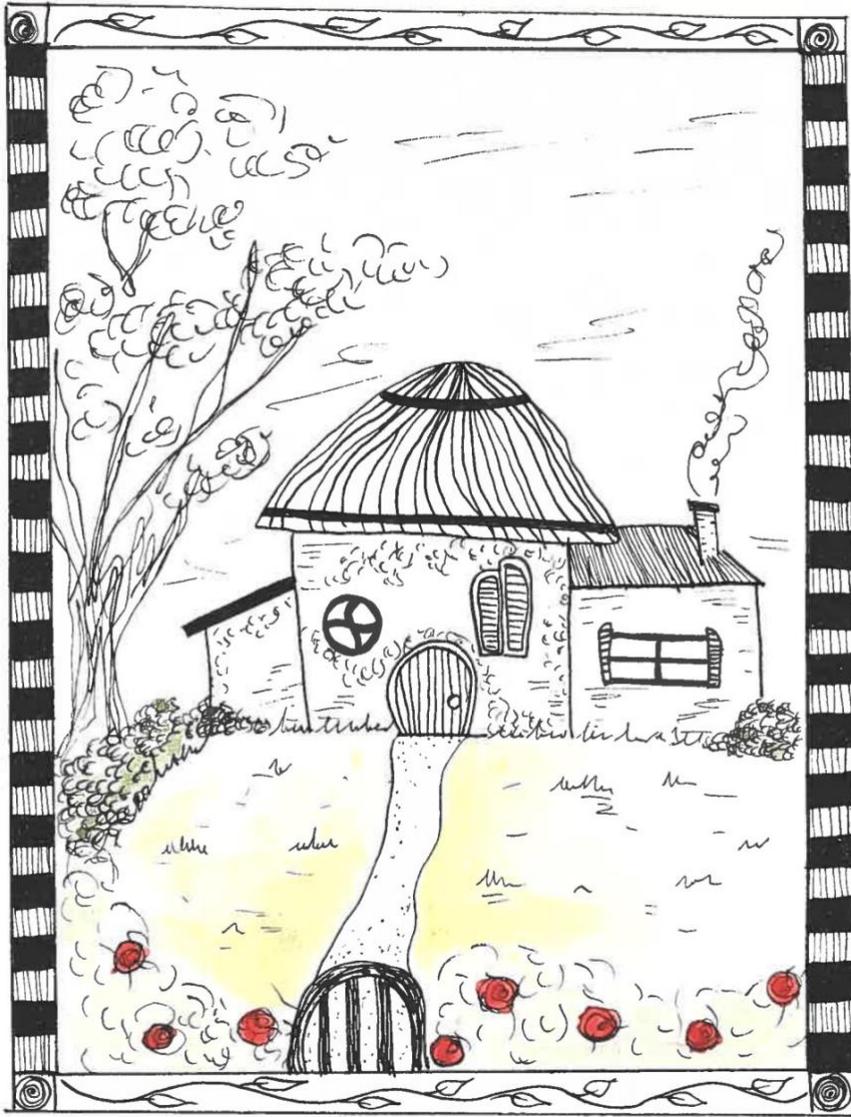


The Little Adventures of Wolf and Red: To Grandmother's House



Written & Illustrated by Katie Rutz-Robbins
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Little Red draped her little red cloak with a little red hood around herself as she ran into the kitchen to pack a little basket with treats that she had made the night before.

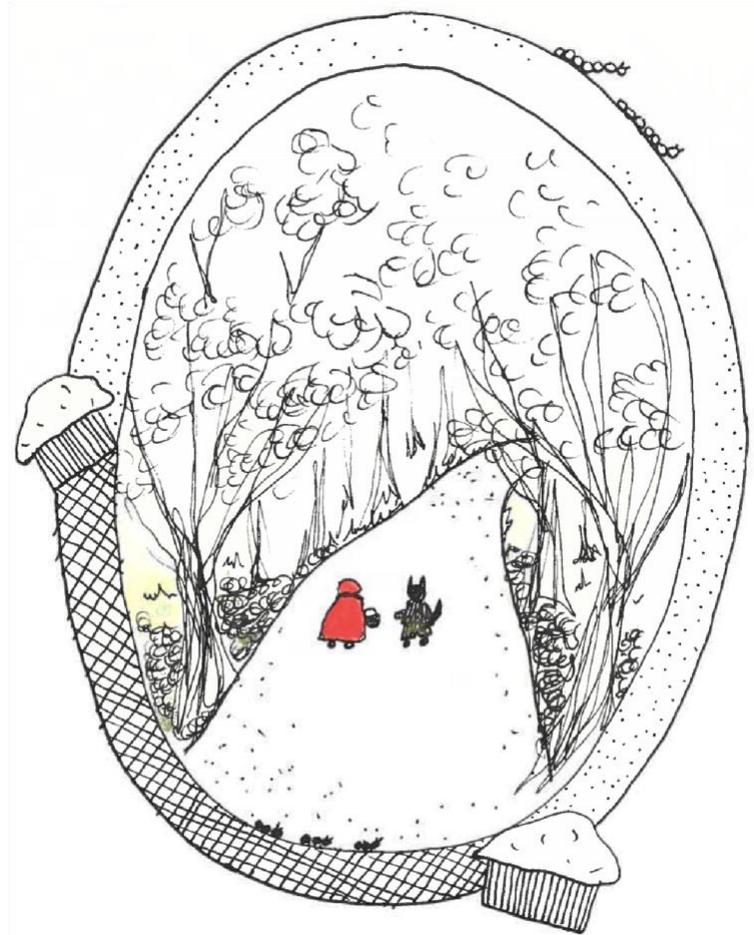
“I’m almost ready!” Little Red exclaimed. “Wolf is coming, too. He will be here any minute.”

