. She related the whole story to him and told him that the toad was now at the door and wanting to come in!

‘I wonder how he made it across the road?’ said the king.

The princess shrugged, but before they could discuss the matter more, the knock came again and the little voice followed:

‘Open the door, love of my life,  
Open the door, or there’ll be strife!  
Remember the words that thou and I said,  
By the fountain cool, or did it go over your head?’

Then the king sighed. ‘What have I told you about entering into contractual affairs without my say so? You’re part of the royal family and it will not do to have people see us break our promises! You will have to do as the frog says!’

‘It’s a toad.’

‘Same thing,’ replied her father.

‘No, it’s not,’ came the little voice from behind the door.

Reluctantly, the princess let the toad in - tap, tap, slap, slap. He hopped into the room and approached the table. ‘Lift me upon the chair next to you. I’ll need a booster seat, too.’

So the princess got a pair of kitchen gloves - for she did not wish to touch the slimy, bloated, warty toad with her hands - and placed him on a royal cushion upon the chair next to her.

As soon as she had sat back down the toad continued. ‘Push your plate nearer toward me so that I can eat from it.’

This she did and the fat toad ate nearly all of what was on the plate, as well as a couple of flies that had flown too near the table. After making a strange noise that was either a croak or a belch, the toad said, ‘I am exhausted. Do you know how long it took me to get here? Many, many hops! And that road! The carriage drivers should be taken into custody for dangerous driving! So, princess, carry me upstairs and put me in your bed.’

The princess was about to throw a wobbly, but her father gave her a stern look and she did as she was told. And so the slimy, fat, warty toad slept upon her pillow all night, and the princess slept as far away from it as possible, for the royal bed was very large - though to the princess it was not large enough that night!

In the morning the toad was up with the sun. He hopped downstairs and left the palace. And the princess sighed. ‘At last the grubby thing has hopped it! I am free of it!’

But she was dead wrong, for when evening came the toad came knocking again and she heard the same little ditty as the night before:

‘Open the door, love of my life,  
Open the door, or there’ll be strife!’

Remember the words that thou and I said,  
By the fountain cool, or did it go over your head?’

‘Oh, PLEEEASE! Do you not know any other rhymes?’ said she, but her father again reminded her of the family honour and she opened the door for the ugly toad.

Again the toad sat at the table, ate from her plate, and was carried to her pillow upon the royal princess’s bed.

Then the third night it happened all over again. At this point she thought seriously about hiring one of the carriage drivers to carry out a ‘hit’.

But when the princess awoke the next morning, behold, instead of a toad on her bed there stood a handsome prince gazing down at her from the foot of the bed with the most beautiful blue eyes she had ever seen.

‘Sir, what are you doing in my bedroom. Have you thrown the ugly toad out of the window? Do you want payment?’

The young prince laughed.

The princess frowned. ‘Surely, you have not eaten the toad?’

He shook his head and told her that he had been cursed by a nasty fairy, who had changed him into a toad; and that his fate was to remain so until a princess should take him out of the spring, let him eat from her plate, and sleep upon her bed for three nights.

‘Fat chance of that, the fairy had said, but you have broken the cruel enchantment! Please come with me to my father’s kingdom and I will marry you!’

‘Blimey, mate, you work fast,’ said the princess. But she soon agreed because he was very dashing.

And so she ran to ask her father’s consent, and fast behind her hopped the handsome young prince.

## — RAPPERUNZEL —

Once upon a time there lived a man and his wife who had no children. They tried all they could to get one, but infertility plagued them, kidnapping was illegal, and adoption not an option due to their shady past. Now there was a little window in the bedroom of their little house, and it gave them a wonderful view of their neighbour's marvellous garden filled with herbs and flowers of all kind, not to mention the frilly pink underwear often hanging on the line. However, it was surrounded by a high wall and none dared to enter, for the owner was an old witch. I mean, literally an old witch.

One day the woman of the little house stood looking out of her bedroom window into the witch's garden below when she spied the most wondrous carrots growing there. They looked so long and so orange that she longed for them. She thought of all the dishes she could serve if only she could get her hands on them: carrots and stew, carrots and mash, sliced carrots, diced carrots, boiled carrots, steamed carrots, raw carrots to help her see the garden better at night! Indeed, so obsessed she became that she seemed more like a zombie than a housewife. Her husband became very concerned. 'Whatever is the matter, dear?' said he one day. 'Carrots! I must have carrots!' she replied, pulling him to the window and pointing down to the scrumptious carrots in the witch's garden. 'I shall simply die if I cannot crunch into one in the next twenty-four hours!'

