

Little Red Grammarhood and the Language Wolf

a German Grammar Fairy Tale
for young and old

by A.Kruska



Part 1 Welcome to Nominativeland

Teil 1 Willkommen im Nominativland

Chapter *Eins*– *In* which Little Red wakes up *und* meets a squirrel

*Dunkel*dark *und* full of evil thoughts, the thunder clouds tower three windmills high *in* the east. Pierced by dazzling lightning, they release an icy *Wind*.

Roaring, the *Wind* howls through the ancient forest, startling even the wizards.

It tugs at the trees, lashes the waters, gallops like a *hundert* horses across the fields *und* bends the *Gras* low. Lightning sparks *Feuer*. At last, the clouds burst, *und* with a mighty roar, the *Wasser* pours down upon the *Welt*world.

Then, suddenly, it is quiet...

Now a gentle sun breaks through the clouds, *und* a rainbow majestically spans the *Land*. The *Eartherde*, soaked with *Wasser*, begins to steam. Puddles, pools, *und* small lakes have formed everywhere, *und* the *Wasser* now busily seek their eternal path to the sea through trickles *und* brooks.

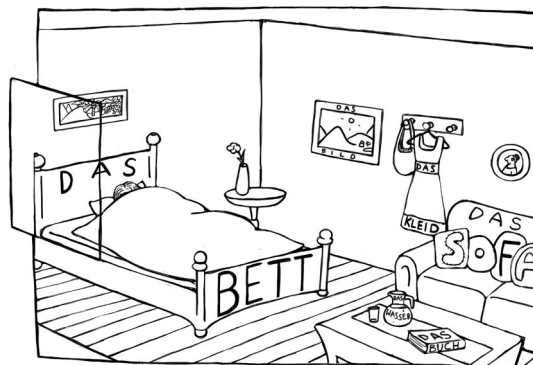
The light breeze - the storm has become now - whispers cheerfully around the pretty half-timbered *Haus* that welcomes a new *Gast* today.

The breeze glides up the wall, plays with the ivy, *und* nudges open the small window beneath the roof. It flows through the room, brushes over *das Sofa*, around *das Glas* of *Wasser* on the table, flips curiously through the pages of the *Buch*, drifts over *das* cozy *Bett* — where Little Red tosses *und* turns. *Dann* the breeze gently cools Little Red's face, damp with sweat from dark *Träumedreams*, “Wake up, Little Red, *wach auf, Rotkäppchen*, it is time!“, it whispers.

Dann the breeze fades away.

Rotkäppchen opens her eyes. “Yaaaaawn!“, she stretches herself, sprawling under the covers. “What a strange *Traumdream* I've had!“ Rotkäppchen sits up in *Bett* still marveling at the *Traumdream* — *und* even more at the new *Wort* lingering *in* her mind. With a brief shiver, she sheds the *Traum* und glances about,

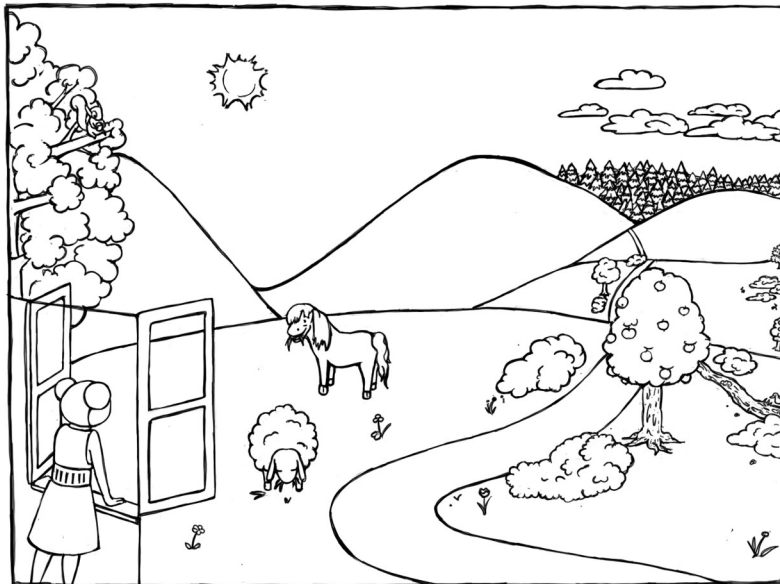
“Oh, what a pretty little room!“



Quickly, she jumps up, slips into her red *Kleiddress*, *und* prances about *das Bett, das Buch, das Glas of Wasser und das Sofa* to the window humming a little song all the while.

