

# Little Red Riding Hood

## *A retelling of the traditional tale*

Once upon a time there was a little girl called Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother asked her to take a basket of goodies to her grandma. 'Go straight to Grandma's house, stay on the path and don't talk to strangers,' said Little Red Riding Hood's mother.

'Yes, Mother,' said Little Red Riding Hood, and she skipped along the path.

As Little Red Riding Hood got further into the woods she saw some beautiful blue wild flowers. 'Grandma would love these flowers,' she thought, so she left the path to pick some.

Not long after that, a dark shadow covered Little Red Riding Hood. She looked up, and standing in front of her was a big, bad wolf.

'Hello there, Little Red Riding Hood,' said the big, bad wolf in his friendliest voice. 'What are you doing out in the woods?'

'I'm taking some goodies to my grandma, and I thought I'd pick some flowers for her,' smiled Little Red Riding Hood.

'How ... lovely,' grinned the wolf, as an idea grew in his mind.

'I had better keep going,' said Little Red Riding Hood, who realised that she had left the path, and was talking to a stranger.

'Good day then,' said the big, bad wolf, hiding his real thoughts.

Little Red Riding Hood went back to the path, and continued on her way to Grandma's house.

The big, bad wolf smiled to himself, as he watched her go. He then hurried along towards Grandma's house, taking a short cut through the woods.

In no time at all the big, bad wolf arrived at Grandma's house.

*Knock. Knock. Knock.*

'Come in,' called Grandma in a frail voice.

The big, bad wolf let himself in, grabbed Grandma and locked her in a cupboard. He quickly dressed up in Grandma's nightgown and nightcap and jumped into her bed, just as Little Red Riding Hood knocked on the door.

'Come in,' said the big, bad wolf, trying to sound like a grandmother.

'It's me, Grandma,' said Little Red Riding Hood.

'Hello, dear,' said the big, bad wolf in a high-pitched voice. 'Come closer, so I can see you better.'

Little Red Riding Hood stepped closer and gasped. 'Grandma, what big ears you have!'

'All the better to hear you with, my dear,' said the big, bad wolf.

'Grandma, what big eyes you have!' exclaimed 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!' The big, bad wolf jumped out of bed and lunged at Little Red Riding Hood.

'Ahhh!' screamed Little Red Riding Hood as loudly as she could as she ran out the front door.

Luckily a woodsman was hunting nearby in the woods. He heard the scream and ran towards Grandma's house. He arrived, just in time, and knocked the wolf out with the handle of his axe. The woodsman dragged the big, bad wolf outside and took him deep into the woods, where he left him.

Meanwhile, Little Red Riding Hood rescued Grandma from the cupboard.

Soon after that, the woodsman returned to check on Little Red Riding Hood and her grandma, and they all sat down together and had a lovely afternoon tea.

From that day on Little Red Riding Hood never, ever spoke to strangers.

And she lived happily ever after.



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