

Little Bad Wolf Interview

Interviewer So, Little Bad Wolf...may I call you Woolfie?

Little Bad Wolf Sure, all my friends call me Woolfie.

Int Woolfie, you had a comfortable upbringing?

LBW Yeah, nice lair, youngest of seven pups, mum and dad always around.

Int Tell me about your father.

LBW Ah dad. Well, what do you need to know? He was big and bad, and very funny – great sense of humour. He was always getting into hot water.

Int Mmm, quite. That's surprising. In what way was he humourous?

LBW Yeah, well, for example he 'd always be saying things like 'Bring home the bacon!', 'Oh yeah, Pigs might fly!' 'Chop! Chop!' that sort of thing.

Int So, not exactly PC then.

LBW What, dad? Porcine Correctness? Nah, not him!

Int Did he *hate* pigs?

LBW Hate's a big word.

Int Well, it's only four-

LBW It's a post-Jungian conceit mistakenly transposed onto a non-human population, it's a pathetic fallacy, an anthropomorphic sleight unfairly foisted on my vulpine brothers and sisters.

Int (Long pause) Mm. Moving on... but he did fall foul of the law, didn't he?

LBW Meaning?

Int Well, people say he ate grandma. Gobbled her all up.

LBW Again, just a load of porkies.

Int Porkies?

LBW Yeah, falsehoods. He was stitched up.

Int A&E or ICU?

LBW ICU

Int But do you deny the accusation that he ate her?

LBW Look at the evidence. The testimony of a four-year old kid who's allowed to wander around the deep, dark wood all alone. What sort of upbringing had she had?

Int Yes, maybe, but there was the woodman...

LBW The woodman! He was even worse. What was he doing walking round the forest all tooled up? He was *looking* for it.

Int But he did find your father lying in the old lady's bed, licking his lips, all covered in blood.

LBW It's always the flippin' same. Give a wolf a bad name. Bed. Blood. Wolf...it has to be *him*, doesn't it?

Int Have you inherited your father's temper? I can see you're getting upset now.

LBW Look, I'm a lot calmer than I used to be, but I do still feel the hackles rising on the back of my neck, you know what I mean?

Int No, not really. So, what have you done with your life since your father, um,...?

LBW Well, I packed up and got my own pad- became a bit of a lone wolf really.

Int Got into a few scrapes?

LBW Scrapes?

Int Is it true that you were linked to the grey goose disappearance?

LBW Absolutely not! I had nothing to do with that one. I think you'll find that was The Fox, and on that particular starry night I was not on the Towno - I was round a mate's.

Int A mate?

LBW No, not a *mate*. A mate, mate, watching a game, big bowl of pork scratchings.

Int And, who was playing?

LBW That's a stupid question. Need you ask?

Int So, Little Bad Wolf. It's time to choose your first record.

LBW Well it's got to be Pinky and Perky, hasn't it? Their greatest hit and anthem to my dad:

'Who's Afraid of The Big Bad Wolf' (plays)