

LEVELED BOOK • 0

Little Red Riding Hood



**Multi
level
I.L.O**

Retold by Karen Mockler • Illustrated by Chiara Fedele

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Focus Question

How do Red's choices affect the story?



Once upon a time, there lived a girl with a little riding hood of red velvet. She liked it so well that she would never wear anything else. For this reason, many folk called her Little Red Riding Hood. Those closest to her, however, called her “Red.”

One day, Red's mom asked her to take some cake to Grandma, who was not well.

"Go quickly through the woods, do not leave the path, and do not talk to **strangers!**" Mom said.

"I will take great care," Red replied.





Just as Red entered the woods, however, she met Wolf. Red did not know what a wicked creature he was, so she did not know to be wary of him.

“Such a beautiful morning!” Wolf said with a smile. “Where are you going, child?”



“To Grandma’s,” Red answered politely.

“What have you got in your basket?”
Wolf asked.

“Grandma’s not feeling well,” Red explained. “Yesterday was baking day, so I’m taking her some cake.”

Wolf licked his lips, but it wasn’t the cake that made him hungry.

“Where does Grandma live?”
he asked next.

“Farther on in the woods, under the three
large oak trees,” Red said.

Wolf’s belly rumbled. *What a tender
young creature, he thought. How delicious!*
He would eat Grandma for lunch and
Red for dessert. To catch both, though,
he knew he must act quickly.



“Ah, springtime,” said Wolf. “How sweetly the little birds sing! Have you noticed the pretty flowers all around you? Grandmas love wildflowers. If I were you, I’d pick a bunch for yours.”

Red listened; the birds did sing sweetly. Red looked about her; the flowers were pretty, indeed. She bent down to pick one.

“Have a nice visit!” cried Wolf, and he **hastened** away.





Red wandered from the path into the woods to search for flowers. Whenever she picked one, she spotted an even prettier one farther off the path. She wandered and picked, picked and wandered.

Meanwhile, Wolf sprinted straight to Grandma's house under the three large oak trees and knocked at the door.

"Who is there?" called Grandma, lying sick in her bed.



“It’s Red,” called Wolf in a high, sweet voice. “I’ve brought you something good to eat.”

“Lift the latch and come in,” called Grandma. “I am too weak to get up.”

Wolf lifted the latch, and the door sprang open. Without another word, he went straight to Grandma’s bed and **swallowed** her whole. Then he dressed himself in her cap, climbed into her bed, and drew the curtains.

When Red had picked enough flowers, she set out again for Grandma's house. When she arrived at Grandma's cottage under the three large oak trees, she was surprised to find the door open. A feeling of **dread** flooded her as she stepped inside.

"Good morning!" she called, but no one answered. So she went to the bed and drew back the curtains. Before her lay a very strange sight, indeed.





“Oh Grandma,” Red cried, “what big ears you have!”

“All the better to hear you with, child,”
Wolf said.

“Oh Grandma,” Red cried, “what big eyes you have!”

“All the better to see you with, child,”
Wolf said.

“Oh, Grandma,” Red cried, “what a big, terrible mouth you have!”

“All the better to eat you with!”
Wolf roared.

With one bound, he leapt out of bed and swallowed up Red—flowers, cake, and all. Belly now full, Wolf lay down again on the bed and drifted off to sleep.

Inside Wolf's stomach, it was dark and cramped, but Red managed to reach down and squeeze Grandma's hand. Grandma squeezed back. Neither spoke—the only sound came from above, and it resembled rolling thunder.





When Red raised her head, she could **discern** a weak light leaking down Wolf's throat. Then she understood: Wolf was snoring with his mouth open.

Inch by inch, Red lifted her bouquet of flowers. She **tickled** Wolf's throat—once, twice, thrice. He coughed once, twice, thrice, then kept on coughing until he coughed Red up. When at last he did, Red held tight to Grandma's hand and pulled her out, too.

They fastened Wolf, still asleep, to Grandma's bed. Then Grandma and Red settled down for a nice, long chat. They drank tea and ate cake. When Wolf awoke from his nap, you can be sure he didn't get any!



Glossary

discern (<i>v.</i>)	to understand, observe, or detect something that is not obvious (p. 14)
dread (<i>n.</i>)	a feeling of great fear (p. 11)
hastened (<i>v.</i>)	moved or did something quickly; caused something to happen quickly (p. 8)
strangers (<i>n.</i>)	unfamiliar or unknown people (p. 4)
swallowed (<i>v.</i>)	caused or allowed something, such as food or liquid, to pass through the mouth, down the throat, and into the stomach (p. 10)
tickled (<i>v.</i>)	caused or had an irritated or uncomfortable feeling on part of the body (p. 14)

Words to Know

discern

dread

hastened

strangers

swallowed

tickled

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Correlation

LEVEL O	
Fountas & Pinnell	M
Reading Recovery	20
DRA	28

Little Red Riding Hood

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Word Count: 720

Connections

Writing

How might the story be different if Red didn't stop to pick the flowers? Write a paragraph describing how the story would change.

Social Studies

Does this story take place in a suburban, rural, or city setting? How do you know? Share your ideas with a partner.



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