

Red Riding Hood Upgraded

By : Milo Heroine

A disturbed man waits for a young guest in a red hood to arrive.



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I sat in my car that was parked out from of the abandoned brown house like every night, my body accustomed to the wait.

My stomach growled in protest as time ticked by. I tapped my fist on the warm steering wheel.

I had seen this night play out through at least ten scenarios through out the week to devise the best course. Just thinking about the up coming event heightened the craving. Mercifully, I remembered my white savior, and hastily reached into my pocket to relieve myself.

My patience run dry by tonight, my hunger grew over the years despite the pills. Damn prescription.

After being freed from the cages of the institution, I wanted to celebrate. Oh tonight, they may have thought by taking my natural utensils it would stop me, but tonight I was going to feast.

Glancing over my shoulder at the vacant road, my stomach rumbled.

Licking my lips in anticipation, an unwanted memory crossed before me, I flinched and slapped my left hand over my mouth breathing heavily. I cursed wishing the pain would finally subside.

Shaking the memory away, I groaned.

“ I need this,” I mumbled, reassuring myself.

Movement in the rear view mirror caught my eye. I grinned like the wicked Cheshire cat from my childhood. Nine Twenty-five.

I leaned my head back resting on the seat and closed my eyes.

I pictured her innocent green eyes looking up at me, with plump rosy cheeks. Her mouth forming a smooth oval before screaming “ !”.

I shook my head rethinking.

No, she mouthed a question instead. I placed my hand on her shoulder, reassuring her fears yet , leading her into the house. I would sit her on a chair in the kitchen as I boiled a pot of milk, adding noodles, a cup of vegetable oil, and a teaspoon of butter. Grabbing the skillet, greasing the inside, I would wait for it to sizzle then turn “ !”

The doorbell rang.

I opened my eyes, trembling with rage at whoever interrupted my dream, but the rising heat subsided as I noticed it was the little girl at the house.

I quickly reached behind the seat, grabbing the bag that held the suit I had pried off the old woman “ s back along with her pink nightgown and wig.

My stomach roared once more.

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With distaste I dropped the skin suite and opened my card door, stepping out.

I approached the house. The young girl, about 10, dirty blonde hair flowing perfectly down her back, reached up on her toes to ring the doorbell again.

“Excuse me little girl.” I panted.

Slowly she turned to look up at me, a small brown basket covered with a silk red fabric, rested in both of her hands. The smell of fresh baked cookies sent shivers down my spine. I licked my lips.

“Where’s your teeth Mr.?” She asked.

“Who are you waiting for child?” I asked, brushing off her question while assuring that she wasn’t being followed by a parent or watched.

“Whoa! What big eyes you have.” She said.

“Pupils my dear.” I corrected. “Why don’t you come with me so your safe?”

“But I have to give my grandma cookies my mom made.”

“Your grandma you say? That lovely lady that lives here?”

The little girl nodded.

“Well I know her. We go way back, matter of fact she told me herself you have the key to get in, and I should watch you inside till she wakes up.”

“She’s sleeping?”

“Yes, yes, she was very tired.” I tried to keep my tone light.

“Oh okay.”

The little girl reached into her basket, pulled the bright red fabric out, felt the pocket of the jacket for the key before putting it on.

She handed me the key.

“Your tummy sounds hungry.” She pointed out after we walked into the dark house, just as I shut the door and locked it.

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