

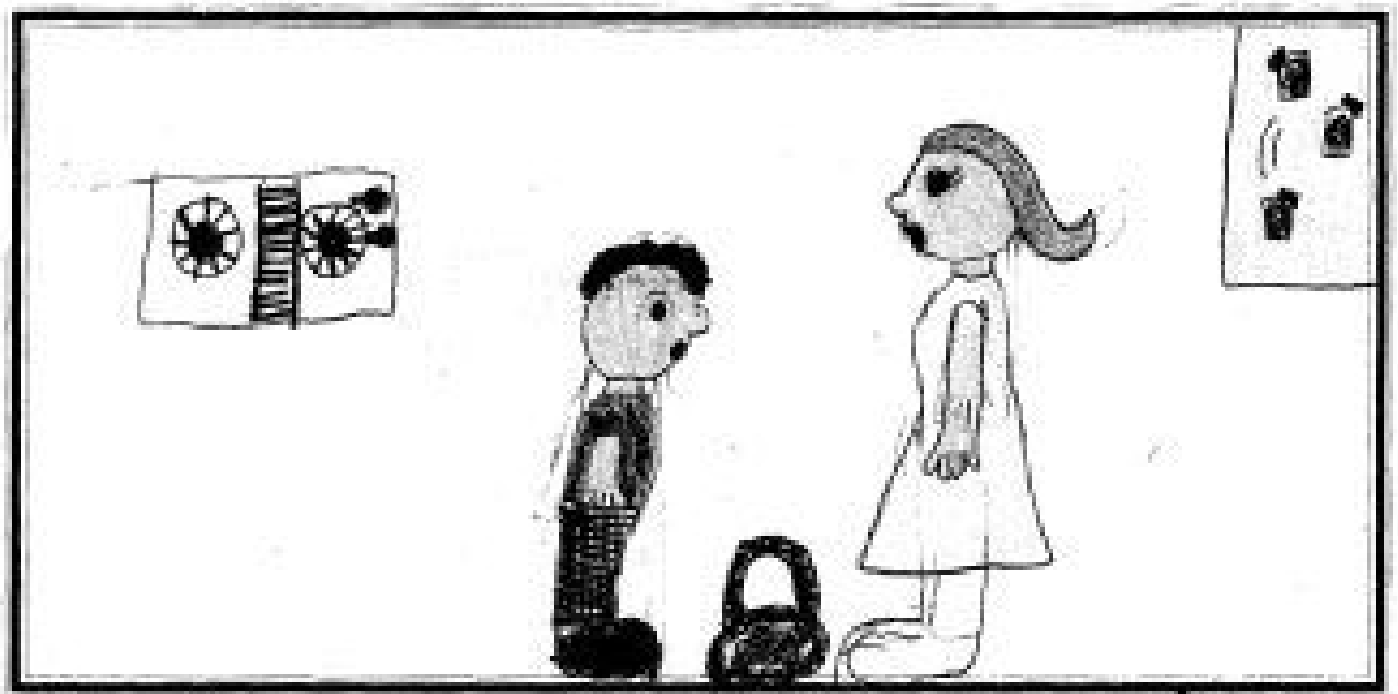
Robin Wood, Where's Ridin' Hood?



Fractured Fairy Tale

This is a fractured fairy tale based loosely on the book Gordon Loggins and the Three Bears by Linda Bailey. The strategy used is to create a main character that exists in our world who will become the main character in an existing fairy tale. The twist in this project involves changing the main character's gender and helping him/her to accidentally enter into a picture book story as an inexperienced replacement for one of the main characters. The fun is in writing about the changes/disasters this character causes in the original story before returning to his own world.

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Moonlight streamed through the windows. Inside a lamp flickered and glowed while a clock ticked the minutes away. Leaping into bed, Robin yanked up the covers and settled down for a good night of reading. On his lap was a new book called Little Red Riding Hood. Opening the book he read, "Once upon a time on the edge of a deep, dark forest there lived a girl named Little Red Riding Hood. One day her mother said "Your granny is ill, and I'd like it if you took this basket of freshly baked cookies to her."

Just then the aroma of gingersnaps wafted out of the book and into Robin's room.

