The Wolfs Tale

Louise Cooper

You all know the story of Little Red Riding Hood, right? Well, I'm sure of one thing. You don't know what really happened. No one does, except me. I know people don't believe in fairy tales these days, but the Riding Hood story happens to be true. I should know. You see, I'm the wolf. And the rest of them—the girl, the woodsman, all the other people—they got it wrong. All wrong.

They think I killed and ate old Granny. I didn't. I wouldn't have harmed a hair of her head, but when I tried to tell them so, of course they couldn't understand me. So the woodsman cut me open. Oh, how that hurt. I can remember the pain; it was horrible. Even now I have nightmares about it, and I shudder and cry out in my sleep, until I wake up screaming.

They didn't kill me, you see. They thought they did, but they didn't. I can't be killed that way. It has to be something else. A silver bullet, that's the only thing that will work. A silver bullet, for a werewolf.

Because that's what I really am. I was attacked by a werewolf one night, years ago. It bit me, and infected me with its curse. I'd give anything to be free. I'd rather die than live like this, changing every full moon into a monster that no one can control. I'd give anything to be what I used to be. A harmless human being. A little old lady, who was kind to everyone.

Red Riding Hood thought she knew all about her dear granny.

But she didn't. No one does.

Only me . . . and, now, you.

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