



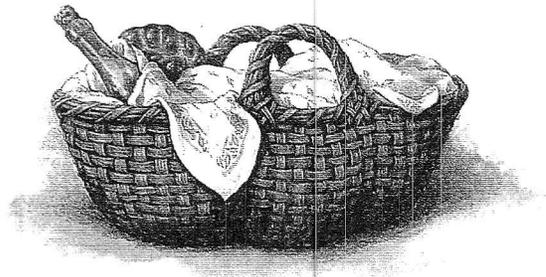
## Little Red Riding Hood



Once there was a little girl who was so pretty and sweet that she was adored by everyone who met her. Her grandmother loved her best of all and doted on her. Once she made the girl a little red velvet cape with a hood. The child liked it so well that she would wear no other. And that was how she came to be called Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother said to her, "Little Red Riding Hood, come take this basket of cakes and butter to your grandmother. She's been quite ill, and they will do her good. Go as quickly as you can. And be sure not to stray from the path or you might get lost in the woods!"

Little Red Riding Hood promised to do as she was told. She skipped down the path with the basket under her arm and headed for her grandmother's on the other side of the woods.



She had not gone far when she met a wolf. Little Red Riding Hood did not know what a wicked creature he was, so she was not at all frightened. "Good morning!" she said.

"And a good morning to you," replied the wolf. "Where are you going in such a hurry?"

"Oh," said Little Red Riding Hood, "I'm taking this basket of cakes to my sick grandmother who lives on the other side of the woods."

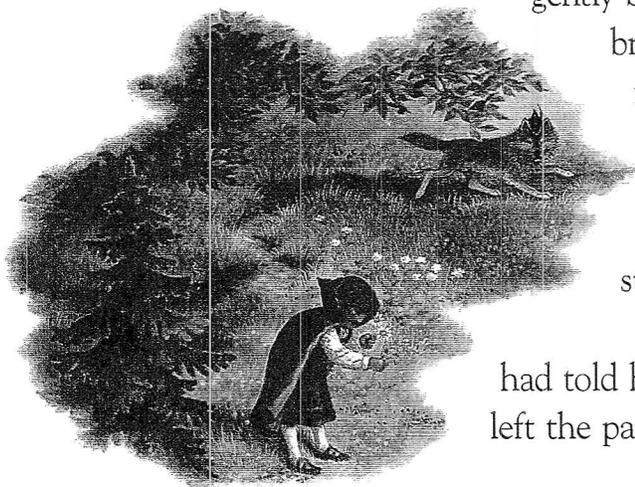
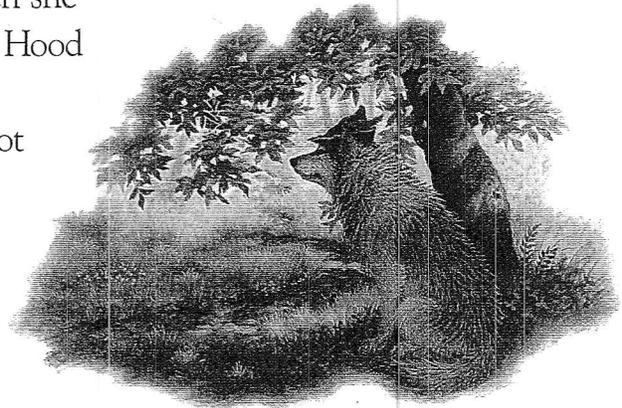
"How nice," the wolf said. And as he was feeling very hungry, he thought to himself, "Little Red Riding Hood would make a tasty meal, and her grandmother, too! I must see if I can manage to eat them both!"

So he walked beside Little Red Riding Hood, and after a while he said, "Tell me, Red Riding Hood, why are you walking so quickly? Can't you see how beautiful the woods are this morning? Listen! How the birds are singing! And look at all the pretty flowers!"

