

Red Riding Hood

retold by Beatrice Schenk de Regniers

Illustrated by Vesna Krstanovich



Long ago

There was a girl,
Pretty and good.
Her name was Little
Red Riding Hood.

She wore

A pretty red hood,
A cape the same.
And that's how Red Riding Hood
Got her name.



One day

Her mother told her,
"I want you to take
Your poor sick grandma
This little cake.

"You must go through the woods.
I am going to worry."

"Dear Mama," Red Riding Hood said,
"I will hurry."

So,

Red Riding Hood ran
For almost a mile.
Then she sat down
To rest a while.

Along came MR. WOLF!



He said,

“Red Riding Hood!
How nice to meet you.
You look so pretty,
I could eat you!

I see your mama
Was doing some baking.
Tell me, Red Riding Hood,
Where are you taking
that little cake?”

Red Riding Hood said,

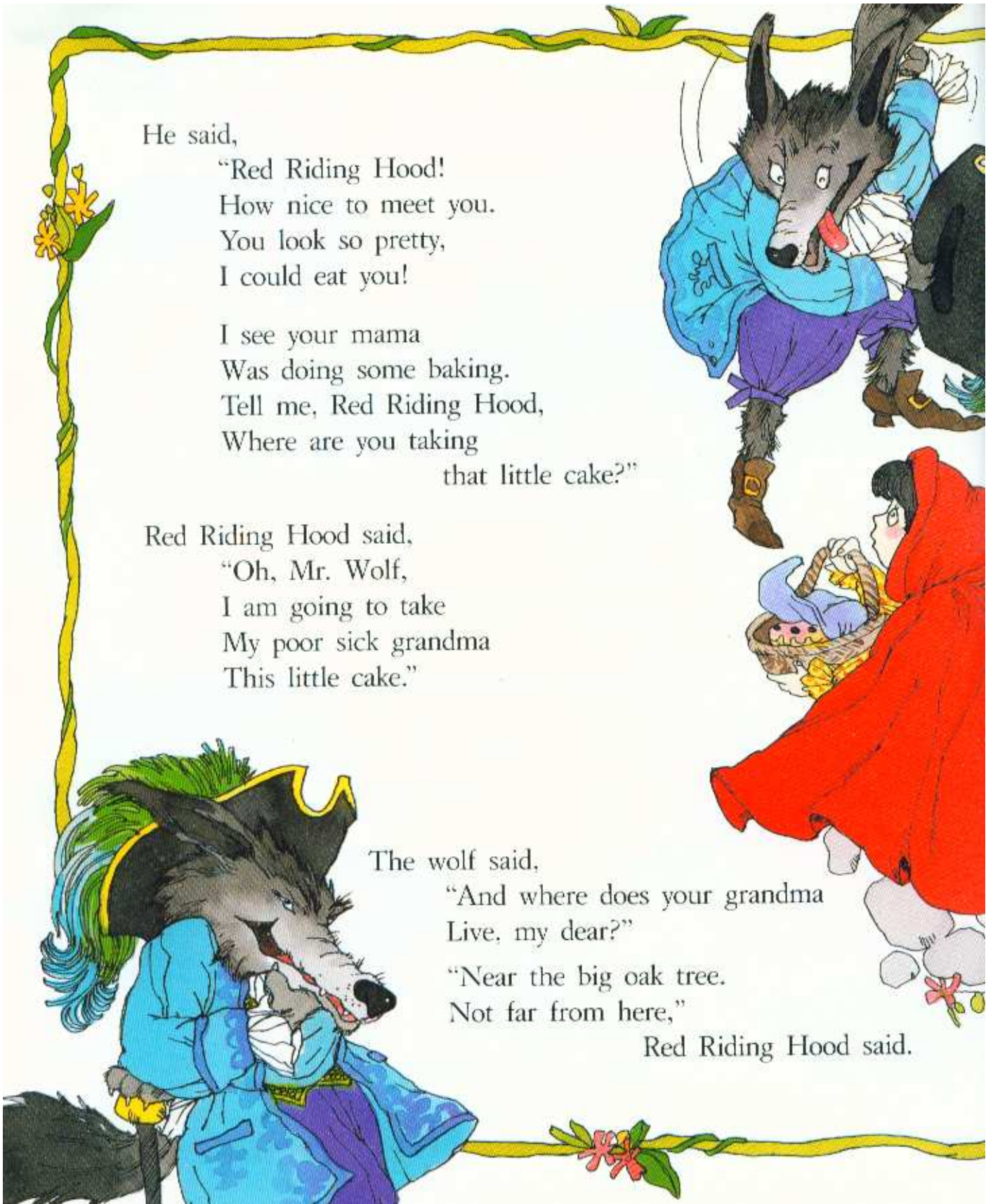
“Oh, Mr. Wolf,
I am going to take
My poor sick grandma
This little cake.”