The husband thought that it was better to risk the wrath of the witch rather than let his wife die, so at dusk that day he wrapped himself in black, darkened his face with mud, and climbed the high wall of the garden. He grabbed a handful of the carrots and pulled them out of the earth. They were so orange that they even shone in the darkness of the evening, so he stuffed them in a bag he had brought so that they did not give him away.

Once back inside, the man handed the carrots to his wife and she seemed to come alive. Without even cleaning them, she chomped them all down raw.

The next day, however, she found her appetite for them had not been sated, but rather it had increased threefold! So off went the husband again and let himself down over the wall. But this time the witch was there and he was scared out of his wits.

'How dare you come into my garden and steal my prize carrots! You carrot thief! You shall pay for this!'

He fell to his knees. 'Have mercy! I did it because my wife was going to die if she could not have some of your carrots to nibble on!'

'I see,' said the witch. 'OK, then take as many carrots as you wish, but you must give me any child your wife may bring into the world. I will treat the child well, and be a mother to it.'

The man smiled. Like that was going to happen, he thought. He agreed, for he was too scared to do otherwise, and, besides, his wife was not going to have a child.

Nine months later, and in secret, the woman bore a child. A girl. But no sooner was she born than the witch appeared and took her away.

Rapperunzel she was named, and she grew into a beautiful young woman, but when she was only twelve the witch shut her up in a stone tower in the middle of a forest. And there were no stairs in the tower, so the witch gained access in the following manner:

She would stand beneath the window at the top of the tower and shout:

'Rapperunzel, Rapperunzel,  
Let your hair down, Sis.'



Rapperunzel had long hair, as fine as spun copper, and when she heard the voice of the witch she pulled off her large beanie woollen hat and let her hair fall from the window down to the ground. Then the witch, who was thankfully of quite a light build, climbed up.

After a few years of her captivity, the king's son happened to ride through the forest and he saw the tower. Then he heard a voice come from the chamber at the top and he stopped his horse and listened to the charming song, which was in the form of a rap.

'Well my name is Rapperunzel and my hair's really long,  
I can't write or draw, so I try to make up the odd song,  
Of course, I'm tone deaf and can't carry a tune in my head,  
So I spend my time here trying to rap instead.'

Immediately the king's son desired to enter the tower, but he could find no door. So he rode home. But the rapping had so deeply been his 'thang', that every day he went back into the forest to listen to it.

Then, on one such day, he hid behind a tree as the witch approached the tower. He watched her and heard her cry:

'Rapperunzel, Rapperunzel,  
Let your hair down, Sis.'

Then he saw the copper hair fall from the window, and watched the witch ascend. 'Well,' he said to himself, 'if that is how one does it, I shall try my fortune tomorrow!'

And this he did, for the very next day he went to the tower and cried:

'Rapperunzel, Rapperunzel,  
Let your hair down, Sis.'

Immediately the copper hair fell down and the prince climbed up.

Rapperunzel had never seen a man before, and at first she did not know what to do or say. Besides, she was still recovering from the pain. He weighed much more than the witch. He could have at least left his sword on the ground!

But the prince soon calmed her down and told her that her rapping had really made him feel her vibe. Then he got down on one knee and proposed. She saw that he was very handsome and that he would love her far more than the old witch, so she agreed to marry him there on the spot! And so they were married after hoisting up the vicar from the local village.

'I will go with you,' she said the following morning. 'But there is a slight problem: how to get out of this tower? I know, you must bring a skein of silk with you each time you come, and I will fashion a ladder from it!'

'Right, though I could just bring some rope?' replied the prince.

'No, making the ladder will give me time to think upon the small print in the marriage contract.'

The prince nodded. 'OK.'

So he visited her each day and the ladder grew longer.

Then one evening Rapperunzel, who was none too bright, let slip that she thought the witch was putting on weight because she was now heavier than the king's son.

'You wicked child!' said the witch. 'I thought I had kept you away from all those nasty men in the world. But you have deceived me. You have been consorting with the enemy!'

And so saying, the witch jumped up, pulled out a pair of scissors, and gave Rapperunzel a short back and sides. Then she took Rapperunzel and put her in the middle of a hot, dry desert.

Then, the next time the king's son came and cried for the hair to be let down, the witch let down the hair she had cut from Rapperunzel and the prince climbed it.

When the king's son climbed into the tower he was most miffed. 'Who in the blazes are you?' he said.

'Haha!' she cried, giving him an evil look. 'You have come for your dear wife, but the bird sits no longer in the nest, and her rapping is no more to be heard. I am the cat and I will scratch out your eyes!'

