

Little Red Riding Hood

by E. Louise Smythe

When May was six years old, her grandma made her a red coat with a hood. She looked so pretty in it that the children all called her "Red Riding-Hood."

One day her mama said, "I want you to take this cake and some butter to grandma."

Red Riding-Hood was very glad to go. She always had a good time at grandma's.

She put the things into her little basket and ran off.

When Red Riding-Hood came to the wood, she met a big wolf.

"Where are you going?" said the wolf.

Red Riding-Hood said, "I am going to see my grandma. Mama has made her a cake and some butter."

"Does she live far?" said the wolf.

"Yes," said Red Riding-Hood, "in the white house by the mill."

"I will go too, and we shall see who will get there first," said the wolf.

The wolf ran off and took a short way, but Red Riding-Hood stopped to pick some flowers.

When the wolf got to the house, he tapped on the door.

The grandma said, "Who is there?" The wolf made his voice as soft as he could. He said, "It is little Red Riding-Hood, grandma."

Then the old lady said, "Pull the string and the door will open."

The wolf pulled the string and the door opened.

He ran in and ate the poor old lady.

Then he jumped into her bed and put on her cap.

When Red Riding-Hood tapped on the door, the wolf called out, "Who is there?" Red Riding-Hood said, "It is your little Red Riding-Hood, grandma."

Then the wolf said, "Pull the string and the door will open."

When she went in, she said, "Look, grandma, see the cake and butter mama has sent you."

"Thank you, dear, put them on the table and come here."

When Red Riding-Hood went near the bed, she said, "Oh, grandma, how big your arms are!"

"The better to hug you, my dear."

"How big your ears are, grandma."

"The better to hear you, my dear."

"How big your eyes are, grandma."

"The better to see you, my dear."

"How big your teeth are, grandma!"

"The better to eat you."

Then the cruel wolf jumped up and ate poor little Red Riding-Hood.

Just then a hunter came by. He heard Red Riding-Hood scream. The hunter ran into the house and killed the old wolf.

When he cut the wolf open, out jumped Little Red Riding-Hood and her grandma.

Source:

Smythe, E. Louise. "Little Red Riding Hood." *A Primary Reader, Old-Time Stories, Fairy Tales and Myths Retold by Children*. Electronic.