



# The Tale of Little Red Riding Hood and the Big, Bad Wolf



Once upon a time there lived a young girl called Little Red Riding Hood.

She lived in a cottage on the edge of the forest with her mother.

One day her mum asked her to take a basket of groceries to her Grandma who lived in a cottage on the other side of the forest.





Little Red Riding Hood's mother told her to keep to the main path and to hurry as her Grandma wasn't feeling very well.



Suddenly, from out of the trees, appeared a wolf dressed in fine clothes. No one had ever told Little Red Riding Hood about wolves, so she was not a bit afraid when he said “Hello”.



“Hello,” she replied. “I’m sorry but I’m not allowed to stop. My mother said I must take these groceries quickly to my grandmother because Grandma isn’t very well.”



“Then I know exactly what your grandmother would love,” said the wolf. “All grandmas love bluebells. They’re just over there among the trees”.

The wolf watched Little Red Riding Hood pick bluebells.

Then, licking his lips, he raced swiftly through the deep dark forest to Grandma's cottage.







When Little Red Riding Hood arrived at her Grandma's house she found the door ajar. As she peered into the unlit room she could just see the shape of her granny in bed. She crept closer.



Her grandma really didn't look her usual self. "Oh Grandma, what big ears you have."

"All the better to hear you with, my dear."



“Grandma, what big eyes you have”, said Little Red Riding Hood.

“All the better to see you with my dear.”



“And Grandma, what big teeth you have.”



“All the better to eat you with!” cried the wolf, and he gobbled her up in one big gulp!



Just then, a woodcutter was on his way home for lunch. He heard all the commotion and wondered if the old lady who lived there was all right.



Rushing in to see what was happening, the woodcutter found the big, bad wolf with a full tummy. With one blow of his axe, he killed it stone dead.



Then he snipped open the wolf, and out popped a very frightened Little Red Riding Hood.

“Where’s my Grandma?” she asked.





They heard a knocking sound coming from the wardrobe. It was Grandma! “He tied me up when he heard you coming, my dear”, cried Grandma, as she hugged Little Red Riding Hood.



From that day on, Little Red Riding Hood never stopped to pick bluebells in the woods as she hurried to Grandma's, and she never saw another wolf again.



And they all lived happily ever after.