But the prince had long had an interest in sky-diving (from very tall trees) and knew how to take a fall, so he jumped from the tower without mischief, but not before the witch cursed him and he fell blind. Then, in grief, he wandered about the forest, eating little and really fed up. He roamed for years and at length, and by huge coincidence, came to the desert where Rapperunzel dwelt.

Then he heard a voice.

'Well, now I'm in the desert and it's all dry and hot,  
The wicked witch left me here to get tanned and rot;  
Where is my husband dear, he's probably dead;  
Oh, I must sit down, my legs are like lead.'

Then he came running and she recognized him, and she fell upon his neck and tears ran into his eyes and he could see again! And he saw she had two orange-haired children with her, one acting as a human beatbox and the other doing vinyl scratch effects. His children! Then he took her back to his kingdom and they lived rapperly ever after on meals largely consisting of carrots.

## — LITTLE RED HOODIE —

Once upon a time there was a nasty little girl who was thoroughly disliked by everyone who had the bad luck of meeting her, but most of all she was hated by her grandmother, and there was not a thing she would give to the child. So the girl had little to wear and so stole some of her grandmother's yarn and made herself a long red hooded coat, and she wore it to cover her face so that no one would see her when she stole things or got involved in street fights. And so she was called Little Red Hoodie.

Now it came to pass that Little Red Hoodie's grandmother became ill, and so Little Red Hoodie's mother, together with the local law enforcement, decided to have her daughter go visit her grandmother as part of her community service.

'Come Little Red Hoodie,' said her mother, 'here is some cake and a bottle of wine; take them to your grandmother, for she is weak and poorly; they will do her good. Start out before it gets too hot, and remember not to vandalize anything on the way. Do not fall and break the bottle, and do not guzzle it down for you are not yet old enough to drink. Remember to be kind to your grandmother. Say "Good morning!" when you arrive, and don't poke around and steal anything. And no graffiti on the door this time, either!'

'Whatever,' said Little Red Hoodie as she picked up the basket with the wine and cake inside.

Now the grandmother lived out in the wood, a couple of miles from the village, and just as Little Red Hoodie entered the trees, she saw a wolf innocently going about his business.

'Good day, little wolf,' said she.

'Good day,' said the wolf, a little fearful.

'What are you doing?'

'I am looking for food,' replied the wolf.

'Oh, I have some cake in my basket,' said she.

Little Red Hoodie thought to herself: 'What a cool-looking wolf. If I can leash and train him, it will up my street cred no end. But I shall need to act craftily.'

'I would give you some, but it is for my poor grandmother. But if you follow me to her house then I will find you something in her larder or maybe I can find you something along the way.'

The wolf growled, but the noise came from his stomach and not his mouth, for he was very hungry. 'Where does your grandmother live?'

'Not far from here. Her house stands in the forest under the three large oak-trees. You must know the ones, they are covered in knife marks? It is where I used to practise with my blade.'

'Now,' thought Little Red Hoodie, 'if I can distract him, maybe I can leash him. I have a length of cord in my hoodie coat that I use for scaling walls.'

'See,' said Little Red Hoodie to the wolf, 'all the pretty flowers and the chirping birds. Maybe we can find one for you to eat.'

So she led him off the path and ever farther into the wild, each time hearing a bird that sounded plumper or seeing one that looked more tasty.

Then they came across a deer and Little Red Hoodie bade them stop. Then she pulled from her coat a slick catapult, picked up a small smooth pebble from the ground and in one fluid motion struck the young deer on the head so that it fell to the ground stunned.

'Now, come little wolf, here is your dinner!'

And the wolf, now famished from Little Red Hoodie's wild bird chase, padded over toward the fallen creature, but as he went to take his meal, Little Red Hoodie pulled the cord from her coat and tied a loop in one end. However, just as she was about to slip it over the wolf's neck the deer, which had been playing dead (it had come across Little Red Hoodie before) suddenly darted away and the wolf looked up and saw Little Red Hoodie with her rope.

He snarled and went to bite her, but Little Red Hoodie was faster. She whipped him across the face with her cord and pulled a side sword from her coat. 'Come, little wolf! Be my pet! With you on a leash I shall increase my turf no end.'

But try as she might, Little Red Hoodie could not get the cord around his neck, and in the end the wolf turned and fled, narrowly avoiding the small throwing dagger that Little Red Hoodie sent after him.

So the wolf fled and eventually came to the grandmother's house and knocked on the door.

'Who is there?' she asked.

'The big bad wolf. Little Red Hoodie's coming!'

'Oh my!' she replied. 'Not her again! I have barely recovered from the last time! Quick, lift the latch, for I am too weak to get up, and then come inside and bolt the door.'

