

Little Red Riding Hood

a) politically correct version, b) police version, c) military version

The Politically Correct Version of **Little Red Riding Hood** (author unknown)

There once was a young person named Little Red Riding Hood who lived on the edge of a large forest full of endangered owls and rare plants that would probably provide a cure for cancer if only someone took the time to study them.

Red Riding Hood lived with a nurture giver whom she sometimes referred to as "mother", although she didn't mean to imply by this term that she would have thought less of the person if a close biological link did not in fact exist.

Nor did she intend to denigrate the equal value of nontraditional households, although she was sorry if this was the impression conveyed.

One day her mother asked her to take a basket of organically grown fruit and mineral water to her grandmother's house.

"But mother, won't this be stealing work from the unionized people who have struggled for years to earn the right to carry all packages between various people in the woods?"

Red Riding Hood's mother assured her that she had called the union boss and gotten a special compassionate mission exemption form.

"But mother, aren't you oppressing me by ordering me to do this?"

Red Riding Hood's mother pointed out that it was impossible for womyn to oppress each other, since all womyn were equally oppressed until all womyn were free.

"But mother, then shouldn't you have my brother carry the basket, since he's an oppressor, and should learn what it's like to be oppressed?"

And Red Riding Hood's mother explained that her brother was attending a special rally for animal rights, and besides, this wasn't stereotypical womyn's work, but an empowering deed that would help engender a feeling of community.

"But won't I be oppressing Grandma, by implying that she's sick and hence unable to independently further her own selfhood?"

But Red Riding Hood's mother explained that her grandmother wasn't actually sick or incapacitated or mentally handicapped in any way, although that was not to imply that any of these conditions were inferior to what some people called "health".

Thus Red Riding Hood felt that she could get behind the idea of delivering the basket to her grandmother, and so she set off.

Many people believed that the forest was a foreboding and dangerous place, but Red Riding Hood knew that this was an irrational fear based on cultural paradigms instilled by a patriarchal society that regarded the natural world as an exploitable resource, and hence believed that natural predators were in fact intolerable competitors.

Other people avoided the woods for fear of thieves and deviants, but Red Riding Hood felt that in a truly classless society all marginalized peoples would be able to "come out" of the woods and be accepted as valid lifestyle role models.

On her way to Grandma's house, Red Riding Hood passed a woodchopper, and wandered off the path, in order to examine some flowers.

She was startled to find herself standing before a Wolf, who asked her what was in her basket.

Red Riding Hood's teacher had warned her never to talk to strangers, but she was confident in taking control of her own budding sexuality, and chose to dialogue with the Wolf.

She replied, "I am taking my Grandmother some healthful snacks in a gesture of solidarity."

The Wolf said, "You know, my dear, it isn't safe for a little girl to walk through these woods alone."

Red Riding Hood said, "I find your sexist remark offensive in the extreme, but I will ignore it because of your traditional status as an outcast from society, the stress of which has caused you to develop an alternative and yet entirely valid worldview. Now, if you'll excuse me, I would prefer to be on my way."

Red Riding Hood returned to the main path, and proceeded towards her Grandmother's house. But because his status outside of society had freed him from slavish adherence to linear, Western-style thought, the Wolf knew of a quicker route to Grandma's house.

He burst into the house and ate Grandma, a course of action affirmative of his nature as predator.

Then, unhampered by rigid, traditionalist gender role notions, he put on Grandma's nightclothes, crawled under the bedclothes, and awaited developments.

Red Riding Hood entered the cottage and said, "Grandma, I have brought you some cruelty free snacks to salute you in your role as wise and nurturing matriarch."

The Wolf said softly "Come closer, child, so that I might see you."

Red Riding Hood said, "Goddess! Grandma, what big eyes you have!"

"You forget that I am optically challenged."

"And Grandma, what an enormous and fine nose you have."

"Naturally, I could have had it fixed to help my acting career, but I didn't give in to such societal pressures, my child."

"And Grandma, what very big, sharp teeth you have!"

The Wolf could not take any more of these specist slurs, and, in a reaction appropriate for his accustomed milieu, he leaped out of bed, grabbed Little Red Riding Hood, and opened his jaws so wide that she could see her poor Grandmother cowering in his belly.

"Aren't you forgetting something?" Red Riding Hood bravely shouted. "You must request my permission before proceeding in a new level of intimacy!"

