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# The Grimm Fairy Tales Rewritten With Feminist Perspectives

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The Grimm Fairy Tales Rewritten with Feminist Perspectives

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December 2013

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## Introduction

When I was little, my great-great aunt gave me an illustrated book of the Grimm Fairy Tales, and I loved that book. The stories may have been gruesome, but in this book, all of the stories had happy endings. As I grew older, I learned that many Grimm Fairy Tales did not have happy endings. That is understandable because life does not always end well. I appreciated that not every story ended happily, but I did not enjoy how women were portrayed in the stories: they were either helpless damsels or ruthless, evil villains.

The Grimm Brothers may have written their tales in a time when a woman almost always needed a man to take care of her, and the stories reflect that, but times have changed, and the tales should too. There are many modern versions of the Grimm Tales, especially Disney adaptations, but in many ways the women's roles have become worse. Not only are there too many damsels in distress, but also if a woman, such as The Sea Witch from *The Little Mermaid* or Maleficent from *Sleepy Beauty*, seeks power, they are considered the villains of the story. Just because a woman is ambitious, does not make her evil, and young girls should have role models that show them how to be independent and take care of themselves. This is why I have recreated three Grimm Fairy Tales with three different feminist perspectives: eco-feminism, radical feminism, and liberal feminism. I chose the three Grimm Tales based on my childhood favorites; I wanted to improve the memories I have of these stories. I also chose these three stories because I felt they had the greatest potential to be transformed from stories with helpless or ruthless women into stories that show a female's greatest strengths. Women and their roles have

changed, and I feel that The Grimm Fairy Tales, and other children stories, should reflect that.

In preparing to write my thesis I studied both the original versions of the Grimm Fairy Tales and some modern versions. One of the stories I looked at was Anne Sexton's poem, *Cinderella*. I liked the poem, but I felt it still did not portray women well. The stepmother was still villainous, and the only thing Cinderella and her stepsisters want is a husband. What I did like about the poem is that Sexton critiques the idea of "they lived happily ever after." Sexton says that by living happily even after, Cinderella and the Prince are more like "two dolls in a museum case," they aren't actually living. In my stories, I do not necessarily critique happily ever after, but I do try to end the stories realistically. Each story ends, but the way I end them makes it seem like the characters' lives still go on, and that not everything ends with marriage and babies for the women to take care of.

The Grimm Brother's *The Little Mermaid*: Rewritten with an Eco-feminist Perspective

Once upon a time there was a beautiful palace, unlike any palace a human had ever seen, for this palace belonged to the Sea King and was located in the deepest depths of the oceans. The Sea King was a wise, old merman with long white hair and a long white beard that continuously flowed with the ocean currents. The Sea King's palace was built of the most beautiful coral and seashells, and the king lived there with his wife and five daughters, all of whom were extremely beautiful mermaids.

Sirenetta, the Sea King's youngest and loveliest daughter, also had the most beautiful voice. Whenever Sirenetta sang, the fish flocked from all over the sea to listen to her. The shells gaped wide, showing their pearls, and even the jellyfish stopped to listen. As Sirenetta grew older, her voice matured and became even lovelier, but she noticed that fewer fish would come to hear her sing. Whenever she noticed her missing friends she would gaze upwards, seeking the faint sunlight that scarcely managed to filter down into the depths, wondering if that mysterious world her father hated and forbade her to visit was responsible.

"Oh, how I wish to see my friends again. I want to go up and see what has happened to them, discover why they have not come to hear me sing."

"You're too young" her mother replied, stroking Sirenetta's hair. "In almost a year from now, when you are twenty-five, only then will the Sea King let you go up there, like your sisters. Then you can explore and try to discover what has happened to your friends."

Sirenetta spent her time missing the fish and wishing to visit the human world to try and find them. She listened to her sisters' stories, trying to find any possible clues.

She would ask them questions to satisfy her curiosity. She waited for the day when she, too, would be allowed to reach the surface of the sea and meet the unknown world to search for answers. Sirenetta spent much of her time in her wonderful sea garden. The seahorses kept her company, and sometimes a dolphin would come and play, but it was never enough for her to forget about her many missing friends. At last, her long-desired birthday came. The night before, Sirenetta could not sleep a wink. In the morning, her father called for her, and stroking her long golden hair, slipped a lovely carved flower into her locks...

