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LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD



FATHER
TUCK'S
NURSERY
SERIES

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LITTLE



RED RIDING HOOD

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

Red Riding Hood was not her right name as you can think, but when she was quite tiny her grandmother made her a little red cloak and hood, and every year as she grew bigger, Granny made her another, and so the people called her Little Red Riding Hood, and quite forgot what her real name was, and all little boys

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and girls now, only know her as "Little Red Riding Hood."

Well, one day Little Red Riding Hood's Mother said, "Dearie, I've heard that Granny is ill, so you shall go and see her; in this basket I've put a cake and some lovely fresh butter, take them to her with my love, and go straight to Granny's, don't loiter on the way".

Then she gave her little girl a kiss, and went to get dinner ready for when she came back, and Little Red Riding Hood took the basket, and set off.

Before she had gone far though, she quite forgot that her Mother had told her not



to stop, and when she saw a dear little mouse climbing up a wheat stalk, she waited to see whether





it would get a grain to eat. However Mousie was too heavy, and just as he had almost got to the top, he tumbled off, and this made Little Red Riding Hood laugh so much, that he was quite frightened, and ran away.

Oh, there were such a lot of beautiful things all about, how could a little girl hurry on such a lovely morning? The sun was shining so brightly, and the sky was so blue, and little birds were singing such pretty songs, all about the nests



they had made, and their wee baby birdies, and then the flowers, Oh, there were beautiful flowers, red poppies and blue and white corn flowers, and Little Red Riding Hood picked some that grew by the path, and she wandered on and on till she felt very tired and sat down to rest.



Now in the wood close by the cornfield, lived a wolf, a big cruel old wolf. This wolf was not content to eat the nice blackberries and acorns and chestnuts that grew in the wood, he did not care for them at all, what he liked was a plump little boy or girl.

Now, on this morning, Mr. Wolf was feeling very hungry and so he went prowling around to see what he could find.

And what do you think he *did* find? Why, Little Red Riding Hood. He peeped through some bushes and saw a little fat foot, and then he crept

a little closer and saw two little feet, and the little red cloak and hood, and a dear little face peeping out of the hood.

Mr. Wolf was a coward as most cruel people are, and he thought "I will not go and eat up that little girl now, for there are men chopping wood not far off, and perhaps she would call out and then they would come and kill me."

So he ran home and brushed himself till he looked sleek and gentlemanly, then he put on his best top hat, stuck his eyeglass into his eye, tucked his walking stick under his arm, and went out again to see Little Red Riding Hood.

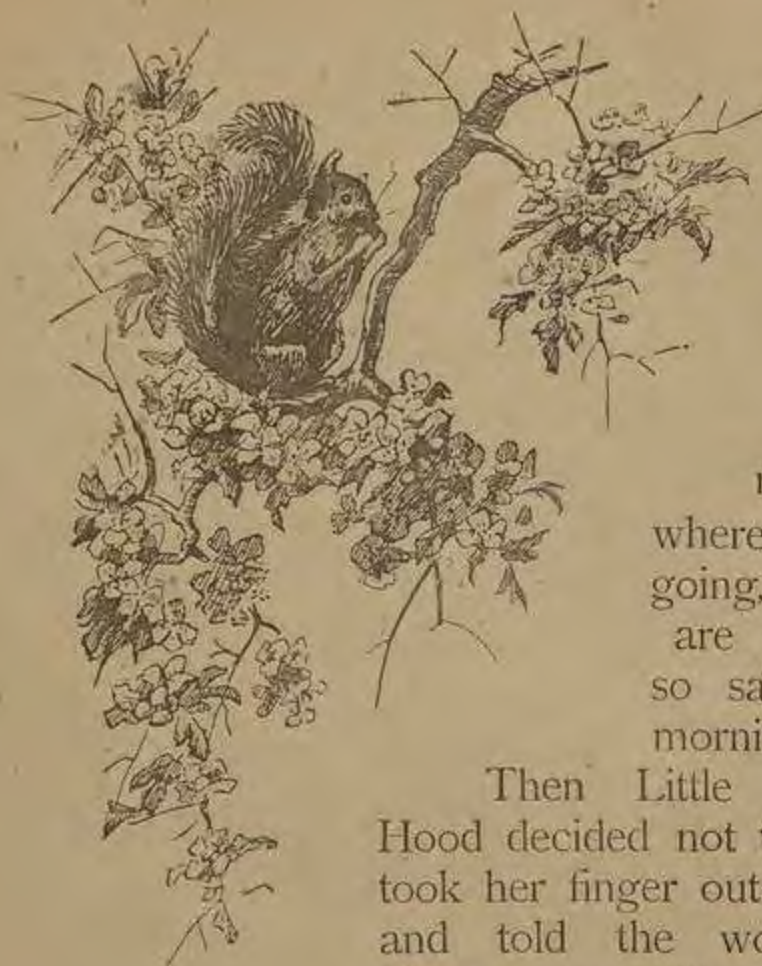
Now Little Red Riding Hood sat still so long that she went to sleep, and when she woke and got up to go on to Granny's she could not remember which path she ought to take, whether the one to the left or that to the right, so she put her chubby finger into her