“Do you have your muffins?” her mother said. “Pack extra for a trail snack.”

“I have them! Bye Mama!” exclaimed Little Red as she ran into the garden where Wolf was smelling the roses.

Little Red and Wolf started over the river and through the woods to grandmother's house they went. The trail wined through the trees, and Little Red was glad she had her friend. The pathway weaved around rocks and jumped over tree roots. Soon the children grew tired and hungry, their feet dragged, and their tempers grew thin.

The children neared the little cottage where Grandmother patiently awaited their arrival while tending to her garden. Though little, the cottage had a vast garden with towering rose bushes and a fruitful vegetable garden, containing the freshest greens and potatoes in the whole wood. The smell of potato pie wafted from the open windows.



Wolf said, with a rumble from his tummy, “Wow, I’m hungry... I wish I had a snack.”

“Well I packed a snack,” said Little Red with emphasis.

“Give me one then!” yelled Wolf as he snatched the basket out of Little Red’s hand and devoured a muffin.

“No, it’s *mine!*”

exclaimed Little Red.

“What big teeth you have; you are going to eat them *all!*”

“I do not have big teeth!” said Wolf as he dropped the basket, offended. “Why are you being so mean?”

“You took my muffins!”

“You wouldn’t *share!*”

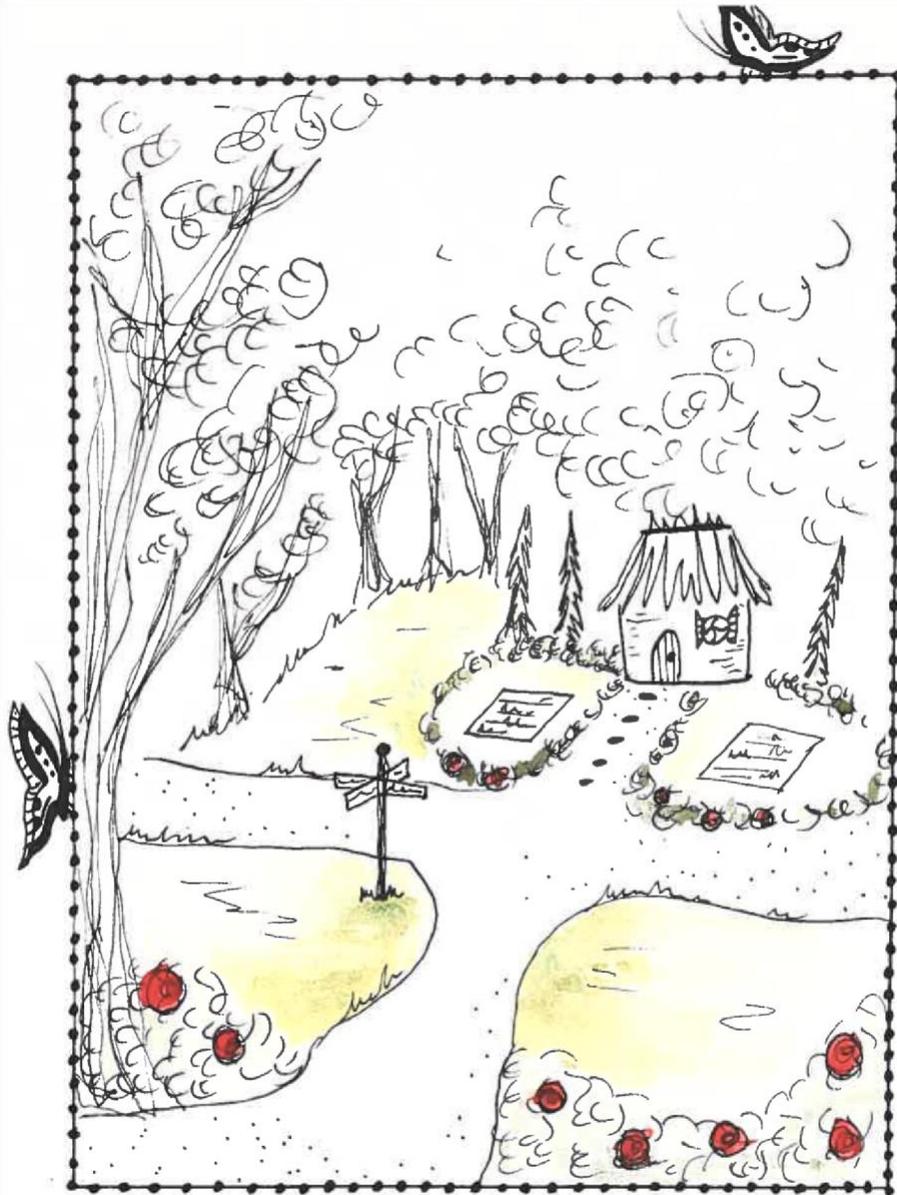
“You didn’t ask!”