“There, now you can go to the surface. You’ll breathe air and see the sky. You can seek the answers to your missing admirers. But remember, it is not our world. We are children of the sea and have different customs than the human world. You may watch to look for your answers, but be careful and keep away from the humans: they can only bring bad luck!”

As soon as he finished, Sirenetta kissed her father’s cheek and was darting smoothly towards the surface. The Sea King had long known what was happening to her friends and had hoped she would never have to learn, but he could never deny her anything.

Sirenetta saw the sky for the first time as she burst through the surface of the water. The sun was just beginning to rise above the horizon, and Sirenetta had never seen anything so beautiful. The sun, halfway above the water, trailed a golden reflection that cast beautiful lights on the heavy waves. High overhead, a flock of gulls spotted the little mermaid and greeted her arrival with shrieks of pleasure.

“It’s so lovely!” she exclaimed happily. But she had a mission; she wanted to find out what was happening to the disappearing fish. On the horizon, Sirenetta saw a large object slowly approaching the rock she was resting on. It was made of wood and moved across the water faster than any fish. It was a ship, but it was unlike anything Sirenetta had ever seen before. As the ship drew closer to the mermaid, the sailors dropped anchor and the ship swayed gently in the calm sea. Sirenetta watched the men go about their work and saw them drop something strange into the water. Maybe this was where she could finally find her answers.

Sirenetta waited for hours, but her patience was worth it. Aboard the ship, a strange excitement seemed to seize the crew as they started to raise strange ropes from the water. What Sirenetta saw made her cry: her friends were being torn from their homes and were dying. The fish were unable to scream out and slowly died as they tried to breathe. Sirenetta wanted to go and cut the ropes, but she remembered her father’s warning: she must stay away from the humans.

As the thought came to Sirenetta, the captain walked into view. He was the most handsome male she had ever seen. Tall and dignified, he was smiling happily, and Sirenetta could not take her eyes from him. She followed his every movement, transfixed by all that was happening. How could a man so beautiful be responsible for such a horrible act? He was killing all of those fish, and Sirenetta could not understand why.

As the nets were finally pulled in, the sea grew more agitated. Sirenetta anxiously watched the ship, torn because she wanted the fish returned to the ocean, but worried because the man was in danger. An icy wind was sweeping the waves, flashes of lightning tore the ink black sky, and then a terrible storm suddenly broke out above the



helpless ship. Sirenetta felt the urge to scream out, but she knew that saving the ship met condemning all of the fish onboard. The rising waves swept over the ship, and amidst the sailors' shouts, masts and sails toppled onto the deck. With a sinister splintering sound, the ship violently slipped under the angry waves.

Because of the light from a flash of lightning, Sirenetta saw the young captain fall into the water, and without thinking, she swam to his rescue. As she was searching for the man, Sirenetta was relieved to see many of the fish were able to escape. That relief soon disappeared because she could not find the young man in the high waves, and she began to tire fighting against the storm. Sirenetta was about to give up, and just be content that the fish were free, when suddenly there he was on the crest of a nearby wave. In an instant, he was swept straight into the mermaid's arms.

The young man was unconscious, and Sirenetta held his head above water in the stormy sea, in an effort to save his life. She felt tremendously guilty that she was saving a man that had murdered thousands of her friends, but she could not seem to let him go. She clung to him for hours, trying to fight the exhaustion that was overtaking her.

Then, as suddenly as it had sprung up, the storm died away. As the sun shone on a still angry sea, Sirenetta realized thankfully that land lay ahead. Aided by the motion of the waves, she pushed the captain's body onto the shore, just beyond the water's edge. Unable to walk and bring the man further inland, the mermaid sat wringing her hands, her tail lapped by the rippling water, trying to warm the young captain with her own body, wondering if he would survive. The sound of approaching voices startled Sirenetta, and she was forced to slip back into deeper water.

“Come quickly! Quickly!” came a woman's voice in alarm.

“There’s a man here! Look, I think he’s unconscious!” The captain was now in good hands.

“Let’s take him up to the castle!”

“No, no! Better get help...” And the first thing the young man saw when he opened his eyes again was the face of a young human girl, not the mermaid who had saved his life.