The wolf said,

“And where does your grandma
Live, my dear?”

“Near the big oak tree.
Not far from here,”

Red Riding Hood said.



The wicked wolf thought,
"Aha! Oho!
I'll find a way
To gobble two people
Up today."

The wicked wolf said,
"Red Riding Hood,
Your grandma's sick.
Don't you think
That you should pick
some flowers for her?"



"Oh, yes!" said Little
Riding Hood.
"I'm sure my poor sick
Grandma would
like some flowers."

She picked one flower,
And then another.
She quite forgot
She had promised her mother
to hurry.

But

The wolf ran fast—
Faster than fast.
He reached the grandma's
Door at last.

Tap-tap!

“Who is there? Who is there?”
Grandmama cried.

“Red Riding Hood.
Let me inside,”
said the wolf.

He tried to make
His voice sound sweet.
“I’ve brought you a little
Cake to eat.”

“Come in! Come in!”
Grandmama said.
“I can’t get up.
I’m sick in bed.”

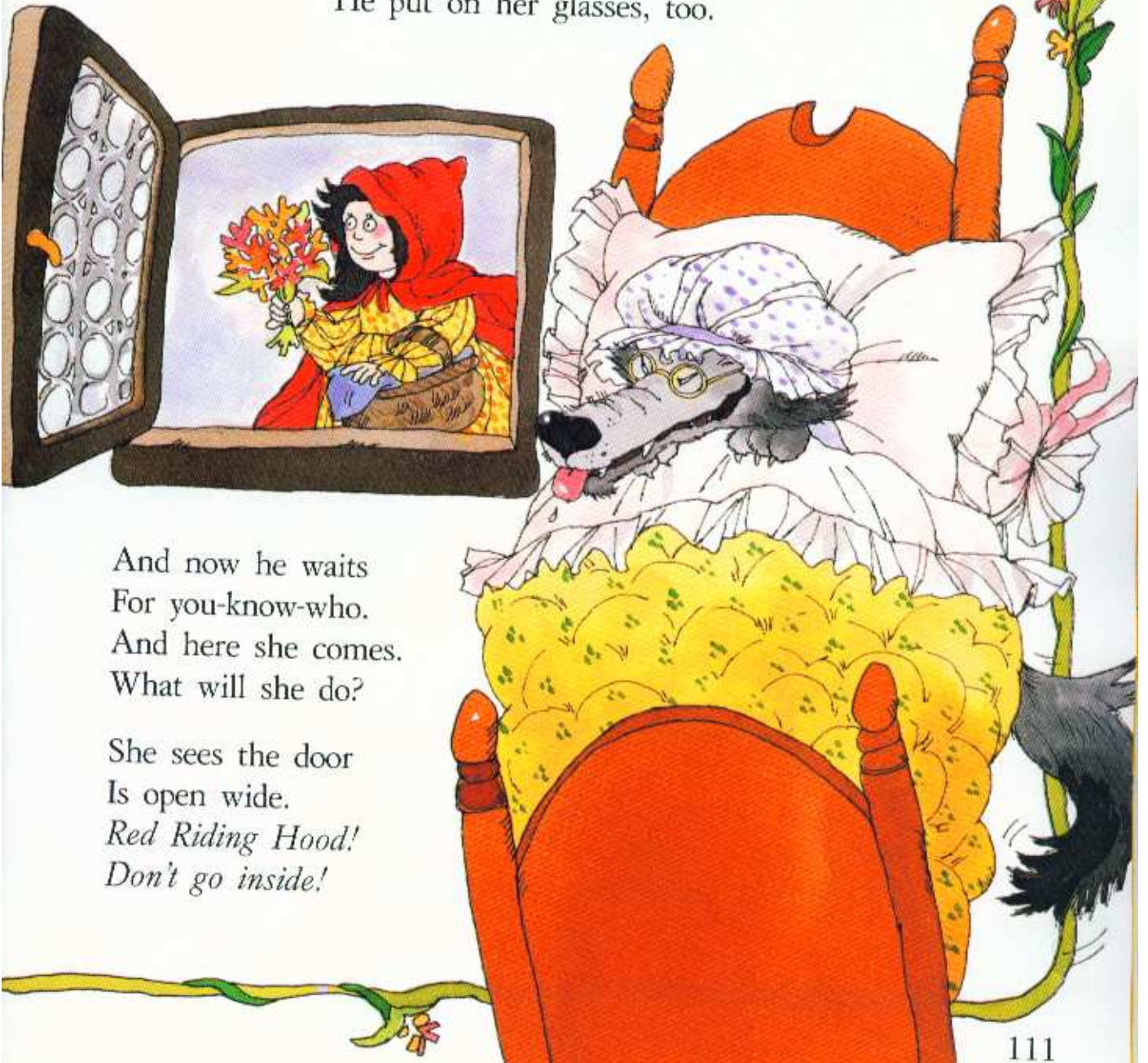
*So the wolf opened the door and went
inside and gobbled up the Grandmother.*



