

We Didn't Learn It This Way

Once upon time in a faraway country there lived a little girl called Red Riding Hood. One day her mother asked her to take a basket of fruit to her grandmother who had been ill and lived alone in a cottage in the forest. It happened that a wolf was lurking in the bushes and overheard the conversation. He decided to take a short-cut to grandmother's house and get the goodies for himself. The wolf killed the grandmother, then dressed in her nightgown and jumped into bed to await the little girl.

When she arrived he made several nasty suggestions and then tried to grab her. But by this time the child was very frightened and ran screaming from the cottage. A woodcutter, working nearby, heard her cries and rushed to the rescue. He killed the wolf with his ax thereby saving Red Riding Hood's life. All the towns people hurried to the scene and proclaimed the woodcutter a hero.

But at the inquest several facts emerged: (1) The wolf had never been advised of his rights. (2) The woodcutter had made no warning swings before striking the fatal blow. (3) The Civil Liberties Union stressed the point that, although the act of eating Grandma may have been in bad taste, the wolf was only "doing his thing" and thus didn't deserve the death penalty. (4) The SDS contended that the killing of the grandmother should be considered self-defense since she was over 30 and, therefore, couldn't be taken seriously because the wolf was trying to make love and not war.

On the basis of these considerations it was decided there was no valid basis for charges against the wolf. Moreover, the woodcutter was indicted for aggravated assault with a deadly weapon. Several nights later the woodcutter's cottage was burned to the ground.

One year from the date of "The Incident at Grandma's," her cottage was made a shrine for the wolf who had bled and died there. All village officials spoke at the dedication, but it was Red Riding Hood who gave the most touching tribute. She said that, while she had been selfishly grateful for the woodcutter's intervention, she realized in retrospect that he had overreacted. As she knelt and placed a wreath in honor of the brave wolf, there wasn't a dry eye in the whole forest. – Anonymus

P.S. We truly didn't learn it this way