

THE HISTORY
OF LITTLE
RED RIDING HOOD.



BELPER;

Printed by J. Rosewarne.

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Little Red Riding Hood.

THERE lived in a certain village a little girl, who was loved by all who knew her. Her mother was extremely fond of her, and her grandmother doted on her, because she was so good natured, and always so ready to oblige. She never missed saying her prayers night and morning for her mamma, grandmamma, all her relations, and every body else she could think of.

She constantly went to school with her face and hands washed clean, her hair combed, and her clothes pinned on so neatly, that she was noticed by all who saw her; and it being cold weather, her grandmother made her a little red riding-hood to keep her warm,



which made her look so pretty, that she soon gained the name of Little Red Riding-Hood.

The grandmother (who lived in a neighbouring village) being very ill, the mother made some custards, and calling little Biddy (for that was her name, said to her, "My dear, you shall go and take your grandmother some custards, and cheesecakes, and



this little pot of butter.” Accordingly, the little red riding-hood was soon put on, and away she went to see her grandmother.

Having got to the farther end of the wood, this little damsel was met by Gaffer Wolf, who being a very cruel creature, had a mind to eat her up, but he durst not, on account of some façot-makers hard by. This

cunning creature then tried another way to destroy her, and, like a treacherous knave, asked her where she was going so early. This little innocent child, who thought no harm herself, and did not know the artful tricks of the wolf, said to him, "I am going to my grandmamma, who is not well, with a custard and a little pot of butter, from my mamma," "Does she live far off?" said the wolf. "O," said Little Red Riding-Hood, "it is a little beyond the mill, at the first house in the village." "Well," said the sly wolf, "I will go and see her too. I will go this way, and do you go that, and we shall see who will be there soonest."

So little Red Riding-Hood went the farthest way about, seeking cowslips and daisies, and running after butterflies; but the wolf began to run as fast as he could, taking the

nearest way ; and going much faster than the child, was not long before he got to the old woman's house. The wolf knocked at the door, tap, tap : "Who is there ?" said the good old woman. "It is your grandchild, little Red Riding-hood," answered the wolf (imitating the little girl's voice as well as he could) ; "I have brought you a custard and a little pot of butter, which mamma has sent you."

The grandmother, who was very ill in bed, cried out, "Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up." The wolf pulled the bobbin, and the door opened, when he went into the room, jumped upon the bed, and with his great teeth ate her up instantly. After he had eaten up the grandmother he thought how he might deceive little Red Riding-hood, and devour her also. He then shut the door



very closely again, and rolled himself up in the grandmother's bed, because he was sure little Red Riding-hood would soon be there.

Little Red Riding-hood came a little time afterwards, and knocked at the door, tap, tap: "Who is there?" said the wolf.—Little Red Riding-hood hearing the gruff voice of the wolf, was at first afraid; but knowing her grandmother had got a very bad cold, thought it was her being extremely hoarse that might make her speak so, answered, "Why, grandmamma, it is your little Red Riding-hood, who has brought you a custard and a little pot of butter, which my mamma has sent me with to you." The wolf then called out in as soft a voice as he could, "Pull the bobbin and the latch will go up," Little Red Riding-hood immediate-

ly pulled the bobbin, and the door opened ; and going to the bed-side, the treacherous wolf hiding his frightful head under the clothes, and speaking with a very low voice, said to her, " Put the custard and the pot of butter upon the stool my dear little girl, and come into bed to me for I am very cold."

Little Red Riding-hood always wishing to oblige her grandmamma, was not long in obeying the commands of her grandmother, as she thought, and immediately began to undress herself, and went to bed ; but she was no sooner in, than she was sadly frightened at the strange alteration there seemed in her grandmother ; and particularly at her long ears, which stuck out so far from her night-cap ; and on feeling her arms, and finding them so very



large and hairy, she said—"Dear me, grandmamma, what great arms you have got!" to which the wolf made answer, "They are the better to hug thee my dear."—"Grandmamma, what great legs you have got!" "They are the better to run with, my child."—"Grandmamma, what great ears you have got!"



“They are the better to hear with, my child.”—Grandmamma, what great eyes you have got!” They are to see the better, my dear.”—Grandmamma, what long teeth you have got!”—“With those I will eat thee up,”—And as soon as he had said these words, this wicked wolf flew upon poor Little Red Riding-Hood, and ate her up at once.

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