“Thank you! Thank you...for saving my life” he murmured to the unknown lady, which was enough to break Sirenetta’s heart

From the sea Sirenetta watched the man she had snatched from the waves turn towards the castle, without looking back and without knowing that the mermaid had saved his life. Slowly swimming out to sea, Sirenetta felt there on the beach she had left something behind, something she could never bring herself to truly release. She should not have been this heart broken. She had discovered what was happening to her friends, and she had even managed to save hundreds of fish. But she couldn’t stop thinking how wonderful those tremendous hours in the storm had been, as she had battled with the elements, holding the beautiful man in her arms. And as she swam down towards her father’s palace, her sisters came to greet her; anxious to know what had kept her so long on the surface. Sirenetta started to tell her story, but suddenly a lump came to her throat, and bursting into tears, she fled to her room. She stayed there for days, refusing to see anyone or to touch any food. She was conflicted. She knew that she loved the young captain, but he was responsible for killing so many innocent fish. She also knew that her love for the young captain was without hope, for she was a mermaid and could never

marry a human. So not only was she to be kept from the man she loved, but she could do nothing to save the fish.

While Sirenetta was battling her conflicted thoughts, she realized that her only hope was the Witch of the Deeps. The Witch could help her find a way to get to the captain and convince him to stop the murder, and then maybe she could be with him. But what price would she have to pay? Sirenetta decided she was willing to ask the Witch...

"...So you want to get rid of your fishy tail, do you? I expect you'd like to have a pair of woman's legs, isn't that so? Think that's enough to save your fish and get your man, too?" said the nasty Witch scornfully, from her cave guarded by a giant squid.

"Be warned!" she went on. "You will suffer horribly, as though a sword were cutting you apart. And every time you place your feet on the earth, you will feel dreadful pain!"

"It doesn't matter!" whispered Sirenetta, with tears in her eyes. She needed to be able to convince the captain not to kill any more fish, for their sake and her own.

"And that's not all" exclaimed the Witch. "In exchange for my spell, you must give me your lovely voice. You'll never be able to utter a word again! And don't forget! If you cannot convince him to stop fishing, you will not be able to turn into a mermaid again. You will just dissolve in water like foam on a wave!"

"But how will I convince him to stop murdering the fish without my voice?"

"You will have to find a way on your own to capture the young captain's heart. I only offer trades and deals: I don't tell you how to get what you want," the Witch laughed.

"All right" said Sirenetta, eagerly taking the little jar holding the magic potion.

The Witch cackled, "If you're successful, you may have both your wishes come

true, for your captain is the prince and has the power to completely outlaw fishing. But first you must find a way to make him love you.”

Sirenetta left the water at a spot not far from the castle. Pulling herself onto the beach, she drank the magic potion. An agonizing pain made her faint, and when she came to her senses, she could mistily see the face she loved, smiling down at her. The Witch’s magic had worked the spell, for the prince had felt a strange desire to go down to the beach, just as Sirenetta was arriving. There he had stumbled upon her, and recalling how he, too, had once been washed upon the shore, gently laid his cloak over her still body, cast up by the waves.

“Don’t be frightened!” he said quickly. “You’re quite safe! Where have you come from?” But Sirenetta could not reply because the spell was complete and the Witch now had her voice, so the young man softly stroked her wet cheek.

“I’ll take you to the castle and look after you,” he said.

In the days that followed, Sirenetta started a new life. She wore splendid dresses and often visited the town with the prince. She had decided that the best way to start convincing him to stop fishing was to keep him distracted, and if he fell as much in love with her as she was with him, she hoped he would do anything she asked, without her needing her voice to convince him. However, as the Witch had foretold, every moment on her feet and each step she took was torture. Sirenetta bravely put up with her suffering, glad to be allowed to stay near her beloved prince and keep him away from his fishing vessel.

Though she could not speak to him, he was fond of her and showered her with kindness, to her great joy. However, unbeknownst to Sirenetta, the young prince had

every intention of going back to fishing. Though it was not something normally approved of for a prince, he loved the rush of being on the sea and knowing that he was responsible for feeding both himself and his subjects. He was just waiting for his new ship to be made, since his old ship was lost to the bottom of the ocean.

Even when he was in the company of Sirenetta, fond of her as he was, the sea still called to him, and fishing was always in his thoughts. And the little mermaid, instinctively guessing that he did not love her and was thinking of being elsewhere while he was with her, suffered even more.

Sirenetta often crept out of the castle at night, to weep by the seashore. Once she thought she could spy her sisters rise from the water and wave at her, but this made her feel gloomier than ever.

