

From the Private Scrolls of Headmistress Flora at Fairy Tale Reform  
School

**CASE STUDY #3:**

The Transformation of the Big Bad Wolf (hence forth known as Professor  
Xavier Wolfington)

Evilness Scale: 9 out of 10

Most Famous Evil Act: Stalking then eating Granny and Little Red Riding  
Hood

Update: Thankfully, that hunter (or was it a lumberjack? I am not sure.  
Red and Granny are still too traumatized to discuss the situation) was able  
to rescue the pair. The scene was so chaotic, some say the Wolf was cut  
open to rescue Red and Granny, others say they found Granny in a closet  
and Red unharmed. Either way, the Wolf vanished and has been stalking  
victims every full moon ever since. Red, meanwhile, took up martial arts  
and became a black belt in karate. She now own's Red's Ready for  
Anything shop where her gadgets aid in self-defense. I have bought a kit for  
my plans today.

Update this AM: Pete, the Dwarf Police Squad chief and his aid, Olaf, have  
helped me set a trap for the Wolf at the cottage of Daniel, the boy who cries  
wolf, who the Wolf has been stalking. At the first sign of the full moon, we  
hope to finally apprehend this villain once and for all.

My heart is pounding out of my chest. My palms are sweaty and appear very unlady-like. My neck feels itchy, but I suspect that's just because I'm wearing Daniel's red and blue plaid scarf. Daniel, otherwise known as the boy who cries wolf in these parts, was more than happy to part with his signature item in the hopes the scent of the scarf would lead the Wolf to me instead of him. At least, that's what Red and I are hoping. She's outfitted me with every possible Wolf-protection item and given me specific instructions on how to lure the Wolf into our trap. It's the first time she's ever remotely discussed what happened that day the Wolf attacked her and Granny. I shudder at the thought. This is my most dangerous villainous transformation attempt yet. If my girls knew where I were, they'd give up their finest gowns to stop me. I hope.

Red does not believe I can do this. Pete does not believe we can tame the beast either.

I, however, have never shied away from a challenge.

Plus, there is that pesky problem of needing more teachers at Fairy Tale Reform School. If we can transform this wolf, he'd be our greatest former villain asset yet.

The tiny magical ear bud Red outfitted me with crackles to life. "This is Pete the Great radioing Step-Monster. Over!"

I tap the ear bud to make sure I heard him right. "*Peter*, did you just call me a *step-monster*?"

"Er...no, Headmistress! I said, *stepmother*. It's a code name. Nothing more."

"Well, lets concentrate less on code names and more on being on the watch for the Wolf, shall we?" I am sitting in a rocking chair facing the fireplace, not the door, so the Wolf can only see the back of my head when he comes in. I'm wearing a cap like

Daniel's on my head, the scarf and men's clothes. Why they prefer pants is beyond me. They're so constricting! I shrink down lower in the chair so I look short. "Pete? Did you hear what I just said?" I ask, taping the ear bud again. A light crosses the fireplace and I look up at the nearest window. Through the trees, I can see the full moon rising. "Pete? Are you there?"

The ear bud crackles like lightening and I hear a lot of movement, but no Pete.

"Pete?" I say louder, my heart beginning to pound. Maybe I should have taken Harlow up on her offer to be here tonight. She's not fully transformed herself yet so I worried about her safety, but now I'm beginning to worry about my own. "Pete!"

"Headmistress! He's here!" I hear Pete whisper so quietly it comes out as a hiss. "He's moving towards the cottage. Olaf! Get down! Get down! He's hideous...holy crumb cake, he's huge! And those fangs...he's sniffing for something. He's..."

HOWWWW-LLLL!

The lone wolf cry is enough to send shudders through my whole body. I'm beginning to regret this decision. What if Red's charms don't work? What if my reflexes are too slow? What if...

SMACK! I hear the door to the cottage fly off its hinges as the Wolf enters at the same time I hear Pete frantically warning me in my ear piece. I tap it again to turn down the volume so I can hear the Wolf's every breath.

"HOWWW-LLL!" The wolf cries again. "Daniel! We meet at last!" he growls, sniffing the air as his large, hairy paws move closer to my rocking chair. I close my eyes and imagine the sight of him. Half man, half wolf in the full moon, he spends his days mostly staying in wolf form, I'm told, which is his more menacing side. The story goes

he wasn't always like this. He was once a man. A man at the wrong place at the wrong time who is now cursed with this werewolf life. It will be up to me to see if there is still a man in there left saving.

“Daniel?” he says in a throaty voice that drips with snarls. “No last words to say before I devour you whole? No pleading for your life?” I feel his hands pull the rocking chair back so that I'm about to lean backwards. “That is always my favorite part. No? Oh well. We'll just get this meal over with.”

“NOW!” I cry and Pete and Olaf thankfully burst through the now open cottage door at the same time I jump out of my chair and point the wand directly at the Wolf. His yellow eyes open in surprise as the gingerroot laced tightly with silver bullets hits his body. His snout opens in a howl of anger. From behind Olaf shoots another round of gingerroot laced with silver and the effect is exactly as Red suspected. It holds him firmly in place, mid-pounce, hairy paws ready to pound on my chest and attack me. But instead, it is I who attack him. With another wave of the wand, I produce the elvian berries and watch them levitate towards his slimy, salivating snout of a mouth and drop down among his two rows of gnarly teeth.

