

Around the Little Red Ridding Hood



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Once upon a time, there was a little girl who lived in a village near the forest. The little girl wore a red riding cloak, so everyone in the village called her Little Red Riding Hood. One morning, Little Red Riding Hood asked her mother if she could go to visit her grandmother:

Can I go to my granny?"

„That’s a good idea,"

They packed a nice basket for Little Red Riding Hood to take to her grandmother. When the basket was ready, the little girl put on her red cloak and kissed her mother.

“Goodbye”

“Remember, go straight to Grandma’s house,” and please don’t talk to strangers! The woods are dangerous.” -

“Don’t worry, mommy,” “I’ll be careful.”



But when Little Red Riding Hood noticed some lovely flowers in the wood, she forgot her promise to her mother. She picked a few flowers, watched the butterflies and listened to the frogs croaking.

Little Red Riding Hood was enjoying the warm summer day so much, that she didn't notice a dark shadow behind her... Suddenly, the wolf appeared beside her.

“What are you doing out here, little girl?”

“I'm on my way to see my Grandma who lives through the forest.”

“Does she live far off?”

“Oh I say,” “it is beyond that mill you see there, it is the first house in the village.” “Well, I'll go and see her too. I'll go this way, and we shall see who will be there first.”



The wolf, in the meantime, took a shortcut...
The wolf arrived at Grandma's and knocked at the door.

"Oh thank goodness dear! Come in, come in! I was worried sick that something had happened to you in the forest."

Said Grandma thinking that the knock was her granddaughter.
The wolf found a nightgown in Grandma's wardrobe, he put a sleeping cap on his head, and dabbed some of Granny's perfume behind his ears.



A few minutes later, Red Riding Hood knocked on the door. The wolf jumped into bed and pulled the covers over his nose.

“Who is it?”

“It’s me, Little Red Riding Hood.”

“Oh how lovely! Come in, my dear,”

When Little Red Riding Hood entered the little cottage, she could scarcely recognize her Grandmother.

“Grandmother! Your voice sounds so odd. Is something the matter?”

“Oh, I just have touch of a cold,”

“But Grandmother! What big ears you have,”

“The better to hear you with, my dear,”

“But Grandmother! What big eyes you have,”

“The better to see you with, my dear,”

“But Grandmother! What big teeth you have,”

“The better to eat you with, my dear.”



Almost too late, Little Red Riding Hood realized that the person in the bed was not her Grandmother, but an hungry wolf.

“Help! Wolf!”

A woodsman who was chopping logs nearby heard her cry and ran towards the cottage as fast as he could.

“Go away the big bad wolf!”

He grabbed the wolf and made him spit out the poor Grandmother who was a bit frazzled by the whole experience, but still in one piece.



“Oh Grandma, I was so scared!” “I’ll never speak to strangers in the forest again.”

“There, there, child. You’ve learned an important lesson. Thank goodness you shouted loud enough for this kind woodsman to hear you!”

The woodsman knocked out the wolf and carried him deep into the forest where he wouldn’t bother people any longer. Little Red Riding Hood and her Grandmother had a nice lunch and a long chat.

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