

Once upon a time, there was a little girl named Jada, but everybody called her Little Red Riding Hood. Mostly because she was always wearing a big red hoodie, which was known by everybody in her neighbourhood. She grew up listening to old school rap, between the West side's buildings. She was friends with everybody she met and was known for being super sweet and kind to everyone. She was very supportive of every member of her family, even though some of them were really rough with her because of who she hung out with. In fact, Jada had always been surrounded by healthy people but lately, everything had turned into a nightmare. Since her mom passed away, her family was covered in debt and she felt helpless, so she tried to earn money in her own way...

One day as she was getting back from school, her father suddenly appeared in an old brown car, looking completely terrified.

She asked him: "Hi Dad! What's going on? Why are you here? And why are you sweating so much? And..."

He stopped her by saying strictly: "Get in the car right now girl, no more questions."

So she didn't respond and got in the car as he wanted. She was lost by the situation and couldn't even put a word on what was happening. In the background you could hear "Regulate" by Warren G (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1plPyJdXKIY>), barely audible. Hardly had she sat down, he pressed the accelerator and pulled out a gun that he gave slowly to his daughter.

"Dad, what is... THAT?" she asked.

"It's your new friend Jada, I named him \*the lumberjack\* because his bullets pierce the skin of a victim, as fast as an ax cuts a tree. Now we are going to your grandma's house. She needs our help."

"Why? What happened? Dad I need some answers!" said Jada, looking at him angrily.

"Well..." he said tilting his head "I've found out what you've been doing to bring all this money home. I knew it couldn't just be some extra lessons for those young people. Your friend Khalil told me everything. Right now I'm more worried about the consequences, than how it all started. But remember that you still need to apologize for what you did and also for lying and putting disrespect on our name. Your mama wouldn't be proud," he answered sadly.

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“Don’t say that. Please. I started this whole damn thing just so we can stay together and feel safe, like we were before. I thought that selling some drugs for some time would be the best solution rather than living in fear of tomorrow. Dad, we need that money! Also, I still don’t understand why we’re going to grandma’s house?”

He stopped the car in front of his mother’s house, did not say a word and got out. He came near to her and opened the door without a noise. He grabbed her hand and pulled her out. She was so confused and was staggering into the driveway. They went to the back door, and entered quietly. There, she saw her grandmother, surrounded by immense men totally dressed in black. Her grandmother was speaking to them normally, as if they were old friends. Jada was confused, her father meanwhile approached them gently.

“Your grandmother also had some concerns about money and that for several years already, and strangely... she had the same idea as you. The concern is that the people you have joined turn out to be in conflict with your grandmother's friends, who are better known as *Wolves*,” he explained.

“The *Wolves*? I have already heard of them it seems that they are merciless,” she said with a tiny voice.

“They are. And since I was little, your grandmother has always been in contact with them, so I grew up in the midst of these traffics and with the sound of bullets. This is why I swore I would never do the same. So, to see you fall into such faults causes me great pain. But now we have other problems, it seems that the *Wolves* have heard of your little traffic and want to break the contract with your grandmother.”

“What can we do to help her?”

At the same time one of these guys turned around, suspicious. He came face to face with Jada. Completely frightened, she took her weapon and pointed it at his chest. The guy came closer and closer, angry. Jada's father stood behind her and whispered in her ear: "If he takes one more step, shoot, it's self-defense." Meanwhile, her grandmother was still in the living room and hadn't noticed anything.

That’s when everything went wrong. A huge noise was heard in the neighborhood.

The grandmother was on the ground, inert, in a pool of blood that widened a little more every second. The other man had noticed them. And in a

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moment of panic had pulled the trigger. The *Wolves* started to howl among themselves.

Her father was there. Petrified. He couldn't move. Jada dropped her gun to the ground, and ran towards her grandmother's body, crying. The blood ran down her red hoodie, so much so that it was difficult to separate one from the other.

And suddenly, her father grabbed the lumberjack, pointed it at the wolves and asked them these questions:

"Why? Why now? Why are you so cruel? Why her?" and he pulled the trigger, 5 times. Hitting the two men, one on the legs and the other on the head.

As he approached his mother, surrounded by screams, he heard the police sirens coming in the distance. He looked at his daughter, took his still unconscious mother and shouted at Jada to go to the car. Her nanny was still breathing.

Jada said *No* and decided to stay. She told him to take her to the hospital as fast as possible. She wanted to be sure that the police knew the true version of the facts. He agreed and told her to stay safe.

The policemen were outside the closed door. As she walked over to open it, one of them broke it down. In front of this scene, seeing two bodies lying on the ground, this young black woman standing in the middle of the room with blood on her hands... the only thing he believed was that the phone in her hand was a weapon.

He shot. 5 times, too.

This is Jada, this little red riding hood, who thought she was acting in the interest of everyone, shot down by the real wolves. She's now staring at the ceiling, a tear running down her cheek. Behind her, a small radio placed on the windowsill, played "I don't want to set the world on fire" by The Ink Spots... (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6l6vqPUM FE>)

Maëlle Durin, TL2