“Chew!” I command the Wolf with the use of my wand and despite his visible struggle, the elvian berries slide down his throat.

I step back, watching the Wolf begin to transform as the moon disappears behind the clouds. Pete and Olaf are as amazed as I am at this sudden reversal. The Wolf's snout begins to recede, his hairy body loses much of its long, fearsome locks and he begins to look less like a wolf and more like a man, especially when his teeth return to normal size

and his eyes stopping glowing yellow. Within minutes, I'm staring into the blue eyes of a frightened looking man.

“What...how...how did you just do that?” he asks in a soft voice I wasn't expecting. He stares down at his hands. Still hairy, but considerably less so. His clothes are tattered and ripped, but they were before the transformation too. He looks like a shell of a man, but a man no less.

“How does not matter, it is the why that does,” I say simply, my heart beginning to slow now that I know I'm out of immediate danger. I can see the glow of the gingerroot beginning to fade as the herb begins to lose its effect on him. It can't hold creatures as long as it holds humans. “I'm here to help you.”

He sighs deeply and runs a hand through his long mane of hair. “I assure you, madam, there is no helping me. Run, while you still can, before your magic loses its potency and I return to my original form. There is no help for me at this point.”

“That's where you're wrong, Wolf,” I say and I watch him cringe at the sound of his so-called name. “Those are elvian berries, from the deepest trees of Hollow Woods. Impossible to find, but we have procured an extensive collection of them to help you. The ether in those berries can suppress your wolf side.”

“That is impossible,” he says and his arms begin to break free. “Nothing can do that! I searched for years when I could, but was told there was no cure.”

“Not a cure, a solution,” I correct him. “There's a difference. These berries can help you be a man again, but you will never fully be rid of your wolf side. You'll have to work to keep it contained. Work to make amends for the pain and suffering you put so many through.”

For a moment, I see the pain in his face, but then his expression turns wolfish. “A man again? And why would I want to be that? Will Enchantasia suddenly welcome me with open arms once I’m in human form?” His arms open wide and he laughs. “Who will hire the wolf that eats all the customers?” His legs break free and he moves towards the doorway. Pete and Olaf scurry out of the way and drop their weapons in the process. Typical. “Forget it,” the Wolf growls. “I’m not interested.”

I stare at the wand in my hands. “Red said you wouldn’t be.”

He slowly turns around. If he’s trying to hide his emotions, he’s doing a terrible job. “Red?” he says, the pain in his face visible.

“Yes, you remember her and Granny, do you not? Your first almost-victims are now thriving. Red owns a shop that helps others protect themselves from the likes of you and other dark forces. I went to her to discuss my plan to transform you and have you work at Fairy Tale Reform School. She said you’d never do it.”

“You should have listened to the girl,” the Wolf growls. “She was right.”

“She said the guilt you had over what you had done to her and to others made you prefer to stay a wolf rather than face your crimes and ask for forgiveness,” I explain. “You can’t live with what you did. I can’t say I blame you.” His face falls. “The pain you will feel as you recount the wrongs you have done will be no picnic, but if you can amend your ways, maybe you can save our villainous children from the same lonely fate you’ve had.”

He looks thoughtful for a moment, then shakes his head violently. “No. It’s too late for me. Save someone else instead.”

“I want to save *you*,” I insist as Pete looks at me like I’ve eaten too much mulberry pie. “Red doesn’t think you can be saved, but she still wanted to help me try. How do you think an older woman like myself was able to get these Elvian berries in the middle of a dark forest? Red gathered them for me in her basket.”

“She did?” the Wolf asks quietly and I nod.

I’m getting through to him! I know it.

But then the moon begins to pull away from the clouds again. I see the Wolf’s eyes begin to change and his hair begin to grow.

“Headmistress, it’s too late,” Pete says, backing through the door with Olaf at his side. “We only had enough for a short dose tonight. He’s a lost cause.”

“He’s not!” I thunder. I walk closer to the Wolf as he begins to transform, knowing if I’m wrong about him, I could be his last supper. “You can do this!” I insist. “Fight the urge! I have enough Elvian berries on me to get you through this night, but you have to want to win this battle against the darkness.” His face begins to bubble and change and his snout begins to grow. “If you do, I’ll help you.” I watch his nails begin to yellow and grow into sharp claws. “You’ll come work and live with me at Fairy Tale Reform School. You can have a life again! You just have to want it bad enough.” I take his hand and squeeze, feeling it grow and change beneath my fingers.

“HOWWW-LLL!” escapes from the Wolf’s lips and I worry I’ve made the wrong choice, but then his snout clamps shut and I feel him fighting himself. He holds his breath, pushes his feet deeper into the floor, his nails scratching the wood. He grits his teeth and suddenly the hair and nails begin to recede again. He’s doing it! The Wolf is trying! And that’s all I can ask for at this moment.

I wand the final batch of Elvian berries into his mouth and see him swallow quickly. Slowly, he begins to look like a man again. “Thanks,” he says in a half-growl that sounds extremely weary.

I smile and motion for Pete and Olaf to help me get the Wolf out of there. “Don’t thank me just yet. You have a lot of work to do first.”