

- Introduction of the antagonists, the Red Hoods, as [Granny](#), the matriarch of the family.
- Introduction to Redley's world. Set up Redley, her tribe. Her birthday is mentioned. We see sewing of the cloaks here.
- The chapter begins with her retelling the story of Little Red Riding Hood to a group of girls that she is teaching a class for. The class is sewing up the redcoats and maintaining clothes.
- Retelling ends with Granny yelling at Redley for talking while Granny is telling the story. the general hate for the wolves is evident here.
- Pulling into the original Red Riding Hood tale (Charles Perrault), the child was taking cake and butter to her grandmother living in a different village. She didn't know that she shouldn't talk to a wolf, but the wolf didn't eat her because some woodworkers were nearby. But he ate her eventually because she told the wolf where she was going.
- Opens with Granny tending to her grandkids and other tribe children as they are prepping for the important upcoming ritual. She recalls that tragic event that happened years ago when her sister was eaten by a wolf. The memory is vivid in her mind and she feels the pain and sadness as it happened yesterday. Granny tells the story every year for the coming-of-age ceremony ritual to beat it into their heads, brainwashing, and indoctrination.
- The ritual is a coming-of-age ritual for the tribe's teens.
- Redley is not paying attention as usual. Granny needs something from the market and sends Redley and her "bestie" off to the trader's depot to retrieve some "rare" ingredients.
- They don't find all of the ingredients they need. Redley takes the final inventory before her and her friend head back to the village and notices they're missing something. But Redley knows a field that grows them she can grab a few.
- She assures her friend she'll be safe

Insert scene where granny discusses her illegal hunt.

she checks her watch and heads over to her place.

they gather ther ein secret.

Grandma is on the offensive. She's hunting them. Not waiting for them to cross enemy lines. It was supposed to be Liam instead of Ryder, cause he was next in line. It would have caused the all-out war.

She is organizing an illegal hunt.

Chapter 2: Tragic Memories

Ramonah ran down the path, with the basket. Her long hair flew around her, her cheeks harsh red from the weather, almost out of breath but grandma's cottage was right there, so close she could almost touch –

SMACK

Ramonah tumbled on the ground, not feeling any immediate pain, trying to get her balance to get up and stumbled, a sharp pain in her ankle, and a force pulling her back. "Don't look, don't look." She told herself. Tears formed in her eyes, and the pain was worse. No matter how hard she dug her fingers into the ground, dirt pulled them back from the force being stronger than her. They bled. She howled in pain. She finally turned, armed with her basket, and thwapped it against the wolf's head. She did it again and again until she was able to get the ankle free. Blood poured from it. The wolf's sharp claws were like razors, slicing across, trying to get the basket away from her. They cut the basket open, dropping all of the things inside it – jars, rolls, a blanket. With a mighty kick, Ramonah hit the wolf in the mouth, shattering a jar of jelly across the other side. The wolf yelped and dropped, briefly stunned.

Stumbling, Ramonah made it up and hauled ass towards the cottage door, praying it was unlocked. Praying that Grandpa was home and he wouldn't be out hunting. Maybe instead he just returned home and is locked and loaded, waiting for the wolf to cross the threshold.

Reaching the door, she immediately tries the door but it's no use. She bangs and bangs and yells.

"GRANDMA" Ramonah's blood-curdling screech gave even her goosebumps. The wolf starts to get up. Ramonah chucks some big rocks by the door. The door opens behind her and she's pulled in.

"Oh, child!" It was Grandma. Relief flooded Ramonah. "Come quick."

Ramonah tried to stand but cried out in pain once she applied pressure. Granny's eyes widened at the blood. Ramonah cried.

There was a gentle knock at the door.

Granny rushed to make sure the barricade was over it but she was not quick enough, the door splintered in half and she fell backward, beside Ramonah. The wolf filled the frame, a smile creeping across his face as he looked down at his appetizer and dinner.

