



Little red riding hood

Description

Adaptation para CDF of Charles Perrault's original text with illustrations by M. Fauron.

Once upon a time, in a village, there was a little girl, so pretty and so kind, that everyone who knew her loved her. Her mother adored her, and her grandmother even more, if that is possible.

The old lady had made her a red cape or chaperone. The color and shape of this cloak suited the little girl so well that she dressed in it all the time; and soon everyone around knew her only as Little Red Riding Hood.

One day, Little Red Riding Hood's mother had made some beautiful golden cakes. She called her little girl and said:

– I heard that your grandmother was sick, go see how she is, and give her this little jar of fresh butter and this flaky cake;
But don't have any fun on the way, because you have to be back before sunset.



The child kissed his mother, and left cheerfully, promising to be very good.

Little Red Riding Hood's grandmother lived in the next hamlet. She lived in a pretty white house, near a mill.

To get there, we had to cross a rather large wood, and it was a pleasant walk.

Red Riding Hood walked briskly, with her cake under her arm and her pot of butter in her hand, along a clearing that led to the mill.

As soon as she had walked a little way, she saw the wolf.

He was very hungry and was delighted to meet her.

It would have been easy for him to jump on Little Red Riding Hood to eat her, but he thought that the child's cries would surely attract the woodcutters who were working nearby.

It is better, he thought, to act by cunning.

Gently approaching the little girl, he took his kindest voice, to wish her good morning; and he added:

– Where are you going thus, my beautiful child?

– I am going to my grandmother's house, » answered Red Riding Hood, « to take a little jar of butter and this cake that my mother sent her.

– And where does your grandmother live?

– Near the mill that we see spinning there, » replied the naive child.

– Does she live there by herself? » insisted the wolf.

– Yes, » said Red Riding Hood, « and now she is weak and sick.

– Ah! ah! » said the animal, « very interesting! I will go to heal her.

You take that path, and I'll take this one, and we'll see which of us will get there faster.



The girl entered the path that the Wolf pointed out to her.

She saw hazelnuts that she began to crunch.

Then she picked some honeysuckle, which seemed to be blooming right at her fingertips.

Meanwhile, the wolf, certain of not being seen by the little girl, continued along the clearing and, in a few steps, reached the mill.

When Red Riding Hood had made a big bunch, she let herself be drawn into catching butterflies. Then she had fun chasing a squirrel, watching little rabbits play.

They were so funny, one gnawing on a leaf, the other doing his toilet! It was as if he was curling his

moustache. Red Riding Hood laughed so hard that she put them to flight.

While Little Red Riding Hood strolled along at her leisure, Brother Wolf knocked on Grandmother's door.



– Who's there? » asked a broken voice.

– It's your granddaughter, Red Riding Hood, who brings you a cake and a pot of butter that my mother sent you, » answered the Wolf, imitating the girl's accent.

– Pull the string and the bobbin will come out, » said the voice.

With a flick of his paw, the Wolf pulled the string, the latch fell and the door opened.

Immediately, the wicked beast threw himself on the poor old woman, who was in her bed, and devoured her in two bites.

Then, putting on his bonnet, he slipped into his place under the covers, and waited.

– Knock! knock! knock! » came from the door at the same moment.

– Who is there? » asked the Wolf, imitating the hoarse voice of his unfortunate victim.

– It is your granddaughter, Red Riding Hood, who brings you a cake and a little jar of butter that my mother sent you.

– Pull the peg and the bobbin will come out, » replied the Wolf in a broken voice.



Red Riding Hood obeyed and went inside, just as the Wolf had done earlier.

When the ferocious animal saw him, he hid under the sheets, so that only his eyes and his hat were

visible.

– Grandmother, how are you? » asked Red Riding Hood.

A grunt answered her.

– You sound very hoarse, » said the child.

– Yes, I have a bad cold, » said the wolf's nasal voice. Put your cake and butter on the table, » continued the horrible beast, « and come closer to me.

Little Red Riding Hood approached the bed.

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She was surprised to see how much her grandmother looked changed.

She pulled the curtain aside and stopped, frightened, without knowing why.

- No doubt, thought Red Riding Hood, this is how Grandma looks in her pajamas!
- The Wolf, who until then had remained turned to the side of the wall, took out his snout.
- Oh! my grandmother, cried Red Riding Hood, how big your eyes are!
- The better to see you with, my child, » answered the Wolf tenderly.
- Oh, my grandmother, how big your nose is! » said the little girl with a slight tremor.
- It's the better to feel you, my child, » replied the Wolf again.
- Oh, my mother-grandmother, » continued Red Riding Hood, « how big your ears are!
- It's the better to hear you, my child.

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- Oh, my mother-grandmother, how big your arms are!
- It is to better embrace you, my child.
- Oh! my mother-great, how big your legs are!

- It is to better run, my child.
- Oh! my mother-great, how big your teeth are!
- It is to better eat you !!!!!

As he said these words, with an evil laugh, the Wolf turned abruptly on Little Red Riding Hood, who fell to the ground, crying out loud.

The Wolf wanted to jump on her to devour her.

He stumbled into the blanket and missed; but he soon freed himself and seized the child in his claws.

- Ah! cried the infernal character, you will not escape me!

And his fangs approached the unfortunate little girl...

At the same moment, the door burst open; and a man armed with an axe appeared on the threshold.

This man was the woodcutter, the father of the little Red Riding Hood.

He was coming back from his work, when he met his wife running through the wood, full of worries: Red Riding Hood, long gone had not yet returned.

Sharing these fears, the woodcutter hurriedly retraced his steps, gun on his shoulder, to look for his child.

The father's anxiety grew as the hour passed.

He doubled his pace and called in vain. As he approached the grandmother's house, he heard sharp cries.

No more doubt, it was the voice of his little girl. Desperation increasing his energy, he did not stop to open the door but broke it down with his axe. The terrified Wolf dropped his prey.

Before the ferocious animal could defend itself, it fell with its head split open by a single blow of the axe, and bathed in its blood.

It was time.

One minute later, there would have been nothing left of the pretty little Red Riding Hood...

Fortunately, the poor girl was only wounded.

Her father took her in his arms to bring her home.

Let us judge the joy of the mother, when she saw her little girl again, and when she was told of the danger she had run!

Unfortunately, she was very sad to learn the cruel end of her poor old mother.

For a long time, Little Red Riding Hood remained sick with the fear she had felt in the clutches of the ferocious beast.

It was a hard lesson she never forgot.

When she grew old, she still told her story to her grandchildren to warn them to be careful.



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cdf