

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD



THERE WAS ONCE a little village girl, the prettiest you ever saw. Her mother doted on her and her grandmother even more so. This good lady had a little red cloak made for her, which suited her so well that everyone called her Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother made some bread and said to her, "Go and see how your grandmother is, for I hear she's been ill. Take her a loaf and this little pot of butter."

Little Red Riding Hood left straightaway to go and visit her grandmother, who lived in another village. On her way through the wood, she met a wolf, who quite fancied eating her but did not dare, because of the woodcutters who were working in the forest.

He asked her where she was going. The poor child, who did not know that it is dangerous to stop and chat with wolves, said to him, "I'm going to see my grandmother, to take her a loaf with a little pot of butter that my mother has sent."

"Does she live very far away?" asked the wolf.

"Oh, yes," said Little Red Riding Hood. "It's beyond that mill

you can see over there.
Right there, the first
house in the village."

"Well," said the wolf, "I
want to go and see her too. I'll
go by this road and you by that
one, and we'll see who gets
there first."

The wolf started to run as
fast as he could by the short-
cut, and the little girl took
the longer path, dawdling to
pick some hazelnuts,
chase after butterflies,
and make little bunches
of the wayside flowers.

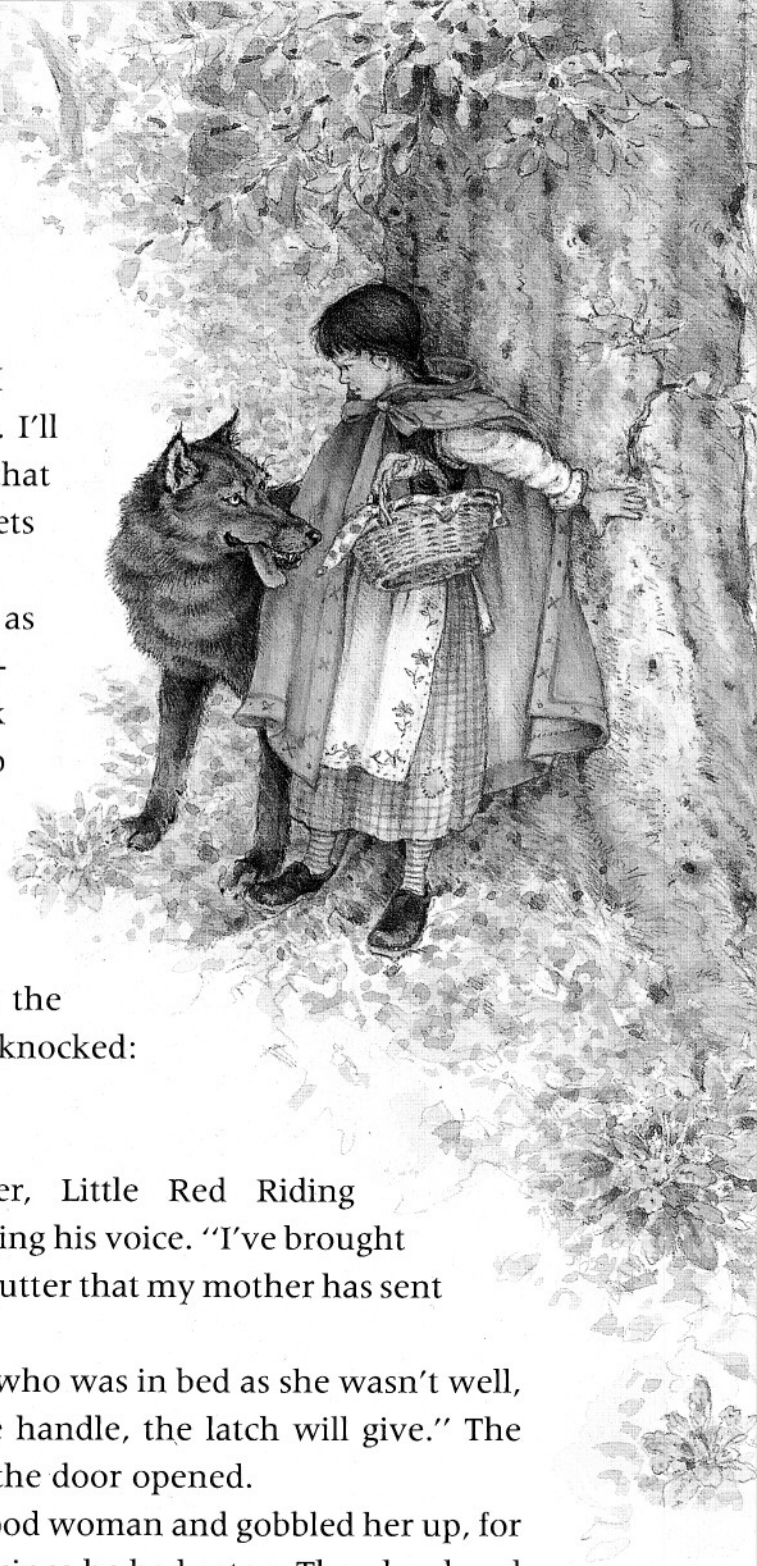
The wolf soon arrived at the
grandmother's house. He knocked:
Rat! Tat!

"Who's there?"

"It's your granddaughter, Little Red Riding
Hood," said the wolf, disguising his voice. "I've brought
you a loaf and a little pot of butter that my mother has sent
you."

The kindly grandmother, who was in bed as she wasn't well,
called out to him, "Pull the handle, the latch will give." The
wolf pulled the handle and the door opened.

He flung himself on the good woman and gobbled her up, for
it was more than three days since he had eaten. Then he closed
the door and tucked himself up in the grandmother's bed to



wait for Little Red Riding Hood, who, shortly afterward, came and knocked at the door: Rat! Tat!

“Who’s there?”

When Little Red Riding Hood heard the wolf’s hoarse voice, she was afraid at first, but, thinking that her grandmother must have a cold, she replied, “It’s your granddaughter, Little Red Riding Hood. I’ve brought you a loaf and a little pot of butter that my mother has sent you.”

The wolf called out, softening his voice a little, “Pull the handle, the latch will give.” Little Red Riding Hood pulled the handle and the door opened. When the wolf saw her come in, he hid under the blankets and said, “Put the loaf and the little pot of butter in the bread bin and come and get into bed with me.”

Little Red Riding Hood got undressed and climbed into bed, where she was most surprised to see what her grandmother was like with nothing on.

She said, “Grandmother! What big arms you have!”

“All the better to hug you with, my dear!”

“Grandmother! What big legs you have!”

“All the better to chase you with, my dear!”

“Grandmother! What big ears you have!”

“All the better to hear you with, my dear!”

“Grandmother! What big eyes you have!”

“All the better to see you with, my dear!”

“Grandmother! What big teeth you have!”

“All the better to eat you with!”

And with these words, that wicked wolf leapt upon Little Red Riding Hood and ate her.