The Wolf was so startled by this statement that he loosened his grasp on her.

At the same time, the woodchopper burst into the cottage, brandishing an ax.

"Hands off!" cried the woodchopper.

"And what do you think you're doing?" cried Little Red Riding Hood. "If I let you help me now, I would be expressing a lack of confidence in my own abilities, which would lead to poor self esteem and lower achievement scores on college entrance exams."

"Last chance, sister! Get your hands off that endangered species! This is an FBI sting!" screamed the woodchopper, and when Little Red Riding Hood nonetheless made a sudden motion, he sliced off her head.

"Thank goodness you got here in time," said the Wolf. "The brat and her grandmother lured me in here. I thought I was a goner."

"No, I think I'm the real victim, here," said the woodchopper. "I've been dealing with my anger ever since I saw her picking those protected flowers earlier. And now I'm going to have such a trauma. Do you have any aspirin?"

"Sure" said the Wolf.

"Thanks."

"I feel your pain," said the Wolf, giving a little belch [Rülpser], and said "Do you have any Maalox [Magentablette]?"

Law Enforcement meets **Little Red Riding Hood** (author unknown)

Arrest Report

Arresting Officer:

A.K. Friendly

Date and Time:

June 30, 2011, 1:52 pm

Taken into Custody:

Red Riding Hood, 153 Little Cottage Lane
Hortensia (Grandmother) Hood, 9887 Primrose Lane
B.B. Wolf, address unknown

Officer's Description of Incident:

Community sources alerted police that the subject, Red Riding Hood, was seen departing her residential cottage carrying suspicious basket. Suspect has been under surveillance for 17 weeks, as questions have arisen about the type of "goodies" Ms. Hood and her mother, Betty Jo Hood, have been distributing out of their home.

Officers trailed Ms. Hood at a safe distance as she headed through the heavier part of the wood. Approximately 100 yards into the forest, suspect rendezvoused with B.B. Wolf, a.k.a. Horace Wulfschitz, a.k.a. Antonio Lupino, a.k.a. M.C. Snoop Wolfy Wolf. Wolf has long been associated with questionable activities within forest, including fencing stolen property, illegal importation of controlled substances, running games of chance, and disturbing the peace every full moon.

Officers observed Hood and Wolf exchanging words briefly. Hood then followed along the main path with her suspect contraband. After a few seconds, Wolf fled the scene quickly via a hidden path through the woods. Officers attempted to pursue the fleeing Wolf, but were unable to keep up. Officers sat down in nearby donut shop to plan next move.

Most likely destination for Red Riding Hood was the home of her grandmother, Hortensia Hood. Officers determined to go there and observe suspect further. Upon arrival, officers noticed a trail of blood leading from the front door of cottage to incinerator in back yard. Next to blood trail were a forester's ax, large leather work gloves, and remnants of a plaid shirt.

Inside the cottage the officers noticed all three suspects sitting around a table, sipping from a communal tea pot. Wolf was dressed in Grandma Hood's nightclothes with a bleary-eyed look, while the elder Hood wore an extra large hat with ear flaps. Red Riding Hood was laughing herself into convulsions about something. With all these indications of drug activity and possible foul play, officers decided to enter cottage and see what was in the tea pot.

All three suspects were immediately abusive to the officers, screaming about search warrants and Gestapo tactics. Red Riding Hood screamed at officers, "You men are all the same! Let your weapons do your thinking for you! You see women and wolves enjoying themselves together, and your male ego can't handle it!" Grandma Hood placed her hands under the table and began to rise in a slow and threatening manner. Fearful for their safety, officers lunged at the elderly woman and wrestled her to the ground. Red Riding Hood also entered the fray and jumped on the back of one of the officers, kicking, biting and screaming. Wolf merely sat at the table in an apparent stupor.

From under the table, officers recovered an AK-47 rifle, apparently owned by Grandma Hood, as well as 14 suspicious parcels that resembled the basket carried that day by Red Riding Hood. These packages were confiscated for lab analysis. Red Riding Hood and Grandma Hood were taken into custody and charged with resisting arrest, attacking a police officer, and possession of illegal firearms. Further charges are expected, pending the results of the lab analysis on baskets of goodies. Wolf was also taken into custody and referred to drug therapy.

[Signed]
Friendly

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 apprx 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.)