

Little Red Riding Hood

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Once upon a time there lived in a village one of the prettiest little girls ever seen. Her mother loved her very much, and her grandmother loved her even more. This good woman made a little red riding hood for the girl. She looked so nice in it that everybody called her Little Red Riding Hood.



After baking some cakes one day, her mother said to her:

"Go and see how your grandmother is feeling, because I have heard that she is ill. Take her a cake and this little crock of butter."

Little Red Riding Hood left immediately to go to her grandmother's house, which was in another village.

As she was passing through the woods, she met a wolf, who wanted very much to eat her up; but he dared not, because there were some woodcutters in the forest. He asked her where she was going. The poor child, who did not know that it is dangerous to stop and talk to strangers, said to him:

"I am going to see my grandmother, and take her a cake and a little crock of butter from my mother."

"Does she live far from here?" asked the wolf.

"Oh, yes," replied Little Red Riding Hood; "past that mill you see there, in the first house you come to in the village."

"Well," said the wolf, "I want to go and see her, too. I'll take this path, and you take that one, and we will see who gets there first."

The wolf began to run as fast as he could, taking the shortest path, and the

little girl went by the longest path, playing along the way by gathering nuts, chasing butterflies, and making bouquets of little flowers she came across. The wolf did not take long to reach the old woman's house. He knocked at the door—*knock, knock*.

"Who's there?" called the grandmother.

"Your granddaughter, Little Red Riding Hood," replied the wolf, disguising his voice. "I have brought you a cake and a little crock of butter from my mother."

The good grandmother, who was in bed because she was not feeling well, replied:

"Pull the peg, and the door will unlatch."

The wolf pulled the peg, and the door opened. He jumped on the good woman and ate her up in no time, because more than three days had gone by since he had last eaten. He then closed the door, climbed into the grandmother's bed, and waited for Little Red Riding Hood, who arrived sometime afterward and knocked at the door—*knock, knock*.

"Who's there?" called the Wolf.

At first Little Red Riding Hood was afraid when she heard the wolf's deep voice. But then, thinking that her grandmother had a cold, she answered:

"It's your granddaughter, Little Red Riding Hood. I have brought you a cake and a little crock of butter from my mother."

The wolf, softening his voice a little, replied:

"Pull the peg, and the door will unlatch."

Little Red Riding Hood pulled the peg, and the door opened.

When the wolf saw her come in, he hid under the covers and said:

"Put the cake and the little crock of butter on the table, and come lie down with me."

Little Red Riding Hood crawled into the bed, where she was very surprised to see how her grandmother looked.

She said to her:

"Grandmother, what big arms you have!"

"All the better to hug you, my dear."

"Grandmother, what big legs you have!"

"All the better to run, my child."

"Grandmother, what big ears you have!"

"All the better to hear you, my child."

"Grandmother, what big eyes you have!"

"All the better to see you, my child."

"Grandmother, what big teeth you have!"

"All the better to EAT YOU UP."

And with these words, this vicious wolf pounced on Little Red Riding Hood, and ate her all up.