

*Deep in the enchanted forest,
He lays silent and in wait,
With bright and fairy eyes aglow,
And sharp teeth - the kind that children
hate.*

*His fur is matted and smelly,
His nose sniffs out its prey,
They call him Mr. Wolf!
And they dare NOT get in his way!*



*On the other side of this forest,
Is a little girl at play,
Her eyes twinkling with laughter,
In a heart-stealing kind of way,*

*Her mother is busy a baking,
Cakes, cookies and buns,
She prepares a basket with these goodies,
She selects only the best ones,*



*The little girl comes in a running,
Allured by the aroma of baking treats,
She looks at the cookies, mouth watering,
All she wants to do, is eat!*

*She picks up a cookie to munch on,
Not now, my dear, mother says,
Won't you take this basket to grandma's?
She has been rather sick and in bed.*