"Yummy!" whispered Robin sinking into his pillow and shutting his eyes. When he opened them he was standing in a kitchen staring straight into the eyes of Little Red Riding Hood's mother!

"Who are you and what have you done with my daughter?" the woman demanded.

"I'm Robin Hood and I have zero idea where your daughter is!"

"Did you say Riding Hood?"

"No, I said Robin Hood!"

"Look, since you're in the neighborhood would you mind delivering these cookies to Granny who is sick in bed while I look for Red Riding Hood?"

"Sure if you show me the way," Robin said eyeing the gingersnaps hungrily. Handing Robin the basket she pointed out a path that led straight into the woods!

The woods was a dark, gloomy place. Fir trees loomed into the sky as their branches creaked in the whistling wind. Shivers crept down Robin's spine. Just then the wind lifted the basket's cover!

"Mmm! Mmm! Mmm! Those cookies smell yummy," thought Robin. "Granny wouldn't notice if I ate just one little cookie." Robin took one.

One cookie led to another and another until the whole basket was empty!

"Now what am I going to do?"

At that moment Robin heard the trickle of water running. Just around the bend was a bubbling brook. Patches of dandelions were scattered here and there. Suddenly a shadow crept up beside him and tickled his shoulder.

"Yo, little girl! What's in the basket?"

Robin whipped his head around. Standing beside him was a tall grey wolf.

"Do I look like a girl to YOU?" Robin glared. The wolf stared at Robin's bushy red hair.

"What did you do with Red?" The wolf demanded. "And what happened to all the goodies?"

"How should I know what happened to that dumb girl? And the cookies are none of your beeswax!" Robin shot back.

"Suit yourself," shrugged the wolf, "but if I were you I wouldn't give granny nothin'!" Turning around the wolf disappeared into the trees.

"Wonder how he knew about Granny?" Robin stared at the empty basket. "I got it!" Robin snapped his fingers. "I'll give Granny some of those yellow flowers." Snatching the dandelions he stuffed them into the basket and headed off to Granny's. Half an hour later Robin was standing on her doorstep. Yanking open the door Robin marched straight to Granny's room. There in the bed lay a huge poofy bundle wearing a pink bonnet.

"You're the funniest lookin' Granny I ever saw! Here, I brought you some flowers," he said shoving the basket into her face.

"Aaa! Aaa! Aaa! Aaa chOO!" sneezed Granny as her wig, bonnet and glasses flew across the room. Robin's eyes bulged and his chin dropped. There in the bed was a long furry snout, two beady eyes and a mouth full of razor sharp teeth! Robin put his hands on his hips and glared.

"Mr. Wolf, what are you doing in granny's bed and why did you ruin her flowers?"

"I want the goodies!" the wolf blurted.

"Too bad so sad! They're in my stomach," Robin grinned. "Where's Granny?"

"No goodies, no Granny!" replied the wolf saucily.

"Time for target practice!" cried Robin pulling out a slingshot and a handful of gravel from his back pocket. Snap, snap, snap fired the slingshot.

"Ye-e-ouch! Ooo! Owww!" howled the wolf as he rocketed out the door, followed by a hail of pebbles. Shutting the front door, Robin plopped himself on the couch. Scratch! Scratch!

"Somethin's in the closet!" thought Robin. Loading the slingshot Robin flung open the door. There on the floor was a little old woman bound and gagged.

"Granny!" gasped Robin. "Oh you poor thing! I'll have you out in a jiffy!" Pulling out his pocket knife, Robin slit the gag and ropes. After catching her breath, Granny said gratefully,

"Thank you my lad, just one thing, why are you in my house?"

"I really couldn't say. One minute I was reading a book called Little Red Riding Hood and the next minute I was in it! I'm sorry I ate your cookies, the wolf wrecked your flowers, and now I don't know how to get home!" babbled

Robin.

"Why don't you lay down for a while?" Granny suggested leading Robin to the couch. Robin soon drifted into a deep sleep. When Robin opened his eyes, he found himself staring at the last page of his book where Granny was waving at him. Just then a delicious aroma slipped under his bedroom door.

"Waffles!" shouted Robin. Racing down the stairs and into the kitchen. Robin slid into his seat. "Time at last!"