mouth and was just going to begin to cry when Mr. Wolf came up.

"Good morning, Little Red Riding



"Good Morning Red Riding Hood", said Mr. Wolf.



Hood", said he, taking off his hat very politely indeed, and speaking in as gentle a tone as he could, "good morning, and where may you be going, and why are you looking so sad this lovely morning?"

Then Little Red Riding Hood decided not to cry, so she took her finger out of her mouth and told the wolf, that her Granny was ill, and that she was going to see her, and was taking some fresh butter and a cake, but that now she did not know which way to go.

"Oh, ho", said the wolf, "and where does your Granny live my little dear?"

"In the tiny cottage at the other side of the wood" said Little Red Riding Hood.

"Why", said the wolf, "that is very funny, for I am going to call upon her myself this morning, two paths lead to the cottage, you take the shorter and I will go the other way, and we will see who gets there first."

So Mr. Wolf showed her the way and Little Red Riding Hood picked up her basket, thanked him, and trotted off.

She went quite quickly at first, but when she got into the wood she did not remember that she was having a race, — for she was rather forgetful, as you know, she did not think enough when she was told to do, or not to do something that was why she was naughty sometimes,

she did not mean to be, but she "forgot", —

so, when she saw a little squirrel seated up in a tree, she stopped





Red Riding Hood arrives at her Grandmother's.

to look, and ran after him as he jumped from bough to bough, and from one tree to another, and that took her out of her way.

Then she saw a family of rabbits, such soft, pretty little bunnies, and she thought she would like to have one for her "very own" but as soon as she came close to them they all scampered off.

Presently she remembered what the wolf had said, and she began to walk briskly and did not stop again till she reached Granny's cottage.

Now Mr. Wolf did not forget so easily as Little Red Riding

Hood, so he hurried and got to the cottage long before she did. He knocked at the door.

"Who's there?" said Granny.



"Little Red Riding Hood" answered the wolf.

The Grandmother was very old and ill so she did not notice that his voice was gruff and deep, instead of sweet and high like Little Red Riding Hood's and she said, "Lift up the latch, and walk in."

The wolf came in.

The Grandmother saw who it was then, but she was too weak to run away, and she did not mind, for she was very old and ill, and she knew if she died she would go to Heaven and be quite well and strong there. So the wolf gobbled her up. Then he hung up her bag on a peg, put on her cap and shawl and got into bed.

When Little Red Riding Hood knocked at the door the wolf called out "lift up the latch and walk in." In walked Little Red Riding Hood, and she said,

"Good morning, Granny dear, how are you? but, Granny, what big ears you've got!"



*"Oh, Granny
what big
eyes you have".*

*The Death
of the
Wolf.*



"The better to hear you my dear", said the wolf.

"But, Granny, what big eyes you have!" said the little girl beginning to feel frightened, for she had never seen her Grandmother looking so ugly.

"The better to see you, my dear", said the wolf.



"But, Granny, what big teeth you have!" said Little Red Riding Hood, really trembling with terror.

"The better to eat you up", said the wolf, and he jumped out of bed, and he *would*

have eaten her up too, only his legs got mixed up with the shawl somehow, and while he was trying to get free she ran out of the cottage into the wood and there she found her Father at work chopping down a tree, and his good old dog "Trusty", not far off, guarding his dinner which was tied up in a handkerchief.

The Father took some strong cord and his hatchet, and ran quickly to the cottage, and got

there just in time to catch the wolf, so he tied him up with cord, and killed him. Then he took Little Red Riding Hood home to her Mother, and oh, how glad she was to be there, at home, where she knew she was quite safe.

And the woodman took the skin of the wolf and made it into a hearthrug, and every time Little Red Riding Hood saw it she thought of her adventure, and so she tried not to forget what Mother told her, and was good and happy ever after.



Grace C. Floyd.



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