

Little daughter and the wolf

Once upon a time there was a house with a garden, surrounded by a fence. Beyond the fence there was a meadow that bordered a wood. In the wood, there were wolves.

A little girl lived in that house with her mother and father. "You can play in the garden," her parents would tell the girl, "but whatever you do, you must not go through the gate. Remember, there are wolves in the forest."

Every day the girl would play in the garden and ordinarily did as she was told. One day however she was picking flowers for her mother and singing a song, "*Tray-bla, tray-bla, cum qua, kimo. Tray-bla, tray-bla, cum qua, kimo.*"

When she got to the gate at the bottom of the garden, she noticed a beautiful yellow flower swaying in the wake of the afternoon breeze. "Wouldn't it be nice to pick that flower for mum," she thought. She looked back over her shoulder to make sure her mother wasn't looking, peered out to the wood to make sure there were no wolves and opened the gate. As she went to pick the flower she sang, "*Tray-bla, tray-bla, cum qua, kimo.*" She picked the flower and was about to head home when she saw another flower, a red one, swaying in the wake of the afternoon breeze. She looked back over her shoulder to make sure her mother wasn't looking, peered out to the wood to make sure there were no wolves and went to pick the red flower, singing, "*Tray-bla, tray-bla, cum qua, kimo.*" She picked the flower and was about to head home when she saw another flower, a purple one, right on the edge of the wood. She looked back over her shoulder to make sure her mother wasn't looking, peered into the wood to make sure there were no wolves and went to pick the red flower, singing, "*Tray-bla, tray-bla, cum qua, kimo.*"

But all the time, a wolf was watching her and when she was so close that escape was impossible he pounced, his long, blood-stained tongue lolling with expectation, his eyes burning with hunger and desire. The girl froze in terror. "Little girl," said Wolf, "I like that song, I do. Sing it to me again only don't move. There's something else I want from you when you've finished singing." The girl trembled as she sang. "*Tray-bla, tray-bla, cum qua, kimo.*" Soon, Wolf's eyelids started to droop and he drifted off to sleep. But as the girl crept back towards the gate she stood on a twig, it cracked and Wolf woke up and bounded over. "I thought I told you not to move," he roared, angrily. "I didn't move, Wolf, it was you, you were drifting away," said the girl. The Wolf looked suspicious. "Little girl," said Wolf, "I like that song, I do. Sing it to me again only don't move. There's something else I want from you when you've finished singing." The girl repeated her song. "*Tray-bla, tray-bla, cum qua, kimo.*" As she sang, Wolf's eyelids started to droop and he soon drifted off to sleep. But as the girl crept back towards the gate she stood on a snail shell, it cracked and Wolf woke up and bounded over. "I thought I told you not to move," he roared. "I didn't move, Wolf. It was you, you were drifting away." The Wolf looked very suspicious now. "Little girl," said Wolf, "I like that song, I do. Sing it to me again only don't move. There's something else I want from you when you've finished singing." And for the last time the girl sang her song, only this time, when Wolf drifted off to sleep, she reached the gate and quickly jumped back into the garden. Slamming the gate too, Wolf woke up and bounded across.

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But unlike little girls who should know better, Wolves never cross a line, for who knows what dangers for a wolf lie on the other side of a garden fence? And the girl got home safely in time for tea.

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Storytext based on an original telling by Chris Smith.
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