



Bright-Cap and the Wolf

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Retold Fairy Tales

One bright summer day about 170 years ago, a young girl by the name of Evelyn Bright-Cap decided to go and visit her old Grandmother, Ida Dress-Maker. Evie danced through the house, gathering up a basket, some cake, a knife to cut it with, and of course, her little Bright-Cap. After telling her mother where she was going, she tied it on, and skipped out the door. The Mid-June sun shone down upon the golden cloak that Evie wore, sending golden reflections dancing through the trees lining the path, flitting over the flowers, and illuminating a large Wolf sitting on the path before her.

“Oh!” Evie gasped, falling back.

The Wolf grinned. “ Hello, little Bright-Cap. Where are you going?”

Now, Evie, on rainy days, had always listened to her Grandmother tell stories of the Wolves that lived in the forest by Evie’s house. And with every story came the warning:

“ Don’t you ever, ever listen to or talk to a Wolf, Evie. They are very sly creatures, and can twist anything to their advantage. Promise me, my dove.”

And Evie had always said in her solemn voice, “ I promise, Grandma. I will never, ever listen to or talk to a Wolf.”

Grandmother had always relaxed then, sitting back in her chair and smiling down at Evie. “ And remember, your cape will protect you. When you go through those woods, don’t ever take it of.”

All of this at once flashed through the poor girl’s head. What was she to do? She could not, absolutely couldn’t talk to this Wolf. Steeling herself, Evie walked past him, mildly surprised when he didn’t catch her with his claws.

“ Ah, Bright-Cap, you think you can just walk by?” Evie was now in the middle of the woods, the darkest part, untouched by the light of day.

Panicked now, Evie fled into the woods, hoping to go around the Wolf. However, it didn't work, for the Wolf was suddenly in front of her again, snarling and snapping his teeth. Evie squeaked, pressed up against a tree and remembered the knife in her basket. She brandished it at the Wolf, who fell back, growling. She was just steeling herself to attack, when the Wolf noticed the letter Mom had put in the basket for Grandma.

The Wolf smiled. Then he shot away, heading for Grandma's house, which he had figured out where was by the address on the letter. The Wolf tiptoed around the town until he found the address : Ida Dressmaker, 7 Seamstress Road, the Village. He snuck around the back and went through the unlatched back door.

To his immense disappointment, Grandma was not there. A note pinned to the door said,

“Dearest Evie, if you come while I'm gone, come in and make yourself at home! I'll be back soon, my darling Bright-Cap! – Grandma.”

The Wolf took the note down and hid it under the bed. Then he looked around and saw Grandma's nightclothes hanging neatly from their hook in the closet. He quickly crossed the room and struggled into them.

Now, this Wolf was, as he said, “Way smarter than Granddad and Papa.” So, he found Grandma's powder pouf, and powdered his nose and cheeks. With that done, he crawled under the covers of Grandma's bed to wait for his lunch to arrive.

Evie stayed on the path after she found it again, and luckily, met no more Wolves. Once she got to the village, she hurried through it, eager to tell Grandma that she had not listened to or talked to a Wolf.

When she reached Grandma's house, on the far outskirts of the town, she rapped on the door, slightly out of breath. A faint snoring sound reached her from the inside. “Grandma?” she called. “If you are sleeping, or if this is a bad time, I can go away.”

Inside, the Wolf sat bolt upright with alarm. He thought, “She's getting away!” Trying to make his voice sound scratchy, he said, “No, my dear. Come right in. I'm awake.” He quickly lay back down again and rearranged the covers so they covered his tail.

Evie tentatively peeked around the door, immediately suspicious at the change in her Grandma's voice. Upon seeing the Wolf in Grandma's bed, she strangled a gasp, and resolved to outsmart this Wolf. “Grandma!” She cried. “You look sick! Let me make you some stew to help you feel better!”

The Wolf licked his lips, the seeming to remember that he was supposed to say something, he said, “Of course, my dear. That would be lovely.”

“Just let me nip out to the Garden to gather some herbs to spice it with, Grandma. I'll be right back.” And before the Wolf could object, she slipped out the door, thinking hard. “Hmm. I could run home, but the Wolf would get Grandma when she gets back. I could see if I could... I know! I'll poison him!”

A few minutes later, she stepped back into her Grandma's house, holding some wolfsbane and monkshood that Grandma had planted for just such an occasion. "Just a minute, Grandma!" She called. "I'm almost done with the stew!"

The Wolf thought, "I should eat the stew, then the girl. The stew will make my stomach settle Bright-Cap and her Granny, when she comes home, better."

Evie slowly approached the Wolf, holding out the stew. The Wolf took it, momentarily exposing his hairy paws, and quickly gulped the stew down, but by the time he had finished, Bright-Cap had moved out of reach. "Your forehead looks hot, Grandma. I'll get you a wet rag to put on it." Evie fetched a rag, soaked it in what remained of the stew, and returned to the Wolf, who was by now twitching and contorting his features. "Here, Grandma." Evie placed the rag on the Wolf forehead, then jumped back out of range as the Wolf gave one final contortion, and then lay still, dead.

Evie dropped the pan she had been holding in case the herbs didn't work quick enough, and sank to the floor. "I just killed a Wolf. I just killed a Wolf. In Grandma's bed!"

Just then, the door opened. "Evie, dear, are you alright? What is that in my bed?" Grandma stepped into the normally orderly cottage, a little disheveled. "Evie?"

"Oh, Grandma, there's a Wolf in your bed! Wearing your nightclothes!"

"Evie! How did this come about, my darling Bright-Cap? Why is there a Wolf in my bed?"

Evie puffed up her chest with pride. "I killed it, Grandma. With poisoned stew, like you taught me!"

"Oh, my dearest Evie, you have learned your lesson well." Grandma said with a twinkle in her eye. "Shall we have him for stew, then?"

Evie looked up at her with a matching twinkle. "But, Grandma" She said, "How does one eat a poisoned Wolf?"

Grandma laughed and replied, "Who taught you to be so smart?"

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