

Little Red Riding Hood

Adapted from the well known fairy tale
<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/31431/31431-h/31431-h.htm#page92>
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Once upon a time, a granny made a very pretty red hood. The hood was for her granddaughter. The girl liked it a lot. She wore it every day. And so the people there called her Little Red Riding Hood.



(I am going to type LRRH because it is much quicker. That stands for the girl's name: **Little Red Riding Hood.**)

One day, LRRH went to visit her granny. LRRH's mum put a nice cake and some butter in a basket.

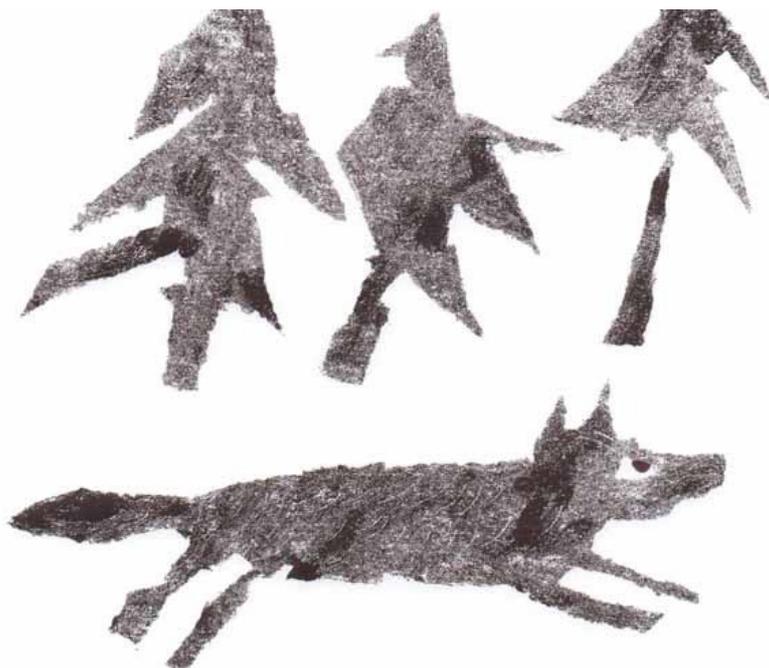
"Take this to Granny," she said to LRRH. "Granny has been ill."

LRRH had to go right through a wood. She met a big wolf.

The wolf was feeling hungry. It had not had any food for a long time. There were wood-cutters in the wood that day so the wolf did not want to eat the girl just then. The wolf thought of a plan.

The wolf asked,
"Where are you going, child?"
"I am going to see my granny,"
said LRRH. Then—oh dear—
LRRH told the wolf just where
her granny lived.

"I'll go and see your granny
as well," said the wolf. "You go
that way. I'll go this way."
And the wolf ran off very fast.



LRRH went on walking along.
She picked some nice flowers.
She looked at mini-beasts.
She did not hurry at all.



Very soon, the wolf got to
Granny's home. It knocked
on the door.

“Who is it?” Granny called.

“Your grand-daughter. I have
food for you. Let me in!”

Granny said, “The front door
isn't locked. Come in.”

In went the wolf.

Of course the wolf didn't have food for Granny. I'm sorry to have to tell you that Granny was food for the wolf. The wolf ate her up and felt better.

Then it got into Granny's bed and waited.



A little time later, LRRH got to her granny's home and knocked on the door.

A gruff voice said, “Who is it?”

The voice scared LRRH a bit. But she decided that Granny must have a cold. So she said, “It is me, Granny. I have got cake and butter for you.”

The wolf was crafty. It spoke with a quieter voice: “The front door isn’t locked. You can open it. Come in.”

LRRH went in. She went to Granny’s bedroom. She saw Granny’s bed and someone in Granny’s bed. Was it Granny?

The odd voice came from under the blanket: “You can put the food on the table. Take off your coat and hood and sit on the bed by me.”

LRRH did what she was told. Then she had a good look at the someone in the bed. LRRH began to think Granny was suddenly very odd. LRRH felt scared.

“Dear Granny,” said LRRH.

“What big arms you have!”

“The better to hug with!”

“Dear Granny,” said LRRH.

“What big legs you have!”

“The better to run with!”

“Dear Granny,” said LRRH.

“What big ears you have!”

“The better to hear with!”

“Dear Granny,” said LRRH.

“What big eyes you have!”

“The better to see with!”

“Dear Granny,” said LRRH.

“What big teeth you have!”

“The better to eat with!”

And the wolf gobbled her up!
Poor Little Red Riding Hood! 