

When Red Met Wolfie



by Jessica Cohn • illustrated by
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FRACTURED FAIRYTALE
LITERATURE

Level **N/30**
Lexile® **520L**

Fractured Fairytale

Look for the genre features noted below as you read this book. Use the features to help you understand the text.

The story is inspired by a well-known tale.

The story has a different plot from the well-known version.

Fractured Fairytale

The story is often told in a humorous way.

Characters or setting may be unique to the story.

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Snack Attack

Red pulled on her hoodie and tied her soccer shoes with double knots. Then she grabbed the ball from her backpack.

“Okay, I’m leaving,” Red called out.

“I want to have time to stop at Grammy’s on the way,” she told her dad, who was cutting the last of the oranges.

Red opened the door. It was a beautiful day in Fairy Tale Town, and the weather was great for a game.

“I’ll see you there,” her dad said. “Don’t forget—”

“Whoops!” Red turned around and grabbed the snack basket off the counter.

“That was close,” her dad laughed. “That basket isn’t going to do us any good here on the counter. I think we cut enough oranges for ten teams!”



“A-tisket, a-tasket ... ” Red hummed as she walked to Grammy’s, swinging her basket. Suddenly, a cat screeched and ran toward her. Red stopped and looked ahead.

A wolf stepped out from the shadow of a tree.

The first thing Red saw was the wolf’s crooked teeth. Her heart pounded. “Will the wolf try to eat me?” she wondered out loud.



She knew this was not the wisest thing to say.
Why give a wolf ideas?

“I might ...” he growled. “Do what I say. Give me that basket!”

Red was shaking as she handed the wolf the basket.



Big and Bad

“What? Oranges! Who eats oranges?” the wolf said, throwing the basket to the ground.

“Don’t you have anything else?” he pleaded.

Red shook her head.

“Oh, come on!” he growled. “I need something I can really sink my many teeth into.”

Red was so scared that she couldn’t move.

The wolf started stomping around. *Now’s my chance to escape*, Red realized. As soon as she turned to run, he stepped in front of her.

The wolf threw his glasses on the ground. *They were probably a disguise*, Red thought. The wolf’s snout was inches away from her face. His sad eyes stared into Red’s.

“What beautiful eyes you have,” said Red, as she quickly covered her mouth. *Maybe if I’m nice to the wolf, he’ll leave me alone*, she thought.







“Knock it off and get me a decent dinner!” the wolf barked.

“I know what,” Red said. “If you promise not to eat me, you can come with me to my Grammy’s house. Grammy’s really sweet, and she never lets anyone go hungry.”

Now Red knew this to be true, but she was also thinking about her grandmother’s alarm system. She could use the alarm to get help.

The wolf studied Red, sensing that something was cooking in her mind. But he was also hungry. “Fine,” he said. “But it better be delicious!”