One day the prince led Sirenetta down to the docks to take a voyage on his new fishing craft. The day Sirenetta dreaded had finally come. As she walked onto the ship, she knew that she did not have much time to convince the prince that what he was doing was murder, but every time she tried to convey her thoughts, the prince did not understand her, and he just went back to looking about his new ship.

On the night before the nets were going to be cast, Sirenetta was discouraged. She knew she had failed. The fish will continue to be killed, and she would lose her prince because she could not stay with a man that brought her so much pain. As Sirenetta walked the deck, she remembered the Witch's prophecy, and was now ready to give up her life and dissolve in the sea.

Suddenly she heard a cry from the water and dimly saw her sisters in the darkness "Sirenetta! Sirenetta! It's us, your sisters! We've heard all about what happened! Look!

Do you see this knife? It's magic! The witch gave it to us in exchange for our hair. Take it! Kill the prince before dawn, and you will become a mermaid again and forget all your troubles!"

As though in a trance, Sirenetta clasped the knife and entered the cabin where the prince lay asleep. But as she gazed at the young man's sleeping face, she realized that killing him would not save the fish and would only break her heart even more. She simply blew him a furtive kiss, before running back on deck. When dawn broke, she threw the knife into the sea. Then she shot a parting glance at the world she was leaving behind, and dived into the waves, ready to turn into the foam of the sea from whence she had come and vanish.

As the sun rose over the horizon, it cast a long golden ray of light across the sea, and in the chilly water, Sirenetta turned towards the sun for the last time. Suddenly, as though by magic, a mysterious force drew her out of the water, and she felt herself lifted high into the sky. The clouds were tinged with pink, the sea rippled in the early morning breeze, and the little mermaid heard a whisper through the tinkling of bells: "Sirenetta, Sirenetta! Come with us!"

"Who are you?" asked the mermaid, surprised to find she had recovered the use of her voice. "Where am I?"

"You're with us in the sky. We are the fairies of the air! Our task is to help humans and nature, especially the animals and environments that humans are destroying. We take amongst us only those who have shown kindness to humans, animals and the environment. We know you tried to save the fish, and you did save the prince. We want to help you."

Greatly touched, Sirenetta looked down towards the prince's ship and felt tears spring to her eyes. The fairies of the air whispered to her: "Look! The earth flowers are waiting for our tears to turn into the morning dew! Come along with us..."

As Sirenetta allowed her tears to sprinkle on the earth she realized that she could not save all of the fish by herself, but maybe with her new sisters she could do more to help both of the worlds she loved: land and sea.

The End

## Notes on *The Little Mermaid*

*The Little Mermaid* was my favorite movie as a child, and when I finalized my thesis topic, I knew I had to rewrite this story. Though the Disney movie is much less gruesome than the original fairy tale, they have similar elements that I disagree with and knew I should change. In the original fairy tale, Sirenetta gives up everything for a man that she had never even talked to, and he ends up falling in love with another woman. Every moment Sirenetta spends on land, she is in an unbelievable amount of pain to be with the prince, and he spends every moment she is suffering thinking of another woman. In the original version, Sirenetta is not only helpless, she ends up killing herself because the prince marries the other woman. This is not a woman young girls should see as a role model, so I changed her character to make her stronger.

I did not want to have Sirenetta end up with the prince because not everything in life ends perfectly, and I wanted the story to mirror that. I did make sure that Sirenetta was a stronger woman in my version; she had the option to stay with the prince, or kill him to save the fish, but she stuck to her principles and chose to remain impartial. In doing so, Sirenetta ends up putting herself in a more powerful position where she can make a difference protecting the earth and the animals. This is a woman that young girls can look up to: she does not need a man to be happy; she sticks to her values; and she does what is best for herself, not what everyone else is telling her to do.

I chose to use an eco-feminist perspective because of the setting of the story and Sirenetta's character. In all of the recreations of *The Little Mermaid*, the young mermaid is an extremely empathetic character, so I gave her the mission of saving the fish, which is an actual problem. Our oceans are being seriously over-fished, and we might not



realize all of the consequences until it is too late. Though people might not care about the fish as much as Sirenetta, the ecosystem is being irreversibly damaged, which will be bad for humans and animals alike. By giving this story eco-feminist perspective, I am making Sirenetta more caring and more powerful by giving her a cause. She remains feminine, but she is not helpless.

