

## The State of Fairytale land versus the Big Bad Wolf

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**Bailiff** - Mr. Bad-Wolf, you are hereby charged with the attempted **murder** of Little Red Riding Hood and her **Grandmother**. How do you plead?

**B. Bad-Wolf** - Not guilty.

**His honour, Mr. Justice Trousers** - Very well, the prosecution may begin their examination of the accused.

**Prosecutor** - Thank you, your Honour. Isn't it true, Mr. Bad-Wolf, that you followed Ms. Riding-Hood through the forest?

**B. Bad-Wolf** - Certainly. I was trying to protect a vulnerable young **girl** from harm. The Wild Wood is a dangerous place. You never know what may be lurking around the corner.

**Prosecutor** - Why then did you not simply escort Ms. Riding-Hood through the woods? One might suspect that you were stalking the young **lady**?

**B. Bad-Wolf** - Red was taking **pie** to her Grandmother's cottage in the woods. I suffer from a severe nut allergy and I didn't want to approach too closely until I was sure that the pie's pecans were safely contained beneath a protective pastry covering.

**Prosecutor** - I'm sure. But you did approach her eventually, didn't you?

**B. Bad-Wolf** – Once I was convinced that she meant me no harm with her pecans, yes.

**Prosecutor** – And when you summoned the courage to approach her, what did you do?

**B. Bad-Wolf** – I asked her where she was going.

**Prosecutor** – And when she told you that she was visiting her elderly **Grandmother**, rather than escort her through the woods which you have already told us are a dangerous place for a young **lady**, you chose to run off to get to the Grandmother's house first.

**B. Bad-Wolf** – That's right. I wanted to make sure that Red's Grandmother had access to the Adrenalin Epi-pen that I always carry, as I knew that she also suffered a severe nut allergy.

**Prosecutor** – And you didn't think that Ms. Riding-Hood would know that?

**B. Bad-Wolf** – No, I realized that she knew and that obviously she was planning to **kill** her Grandmother.

**Prosecutor** – But you ran to the **cottage** in the woods and ate Ms. Riding-Hood's Grandmother, then pretended to be her so that you might eat Ms. Riding hood herself!

**B. Bad-Wolf** – I swallowed Granny whole to protect her! If I hadn't, she wouldn't be here today. Then I hid in her bed to confront Red before she did anything to spoil her life.

**Prosecutor** – Of course. And, what happened then?

**B. Bad-Wolf** – Then Red burst in and did the whole “*Oh Granny, what big **eyes** you have – all the better to see this lovely pie I made for you without the use of nuts, nut-by-products or other flavorings produced in factories that may previously have processed nuts*” routine.

**Prosecutor** – Really! You can't seriously expect us to believe this.

**B. Bad-Wolf** – Then it was “*Oh, Granny what a big nose you have. All the better to smell nut products in pies that haven't had their odor masked with essence of Cranberry.*” And “*Oh Granny, what a big mouth you have. All the better to swallow one or better still three slices of this pie without looking at it too carefully.*”

**Prosecutor** – Preposterous!

**B. Bad-Wolf** – And then, just as I reached out of the bed to arrange a controlled explosion of the assassin's pie, she screams and the woodcutter came in with an axe.

**Prosecutor** – It was most fortunate for Ms. Riding Hood that he did!

**B. Bad-Wolf** – Fortunate! They were in it together. Why do you think he was walking through the forest equipped for murder? You don't spend your life prowling through woodland without seeing who's bothering whom in the thicket! He'd come to finish poor old Granny off if the pecans didn't get her, then they were going to move in to her place together!

**Granny** – You tell him, Wolfie! She was after me from the beginning! Always trying to feed me food that would make me sick. I just assumed she was a ...

**His Honour Justice Trousers** – Silence, or I shall clear the public gallery. Mr. Bad-Wolf, please tell the court what happened next.

**B. Bad-Wolf** (in tears) – It was awful, your Honour. They cut me open and pulled poor old Granny out. Then they sewed rocks up in me and threw me in the river. I don't think either Granny or I would have survived if it hadn't been for Prince Charming coming past.

**His Honour** – Prince Charming?

**B. Bad-Wolf** – Yes, sir. Red took one look at him and ditched the woodcutter on the spot. One of the coachmen pulled me out of the river and another one looked after Granny. It was a miracle.