

THE HISTORY
OF
LITTLE
Red Riding Hood



LONDON :

Printed by W. S. FORTEY, 2 & 3, Monmouth
Court, Bloomsbury.

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LITTLE

Red Riding-Hood.



here was, once upon a time a country girl, who lived in a village; she was the sweetest little creature ever seen; her mother loved her with excessive fondness, and her grandmother doted on her still more.

She was a good girl, and was never better pleased than when she had either her books, or her work in her hand; she read prettily, and sewed so neatly, that her mother let her make all her own clothes. Her mother made her a pretty red-coloured hood, which so much pleased the little girl, that every one called her *Little Red Riding-Hood*.

One day, her mother having made some cheese-cakes, said to her, 'Go, my child, and see how your grandmother does—carry her some of these cakes, and a little pot of butter.' Little Red Riding-Hood immediately put on her new dress, and set out with a basket filled with cakes and the pot of butter, for her grandmother's house, which was in a village a little distance from her mother's. As she was crossing a wood, she met a Wolf, who had a great mind to eat her up, but dared not indulge his desire, because of some wood-cutters who were at work near them on the forest. He asked her whither she was going, and who she was going to see.

The little girl, not knowing how dangerous it was to talk to a Wolf, replied 'I am going to see my grandmamma and carry her these cakes, and this pot of butter.' 'Does she live far off?' said the Wolf. 'Oh, yes,' answered Riding-Hood, 'beyond the mill you see yonder, at the first house in the village.'

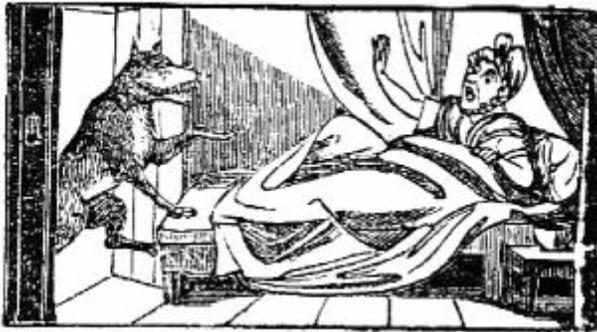


‘Well,’ said the Wolf, ‘I will go and see her too; I will take this way, and you, take that, and see which will be there the soonest.’

The Wolf set out at full speed, running as fast as he could, and taking the nearest way; while the little girl took the longest, gathering flowers to take to her grandmother.

The Wolf soon arrived at the dwelling of the grandmother; he knocked at the door.—‘Who is there?’ ‘It is your little grandchild, Little Red Riding-Hood,’ said the Wolf, counterfeiting her voice: ‘I have brought you some cheese-cakes, and a little pot of butter, mamma has sent you.’

The good old woman, who was still in bed, called out, ‘Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up.’ The Wolf soon pulled the bobbin, and the door opened.



The Wolf sprang upon the poor old grandmother, and ate her up in a moment, for it was three days since he had tasted any food.

The Wolf then shut the door, and laid himself down on the bed, and waited for Red Riding-Hood, who soon after reached the door.

Tap Tap!—‘Who is there?’ She was at first a little frightened at the hoarse voice of the Wolf, but supposing that her grandmother had caught a cold, she answered, ‘It is your grandchild, Little Red Riding-Hood;—Mamma has sent you some cheese-

cakes and a little pot of butter.'

The Wolf called out, softening his voice, 'Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up.' She pulled the bobbin, and the door opened.

When she came into the room, the Wolf, hiding himself under the bed-clothes, said to her, trying all he could to speak in a feeble voice, 'Put the basket, my child, on the stool; take off your clothes, and come into bed to me.' Little Red Riding-Hood accordingly undressed herself, and stepped into bed; where, wondering to see how her grandmother looked in her night-clothes, said to her, 'Grandamma, what great arms you have got!'

'The better to hug thee, my child.'

'Grandamma, what great ears you have got!'

'The better to hear thee, my child.'

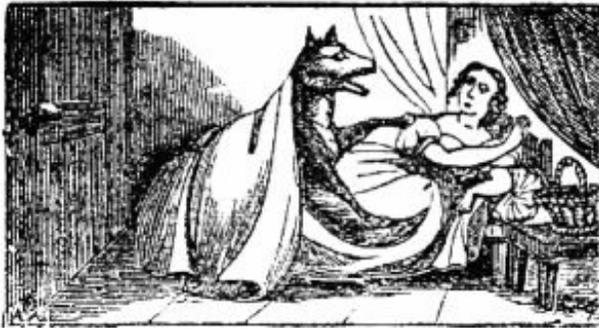
'Grandamma, what great eyes you have got!'

'The more proper to gaze on you, my darling!'

'Grandamma, what great teeth you have got!'

'They are to eat thee up!'

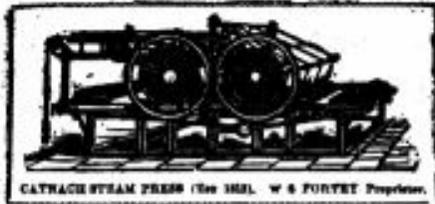
So saying, he sprang on the child, who screamed out, 'Oh, you are not my dear, kind grandmother, but the wicked Wolf of the wood.' She had not time to say more, for the blood-thirsty monster ate her up in a very few minutes.



The cruel Wolf did not long survive these horrid deeds; for falling fast asleep after he had despatched his victims, he neglected to secure a timely retreat, and was caught in bed by the child's parents, and other persons, who, alarmed by her stay, came late at night in search of her. A slight search disclosed the horrid deeds he committed, a just vengeance overtook him: he died on the spot covered with wounds.



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TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Misspelled words and printer errors have been corrected.

Inconsistencies in punctuation have been maintained.

Some illustrations moved to facilitate page layout.

[The end of *The History of Little Red Riding Hood* by anonymous]