

37



Red RIDING HOOD

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS,
LONDON AND NEW YORK.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
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LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD,

AND

THE WICKED WOLF.

ONCE upon a time a nice little girl lived in a country village, and she was the sweetest creature that ever was seen ; her mother loved her with great fondness, and her grandmother doted on her still more. A pretty red-coloured hood had been made for the little girl, which so much became her, that every one called her Little Red Riding-Hood.

One day, her mother having made some cheese-cakes, said to her :

“ Go, my child, and see how your grandmother does, for I hear she is ill ; carry her some of these cakes, and a little pot of butter.”

Little Red Riding-Hood immediately set out, with a basket filled with the cakes and the pot of butter, for her grandmother's house, which was in a village a little distant from her mother's.

As she was crossing a wood, which lay in her road,



she met a Wolf, who had a great mind to eat her up, but dared not indulge his wicked wish, because of some woodcutters who were at work near them in the forest.

He ventured, however, to ask her whither she was going.

The little girl, not knowing how dangerous it was to talk to a wolf, replied :

“ I am going to see my grandmamma, and carry her these cakes and a pot of butter.”

“ Does she live far off ? ” said the Wolf.

“ Oh, yes,” answered little Red Riding-Hood, “ beyond the mill you see yonder, at the first house in the village.”

“ Well,” said the Wolf, “ I will go and see her too ; I will take this way, and you take that, and let us see which will be there first.”

The Wolf set out, running as fast as he could, and taking the nearest way ; while the little girl took the longest, and amused herself as she went, with gathering nuts, running after butterflies, and making nose-gays of such flowers as she found within her reach.

The Wolf soon arrived at the dwelling of the Grandmother, and knocked at the door.





LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

"Who is there?" said the old woman.

"It is your grandchild, Little Red Riding-Hood," replied the Wolf, in the voice of the little girl; "I have brought you some cheese-cakes, and a little pot of butter, that mamma has sent you."

The good old woman, who was ill in bed, then called out,

"Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up."

The Wolf pulled the bobbin, and the door opened. He sprung upon the poor old grandmother, and ate her up in a few minutes, for it was three days since he had tasted any food.

The Wolf then shut the door, and laid himself down in the bed, and waited for little Red Riding-Hood, who very soon after reached the door.

Tap, tap!

"Who is there?"

She was at first a little frightened at the hoarse voice of the Wolf, but believing her grandmother had got a cold, she answered:

"It is your grandchild, Little Red Riding-Hood. Mamma has sent you some cheesecakes, and a little pot of butter."

The Wolf called out, softening his voice:



LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

"Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up." Little Red Riding-Hood pulled the bobbin, and the door opened.

When she came into the room, the Wolf, hiding himself under the bed-clothes, said to her, trying all he could to speak in a feeble voice, "Put the basket, my child, on the stool, take off your clothes, and come into bed with me."

Little Red Riding-Hood accordingly undressed herself, and stepped into bed; where, wondering to see how her grandmother looked in her nightclothes, she said to her:

"Grandmamma, what great arms you have got!"

"The better to hug thee, my child."

"Grandmamma, what great ears you have got!"

"The better to hear thee, my child."

"Grandmamma, what great eyes you have got!"

"The better to see thee, my child."

"Grandmamma, what great teeth you have got!"

"They are to eat thee up:" and, saying these words, the wicked Wolf was about to fall upon Little Red Riding-Hood, when a young forester, hearing her screams, rushed in and killed him with one blow of his axe.



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