As Little Red and Wolf shoved each other back and forth, a voice carried over the garden bushes. “Children, what is going on here?”

Little Red and Wolf shouted at the same time, pointing their fingers at each other.

“Pick up the basket, please, and tell me what happened without yelling. Wolf, you go first,” said Grandmother, calmly.





Wolf took a deep breath and said, “Little Red wouldn’t share, so I took a muffin from her, and then she made fun of my teeth, so I pushed her.”

“But Wolf didn’t ask for a muffin!” exclaimed Red.

Grandmother knelt down by the children, picking up the basket of muffins, “these look very delicious. Now, Little Red, when

your friend is hungry and you have food to spare, the kind thing to do is share, and insulting appearances is never okay.”

“I know, Gramma, I was just so mad he took my basket away,” lamented Little Red, “I’m sorry, Wolf.”

“It is okay to feel mad, Little Red, but you have to share your feelings instead of calling people names,” explained

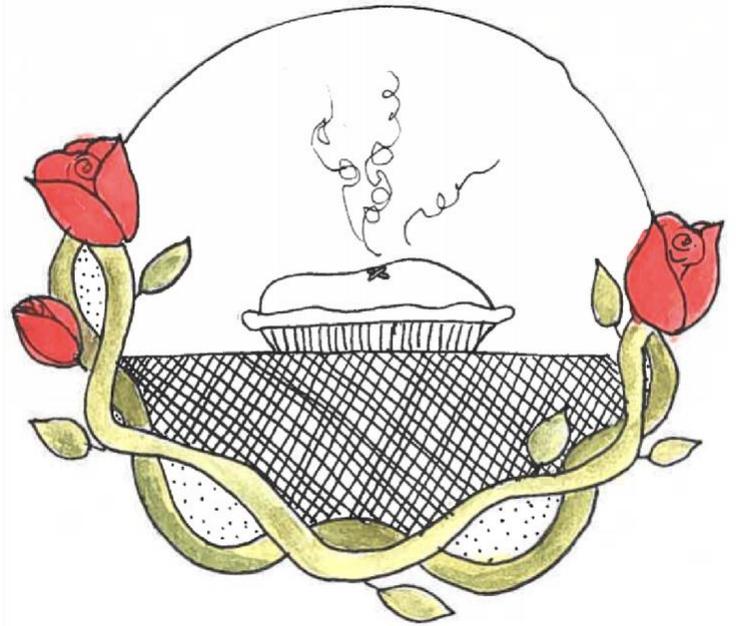
Grandmother. “Now Wolf, if you want to share a snack, asking is the nicest thing to do and it is always best to use your words instead of pushing your friends.”

“I’m sorry I took your basket and pushed you, Little Red”

Wolf said, turning to Little Red and eyeing the basket of muffins.

“Here, have a muffin, I packed extra,” shared Little Red.

Grandmother smiled, “let’s enjoy our muffins inside, I have juice and fresh potato pie!”



After enjoying the muffins, the children were full and content; all feelings of annoyance had drifted away. Little Red grabbed her little red cloak with the little red hood as Wolf picked up the basket, now loaded with potato pie and fresh vegetables from Grandmother’s garden.

Little Red and Wolf started through the woods, and over the river back to Mother’s house they went. Little Red was once again happy she had her friend for when they grew tired and hungry again, the potato pie was shared without worry or complaint.

The End

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