



Die Kleine grinst nur müde. Da!  
Aus ihrem roten Stretch-BH<sup>3</sup>  
zieht sie 'ne Krarre und macht „Bum“  
und legt den Menschenfresser um.  
(Oft ließ sie auch nach Wrestlerart  
ihr Kampfgewicht, mit Schwung gepaart,  
auf ihre Gegner niederprallen –  
und manchmal ihren Cocktail knallen!  
Nicht den mit Krabben oder so –  
nein! Den von Molotow<sup>4</sup> und Co.!!)

#### Moral

Und die Moral von dem Gedicht  
und was wir lernen, nun, ist schlicht  
und einfach dies, ihr lieben Leute:  
Ein zwölfjähriges Mädchen heute  
ist nicht mehr das, das ist ganz klar,  
was es vor fünfzig Jahr'n mal war.

<sup>3</sup> Dehnbares Busenbehältnis für die moderne Frau von heute.

<sup>4</sup> Schon die alten Römer kannten die zerstörerische Kraft der Ampel.

## Little Red Biking Hood



*Hoodie's mum:*

I think I cannot stir from here.  
My head is splitting, Hoodie dear,  
You know, I have been endlessly  
sitting in front of my PC.  
I've typed no less than eighty-nine  
full pages. Therefore, Hoodie mine,  
I cannot go and visit Gran  
myself ...

*Hoodie:*

No problem, mum – I can!  
I've not been doing much today.  
I've only washed my negligée  
and cooked a ready-to-serve meal –  
a pizza Roma, no big deal!

*Narrator:*

It was only a mini-hop  
from Hoodie's to the mega-shop.  
And so, soon after, Little Hood  
was buying supermarket food.  
As she was pushing down her trolley  
and sucking a big Kojak lolly,  
Wolf touched her shoulder and said

*Wolf:*  
Who,  
my little girl in red, are you?  
I've never seen you here before.

*Hoodie:*  
I live in Park Lane 6, 10<sup>th</sup> floor.  
I'm Biking Hood, the chopper fan!  
I have an old neurotic gran  
whose caravan stands in the wood –  
and I am bringing her her food ...

*Narrator:*  
said Hoodie, silly as could be.  
And Wolfie, right immediately,  
he wasn't quite a gentleman,  
dashed off and hatched a cruel plan,  
as Hoodie filled three plastic bags  
with wine and schnapps and beer and fags.  
Her grandmamma, the silly goose,  
was always getting drunk on booze  
and she was constantly, you bet,  
a-playing Russian lung roulette!

Okay, Young Hoodie filled three bags  
with wine and schnapps and beer and fags  
and BSE-free chops and steaks  
and Igloo fish sticks, griddlecakes,  
and she bought vinegar and rum  
and pepper, salt and chewing gum  
and cheese and butter and the like –  
and hurried to her motor bike.



Red Hoodie's Granny Emily  
lived in a second-hand RV,  
I mentioned it a bow, that stood  
right in the middle of the wood.  
Being a woman old as hell,  
she frequently felt quite unwell  
and thus lay down on her chaise-longue  
and launched into her patho-song:

*Granny*

*(slurping wine and sarcastically singing to the tune of "I Am Sailing"):*

I've been suffering  
from arthritis  
now for more than  
twenty years,  
from cold feet, bad  
eyes, carditis  
and from partial  
deafness. *(Lifting her glass)* – Cheers!  
For ten years now  
or eleven  
I've had half my  
stomach out,  
and I've owned since  
'87  
a new kidney  
from a kraut.

*Narrator:*

No sooner did this sombre song  
ebb off than Wolfie came along  
the way which led to Hoodie's gran –  
or rather to her caravan.

*Wolf:*

Oh, God, I'm starving!

*Narrator:*

he was yelping.

*Wolf:*

It's time I had a decent helping!  
I'm dying for a piece of meat! –  
If only I'd a steak to eat!  
I wouldn't mind if it were tough.  
I'm also a big pasta buff.  
Oh God, I wish I knew where I  
could get a juicy pizza pie!

I can't remember when I last  
ate a good meal. – The die is cast:  
I have decided not to die  
of malnutrition – no, not!!  
Red Hoodie told me that her gran  
inhabited a caravan,  
one made by WILK AND CO., that stood  
right in the middle of the wood

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