

Little Red Riding Hood



By Horace Scudder

Once upon a time in a village, lived a country girl, she was the cleverest girl anyone has ever seen. Her mother loved her deeply; and her grandmother adored her. Her grandmother made for her a little red riding-hood, making everyone call her Little Red because it suited her so well.

As her mother baked bread, she said to Little Red: “My dear, check on your grandma, she has been very ill; bring her bread and some butter.” Little Red Riding-Hood set out immediately to go to her grandmother, who lived in another village on the other side of the wood.

As she was walking through the woods, she met a Wolf. He wanted to eat her up immediately, but he did not for fear of the woodsmen lingering in the forest. The wolf asked her where she was going. Little Red, who did not know that it was dangerous to stay and hear a wolf talk, said to him: “I am going to see my grandma bring her some bread and a little pot of butter from Mother.”

“Does she live far off?” said the Wolf. “No,” answered Little Red Riding-Hood; “it is just beyond that mill you see there, at the first house in the village.”

“Well,” said the Wolf, “and I’ll go and see her too. I’ll go this way and you go that, and we shall see who gets there first.” The Wolf began to run as fast as he could, taking the quickest route, while the little girl took her time discovering all the beautiful and magical things in the forest.

The Wolf arrived early to the old woman’s house. He knocked at the door. Knock knock. “Who’s there?”

“Your grandchild, Little Red Riding-Hood,” replied the Wolf, mimicking her voice. “I brought you some bread and butter from Mother.”

The good grandmother, who was in bed because she was somewhat ill, cried out: "Open the door, my love." The Wolf opened the door, and in an instant, he ate up Little Red's Grandma. It had been more than three days since he had eaten. He then shut the door and went into the grandmother's bed, expecting Little Red Riding-Hood, who came some time afterward and knocked at the door. Knock knock.

"Who's there?"

Little Red Riding-Hood, hearing the big voice of the Wolf, was at first afraid; but believing her grandmother had gotten a cold and her voice was hoarse, answered: "It is your grandchild, Little Red Riding-Hood, I brought you some bread and butter that Mother sent."

The Wolf cried out to her, softening his voice as much as he could: "Open the door, my child." Little Red Riding-Hood opened the door. The Wolf, seeing her come in, said to her, hiding himself under the blankets: "Put the bread and butter on the stool, and spend time with me."

Little Red Riding-Hood went to her Grandmother's side of the bed, where, being greatly amazed to see how her grandmother looked in her night-clothes, said to her:

"Grandma, what great arms you have!"

"That is the better to hug you, my dear."

"Grandma, what great legs you have!"

"That is to run faster my child."

"Grandma, what great ears you have!"

"That is to hear better, my child."

"Grandma, what great eyes you have got!"

"It is to see better, my child."

"Grandma, what great teeth you have got!"

"That is to eat you up."

The wolf tried to eat Little Red up, but being the clever little girl she was, she noticed that this was not her Grandma at all. She realized that the Wolf had eaten her Grandma.

As Little Red cried in horror, she was lucky to hear the door open. A local woodsman heard the disturbing sounds from Little Red's Grandma's little house and knocked loudly on the door. The woodsman saw the wolf with his full belly and knew he had swallowed the Grandma whole.

He said, "Do not fret, my child. I will free your Grandmother."

The woodsman cut into the evil wolf's stomach and set her free.

Then the woodsman sewed the Wolf back up and said, "Do not ever eat another person again, Wolf, or I will not be so kind!"

The Wolf ran off with his tail between his legs and a look of regret on his face. He learned to never deceive or eat anyone up again. And from that day forward, Little Red never stopped to talk to another Wolf or dangerous creature in the woods again.