The Grimm Brothers' *The Seven Ravens*: Rewritten with a Radical Feminist Perspective

There was once a man and his wife who had seven sons but no daughter. For years they had hoped for a girl to bless their home. One day their wishes had finally been granted and they at last gave birth to a beautiful little girl. The couple was overjoyed, but their daughter was born very sick and frail. The man and his wife were extremely religious and hoped that if she were to be baptized quickly enough, she could be saved. While the woman held her young daughter, the father sent his eldest son to the nearby well for water. The younger six sons quickly followed, hoping to help their young sister and not wanting to be left behind. Each boy wanted to draw the water, but as they quarreled over the water pitcher, it fell into the well. Frightened, the boys didn't dare go home.

Waiting for his sons to return, the father grew impatient. Angry and afraid his only daughter might die, he cried out, "I wish they would all turn into ravens!"

No sooner had the words passed his lips that he looked up and saw seven coal-black ravens flying overhead.

"What have I done?" he asked himself, but the poor father could not undo the curse. The man regretfully returned to his wife to tell her the terrible news.

The man and his wife were saddened by the loss of their sons, but over time, they found comfort in their new daughter. The young girl grew stronger and more beautiful every day. For the longest time the girl did not even know that she had brothers, but one day she overheard an old woman from the village talking. The woman said that the girl was the one to blame for the misfortune of her brothers. These words and the new knowledge made her very upset. She went home to her parents crying and asked if she

ever had any brothers and, if so, what had become of them. Her parents could no longer keep their unhappy secret. They told her that her brothers' tragedy had been an act of fate, and she was in no way to blame for what happened.

But their words did not ease her guilt. If she had not been born, or if she hadn't been so weak, her brothers would still be human and safe with their family. From that point on, the girl's conscience tormented her. She felt she had to do whatever she could to find and save her brothers, so one day, she told her parents that she would journey until she found and saved them. Her father forbid her from going, saying the world was too dangerous for a young girl to travel alone. But the young girl's conscience could not let her do nothing, so one night she slipped away from home and went out into the world with the hope of finding her brothers. All she took with her was a ring that belonged to her parents to remember them by, a jug of water for when she was thirsty, a loaf of bread to ease her hunger, and a little stool to sit upon when she tired and needed to rest.

The girl traveled on and on, farther and farther, until she thought she had reached the end of the world. She had travelled through a vast desert, where she got so hot and thirsty that she drank all of her water. She had travelled through a frozen tundra, where she got so cold that she ate all of her bread.

Finally, she came upon a large house, and she was so tired that she hoped the owner would be kind enough to lend her a bed. The house was owned by a group of old women, who were cheerful and kind. They lived together to keep from getting lonely. When the old women heard her sad tale they received her with open arms, for none of the women had any children, and they welcomed the joy that only a child could bring. The girl stayed with the old women for a long time, but she knew she had to continue her

quest. Her brothers had been suffering for years, and she even though she was happy with the old women; she knew she needed to continue on to save them. The old women were sad to see the young girl go, but they understood.

Before the young girl left, the oldest woman gave her a tiny key and said, “With this key you can enter the Glass Mountain. It is said that there is a palace there were seven ravens are the lords. I hope that they are your brothers, and that your quest will finally be over.”

The girl took the key and carefully wrapped it in a cloth, which she placed safely in her pocket, and she thanked the old woman. With a tearful goodbye, the girl continued on to find her brothers. She travelled until she came to the Glass Mountain, where the entrance gate was indeed locked. The girl took out her cloth and unfolded it—but the tiny key was gone. The girl began to cry. After such a tiring journey, she was so close to finding her brothers, and the only thing stopping her was a locked gate. Through her tears, she saw that the keyhole was about the same size as her finger. She wiped the tears from her eyes and gently pushed her finger into the hole. She needed to be brave. If her brothers could suffer for years living as ravens, she could suffer the possible pain of using her finger as a key. As she pushed her finger into the lock, the gate opened, almost as if by magic, for she did not even need to turn her finger to undo the lock.

Just then a dwarf approached her and asked, “Who are you looking for?”

“My brothers, the seven ravens,” she shyly replied.

“My seven lords, the ravens, are not currently in,” he answered. “But if you wish to wait, they should be returning soon.”

The girl quietly followed the dwarf back to the palace and watched him set the table with seven little plates and seven small goblets for the ravens. The girl was so hungry that when the dwarf left she ate a little bread off of each plate and took a small sip from each cup. As she was placing down the last goblet, she heard a fluttering of wings and ran to hide. As she ran her parents' ring, which she always wore, slipped from her finger and fell into the last cup.

