

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A DEAR LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS LOVED BY EVERYONE WHO LOOKED AT HER, BUT MOST OF ALL BY HER GRANDMOTHER AND THERE WAS NOTHING SHE WOULD NOT HAVE GIVEN TO THE CHILD.



ONCE SHE GAVE HER A LITTLE RIDING-HOOD OF RED VELVET

WHICH SUITED HER SO WELL THAT SHE WOULD NEVER WEAR ANYTHING ELSE; SO SHE WAS ALWAYS CALLED

**LITTLE
RED
RIDING
HOOD**



ONE DAY HER MOTHER SAID TO HER



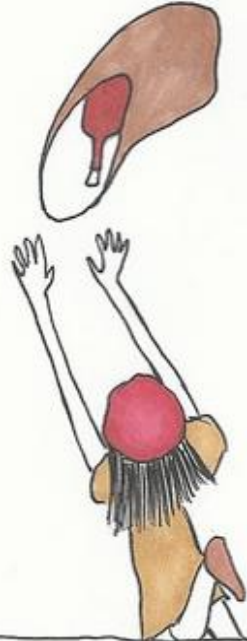
COME, LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD, HERE IS A PIECE OF CAKE AND A BOTTLE OF WINE; TAKE THEM TO YOUR GRANDMOTHER



SHE IS ILL AND WEAK, AND THEY WILL DO HER GOOD. SET OUT BEFORE IT GETS HOT, AND WHEN YOU ARE GOING, WALK NICELY AND QUIETLY AND DO NOT RUN OFF THE PATH, OR YOU



MAY FALL AND BREAK THE BOTTLE AND THEN YOUR GRANDMOTHER WILL GET NOTHING; AND WHEN YOU GO INTO HER ROOM, DON'T FORGET TO SAY "GOOD MORNING" AND DON'T PEEP INTO EVERY CORNER BEFORE YOU DO IT.



I WILL TAKE GREAT CARE.



THE GRANDMOTHER LIVED OUT IN THE WOOD, HALF A LEAGUE FROM THE VILLAGE





GOOD DAY, LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.



THANK YOU KINDLY, WOLF.



WHITHER AWAY SO EARLY, LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD?



TO MY GRAND-MOTHER'S.



WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN YOUR APRON?



CAKE AND WINE, YESTERDAY WAS BAKING-DAY, SO POOR SICK GRANDMOTHER IS TO HAVE SOMETHING GOOD, TO MAKE HER STRONGER.



WHERE DOES YOUR GRANDMOTHER LIVE, LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD?



A GOOD QUARTER OF A LEAGUE FURTHER ON IN THE WOOD; HER HOUSE STANDS UNDER THE THREE LARGE OAK-TREES, THE NUTS ARE JUST BELOW; YOU SURELY MUST KNOW IT.



WHAT A TENDER YOUNG CREATURE! WHAT A NICE PLUMP MOUTHFUL-SHE WILL BE BETTER TO EAT THAN THE OLD WOMAN. I MUST ACT CRAFTILY, SO AS TO CATCH THEM BOTH.



SEE, LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD, HOW PRETTY THE FLOWERS ARE ABOUT HERE - WHY DO YOU NOT LOOK ROUND? I BELIEVE, TOO, THAT YOU DO NOT HEAR

HOW SWEETLY THE LITTLE BIRDS ARE SINGING



YOU WALK GRAVELLY ALONG AS IF YOU WERE GOING TO SCHOOL, WHILE EVERYTHING ELSE OUT HERE IN THE WOOD IS MERRY.



SUPPOSE I TAKE GRANDMOTHER A FRESH NOSEGAY; THAT WOULD PLEASE HER TOO. IT IS SO EARLY IN THE DAY THAT I SHALL STILL GET THERE IN GOOD TIME...

SO SHE RAN FROM THE PATH INTO THE WOODS TO LOOK FOR FLOWERS.

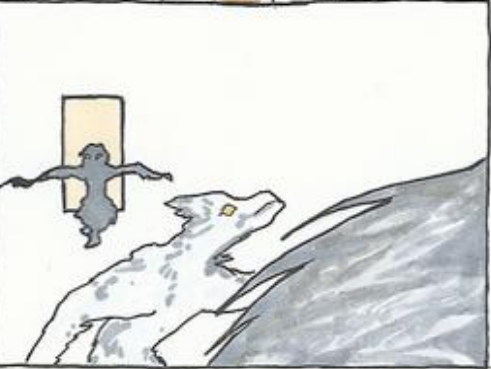
AND WHENEVER SHE HAD PICKED ONE, SHE FANCIED THAT SHE SAW A STILL PRETTIER ONE FARTHER ON, AND RAN AFTER IT,

AND SO GOT DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE WOOD.