Granny Flora swallowed and looked away from her class. It seemed to get harder and harder to tell the tale of her late sister and grandmother every year on the week before the full moons. She looked over to her youngest granddaughter, Redley, who sat there giggling with her friend. She never took anything seriously.

"Something you'd like to share with the rest of the group, girls?" Granny made a beeline to the girls, who had stopped their chit-chat with each other: Gwendolyn looked down and put her hands down in her lap, straightening her posture and facing forward in the chair instead of facing Redley. And, Redley? Redley kept eye contact with Granny. This pissed Granny off. It makes her feel like she should be afraid of her, submissive. But Redley was anything but submissive.

"Yeah, actually." Redley said without missing a beat, "We need some more thread in this color." She held up the cloak to show Granny.

"Very well." Granny sighed and headed to her cabinet and pulled out a few things. "The rest of you are dismissed. We'll resume tomorrow when we have more supplies."

The rest of the students headed for the exit after hanging up the cloaks on the designated racks in the corner. Cloaks upon cloaks and racks upon racks of them next to each other. Tagged green ones meant that they were done.

"Gwendolyn," Granny said without looking up from the notepad she was writing on. "Accompany Redley to the Trader's Depot to fetch the thread and some other supplies, would you?"

"Yeah, of course!" Gwendolyn had been hanging around her table, slowly putting her things away, hoping that she would be allowed to go with Redley. She hurriedly tossed the last few things into her desk and rushed to meet Redley by Granny. Gwen grabbed Redley's hand.

Some more action here that leads into the girls heading out the door, giggling and excited about getting to go outside the village.

"Follow them," Granny says.

"You've got it." The boy left behind them, morphing into his alter form with each step, hopping off into the enchanted forest.

"She's so intense," Gwendolyn finally spoke. Redley hadn't said anything yet, waiting for her best friend to speak first. It was just how her mind worked. Redley would be able to respond better once she said something. Gwendolyn was... unique.

She was special and able to feel things more deeply than others. Different from Redley but more sensitive.

Redley felt things too. Questioned things and wasn't sure why. Everyone said it was part of being a teenager, that rebellion was inevitable. She knew it was more. Her dad/mom said she was, "an old soul." It was like she had an intuition, an instinct, it was like she'd been here before. She had come from the stars.

"She has a lot going on," Redley said. Did it validate her feelings? Did it push her down?

"She always has a lot going on," Gwen said, "Like she's got a stick up her ass."

"Think we should bring her back a new one? I can imagine that one's a little worn down now." Redley joined in on chortling and dragging her grandmother down. It wasn't like Redley wasn't saying anything that anyone hadn't said, or saying anything worse than what Granny Flora had said about her. Redley had often overheard many things that broke her heart. Things that she felt family shouldn't say about each other.

Redley stopped and looked around for the signs that marked the path to the trader's depot. They had to be inconspicuous. But it's not like this path wasn't commonly used by the others who occupied the enchanted forest. Each had their own tribe markings, signs, etc.

Gwendolyn adjusted her baskets that she carried.

"This way." Redley started off. They walked a few hundred feet until she broke the silence again. "Do you ever think about leaving?"

"Leaving?"

"Yeah." Redley wasn't sure what else to say, almost regretting bringing up the question but finally feeling like she had to ask *someone*.

Gwendolyn wasn't really sure how to respond, "And go where?"

"I don't know. We could go check out the Northern Lands." Redley finally spit out. She looked up towards the sky, the trees canopying the top. She wanted to feel the sun on her face, the wind pulling her hair. Something like freedom. Something so simple.

"Yeah. I'm sure visiting the Northern Lands will go over super well with your dad. And your grandmother. And actually just the whole village in general. "

"Sometimes, I just think there's something more," Redley trailed off.

“Thinking will get you into trouble.” Gwendolyn playfully pushed Redley on the path. They both laughed.