

The Story of Hood, Riding, Little Red as told by the Military

(author unknown)

Once upon a time, there lived a female personnel whose nomenclature was Hood, Red Riding, Little. She was a girl, little, happy. Her duty uniform consisted of the following named items:

- Dress, red, cotton, shade 76, 1 each.
- Cape, red, w/ hood, 1 each.
- Her MOS was food handler.

One day Hood, Red Riding, Little received a msg from her Mother, Grand, old, who lived off post in a cottage, brick, red, capehart type, w/ chimney, w/o TV, initial issue. The msg read as follows:

FM: Granny

TO: Hood

This is to advise that morning report should read: DY to SK, confined to qtrs as of 0100 10 JUN. Went to sick call, confined for indefinite period. However, feeling somewhat better.

Love, relative type.

Mother, Grand, your.

Hood took the msg to the message center with the following 1st endorsement: basic communication complied with. ETA your station approx 1600 hrs this day. Added unofficial: Please bake cookies, ginger type, w/ nuts, w/o icing.

Hood then signed out in the TAD log and departed homepoint hand-carrying the following items:

- Basket, picnic, wicker type, w/o top.
- Sandwich, salami, w/pickle and onion, w/o mustard and mayo.

While en route to TAD destination, pers concerned came to forest, thick, primeval.

Suddenly out of the thicket, briar, emerged a Wolf, Bad, Big, Brown, 1 each, who said, "Halt, who goes there, and what are your last four?" Hood answered, "4032, Hood, Red Riding, Little, I am en route to TAD point and am looking for the house of my Mother, Grand."

"It is just down the road, 800 meters, turn left at building 2355," instructed the Wolf.

"How do you know where she lives?" replied Hood.

"I've pulled MAA duty in these parts," says Wolf, who then catches a bus to Granny's. Upon arrival, Wolf, Bad, Big, swallows Granny in a single swallow. Wolf, Bad, Big then polices up the area, including butt cans, and jumps into the rack (initial issue type) and pulls on Granny's 146-92S.

(Hood enters.) "Hello, Mother, Grand".

"The fool, stupid, little, does not know that it is really me, the Wolf, Bad, Big," chuckles the Wolf.

"What big EENT you have," exclaims Hood, Red Riding, Little.

"All the better to maintain maximum efficiency at minimum cost with zero defects," replies the Wolf.

Then... enters the chopper, wood type, handsome, 1 each, kills Wolf with one blow, performs necessary surgical procedures to remove Mother, Grand, from the stomach of the Wolf, bad, big. With allowances for quarters and rations, they all live happily ever after.

Negative as to the Wolf.

(Editor's Note: MAA = Mission Area Analysis; EENT = Eyes, Ears, Nose and Throat.)