The wolf did as he was told as the grandmother lifted herself from her bed.

'Now,' she began, 'here is the plan. In case she breaches the outer defences, you will dress in my clothes and get into my bed. I will hide in the cupboard and when Little Red Hoodie bends over to see you, I shall jump out of the cupboard with my largest hairnet and ensnare the little rascal.'

The wolf eagerly agreed and dressed in the grandmother's night gown and cap and slipped into the bed.

Little Red Hoodie was not in a good mood as she approached the cottage.

'Oh how I dislike visiting my grandmother. There is nothing of any value here. I cleaned it out before I turned ten.'

'Good morning!' she shouted as she tried the door. It would not budge. Luckily she had a crow bar in her basket and soon had the door open.

'Hello grandmother,' she said as she approached the bed. She looked at her and frowned. Something was wrong.

'Oh, grandmother, what big ears you have!'

'All the better to hear you coming, my child,' was the reply.

'But, grandmother, what big eyes you have!'

'All the better to keep an eye on you and your thieving ways, my child.'

'But, grandmother, what large hands you have!'

'All the better to keep hold of my valuables with you around,' the wolf replied.

'Oh! But, grandmother, what a big mouth you have!' said Little Red Hoodie.

'You can talk! You are quite gobby yourself!' replied the wolf.

'Not in a good mood today are you, grandmother?' said she.

Then in one bound, the real grandmother appeared from the cupboard and cast her hairnet over her little granddaughter.

But Little Red Hoodie was not captured so easy, for she took her dagger and cut her way out of the hairnet and would have cut up the wolf and grandmother too if it were not for her parole officer happening to come by to check on her community service.

And he snapped her in irons, saying 'You old sinner! Long have I sought to catch you red-handed Little Red Hoodie!'

Then all three were happy. The parole officer went back to the town with his prisoner, and the wolf returned to the wild after a slap-dash meal - and promise of future dinner invites - from the grandmother, and the grandmother drank her wine and cake and recovered from her illness.

It is also told that other wolves saw Little Red Hoodie in the wood in later years (after her custodial sentence had ended), but they all avoided her; and Little Red Hoodie never did own a wolf or any other kind of canine.

## **Books by D.M. Andrews**

### ***Pied and Prodigious***

*'It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a man in possession of a wife, must be in want of a good fortune.'*

There is much excitement in Longlawn when two men with tall hats enter the district. Mothers buy new dresses for their daughters, fathers polish up on their fencing skills, and Mr Bayonet tackles the perilous journey through the stinging nettles to call upon the new occupants of Nettlefield Park.

***"I wish I'd read this one first and skipped Zombies altogether ... Zombies was a one-trick pony, and this hilarious little gem is a riot from start to finish..." (K.M. Weiland, author)***

The ditsy Jane Bayonet soon falls for Mr Blingley with all his gold jewellery, but her sister, the ever-prodigious Lizzy, very much dislikes Mr Blingley's friend, Mr Dicey, whose pied coat and tall hat strike fear into the local populace.

This is a story of excessive fashion, high heels, large wardrobes, tall hats — oh, and romance!

Buy at <http://amzn.com/B007U8V9XC> or <http://www.amazon.co.uk/dp/B007U8V9XC> or visit the author's website at <http://www.Writers-and-Publishers.com>.

### ***The Serpent in the Glass***

On his eleventh birthday Thomas Farrell is informed that the deceased father he never knew has provided for his education at Darkledun Manor, a school for gifted children. Thomas, however, feels he's just an ordinary boy, but Darkledun Manor proves to be anything but an ordinary school ...

***"A fabulous book, extremely well written and engaging from start to finish. If you like the Harry Potter tales you'll be sure to enjoy this. Just as much fun for adults as children. Thoroughly recommended!" (S Devon, 5 stars)***

In this work of fiction the reader is transported into a world of myth as the young protagonist, Thomas Farrell, seeks to understand who his mysterious father was, and why he left

him a strange glass orb containing a serpent. As the story progresses, Thomas and his friends become increasingly caught up in a world they never knew existed — a world beyond the standing stones.

***“Spellbinding: An excellent and well written book. I was captivated from start to finish. I don’t normally read fantasy novels as I find them a bit too ‘fantastical,’ but I enjoyed the escapism and adventure in this book.” (Steven Ray Montgomery, 5 stars)***

Buy at <http://amzn.com/B0062A7UVE> or <http://www.amazon.co.uk/dp/B0062A7UVE> or visit the author’s website at <http://www.Writers-and-Publishers.com>.