

A' Adam's Bairns?

Background information

Unit 1 Sources & Evidence > Bias and Reliability > Bias and Reliability

THE MALIGNED WOLF STORY

A few years ago I used to live in the forest. It was my home and I always kept it clean and tidy. One lovely summer's day, as I was clearing up the mess made by some campers, I heard footsteps behind me. I looked round and saw a young girl with a basket walking down the path. She was dropping sweet papers all over the place and breaking branches off the trees. Naturally, I was very annoyed. I was also very suspicious of what she was up to: you see, I know we shouldn't judge people by what they wear but, well, she was dressed really strangely, all in red, with her head covered up as if she didn't want to be recognised.

Anyway, she was in my forest and I felt I had the right to know a bit more about her. I asked her a few simple questions, like who she was and where she had come from. At first she said she didn't speak to strangers. What did she mean – stranger, me? Everyone knows that I've brought up my whole family in the forest.

Still, she calmed down a bit and told me this tale about her grandmother being ill and how she was going to visit her and that's who all the cakes and sweets in her basket were for. A likely story! How can you eat cakes when you're ill? I knew that the little girl was going to scoff the lot on the way.

Apart from that, though, she seemed ok though I did think it was high time she learned that you can't just barge through somebody's house, suspiciously and unsuitably dressed, dropping litter all over the place.

I let her go on her way but I ran on ahead to her grandmother's house. She turned out to be a really nice person and when I explained the situation she agreed that her granddaughter needed to learn to be a bit more considerate. We decided that I would go into the bed and pretend to be the grandmother while the real grandmother hid in the wardrobe.

A few minutes later the little girl arrived, walked straight into the bedroom without knocking and immediately made a personal remark about my big ears. What a cheek! Still, I've been insulted before and I made the best of it by saying my big ears would help me to hear her better. No sooner had I answered when she made another smart remark about my bulging eyes! You can imagine how I was beginning to feel about this little girl. Anyhow, I've always made a bit of a habit of turning the other cheek and all I said was that my big eyes helped me to see her better.

But her next insult was just over the top! Now if there's one thing I'm really sensitive about, it's my teeth: they're a bit too big for my mouth. Do you know that that girl had the nerve to tell me to my face that my teeth were ginormous! I leapt up from the bed growling that my teeth would help to eat her better!

Now let's face it, no wolf would ever eat a little girl. Everyone knows that, but that rascal started running about the house screaming blue murder. I followed her, trying to calm her down. I took off the grandmother's clothes, but that only seemed to make things worse. Then, all of a sudden, the door came crashing open and a six-foot Forestry Commission bloke was standing there with an axe in his hand. I looked at him and it was obvious I was in big trouble. There was an open window behind me and out I went.

I'd like to say that that was the end of it but it wasn't. Nobody ever told my side of the story and that little girl with the red suit went round telling everyone that I was a horrible, untrustworthy and dangerous monster. Everybody now thinks that I'm the baddie and she's "the goodie", instead of the other way round. It just isn't fair.

THE END