



# *Red is the Color of Mischief*

Skylar Daniels  
Retold Fairy Tales

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On a stroll went Little Red,  
With the red hood on her head,  
As her basket—sway to and fro,  
She skipped down the little lane,  
As the sun shone on the plain,  
And her smile gleamed as the light fade.

Till a wolf much bigger than she,  
Big and hairy and scary as can be,  
Grabbed her arm and gave a mighty growl,  
Little Red—Now she was alert,  
She dusted off her lacy black skirt,  
Flipped back her hood and looked him in the eye.

As they glared deep at each other,  
Red heard a yell from her mother,  
And the wolf grinned an eerie smile,  
Little Red couldn't let it go,  
He was the mightiest of foe,  
It was a challenge that she must accept.

So she yanked her arm away,

And the foliage of May,  
She had destroyed with her strongest of roars,  
Though a little girl was she,  
She was much braver than he,  
As he sulked away—tail between his legs.

Little Red cheered with glee,  
In front of all to see,  
She had beaten the terrible wolf,  
Her mother hugged her tight,  
She said, "I'm glad that you're alright."  
And they went home in peace.

The wolf she had defeated,  
Arrived home feeling cheated,  
And a vengeful spirit he had,  
For Little Red he searched,  
In brooks and bends he perched,  
Waiting for the day of his revenge.

He plotted and schemed with hate,  
His anger had been great,  
And he planned to kill her granny,  
So he hid outside the kitchen,  
Meowing just as a kitten,  
And hoped she take the bait.

But to his own dismay,  
Little Red found him that day,  
And for his life he feared,  
Poor wolfy was labelled a liar,  
When he said Little Red had set him on fire,  
His innocence he tried to preach.

And deep in his heart—He had to grieve,  
For he knew no one would ever believe,  
Red was the color of mischief.

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