The girl hid behind the large curtains as the seven ravens flew in to dine on their supper. The ravens quickly noticed that their plates had already been eaten from.

"Who has eaten from my plate and drank from my cup? The bites in the bread look like a human mouth," the raven's shouted.

When the youngest raven looked in his cup, he saw the ring his sister had dropped sitting at the bottom. He recognized the ring as his parents' immediately and said, "If only it had been our sister who had eaten from our plates. At last we would be free of this curse."

At her brother's words the girl decided to step from behind the curtain. Her brothers were instantly turned back into their human forms. There stood her brothers. They happily hugged and kissed their beautiful sister, for it was her compassion and willingness to sacrifice for them that broke the curse. After their happy reunion, the eight siblings were finally able to return home.

When their father saw his children approach he was overwhelmed with joy. When he had discovered his daughter gone the morning after she left, he had feared he would never see any of his children again. But when he saw his daughter come over the hill near their home with her seven brothers, the father knew he could never again doubt

his daughter and the power of her compassion. That night the family enjoyed a feast like one they had never enjoyed before, so delighted to finally be together again.

The End

## Notes on *The Seven Ravens*

I did not need to change the basic story of *The Seven Ravens* too much because the heroine is already brave and independent. What I did change is that I made the girl's father more authoritarian and disbelieving in her ability to save her brothers. There are also no old women in the original story; instead it is the stars in the sky that help the girl. I gave the stars a gender to emphasize the empathy women have. I wanted this story to show that a woman can be brave and independent from men, but women have their separate traits from men that make them strong, which include being caring and empathetic.

My interpretation of radical feminism is different from a textbook definition. I believe that radical feminism states that women are different from and have different traits than men, but that does not make them inferior. It is the fact that women are caring and motherly that makes them strong. If a woman can care for and save others, she can also take care of herself. Through the father's character, I also portrayed that men can sometimes have a difficult time believing that a woman's caring nature is a strength. The young girl not only saved her brothers, but she did so while remaining true to herself, and she proved her father wrong.

The Grimm Brother's *Little Red Riding Hood*: Rewritten with a Liberal Feminist  
Perspective

Once upon a time, there was a girl who was called Little Red Riding Hood because she always wore a colorful red hat that was a gift from her grandmother. She was a sweet child and everyone liked her, especially her grandmother, who loved her most of all.

Little Red Riding Hood was different from other young girls her age because she was very independent, and she loved to prove that she could take care of herself. So on one day, when she and her mother were going to bring lunch to Little Red Riding Hood's grandmother, who was unwell and would be cheered by seeing her granddaughter, the young girl ask to take the food by herself. Little Red's mother finally agreed after much prodding but warned her daughter: "Go straight through the woods. Do not stop to talk to anyone."

Little Red Riding Hood's grandmother lived on the other side of the forest from the village that Little Red Riding Hood and her mother lived in. It was a sunny day, and Little Red Riding Hood was enjoying the long walk by herself so much that she forgot all about not talking to strangers.

Suddenly, a large wolf approached and spoke to her in a gentle voice that hid his wickedness.

"Good morning," said the wolf. "Where are you going on this bright, sunny day?"

"To my grandmother's house," the girl replied.



The sly wolf smiled, trying to hide his big teeth. He was thinking that Little Red Riding Hood would make a tender meal, and, if he was very careful and clever, he could eat her grandmother too.

“Where does she live?” the wolf asked kindly.

Little Red Riding Hood was slightly suspicious, but not enough to prevent her from describing the spot on the edge of the wood where her grandmother’s cottage stood beneath three oak trees.

Then the wolf said sweetly, “Look at all of these beautiful flowers! I am sure your grandmother would enjoy having some for her table.”

Little Red Riding Hood glanced at all of the wildflowers and agreed that her grandmother would like them for her home. The young girl even thought that their beautiful smell might even make her grandmother feel better, so she began to pick them.

“Well, I must be off!” said the wolf, and while Little Red Riding Hood picked a beautiful bouquet of wildflowers, the cunning wolf rushed through the forest to Grandmother’s cottage. He easily found it under the three oak trees that Little Red Riding Hood described. Licking his lips, the hungry wolf knocked on the door.

“Who is it?” the old grandmother called from her bed.

“It’s Little Red Riding Hood, bringing you a basket of food,” the wolf said, disguising his rough voice.

