

**Note to teachers:** see teaching notes for this story.

**Note to parents or carers:** your child's teacher has been reading this story aloud to your child's class so that they develop a deep love of and familiarity with well-known, traditional stories. You can help by reading this story aloud to your child.

Do not ask your child to read the story to you as it is above their reading level.

# Little Red Riding Hood

Retold by Lou Kuenzler

Display  
Picture 1

There was once a girl known as Little Red Riding Hood. She had been given this strange name because, wherever she went, she always wore a big, red riding cape with a bright red hood.

One day, Little Red Riding Hood's mother asked her to take a basket of food to her grandma's house.

"How exciting!" said Little Red Riding Hood. Grandma's house was far away along the twisty-turny path through the deep, dark wood. Little Red Riding Hood had never been allowed to go there alone before.

"Do not leave the path. And do not talk to the big, bad wolf if you meet him," her mother warned.

"I won't!" Little Red Riding Hood agreed, and she ran off down the path, towards a meadow.

In the meadow, a shepherd was tending his sheep.

"I'm off to Grandma's house. It's far away along the twisty-turny path through the deep, dark wood," Little Red Riding Hood called out.

"Do not leave the path. And do not talk to the wolf if you meet him," the shepherd warned.

"I won't!" Little Red Riding Hood agreed. She raced on towards a little cottage where the woodcutter lived.

"I'm off to Grandma's house. It's far away along the twisty-turny path through the deep, dark wood," Little Red Riding Hood called out.

“Do not leave the path. And, whatever you do, do not talk to the wolf if you meet him,” the wise woodcutter warned.

“I won’t!” Little Red Riding Hood promised. She ran on, deeper and deeper into the dark wood.

But Little Red Riding Hood had not gone far along the twisty-turny path before she spotted a patch of bright red flowers.

“I’ll pick those pretty flowers for Grandma,” Little Red Riding Hood decided. And without another thought about what her mother, the shepherd and the woodcutter had said, she left the path.

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Picture 2**

Little Red Riding Hood skipped between the trees. She had not gone far, when she trod on something.

“Ouch! That’s my tail, you clumsy girl,” said a cross, sleepy voice. The big, bad wolf stood up. He had been taking a nap.

“I’m so sorry,” said Little Red Riding Hood. “I didn’t see you there.” She took a step back but the wolf had spotted her basket.

“Where are you going?” he asked her, licking his lips.

“I’m going to Grandma’s house,” said Little Red Riding Hood proudly. “It’s far away along the twisty-turny path through the deep, dark wood.”

“Is it really?” the wolf smiled.

“Goodness!” said Little Red Riding Hood, taking another step back. She didn’t like the look of the wolf’s big sharp teeth.

“I shouldn’t have talked to him,” she thought. But a moment later the wolf was off, dashing away through the trees.

“See you later!” he called.

“I hope not!” thought Little Red Riding Hood. She quickly picked the pretty flowers, then found her way back to the twisty-turny path. She followed it all the way to Grandma’s cottage.

Unfortunately, the cunning wolf had run on ahead. He had already gobbled Grandma up.

“Yum!” he said licking his lips. “I have eaten Grandma. Now I will trick Red Riding Hood and eat her too.”

He disguised himself in the old lady’s clothes and waited in her rocking chair.

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Picture 3**

When Little Red Riding Hood arrived at the cottage, she was keen to give Grandma the pretty flowers. She stepped towards the chair.

“Why Grandma, what big eyes you have!” she said.

“All the better to see you with!” answered Grandma in a very deep voice.

Little Red Riding Hood stepped closer still.

“But Grandma, what long ears you have!” she gasped.

“All the better to hear you with,” said Grandma, with a big smile.

“Gracious, Grandma! What sharp teeth you have!” Little Red Riding Hood gulped.

“All the better to eat you with!” growled Grandma.

But Little Red Riding Hood had seen teeth like that before.

“You are not Grandma. You’re the Big Bad Wolf dressed up in Grandma’s clothes,” she cried.

The wolf pounced at Little Red Riding Hood but as she jumped out of the way, she accidentally landed on the wolf’s bushy tail.

“Oooooowwwww!” howled the wolf. “Not again! Get off my tail, you clumsy girl!”

“Not until you tell me where Grandma is,” said Little Red Riding Hood, keeping her feet firmly on his tail.

“Oooowww, oooowww, OUCH!” howled the wolf, opening his mouth so wide that Grandma jumped right out of his throat. The greedy wolf had swallowed her whole without even chewing!

“Well done, Red Riding Hood,” cried Grandma. “You saved my life!”

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Picture 4**

As Little Red Riding Hood and Grandma hugged each other, the wolf raced out of the door.

“Goodness, what long legs you have!” called out Little Red Riding Hood, as he dashed away through the forest.

“All the better to run away from you!” he howled.

“You have taught that naughty wolf a lesson,” said Grandma.

But Little Red Riding Hood had learnt a lesson too.

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Picture 5**

When she went home that night, she never left the twisty-turny path. She followed it all the way through the deep dark wood, past the woodcutter’s cottage and alongside the meadow until she reached her own front door.

“What an adventure!” she said, as she hung up her beautiful red riding cape. “But, next time, I will listen to wise advice from my friends as well.”

And Little Red Riding Hood lived happily, and safely, ever after.