At one end of Long-Lost Wood, where the Wise Owl watched out for wolves, there lived a little girl. Whenever the wind whistled she wore a warm, scarlet cloak, so the animals called her Little Red Riding Hood. One breezy day her mother said, “You must take this basket of sweet cherry pies to Grandma’s house. Follow the twisty path, jump the puddles and NEVER speak to the Big Bad Wolf.” Little Red Riding Hood skipped away. She followed the twisty path and jumped over the puddles until she came to a bramble bush. Oh no! A thorn spiked her scarlet cloak and held her tight. “Keep still, my dear,” boomed a deep voice. “I’ll soon set you free.” Sure enough, the thorn snapped, the cloak flapped and Little Red Riding Hood swung around. “Thank you,” she cried, but all she could see was a tall dark shape, standing in the shadows. “Where are you walking to, all alone?” it asked, in its deep, booming voice. Little Red Riding Hood thought she caught a glimpse of big eyes and sharp teeth. “To Grandma’s house,” answered Little Red Riding Hood nervously. “She lives at the other end of Long-Lost Wood, in the cottage with a green door.” At that moment an owl hooted and the dark shape was gone, melting into the trees. Little Red Riding Hood didn’t know she had just met the Big Bad Wolf, so she just wandered along happily, singing tunes to herself. Meanwhile, the hungry wolf raced to Grandma’s house and knocked on her green door. “Let me in, Grandma,” he said in his squeakiest voice. “I have brought you a basket of sweet cherry pies.” But did Grandma put on her two pointy shoes and let him in? I’m afraid that she did! Poor Grandma. And poor Little Red Riding Hood, who reached the cottage far too late. “Let me in, Grandma,” she called merrily. “I have brought you a basket of sweet cherry pies.” “Let yourself in, my dear,” replied a croaky voice. “I am in bed with a nasty cold.” Little Red Riding Hood lifted the latch and stepped inside. Someone was tucked up in bed wearing Grandma’s favourite nightcap. The room was dark, so Little Red Riding Hood crept closer. “Grandma”, she whispered. “What big eyes you’ve got.” “All the better to SEE you with,” said the voice. With a sneeze, their nightcap fell off!