MEANWHILE THE WOLF RAN STRAIGHT TO THE GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE AND KNOCKED AT THE DOOR.

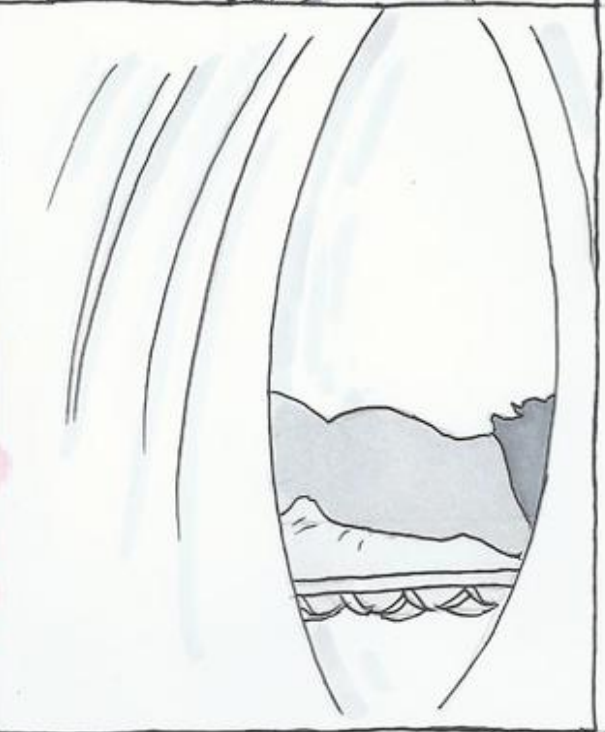
WHO IS THERE?

LITTLE REDRIDING HOOD, SHE IS BRINGING CAKE AND WINE; OPEN THE DOOR.
LIFT THE LATCH. I AM TOO WEAK AND CANNOT GET UP.



GULP

BURP





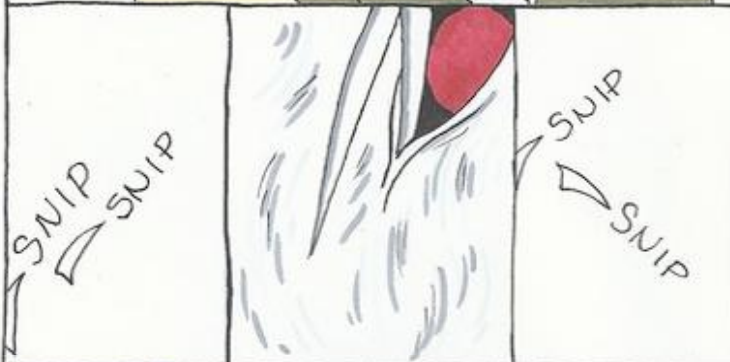
BUT JUST AS HE WAS GOING TO FIRE AT HIM, IT OCCURED TO HIM THAT THE WOLF MIGHT HAVE

DEVoured THE GRANDMOTHER, AND THAT SHE MIGHT STILL BE SAVED,

SO HE DID NOT FIRE,

BUT TOOK A PAIR OF SCISSORS,

AND BEGAN TO CUT OPEN THE STOMACH OF THE SLEEPING WOLF.



AM, HOW FRIGHTENED I HAVE BEEN! HOW DARK IT WAS INSIDE THE WOLF.

AFTER THAT THE AGED GRANDMOTHER CAME OUT ALIVE ALSO, BUT SCARCELY ABLE TO BREATHE. RED RIDING HOOD, HOWEVER, QUICKLY FETCHED GREAT STONES WITH WHICH THEY FILLED THE WOLF'S BELLY, AND WHEN HE AWOKE, HE WANTED TO RUN AWAY, BUT THE STONES WERE SO HEAVY THAT HE COLLAPSED AT ONCE, AND FELL DEAD.

THEN ALL THREE WERE DELIGHTED. THE HUNTSMAN DREW OFF THE WOLF'S SKIN AND WENT HOME WITH IT; THE GRANDMOTHER ATE THE CAKE AND DRANK THE WINE WHICH RED RIDING HOOD HAD BROUGHT, AND REVIVED.

BUT RED RIDING HOOD THOUGHT TO HERSELF: "AS LONG AS I LIVE, I WILL NEVER LEAVE THE PATH BY MYSELF TO RUN INTO THE WOOD, WHEN MY MOTHER HAS FORBIDDEN ME TO DO SO."

THE END.

