



# *Sweet, little Red.*

Safa Ali

Animals, Retold Fairy Tales

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Once, on a full moon, a little wolf looked up to his mother, his big blue eyes gazing adoringly at the she-wolf, she would never leave him, she would always be there for him. Until that fateful day.

You see, the wolf, Kai was his name, was innocent, he was delicate, fragile. He never sought for blood. He just loved his mother and his kind and brave older brother, Alpha.

The one thing that made his day, was his loving mother, Raksha, who had big blue eyes and fur like fresh snow. At least that's what he remembered of her. Alpha was kind and like any protective older brother, with green eyes and big black fur. That was all he remembered of him. His brave heart and will to protect his own.

What changed? A night he thought no different from another. Boy, was he wrong.

One night, before his birthday, he saw Alpha and Raksha leave the den. Curious, he slowly followed, lurking in the shadows behind them. he noticed they were heading towards the sapphire lilly cove. They were Kai's favourite. Smothered in happiness, he sat in the dark basking in the sweet glory of family.

Until he saw it.

It stood there taunting him in his mind whenever he replayed it. which was a lot. Kai could not warn them for he did not know what it was.

There, under the shade of a blossom tree, stood a smirking girl. Hidden under a red hood.

In a lightning quick moment, she shot an arrow out of her bow, Kai's light in life disappeared in one shot. One blow.

He watched her skin his brother of his fur, she watched her run off into the forest, cackling like a witch.

In a single moment, his blue eyes brewed a storm conjured by rage. the sparkle in his eye, gone. In a single moment he changed into a revenge seeking beast.

3 YEARS LATER

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Ambrosia white, known for her beautiful wolf fur coats, had two born babies. One, with dewy cream skin and big green eyes, the other with big hazel eyes, skin like snow and the lips the colour of a ripe apple. They were beautiful.

She lived a happy life then, her daughters, Snow White and Ruby Red. but everyone knows true happiness does not last for sadness shall be brought to those who cause it.

Her sweet, vulnerable Snow was sold to the king, never to see her loving mother again.

Then there were two. Ambrosia, distraught and hurt, put all her attention on her only daughter. Red, she called her. Known for the Red hood she wore, the same one ambrosia did, the mark of an assassin.

Many moons later, Red, now 12 summers old strolled into the woods, like a little lovebird in a wicked forest.

Oblivious to the raging, stormy blue eyes watching her every move.

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