

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.



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MANY years ago, there lived a sweet-tempered little girl, whose parents loved her dearly ; but her grandmother quite doated on her, and she made her a pretty red-coloured hood, which so became the child, that she was called LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD. One day, her mother having made some cheesecakes, said to her, “ Your grandmother is ill, I fear ; carry her this little pot of butter and a few cheesecakes ; but, mind, do not stop to talk with any one on your road there.”



Delighted with her errand, Little Red Riding Hood set out for her grandmother's cottage; and as she was crossing a wood, which lay in her road, she met a Wolf, who had a great mind to eat her, but dared not, because of some wood-cutters, who were at work near them. He asked, her, however, where she was going. Not knowing how dangerous it was to talk to a Wolf, she said, "I am going to see my grandmother, and take her these cakes and this pot of butter." "Does she live far off?" said the Wolf. "Oh, yes," said Red Riding Hood; "beyond the mill you see yonder, at the first house in the village." "Well," said the Wolf, "I will go too: let us see which will be there first."



Delighted with her friend, Little Red Riding Hood set out for her
grandmother's cottage; and as she was crossing a wood, which lay in
her road, she met a Wolf, who had a great mind to eat her, but he
did not because of some wood-cottages who were at work near them. He
asked her, however, where she was going. Not knowing how danger-
ous it was to talk to a Wolf, she said, "I am going to see my grand-
mother and take her three cakes and this pot of butter." "Then she
live long!" said the Wolf. "Oh, yes," said Little Red Riding Hood, "she
lives long and well, at the first house in the village." "Well,"
said the Wolf, "I will go too: let us see which will be there first."



A very young girl, the Wolf at all ages, looking the nearest thing to the
 little girl in the world, with auburn hair and white flowers which grew
 in the wood, and nothing else up into a pretty meadow for her ground.
 Another who she knew was very fond of flowers.
 The Wolf who had run all the way, and had jumped over bushes
 and thicket that he might get there quickly, soon arrived at the cottage
 of Red Riding Hood's grandmother, and knocked at the door. "Who
 is there?" asked the grandmother. "It is your granddaughter, Red Riding
 Hood," said the Wolf, looking her up and down. "Mother has sent you some
 chocolate and a pot of fresh butter."



Away went the Wolf at full speed, taking the nearest road; but the little girl amused herself with gathering some wild flowers which grew in the wood, and making them up into a pretty nosegay for her grandmother, who she knew was very fond of flowers.

The Wolf, who had run all the way, and had leaped over hedges and ditches, that he might get there quickly, soon arrived at the cottage of Red Riding Hood's grandmother, and knocked at the door. "Who is there?" asked the grandmother. "It is your grandchild, Red Riding Hood," said the Wolf, imitating her voice; "Mother has sent you some cheesecakes and a pot of fresh butter."



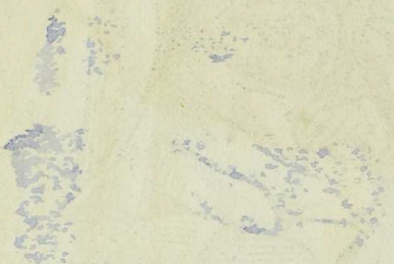
The good old woman, who was ill in bed, called out, "Pull the bobbin, and the door will open." Accordingly, the Wolf opened the door and entered the cottage, where he found all very quiet; so he softly closed the door after him, and stealthily crept toward the bed, where the good old lady was laying, for she was too unwell to rise and dress herself, that morning.

Alas! poor old woman, instead of beholding a tender-hearted, dutiful grandchild, it was a ravenous Wolf, who, not having tasted any food for three days, sprang upon her, and ate her up. He then tried to put the room a little in order, that Red Riding Hood might not see the

things in confusion; and then he put on the old lady's night-cap and bed-gown, and got into bed, to wait for the little girl's arrival.

While he laid there, he listened to every sound that broke the silence, for he thought that every footstep he heard approaching must be the step of Little Red Riding Hood. At last he felt rather drowsy, after his hearty meal, and would have gone to sleep, but fear of any stranger coming to the cottage, kept him awake.

In about an hour, Red Riding Hood came, and gently tapped two or three times at the door. "Who is there?" said the Wolf. She replied, supposing it was her grandmother who spoke, "It is me,—your





own Little Red Riding Hood. Mother has sent you some cheesecakes and a pot of nice butter.” The Wolf, softening his voice as much as he could, said, “Pull the bobbin, and the door will open.” Having pulled the bobbin, Red Riding Hood went into the house; when the Wolf said, “Put the basket down, my child, and come into bed to me, for you must be very tired.”

“Yes, I will, grandmother,” said the poor innocent, “as soon as I have put these pretty flowers, which I have gathered for you, into the pots. See, dear grandmother, how nicely I have decorated your chimney-piece,” said the artless little girl.



The Wolf, however, declined looking at the flowers, pretending that his head ached so sadly, that he could not raise it.

“I am very sorry you are ill,” said Red Riding Hood, “and mother will be much grieved to hear it. Shall I hand you some nice white cake?” “No, thank you,” answered the Wolf, “I cannot eat just now; I made a hearty meal just before you came.”

Little Red Riding Hood then got into bed, and said, “Grandmother, as I came along, I met a Wolf in the wood; at first I was frightened, but he spoke so kindly, that my fears ended. I hope you are not angry with me for speaking to him.” “No, I am quite pleased,” said the Wolf.



Little Red Riding Hood, thought her grandmother looked very much altered, so she said, "How rough and long your arms have grown!" "The better to fondle you with, my dear." "How your ears stand up." "The better to hear your sweet voice, my love." "How large and bright your eyes are, Grandmother!" "The better to gaze upon you, my love." "But how huge and frightful your teeth are." "All the better to devour you with." And he sprang upon the child and ate her up. The cruel Wolf did not long survive; for falling asleep, he was discovered by Red Riding Hood's father, who instantly got assistance from the wood-cutters, and killed him.

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