Fairy tales

Once upon a time, in a small village in a land far, far away, lived a poor tailor named Robert with his son, Robin. They could not afford to live in a proper house like the other villagers, so they lived in a small, rotting toolshed that even the farmers had abandoned because it was so rotten it would only take a single gust of wind to make the house collapse upon itself. The family could only afford to eat once a day, and usually their daily meal only consisted of a single bean.

One night, during a heavy storm, the young boy was dreaming of eating at a huge banquet with the king. He was about to take a giant bite out of a huge potato dipped in gravy, when he was wakened by the sound of a wolf howling at the moon. Robin had never heard a wolf howl before, and was wondering what sort of animal that produced that kind of sound. He got up on his feet and gently snuck towards the door of shed, doing his best not to wake his sleeping father. As he approached the door he heard the wolf howling once again. This time, it sounded like it was much closer than the last time. He gripped the rusty iron handle of the door, the only part of the shed that not was rotten to the core and full of small holes made by worms and beetles. As he slowly opened the door, it led out a huge creak and the wolf howled for a third time. This time it sounded like it was right outside the toolshed. Robin anxiously opened the door and stared at a huge beast that was standing in front of the shed. It looked like some of the dogs he had seen in the village, but much larger. The wolf looked into the young boy’s eyes and opened its mouth, revealing a set of sharp fangs that glittered like the stars on a cloudless night.