Then

The wicked wolf
Got into bed
With Grandma's cap
Upon his head.

He put on her glasses, too.



And now he waits
For you-know-who.
And here she comes.
What will she do?

She sees the door
Is open wide.
Red Riding Hood!
Don't go inside!

Red Riding Hood calls,
“Grandma, Grandma!
Are you there?
Grandma, Grandma!
Tell me where
you are.”

But Grandma did not say a word.

Red Riding Hood ran
To her grandma’s bed.
“Here is something for you
To eat,” she said.

“See this little cake.
And here are some—Oh!
Grandma! Why do you
Look at me so?”

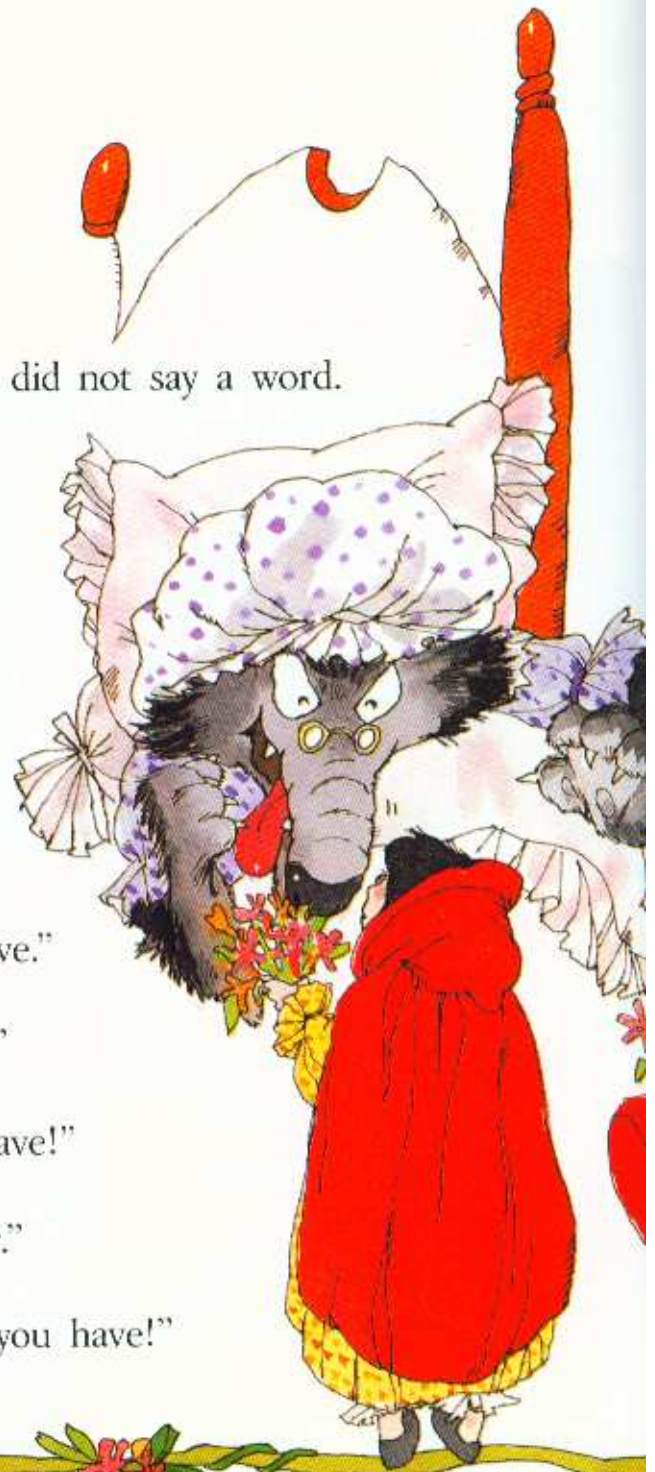
“Grandma, what big eyes you have!”


