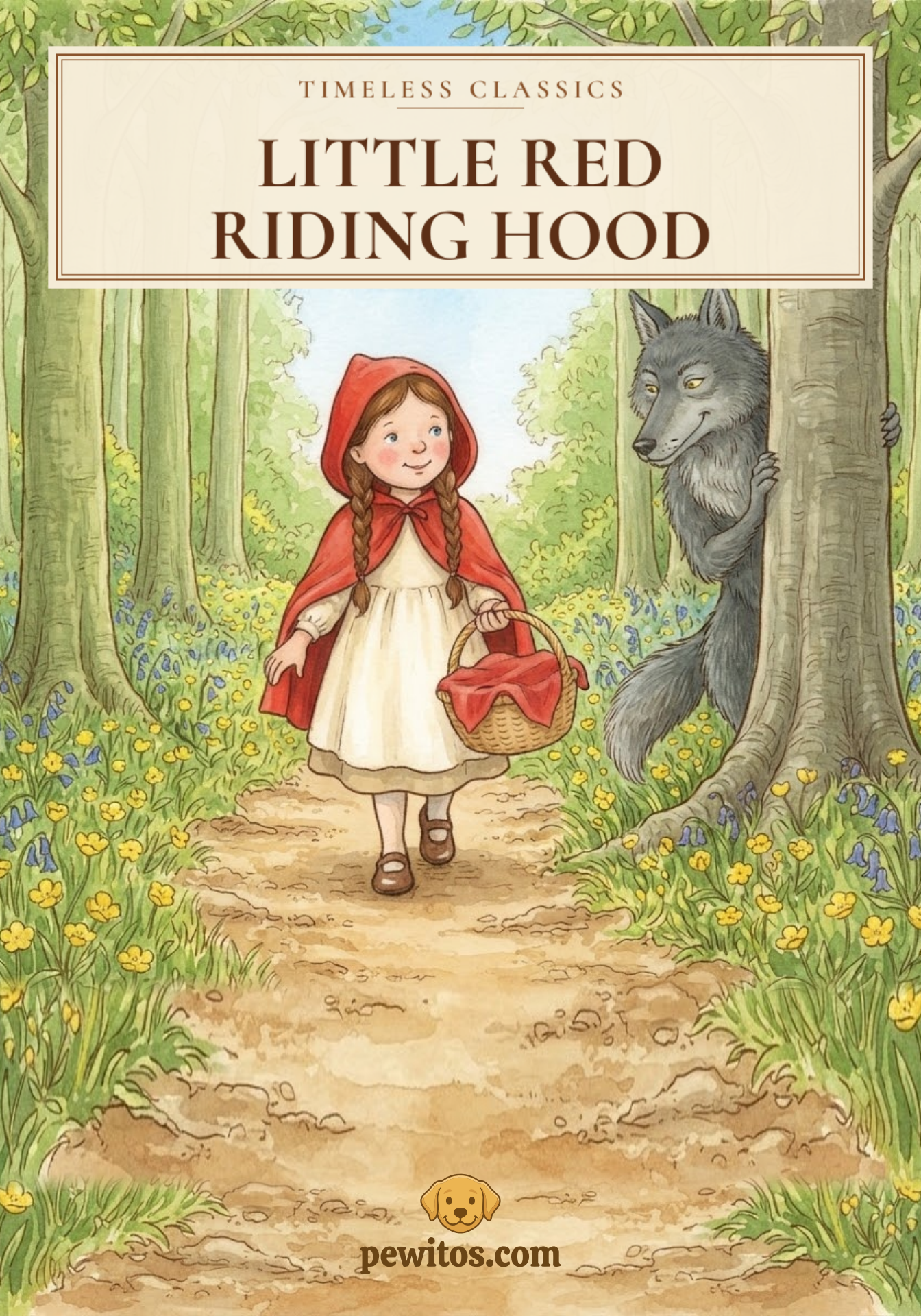
TIMELESS CLASSICS

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD



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TIMELESS CLASSICS

Little Red Riding Hood

An illustrated edition by Pewitos

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At the edge of the forest lived a girl who always wore a red cape with a hood. Her grandmother had sewn it for her, and that is why everyone called her Little Red Riding Hood.

One day, Grandmother fell ill. Mother baked fresh bread, filled a jar with honey and packed it all in a basket. "This will help her feel better," she said.

"Take it to Grandmother," she said. "Go straight along the path and don't leave it." Little Red Riding Hood promised, and set off happily.

Soon she greeted the woodcutter, who was splitting logs. "Good morning, Little Red Riding Hood," he said. "Don't wander from the path. The wolf goes about these woods."

Further on, the forest was full of flowers of every color. "I'll just pick a few for Grandmother," she thought, and she stepped off the path.

But behind every flower there was a prettier one, and Little Red Riding Hood wandered farther and farther away. She could no longer hear the woodcutter's axe.

Then a wolf stepped out from behind a tree. "Good morning, little girl. Where are you going with that basket?" "To my grandmother's house. She's ill," she replied.

"And where does your grandmother live?" "At the end of the path, under the three big oak trees." "Then take her lots of flowers," said the wolf. "Look how many there are!"

And while Little Red Riding Hood gathered flowers, the wolf ran by a shortcut to Grandmother's house.

Knock, knock. "Who's there?" "It's Little Red Riding Hood," said the wolf in a squeaky little voice. But Grandmother peeked out of the window... and saw two gray, furry ears.

Without a sound, Grandmother hid in the wardrobe. The wolf lifted the latch, came in... and found no one there.

"I'll wait here for the girl," thought the wolf. He put on Grandmother's nightcap, climbed into her bed and pulled the covers up to his nose.

With her arms full of flowers, Little Red Riding Hood remembered Grandmother and went back to the path. When she arrived, the door was open and the house was very quiet.

"Grandmother, what big ears you have!" "All the better to hear you with." "And what big eyes you have!" "All the better to see you with."

"And what big teeth... You're not my grandmother!" cried Little Red Riding Hood. And she ran to the door, calling for help.

The woodcutter, who was chopping wood by the three oak trees, heard the cries and came running in. The wolf got such a fright that he leapt out of the window.

The woodcutter chased him into the deepest part of the forest. And that wolf never, ever came back.

Then a small voice came from the wardrobe: "Has the wolf gone?" Little Red Riding Hood ran to open it and hugged her grandmother tight.

The two of them sat down to eat bread and honey, and Grandmother felt much better. Little Red Riding Hood's flowers brightened the table.

From that day on, Little Red Riding Hood never left the path again. And when she wanted flowers for Grandmother, she picked them right at its edge.

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About this edition

Little Red Riding Hood

A traditional European tale published by Charles Perrault in 1697 and collected by the Brothers Grimm in 1812. A girl learns why it is wise to keep to the path. This Pewitos adaptation for young children keeps everyone safe: Grandmother hides and a woodcutter chases the wolf away.

TIMELESS CLASSICS

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

Little Red Riding Hood takes a basket to her grandmother and meets a very cunning wolf. A classic about staying on the path.

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