“*Rot* is the color of the poppy flower,
Rot is the color of a robin’s chest,
Rot is the color of a yummy cherry—
Und that is the color I love best!”

Rotkäppchen opens the window.



“Oh, how marvellous *und wundervoll*!”

It smells *wundervoll* of flowers, *Gras und* herbs. “hum *summ* hum,” go the bugs, *und* “chirp, *zwitscher*, chirp“ the birds sing all around.

Now *blaublue und* cloudless, the sky stretches over lush meadows, wide *und grün*, through which a little brook is meandering sweetly. A path, yellow*gelb und* fringed by *Apfel* trees, winds uphill. *In* the distance, a forest can be seen, *oldalt und dunkel*dark - Rotkäppchen shivers a bit.

There is *ein Pony*, grazing *in* the meadow. *Das Pony* shakes its head. Merrily, *es* neighs: “*Guten Morgen! Guten Morgen!*“

Ein Schaf is munching on a tuft of *Gras*. *Das Schaf* gleefully wiggles its tail.

Dann es looks up *und* bleats: “Baaaaaa, *määhhhh*, baaaaaa, *guten Määähgen, guten Morgen!*“

“*Guten Morgen! Guten Morgen!*“ – What a beautiful day!

A squirrel peeks from a oak tree close by the window.

“*Guten Morgen! Guten Morgen!*“ waves Rotkäppchen to it.

The squirrel shakes its wet fur *und* waves back, “*Hallooo, guten Mooorgen!*“

Rotkäppchen reaches into the pocket of her *Kleiddress und* fishes out a couple of nuts.

“Squirrel, squirrel, this is for youuuu!“ The squirrel perks up its ears *und* jumps on the windowsill, “*Schnupper, sniff, schnupper,*“ the squirrel smells the nuts, takes them into its little hands *und* starts juggling:

“*Danke schön! Danke schön!*“

“Oh, I don’t speak any German yet,” Rotkäppchen replies.

“Oh, no *Germandeutsch* no *Germandeutsch*, I see, I see! *Danke schön* means: Thank you!“ –

„Thank you means *danke schön*,“ Rotkäppchen repeats *und* asks,

“Oh, Squirrel, *und* how do you say: You’re welcome?“ –

“*Bitte schön!*“ –

“*Bitte schön, und danke schön!*“

„*Ja, genau, genau exaktly!*“ Squirrel nods solemnly.

"*Und* what does this *schön* mean?"

"*Schön* means nice, oder beautiful, too!"

"Ah, interesting: *bitte schön und danke schön!* Hmmm, so, you speak both languages?“ Rotkäppchen marvels. –

“*Oh ja*, indeed!” Squirrel nods, “My *Großmutter* came over from Wales *und* you, where do you come from?“ –

“I am from Kansas, from Seven Hills. I arrived just yesterday, quite late at night!“ –

“*Oh, interessant, interessant!* Just yesterday? Quite late at night? Well, *dann: willkommen, willkommen!*“

"*Danke schön!*" Rotkäppchen smiles.

"*Und*, are you visiting?"

“Well, no, I think I shall stay for longer.”

“Ah, für länger!”

“Ja, we came here to be with my *Großmutter*, you know, Mom, Dad *und* I.

Großmutter is *alt und frail*, *und* she needs our help, now..“ –

The squirrel gives a sympathetic nod *und* smiles, “That’s *schön*, that you want to take care of her!” –

Rotkäppchen returns the smile, but dann she furrows her brow.

“You know, Squirrel, there is one little problem...”

“Oh, *ein* little *Problem?*”

“Ja! My *Großmutter* only speaks *Deutsch*. I would very much love to talk to her *und* listen to all the stories of the past *und* the freaky Fairy tale stuff too, you know. But I do not know any *Deutsch* yet!“

Squirrel nods. “My *Großmutter* always says: Every beginning *ist* difficult! But actually – didn’t you already start speaking *Deutsch*?“ It gives a mischievous smile *und* tilts its little head.

Rotkäppchen laughs,

“He, he, he, well, *danke schön*, Squirrel! I guess, you could say that! *Ja, genau*, he, he, he,“ *Rotkäppchen lacht*.



