



Little Red and the Rhythm of the Dawn

by William E



In a crescent-shaped village, nestled beneath a moon that lingered even after sunrise, lived Little Red. Her bright cinnamon cloak mirrored her vibrant spirit. She woke early, laughed often, and her laughter was said to wake the roosters before dawn.



Her grandmother, Ballerina Cappuccina, a legend in her youth, lived with Little Red. She filled their cottage with the scent of roasted coffee and the melodies of her gramophone, sharing stories of courage, rhythm, and the magic of dance.



One night, a strange mist crept from the forest, silencing the village's morning call. The sahur drum, which woke everyone before sunrise, lay torn and silent, and the villagers slept on, unaware.



Little Red, feeling a deep instinct, wrapped herself in her cloak and ventured into the silent forest. She carried a small thermos of coffee and tapped her foot to keep courage—tung, tung, tung, soft as a heartbeat.



She met the Wolf, not of fang and fur, but of whispers and smoke. He claimed to have brought peace, but Red knew he had stolen their rhythm. Remembering her grandmother's words, she began to dance, her steps a defiant beat.



As Red danced, the forest awakened. The Wolf vanished, and the rhythm returned. The drummer boy awoke, the sahur drum beat again, and the village rejoiced. Little Red, the guardian of rhythm, had saved the dawn with her dance.