

Little Green Riding Hood

By Hailey Lanovaz, grade 5

Little Green Riding Hood was on a bike ride heading to Grandma's House with fresh food from the Farmers' Market, when she heard stomping. It sounded like five herds of buffalo! When she looked behind her, she saw cows, chickens, sheep, pigs, goats, all kinds of animals, even Farmer Hendrick. They were all frantically rushing down the street yelling things like, "We're all going to die!" and "Run for your lives!"

Little Green Riding Hood put on her green, hooded sweater, ran over and asked Farmer Hendrick, "What's happening?"

"Farm animals are disappearing from the Forest Heights Animal Sanctuary! Daisy and her new calf Sunny went missing this morning, so everyone is trying to find a safe place to hide. They don't want to be next," he sobbed. "It's going to turn the neighborhood of Forest Heights upside down!"

Farmer Hendrick was often very dramatic, but this seemed serious. Green immediately pulled her long, brown hair into a ponytail and started thinking about who would be responsible for this chaos. It only took about five minutes until it hit her.

"The Big Bad Wolf!" she shouted.

Little Green Riding Hood rushed to his cave in the woods beside the McDonald's. She searched between French fries and behind trees, but there wasn't a trace. She sat down and pulled burrs off her green Skechers. Then Chester, the fluffy Chickadee who liked to chatter, came out of his nest, "What are you doing?" he asked.

“Looking for Big Bad. Have you seen him?”

“Sure, I have. He’s on top of his den, snoring and coughing. Big Bad has been up there for at least a week. He must be sick. The woodcutter brought him some leek soup. Big Bad’s a vegetarian now,” responded the chickadee, sounding rather annoyed.

I guess after the thing with the three little pigs last month, Chester’s still mad at the Big Bad Wolf, she thought.

“Thanks,” said Little Green Riding Hood glumly, as she got on her bike and biked down the rocky trail toward Grandma’s house.

“Sigh, I guess I’m back at square one,” she mumbled.

Then someone shrieked, “Help me! Help me! Somebody is eating my mom! Help!”

Little Green Riding Hood biked over as fast as her bike would take her. Soon she saw that it was a small calf yelling. That must be Sunny, Daisy’s calf, she thought.

Then she immediately asked, “Where’s your mom?”

Sunny quickly led the way. Soon they were at the park beside Grandma’s House. It was completely empty, except in the middle of the field. There stood a mysterious figure and a barbecue. The person was standing over Daisy. Wait, that person looked familiar.

“Grandma?!” exclaimed Little Green Riding Hood.

“What?” snapped Grandma. “Can’t you see I’m about to eat my dinner?”

“Please, Grandma, don’t eat Daisy or anyone else. You could be vegan like me! Please!” said Little Green Riding Hood.

“No!” said Grandma. “Groceries are too expensive. A simple roast from the Co-op was over \$50.00 yesterday. That was with my senior’s discount! I need my cows and chows.”

“A bag of chickpeas is only \$3.00. You can grow fruits and veggies from the garden and take some from mine.”

“And ice cream?”

“There’s a really good place at the Farmers’ Market.”

“Okay,” Grandma let go of Daisy. “Fine.”

Grandma didn’t actually sound like she was ever going to be vegan, so Little Green Riding Hood brought out two Cheddar Mushroom burgers from her basket, “Here, have a burger.”

“Okay,” she said and Grandma sat down on the lush, green grass. “This is the best cheeseburger I’ve ever had, but it would be even better with bacon.”

Little Green Riding Hood noticed that Daisy covered Sunny’s ears and was backing out of the field.

“I guess chickpeas would be easier to deal with. Making my own meat all the time is exhausting,” said Grandma.

“They’re vegan burgers Grandma. And yes, way easier,” said Little Green Riding Hood. “Maybe we could get some delicious Brownie Explosion milkshakes at the Farmers’ Market when we’re done our burgers.”

“Okay,” said Grandma. “I’ll go get the Escalade.”

“Oh Grandma,” sighed Little Green Riding Hood. “How about we talk about Climate Change instead.”

“What does that have to do with anything?” she asked.

“Just hop on the back of my bike and we can talk about it on the ride.”