Little Red Riding Hood

The whole story, to read aloud



Once upon a time, there was a dear little girl who was loved by everyone who looked at her. But most of all, she was loved by her grandmother. There was nothing her grandmother would not have given her. Once, she gave her a little riding hood of red velvet. It suited her so well that she would never wear anything else. So everyone called her Little Red Riding Hood.



"Come, Little Red Riding Hood," said her mother. "Here is a piece of cake and a bottle of fresh milk. Take them to your grandmother. She is ill and weak, and they will do her good." "Set out before it gets hot," said her mother. "And when you are going, walk nicely and quietly, and do not run off the path, or you may fall and break the bottle, and then your grandmother will get nothing."

"And when you go into her room, don't forget to say "Good morning", and don't go peeping into every corner first," said her mother. "I will take great care, Mother," said Little Red Riding Hood. And she gave her mother her hand on it.



Her grandmother lived out in the wood, a long walk from the village. Just as Little Red Riding Hood went into the wood, a wolf came out to meet her. She did not know what a wicked creature he was, and she was not at all afraid of him.

"Good day, Little Red Riding Hood," said the wolf. "Good day to you, wolf," said Little Red Riding Hood. "Where are you going so early, Little Red Riding Hood?" said the wolf. "To my grandmother's," said Little Red Riding Hood.

"And what have you got in your basket?" said the wolf. "Cake and milk," said Little Red Riding Hood. "Yesterday was baking day, so poor sick Grandmother is to have something good, to make her stronger." "And where does your grandmother live, Little Red Riding Hood?" said the wolf.

"A little farther on in the wood," said Little Red Riding Hood. "Her house stands under the three big oak trees, and the nut bushes are just below. You must know it!"

But the wolf thought to himself: "What a tender young creature! What a nice plump mouthful! She will taste even better than the old woman. I must be crafty, and catch them both." So he walked beside Little Red Riding Hood for a while, and then he said: "Look, Little Red Riding Hood, how pretty the flowers are!" said the wolf.

"Why don't you look around? And I don't think you can hear how sweetly the little birds are singing." "You walk along as gravely as if you were going to school, while everything else out here in the wood is merry," said the wolf.



Little Red Riding Hood looked up. She saw the sunbeams dancing here and there through the trees, and pretty flowers growing everywhere. "I'll take Grandmother a fresh bunch of flowers," said Little Red Riding Hood. "That will please her too! It's so early in the day, I'll still get there in good time."

So she ran from the path into the wood, to look for flowers. And whenever she had picked one, she thought she saw a prettier one farther on, and ran after it. And so she went deeper, and deeper, into the wood.



Meanwhile, the wolf ran straight to Grandmother's house. And he knocked at the door. "Who is there?" said Grandmother. "Little Red Riding Hood," said the wolf. "I'm

bringing you cake and milk. Open the door." "Lift the latch," said Grandmother. "I am too weak, and cannot get up."

The wolf lifted the latch, the door flew open, and without saying a word, he went straight to Grandmother's bed... and gobbled her up! Then he put on her clothes, and her nightcap, and her glasses. He lay down in her bed, and drew the curtains.

Little Red Riding Hood had been running about picking flowers. When she had so many that she could carry no more, she remembered her grandmother, and set off on the way to her. She was surprised to find the cottage door standing open. And when she went into the room, she had such a strange feeling. "Oh dear!" said Little Red Riding Hood.

"How uneasy I feel today. And usually, I like being with Grandmother so much!" "Good morning!" said Little Red Riding Hood. But there was no answer. So she went to the bed, and drew back the curtains. There lay her grandmother, with her cap pulled far down over her face, looking very strange.



"Oh!" said Little Red Riding Hood. "Grandmother, what big ears you have!" "The better to hear you with, my child," said the wolf. "But, Grandmother, what big eyes you have!" said Little Red Riding Hood. "The better to see you with, my dear," said the wolf. "But, Grandmother, what large hands you have!" said Little Red Riding Hood. "The better to hug you with," said the wolf.

"Oh!" said Little Red Riding Hood. "But, Grandmother... what a terrible big mouth you have!" "The better to EAT you with!" said the wolf. And with one bound, the wolf was out of bed, and he gobbled up Little Red Riding Hood.



When the wolf had eaten his fill, he lay down again in the bed, fell asleep, and began to snore very loudly. Now, a huntsman was just passing the house. "How the old woman is snoring!" said the huntsman. "I must just see if she wants anything." So he went into the room, and when he came to the bed, he saw that the wolf was lying in it.

"Do I find you here, you old sinner?" said the huntsman. "I have long looked for you!" He was about to tie the wolf up. But then he thought: what if the wolf has swallowed the grandmother? Perhaps she can still be saved! So he took a pair of scissors, and very carefully, he began to cut open the tummy of the sleeping wolf.



Snip, snip! He saw a little red hood shining. Snip, snip! And out sprang the little girl! “Ah, how frightened I have been!” said Little Red Riding Hood. “How dark it was inside the wolf!” And then the old grandmother came out too, alive and well, though she could hardly breathe. “Oh, my darling!” said Grandmother. “Oh, my goodness!”

Then Little Red Riding Hood quickly fetched great big stones. And they filled the wolf’s tummy with them, while he slept on. When the wolf woke up, he wanted to run away. But the stones were so heavy that he fell down at once. And that was the end of the wicked wolf.



Then all three were delighted. The huntsman went home happy. Grandmother ate the cake and drank the milk that Little Red Riding Hood had brought, and soon she felt much better. “As long as I live, I will never leave the path by myself, to run into the wood, when my mother has told me not to,” said Little Red Riding Hood.

And Little Red Riding Hood kept her promise. One day, when she was again taking cakes to her grandmother, a different wolf spoke to her, and tried to lead her off the path. But Little Red Riding Hood was on her guard, and went straight on her way. “Grandmother, I met a wolf!” said Little Red Riding Hood. “He said good morning to me, but with such a wicked look in his eyes!

If we hadn’t been on the open road, I’m sure he would have eaten me up.” “Well then, we will shut the door, so that he cannot come in,” said Grandmother. “Open the door, Grandmother,” called the wolf. “I am Little Red Riding Hood, and I am bringing you some cakes.” But they did not say a word, and they did not open the door.



So the grey-bearded wolf crept two or three times round the house, and at last jumped up onto the roof, to wait until Little Red Riding Hood went home in the evening, and then to creep after her in the dark. But Grandmother guessed what he was up to. “Take the pail, Little Red Riding Hood,” said Grandmother. “I made some sausages yesterday. Carry the water I boiled them in, and fill up the big stone tub outside.” Little Red Riding Hood

carried pail after pail, until the great trough was quite full.

Then the smell of the sausages reached the wolf. He sniffed, and peeped down, and stretched out his neck so far that he could no longer keep his footing... and he slipped down from the roof, straight into the great trough! And that was the last of the second wolf. And Little Red Riding Hood went happily home, and nobody ever did her any harm again.

Talk About It

1. What did Grandmother give the girl?
2. Why did she leave the path?
3. Who saved Little Red Riding Hood?
4. What did Mother tell Little Red Riding Hood to do?
5. How did the wolf trick Little Red Riding Hood?
6. What did Little Red Riding Hood learn?

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