Maybe we should get it straight right from the beginning, just to wash away any misconceptions you may have.

Little Red Riding Hood wasn’t bringing cakes and cookies to her grandmother. No! Those are sugary disgraces to grains- filled with preservatives and unhealthy codswallop!

I don’t know how that rumor began, but the truth is, inside the little wicker basket Red’s mother handed to her was rye bread. Delicious, good rye bread, like myself. That’s right, Riley the Rye Bread at your service.

See now how I knew what was in the basket? And, come to think of it, I know the exact story of Little Red Riding Hood, from the perspective of a humble slice of bread.

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It all began on a sunny Saturday afternoon, in my little breadbox.

I was feeling quite down, as all the other slices in my loaf had been eaten already. That meant I would be next. Although it’s supposed to be an honor to be eaten, I liked life on Earth and was sorry to leave.

My bad mood only mounted when Mrs. Hood opened the breadbox, scanned it, and plucked me out. She proceeded to put a cloth napkin in a wicker basket and place me inside, along with a few apples and a bunch of grapes.

Right about that time, Red, her daughter, came skipping down the stairwell. As usual, she was dressed in a light blue dress and red cape.

“Red, dear,” Mrs. Hood said. “Would you take this basket down to your grandmother? She’s been ill for days, and I’m afraid she can’t get to the market.”

“Of course, Mother,” Red replied as she slipped into a chair. “I love visiting Grandmother, especially the walk there. The woods are so beautiful.”

Mrs. Hood’s expression changed instantly. “Promise me you won’t go through the woods, Red. Walking through a wood with food? You have more smarts than that.”

Red frowned. “But Mother, to reach Grandmother’s house you must go through the woods.”

“I understand, but don’t you go in until you’ve got to.”

“Yes, Mother.”

“Good. Now, off you go.”

With that, there was a sudden lurch and Red began to swing the basket. Thankfully, slices of bread can’t lose their lunches, as they often *are* lunches.

As I heard the door slam, I also heard Mrs. Hood as she called, “Take the road path, Red!”

From now on, I can’t provide many descriptions, as Red shut the basket. They will be many vocals, though, and noises.

The most enjoyable part was the walk in town. I had only been in town when I was first baked and up for sale, and I spent most of that time buried under other loaves. Therefore, I couldn’t hear much. This time, I heard *everything*.

“How much for the apples?”

“Did you hear what Martha said to Esmeralda at the butcher’s?”

“*Seventy five cents*?”

“Yes, she sold almost everything she owned.”

“Excuse me, pardon me!”
 “Why, is that Red Hood? She’s so tall!”

“I don’t fancy that cape, though. Her mother lets her wear whatever she likes.”

“John Steward! Hush!”

“Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Steward,” Red said.

Two voices chorused back, one high and false and the other low and false. They continued on, grilling Red on everything from how her parents were doing to what was in the basket to her grades in school. Finally, one of them said something interesting.

“Red, dear, did you hear there’s been a wolf spotting in the woods?”

Red gasped. I imagined her hood flying back as she shook her head. “How terrible. I hope it hasn’t hurt any of the woodcutters who work there.”

The woman clucked her tongue. “Good day, dear. We best be off.”

“Good day, Mr. and Mrs. Steward.” Red skipped off, judging from how the basket bounced along her knee.

From here until a bit later, I’m sorry to say I don’t know what happened. I’m not sure what ran through Red’s head, as she wasn’t in the habit of confiding to a slice of bread. Next thing I knew, the basket had tipped.

We were now in a small room. Judging from the bed in one corner, sink, cupboard and table in another, it was the only room in a very tiny cottage. Red’s grandmother’s cottage.

“Oh! My clumsiness.” Red stooped and prepared to right the basket (no! eliminating my view!) when she suddenly caught sight of the bed.

Inside was most definitely not a human.

It wore a pink flowered nightcap and a pink flowered nightgown, but where a kindly face should be, there was beady eyes and a furry face. Where wrinkled but soft hands should be, there were long sharps claws and furry paws. Where there should be slippered feet, there were gnarled, furry paws.

This was no grandmother.

This was a wolf.

Red realized it at the same time as I did. Instead of screaming and running like I expected her to, she marched up to the wolf.

“*What have you done with my grandmother*?”

Next thing I knew, the wolf was up and out of there fast a lightning. Can you believe that? A big ole wolf scared by a little girl?

Red tore after him, hopefully going home, not on a chase.

And, alas, I cannot tell you anymore. For my wish came true: I will never be eaten. Moldy and forgotten on the floor of Red’s grandmother’s home, I will be there forever.

Or at least until the wolf comes back.