

Out of the Wolf's Mouth

By Kendra Sparks

NOTES

Fairy tales have been a staple of children's literature for centuries. In the following narrative poem, based on the Brothers' Grimm fairy tale, *Little Red Riding Hood*, Kendra Sparks gives us a unique perspective of the iconic classic from the point of view of Little Red Riding Hood's grandmother. This free-verse poem is best performed by a female (or for comedic purposes, a male) and entered in Poetry Interpretation; however, written as a first-person narrative, a performer might choose to enter this selection in Humorous Interpretation. The challenge of this selection is creating a believable grandmother. Playing age is always a daunting task for any young performer; therefore, think about the physical aspects of an elderly woman, as well as the vocal characteristics needed to bring this narrator to life. The possibilities are endless. The performer might choose to make Little Red's grandmother sweet and demure, or one might choose to make her as feisty as "Granny" from the classic television sitcom, *The Beverly Hillbillies*. The real key to the success of this selection will be the performer's ability to play the humor found within this poem. The drama mask icons are simply visible to show the performer when to turn the pages in the manuscript.

That daughter of mine must be out of her mind—
To let my granddaughter, Little Red,
Go traipsing through the woods alone.
Little Red doesn't even have a cell phone!
Why, anything, I am told, could unfold—
And it did.



You know you're getting older,
When your daughter gets bolder
With the errands she asks your granddaughter to make—
Like taking me, Little Red's Grandmother, the goodies she baked.
I'm not sure it's wise on my daughter's part
To start asking Little Red to go through the woods
By herself; after all, she's as small as an elf
With a sweet tooth the size of New York City.

It's a pity the stork only delivers babies—
Not chocolate chip cookies and cinnamon-apple coffee cakes—

But it makes me mad and a little bit sad.
Doesn't my daughter know that some forest animals carry rabies?



Little Red's a big girl though.
She knows not to talk to strangers,
That is, unless the strangers are dressed as Park Rangers.
Little Red said that's exactly how the Wolf was dressed.
Besides, she was stressed, because she'd lost her glasses.
Which, I suppose, is why she failed all of her classes, but I digress.
The rest of the story is as follows:

Little Red said she was skipping, because she wanted to get here before dark.

It was remarkable the Wolf even saw her.
(Little Red's head was covered with a red cape.)
For all that wolf knew,
Little Red could have just escaped from prison—
And risen to a magnificent size—
And as the Wolf told her his lies, in his Park Ranger disguise,
Little Red could have pelted the Wolf with Boston Cream Pies!



It's true the woods are scary, and that Wolf was awfully hairy!
Little Red said that after quizzing her as to her whereabouts,
The Wolf let her pass. But she's not sure it wasn't because she had gas.
Sweets never have agreed with her.

Little Red told me she'd eaten as many as three—
No, four—of her mother's delicious treats.
Like any diabetic, she's terribly fond of sweets!
By the time the air cleared, it was just as she'd feared.
The Wolf was nowhere to be seen.



If this were a casino, I'd place a bet.
I'm a senior, it's true, yet, I can't get rid of my love for gambling.
Sorry. I'm rambling,
But I'll bet none of you ever questioned what you'd been told.
I'm old, but I'll bet I'm right.
You never questioned what'd you'd heard.
As if a little bird had landed near your ear,