

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD



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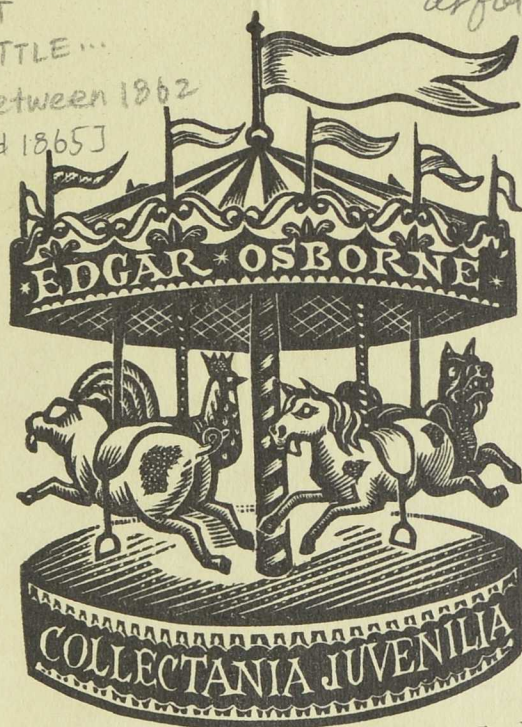
MANY years ago, there resided, in a quiet country village, a pretty little girl, who, from her amiable disposition, had acquired the love of her parents and friends, more particularly her grandmother, who gave her a little red-coloured hood, which occasioned her ever afterwards to be called Little Red Riding Hood. One day her mother desired her to go and see her grandmother, and take her a little pot of butter, and a few cheese-cakes. This pleased her much, and she immediately set out with the pot of butter and cakes for her grandmother's abode.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD



On her way she had to cross a wood, and had not proceeded very far before she was overtaken by a Wolf, who would no doubt have eaten her, had it not been for some wood-cutters. He, however, asked her where she was going, and for what purpose. She said, "I am going to visit my grandmother, and carry her a pot of butter and a few cheese-cakes." "Does she live far off?" inquired the Wolf. "Oh, yes," replied Red Riding Hood, "some distance beyond the mill you see yonder." "Indeed," replied the Wolf, "I will go also, and we will

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LITTLE ...
[between 1862
and 1865]



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see who will be there first." The Wolf ran off very fast, taking the nearest way. The little girl took the longest, and amused herself with picking the wild flowers which grew under the hedges in great abundance. The Wolf having arrived at the grandmother's house, knocked at the door. "Who is there?" inquired the grandmother. "It is your grandchild, Red Riding Hood," answered the Wolf, in a counterfeit voice. "I have brought a little pot of butter and some new cheese-cakes, that mother has sent you." The poor old woman, who was still confined



to her bed, called out, "Pull down the bobbin, and the door will open." He had no sooner entered, than he sprang on the old lady and eat her up; then putting on her night cap and gown, and getting into bed, he waited patiently for the arrival of Little Red Riding Hood. Shortly after she came with a gentle rap at the door. "Who is there?" inquired the Wolf. She was at first frightened at the loud voice of the Wolf; but, thinking her grandmother had a cold, replied, "It is your grandchild, Little Red Riding Hood. I have brought you a little



to her half-closed eyes, "I'll leave the bobbie, and the door will open. I
had no sense out of me, than to bring on the old lady and her people. I
tune on her right eye and nose, and as I think I shall be a good nurse, I
arrived of little and little blood, which I think she came with a little
the door. "I hope she'll be all right, and I'll be all right, and I'll be all
the good of her eyes, but I'll be all right, and I'll be all right, and I'll be all
It is your own child, and I'll be all right, and I'll be all right, and I'll be all





pot of butter, and some nice cheese-cakes." The Wolf called out very softly, "Pull down the bobbin, and the door will open." She did so, and entered. The Wolf said, "Put down your basket, my child, and come into bed, for you must be very tired." "Only look up, dear grandmother, and see what pretty flowers I have brought you," said the little girl innocently. The Wolf declined to look at them, pretending that his head was so bad as to be unable to raise it. "I am sorry to find that you are so unwell," said Red Riding Hood. Shall I hand you some nice



white cake?" "No, thank you," replied the Wolf, "I cannot eat just now; a short time ago I made a hearty meal, which I much relished." When Red Riding Hood got into bed, she said, "Grandmother, who do you think I met in the wood?" "I cannot guess, my dear; pray tell me." "Well, then, I met a Wolf, and was much frightened; but he spoke so kindly, that my fears soon vanished. I dare say he meant no more harm to me than you do at this moment." "I dare say not," said the Wolf, with a malicious grin. "Then you are not angry







with me for speaking to him," said the poor little girl. "I am not at all displeased," replied the Wolf. Little Red Riding Hood soon fell asleep. The Wolf, wishing to gaze upon his feast, drew back the curtains, and in so doing pressed her with his heavy paws, which caused her to awake. She was much struck at the very great alteration in her grandmother's appearance; and after some few minutes had elapsed, Little Red Riding Hood, turning towards what she supposed to be her grandmother, said to her, "Grandmother, how very rough your arms have



grown!" "The better to fondle you," replied the Wolf. "How very large your ears are!" "All the better to hear thy voice with, my dear." "How very large and bright your eyes have got!" "All the better to see you with, my dear." "And how large and ugly your teeth are!" "The better to tear you to pieces with!" and immediately springing upon the poor little girl, in a few minutes he entirely devoured her. The Wolf, however, did not live long after, for being discovered asleep by Red Riding Hood's father, he got assistance, and killed him.

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