

Red Riding Hood

There was once a sweet little maiden who was loved by all who knew her, but she was especially dear to her Grandmother, who did not know how to make enough of the child. Once she gave her a little red velvet cloak. It was so becoming, and she liked it so much, that she would never wear anything else; and so she got the name of Red Riding Hood.

One day her Mother said to her: "Come here, Red Riding Hood, take this cake and a bottle of wine to Grandmother, she is weak and ill, and they will do her good. Go quickly, before it gets hot, and don't loiter by the way, or run, or you will fall down and break the bottle, and there would be no wine for Grandmother. When you get there, don't forget to say "Good morning" prettily, without staring about you."

'I will do just as you tell me,' Red Riding hood promised her Mother.

Her Grandmother lived away in the woods, a good half hour from the village. When she got to the wood, she met a Wolf, but Red Riding Hood did not know what a wicked animal he was, so she was not a bit afraid of him.

'Good morning, Red Riding Hood' he said.

"Good morning, Wolf," she answered.

"Whither away so early, Red Riding hood?"

"To Grandmother's."

"What have you got in your basket?"

"Cake and wine; we baked yesterday, so I'm taking a cake to Grannie; she wants something to make her well."

"Where does your Grandmother live, Red Riding Hood?"

“A good quarter of an hour further into the wood. Her hose stands under three big oak trees, near a hedge of nut trees which you must know,” said Red Riding Hood.

The Wolf thought, “This tender little creature will be a plump morsel; she will be nicer than the old woman. I must be cunning and snap them both up.”

He walked along with Red Riding Hood for a while, then he said, “Look at the pretty flowers, Red Riding Hood. Why don’t you look about you? I don’t believe you even hear the birds sing, you are just solemn as if you were going to school: everything else is so gay out here in the woods.”

Red Riding Hood raised her eyes, and when she saw the sunlight dancing through the trees, and all the bright flowers, she thought, “I’m sure Grannie would be pleased if I took her a bunch of fresh flowers. It is still quite early, I shall have plenty of time to pick them.”

So she left the path and wandered off among the trees to pick the flowers. Each time she picked one, she always saw another prettier one further on. So she went deeper and deeper into the forest.

In the meantime the Wolf went straight off to the Grandmother’s cottage and knocked at the door.