

Fractured Fairy Tale: Red Riding Hood: What Really Happened

The file was shoved into my face on a late afternoon, but before I get into that I should introduce myself, I'm agent Wolf. I've always been into government enforcement. My first words were, "hands up!" but no matter how much I tried I couldn't prepare myself for this.

The file featured a girl's mug shot. She was scowling at the camera, looking like she was ready to attack the photographer, "This," my boss said, "Is Blood Red Riding Hood. She is transporting illegal weapons to her handler, we know her as the Grandma."

I looked at the picture, she couldn't be older than eleven; how could she be an international criminal? I shrugged and looked my boss in the eye, "I'll catch her," I said, "When have I ever let you down?" I asked.

He shrugged, "Remember that business with the three little pigs?"

I growled. He probably wouldn't ever forget that, however I knew what to do. I would cut her off while she walked through the forest.

I stood in the woods, after five and a half cups of coffee. I was getting jittery, but I had to keep on watch. The directions on how to find the trail were horrible; sometimes I really thought the fairies were idiots. Past the mine full of singing midgets, around the gingerbread house, then follow the breadcrumbs to the knight fighting the dragon. If you've met Puss in Boots you've gone too far. After a run in with a friendly witch who wanted to have me visit for dinner, or be dinner for that matter, I had found the trail.

Soon I saw the girl, and she was the face of pure evil. She was short with a permanent scowl on her face, her hood was blood red and her shoes were polished and shiny. She had war paint smeared underneath her eyes and she walked with purpose. The basket she held had a picture of a skull on it.

"Freeze," I yelled as I leapt from the bushes, teeth bared.

She shrugged and reached into the basket. Then she found my true weakness as she pulled out a red rubber ball. I began to drool as she waved it back and forth. Then she hurled it into the sky.

I had already darted after it when I realized I had been tricked. When I reached the place where she had been I realized the only way to stop her now was to cut her off at the lair of the Grandma.

I had to get more directions from other fairies, now that was another bad idea. So I walked by Robin Hood the well-intentioned democrat, stealing from the rich and giving to the poor. He pointed me in the right direction.

I walked into the Grandma's office early, "The jigs up!" I yelled.

The grandma stood up, she wore a suit and was smoking a cigar. She had a snow white perm and glasses that were perched on her nose. She was defiantly one of the bigger women I had ever seen, "You can't beat me!" she cried with a New York accent, "I know karate."

"I thought you might say that," I said as I opened the door wider and exposed the waiting three bears, "So I brought friends. GET HER!"

Twenty minutes later with some help from Cinderella's group of forest animals who make clothes I had a disguise. Blood Red Riding Hood walked in five minutes later, "Hi Grandma." She said cheerfully.

I smiled, "Hello," I said trying to sound like the Grandma, "You got the goods?" I asked.

She nodded, then she stopped and stared at me, "Grandma what a five o' clock shadow you have." she said.

"Well yes," I said trying to sound legit, "Grandma hasn't shaved in awhile."

She nodded, "Wow, Grandma you got here fast after I threw that red ball into the forest."

I nodded, "Well, old people are," then I realized what she said, "Hey!" I yelled.

She drew the water gun faster than I could react, "Is that?" I asked.

She nodded cruelly, "A water gun filled with smelly air freshener." She cackled.

"NO!" I screamed as she aimed the weapon that all dogs hate at me.

Everything happened at once, I dove out of the way, Blood Red Riding Hood sprayed the gun, and a hunter with a shotgun kicked in the door and screamed, "How dare you eat Grandma!"

I was confused, "Why would I eat her?" I asked, "Me and the bears just locked her in the cellar."

"Oh..." he said, "Well this is awkward."

"Yeah," said Blood Red Riding Hood as she looked around the bedroom, "Can we all go home?" she asked.

"Well, sorry," I said, "But I have to take you in for smuggling."

She laughed, "Wait, you're an agent?" she asked.

I nodded, "I thought you were just a normal wolf after these cupcakes." She cackled.

"Wait then why did my boss tell me you were bringing explosives to your handler?" I asked.

She laughed again, "You mean the 'explosively delicious' cupcakes?" she asked.

I stared at her for a while and then I realized something, "Who's he?" I asked referring to the hunter.

She looked at him for a second and shrugged, "That's my cousin Eric," she said, "He comes over here for the cupcakes."

"I'm going home." I muttered.

She nodded, "I'm going to get my grandma." she said.

"I'm going to eat some cupcakes." cried the hunter.

The second I left Red Riding Hood grinned evilly. She walked to the closet and released the Grandma, "The agent will never know." Blood Red Riding Hood said.

The Grandma smiled, she then opened the basket and looked at the weapons, "Now go meet up with codename Rumpelstiltskin." She said.

They both cackled manically as they planned their next evil plot.

THE END