“The better to see you, my dear.”

“Grandma, what big arms you have!”

“The better to hug you, my dear.”

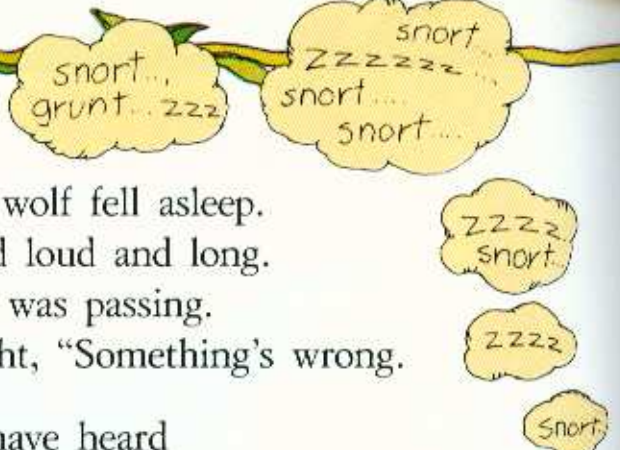
“Oh, Grandma! What big teeth you have!”



A colorful illustration of the Big Bad Wolf from the fairy tale. The wolf is depicted as a large, dark grey creature with a purple polka-dot shirt and white ruffled pants. He has a wide, toothy grin, showing his sharp teeth and a red tongue. He is holding a small girl, Little Red Riding Hood, in his mouth. The girl is wearing a yellow dress with red polka dots and a red cape. She has a basket on her back containing a cake and a small animal. The wolf is standing on a large pile of yellow flowers. A speech bubble above the wolf says, "The better to eat you!". The scene is framed by a decorative border of green vines and small red and yellow flowers.

“The better to eat you!”

And the wicked wolf,
Without more ado,
Ate Red Riding Hood
And the little cake, too.



Soon the wolf fell asleep.
He snored loud and long.
A hunter was passing.
He thought, "Something's wrong."

"I never have heard
The old lady snore
That loud and that long.
I'll just look in the door."

When the hunter saw the wolf,
he said,

"So there you are,
You mean old sinner!
Have you eaten Red Riding Hood's
Grandma for dinner?"

He took his knife
And he cut the wolf's belly.
Out jumped Red Riding Hood.
"Oh, it was smelly
in there," she said.

Then out came Grandma.
"Thank goodness!" she cried.
"What took you so long?
I almost died
in there."



The hunter said,
“Now get lots of stones—
Whatever it takes
To fill the wolf’s belly
Before he awakes.”

They put in the stones.
Then with needle and thread
Grandma sewed up the wolf
While he slept in her bed.

The wolf woke up.
He looked around.
He tried to run.
He fell to the ground.

The stones were very heavy.

“This is the end,”
The wicked wolf said.
He took one more step
And he fell down dead.



And that was the end of the wicked wolf.