“Oh, come in my sweet girl,” Grandmother called cheerfully, and she climbed out of her bed to open the door.

No sooner than the door was unlocked, the wolf gobbled up the poor old woman. Then he quickly wrapped himself in her old shawl, put on her pink nightcap, jumped in her bed and pulled up the old quilt to cover his face from his next victim.

The wicked wolf did not have to wait very long for his next meal. Soon Little Red Riding Hood arrived with her arms full of colorful wildflowers.

“Good morning, Grandmother,” she called, coming through the open door. Little Red Riding Hood was worried when she did not hear her grandmother reply. She set the wildflowers on her grandmother’s table, but she kept the basket full of food in hand as she walked up to her grandmother’s bed. She peered closely at her grandmother, and she noticed that she looked very strange.

“Come closer and give me a kiss, child” the wolf said to the helpless Little Red Riding Hood.

“But, Grandmother, what big ears you have!” she exclaimed.

“The better to hear you with, my dear,” said the crafty wolf.

“And what big eyes you have!” cried the child.

“The better to see you with,” answered the wolf.

“And, Grandmother, what big teeth you have!” said Little Red Riding Hood.

“The better to *eat* you with, my dear!” cried the wolf, and he sprang out of bed, swallowing poor Little Red Riding Hood and her basket of food whole.

The greedy wolf was so full and tired with both Grandmother and Little Red Riding Hood in his stomach that he climbed back into the old woman’s bed and fell asleep, snoring loudly.

But this was not a very restful sleep. For some reason, the wolf had a terrible pain in his stomach, and he tossed and turned during his nap. What the wolf did not realize was that when he swallowed the basket of food, he also swallowed the sharp knife Little Red Riding Hood had brought with her to cut the tough meat and cheese for her lunch with her grandmother.

As the wolf slept, Little Red Riding Hood cut open the wolf from the inside to free herself and her grandmother. When they were almost free, the wolf could no longer sleep through the agony. He writhed in pain as Little Red Riding Hood made the final cut, and she and her grandmother crawled out from inside the wolf.

Unfortunately, the large hole in the wolf that Little Red Riding Hood and her grandmother emerged from did not kill the wolf, though he was weakened. Little Red Riding Hood turned and stabbed the wolf in the heart, making sure he was no longer a threat to her or her grandmother.

When the wolf was finally dead, Little Red Riding Hood hugged her grandmother and gave her the wildflowers she had picked earlier. Little Red Riding Hood was so happy to see her grandmother safe, and feeling better, but she was horrified that she had put her grandmother in danger. She apologized as she cried into her grandmother's skirt, and promised that she would never again talk to strangers, and she would *never* stop on the way to Grandmother's house. For though it was not Little Red's fault that the wolf had attacked, it could have been prevented if she had been a little more cautious.

The End

### Notes on *Little Red Riding Hood*

My version of *Little Red Riding Hood* fits into the liberal feminist theory because a young girl took the role of a man and saves herself and her grandmother. In the original story, after the wolf swallows Little Red Riding Hood and her grandmother, it is a huntsman that saves them. Liberal feminists believe that women can do anything a man can do, so in my story, Little Red saves herself instead of relying on the huntsman. The original story makes it seem like whenever women get in trouble, they need a man to save them. This might have been true when the Grimm Brothers wrote down the story, but it is not true anymore. I wanted this story to reflect that, so I made sure that Little Red Riding Hood is able to save herself. Little Red got herself into trouble, so she should be able to get herself out it.

Another aspect I changed is that I made sure Little Red actually feels ashamed about what happened. Though Little Red is a victim and should not feel responsible about being attacked, I felt that she should learn that a young woman cannot give her address to random strangers in the world we live in. I always felt that in the original story that Little Red Riding Hood never really learned from her mistake. I always got the impression that Little Red would not stop talking to strangers, believing that nothing could go wrong and there would always be a man to save her after she made a mistake. I wanted to make it clear that Little Red Riding Hood was actually remorseful about what happened, and that she would never risk herself or her grandmother again; they might not have such a lucky outcome the next time. A woman should not have to be afraid of any man she sees walking through the woods, or in a real life example, walking home, but that is the unfortunate world we live in. While I do not want my recreation to say that it is the

victim's fault if and when she is attacked, I do want my story to show that, at least for now, women must be cautious, but hopefully they will not have to be so careful in the future.

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