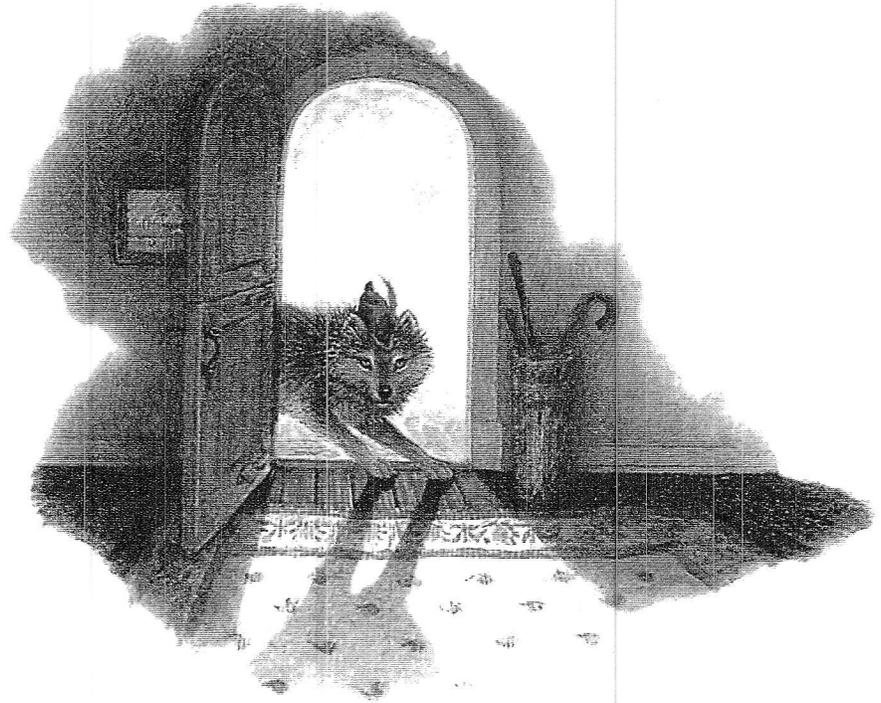
Little Red Riding Hood stopped to look around. It truly was a lovely morning. Sunbeams were dancing among the trees, and the flowers were gently bowing their heads in the

breeze. "How happy my grandmother would be if I brought her a bunch of flowers!" the child thought. "Besides, it's so early, I can pick them and still get there before too long."

Forgetting what her mother had told her, Little Red Riding Hood left the path and ran into the woods to



gather flowers. She did not mean to be gone long, but every time she pulled a flower, she saw a prettier one farther on. And so on she went, deeper into the forest and farther from the path.



Meanwhile the wolf ran straight to grandmother's house and knocked on the door.

"Who's there?" the grandmother asked.

"It's me," squeaked the wolf, "Little Red Riding Hood. I've brought you a basket full of good things to eat. Open the door!"

"Just come in," the grandmother called back. "The door's open. I'm too weak to get up!"

The wolf pushed open the door, ran upstairs to grandmother's bedroom, and gobbled her up in a single bite! He quickly put on her nightgown and her nightcap and jumped into bed, pulling the covers over himself. He lay quietly waiting for Little Red Riding Hood to come.

Only after Little Red Riding Hood had picked so many flowers that she could not possibly carry one more, did she remember that she was supposed to be at grandmother's house. And so she ran all the way there.

When she arrived, she was surprised to find that the door was wide open. "Hello, Grandmother!" she called. But there was no answer. So she went inside and climbed upstairs to her grandmother's bedroom. As Little Red Riding Hood approached the bed, she thought to herself how strange her grandmother looked.

"Oh, Grandmother," cried Little Red Riding Hood, "what big ears you have!"

"All the better to hear you with, my dear," said the wolf.

"But Grandmother, what big eyes you have!"

"All the better to see you with, my dear!"

"But Grandmother, what big hands you have!"

"All the better to hug you with, my dear!"

"But Grandmother," said Little Red Riding Hood, "what big teeth you have!"



"All the better to eat you with!" said the wolf. And as soon as the words were out of his mouth, the wolf sprang out of bed and swallowed Little Red Riding Hood in a single gulp!

By now the wolf was so full, he could hardly walk. He climbed back into bed and fell into a deep sleep.

A short while later, a hunter came walking by the cottage. When he saw the door open, he said to himself, "That's odd. I'd better make sure the old woman is all right!" So he went in and up the stairs and came upon the wolf asleep in the grandmother's bed.



"So I've caught you at last, you old rascal!" the hunter whispered, and he raised his gun to shoot. But then he thought, "The wolf may have eaten the old woman and perhaps there is still time to save her." So he took out a knife and quickly cut open the wolf's stomach while the beast was asleep. Little Red Riding Hood popped out. "Oh, thank you!" she cried. "It was so dark in the wolf's stomach, and I was so frightened!" Then her grandmother came tumbling out. She was alive, too.

The hunter and Little Red Riding Hood fetched some stones and placed them in the wolf's stomach before they sewed it up again. When the wolf woke up, he tried to run away, but the stones were so heavy that he fell down dead.

Then Little Red Riding Hood, her grandmother, and the brave hunter sat down and shared the cakes and butter. Soon Little Red Riding Hood's grandmother was feeling well again. As for Little Red Riding Hood, she had learned her lesson. "I will never again listen to strangers who tell me to stray from the path and go into the woods when Mother has told me not to!" she said to herself. And she never did!

