

Jack and Jill and the Big Bad Wolf

by Jim Gold

Once upon a time there was a boy named Jack, a pretty average eleven-year-old, except he was thirteen feet tall. One other thing: his left foot was a size thirteen, but his right was six miles long.

When he strolled across country, his right foot demolished entire cities and towns. He went west from New York, heading for California. He started on his left foot, and clump! His right foot landed on Cleveland. That was the end of Cleveland. Then St. Louis: Clump! Albuquerque: clump!

Finally, he reached the battered, flattened, and former city of San Francisco and took a walk on the beach.

There he met an eleven-year-old girl with braids named Jill. Her left hand looked average, but her right was six miles long. And she never walked, just skidded.

Jack liked her immediately. "Let's be friends," he said.

She held out her right hand. "Sure," she said. "Shake on it."

"Hold on," he warned. "Friendship takes time."

They swam in the ocean and frolicked on the beach for two years. Then they got a phone call from the mayor of Santa Fe. The Big Bad Wolf had retired from the book he lived in and had taken up residence in the Sandia Mountains. Every Wednesday at midnight, he rolled into Santa Fe for a human snack and ate up a

person or two. The Santa Fe population was dwindling. At first, residents had merely been frightened, but with real estate values falling and the threat of becoming the wolf's midnight supper, they were terrified.

"Come on over, Jack!" the mayor pleaded. "Bring Jill, too. We need all the help we can get."

Having read in the *San Francisco Kabbalah Beach* that every mitzvah creates an angel, Jack and Jill agreed to help. Holding hands, they clump-skidded towards Santa Fe.

Wednesday night found them waiting for the Big Bad Wolf in the town plaza. Sure enough, at midnight he arrived. Huge and hairy, his gray coat streaked with black, his mouth

was salivating as he contemplated his upcoming midnight snack.

Jill walked right up to him. The Big Bad Wolf bared his teeth and growled ferociously.

Jill shook her head. “Bad manners,” she said. “That is not the way a civilized person greets somebody. A civilized person shakes hands.”

The wolf, puzzled by this sudden identity problem, said, “I-I don’t have a hand.”

“A foot will do,” said Jill. “Or a paw.”

The wolf put out his paw. Jill shook it with her six-mile hand, and that was the end of the Big Bad Wolf.

Thereafter, Jack and Jill became local Santa Fe heroes. They decided to settle in Santa Fe and open a vegetarian restaurant.

from Carlos the Cloud
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