

Okay now to lighten the atmosphere a little bit. "An Interview with Red-Riding Hood, now no longer little". As I said I went to an Irish catholic school and we knew all these Grimm's fairy tales over there in Kashmir. Red Riding Hood, upon being asked what it was like to be in the belly of the wolf, said "how dark it was inside the wolf".

Q. Whatever happened after the wolf died?

A. My father, a self-made man,
he made good.

Hi, I just recognized a classmate. I'll go back to the poem.

Q. Whatever happened after the wolf died?

A. My father, a self-made man,
he made good.
Mind you, no ordinary woodsman,
he slowly bought the whole forest,
has it combed for wolves.
Had it cut down.
But the wolves escaped,
like guerillas, into
the mountains.
He owns a timber industry.
I, of course, am an heiress.

Q. And your grandma?

A. She has nightmares.
She'd wake up crying, "Wolf! Wolf!"
We had to put her in a home.
I took her baskets of fruit,
flowers, cakes, and wines.
Always in the red velvet cap.
I got sick of lispng for her,
"Grandma, what big eyes you have!"
That always made her laugh.
The last time I saw her, she cried,
"Save me, he's coming to eat me up!"
We have her a quiet burial.

Q. Do you have any regrets?

A. Yes.
I lied when I said it was dark.
Now I drive through the city,
hearing wolves at every turn.
How warm it was inside the wolf!