

Little Red Riding Hood



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Once upon a time there was a little girl so nice and witty that you couldn't help but love her. She always wore a red riding cloak her grandmother gave her, and so everyone called her Little Red Riding Hood. One day her mother said: "Come Little Red Riding Hood, what would you feel about going and seeing your grandmother? She is sick and I am sure she would love to see you. Here, take her some cake, that'll cheer her up. Ah, take this bottle of wine too, but be careful not to break it! And please, go straight and don't dawdle along the way." "Don't worry, mom" the little girl replied, while she was leaving, "I promise I'll be very careful."



The grandmother, however, lived quite far away; to get there you need to cross the bridge, proceed across the fields and finally venture into the woods. It was at least half-an-hour walk from her place. Have you ever been into the woods? If there is a path or you know the way, everything is fine. But if, like Little Red Riding Hood,



you can't resist the temptation to stop and observe every single insect, flower and sunlight shining through the trees, well, you're likely to lose your way. And so it happened to Little Red Riding Hood.

When she got quite deep in the forest, in the middle of thick vegetation, she heard a noise coming from the bushes. The leaves were shaking also as if something was moving about among them. She was about to run away and then... hey, wait! The voice sounded like a meow. "That's weird!" the little girl thought, "I've always been told that in the woods you can meet wolves, not cats." Indeed, in a tangle of branches there was a frightened and lost small cat. "So I came here with this heavy basket, just to bump into a cat?!" But after all, the little girl was very kind, so she took the kitten



with her and shortly after she was repaid for her kindness: she came across the wolf that she was so longing to know and she talked her head off about so many things, starting with the story of the cat she had saved a few moments earlier, despite the two, the wolf and the cat, kept on hissing, and growling and glowering at each other.

“I can’t believe I’ve finally met a wolf! Of all my friends, I was the only one who hadn’t met one yet!” she screamed with happiness.

The wolf, exhausted from listening to her talk, was losing his appetite. “I have to shake her off as soon as possible” he said to himself, “or she will make noise even inside my belly!” “Darling, did you give this cute kitten something to drink?” he asked Little Red Riding Hood, “look, over there, you can see a brook, you two better go to drink some water.” It didn’t take him too long to convince the little girl: “I want the kitten to know my grandmother, it’s better to wash it:



it's early, I'll be in time." In the meantime, that crafty wolf, who loved to cheat children and often gobble them up, had been told the precise place where the grandmother lived, so, as to get something in his stomach, arrived at the old woman's earlier than the girl and knocked lightly at the door, as if he had a soft little hand instead of those big hairy paws.

"Who's there?" the grandmother asked. "I'm Little Red Riding Hood, Granny. I am bringing you some wine and cake" the wolf lied. "That's good news!" exclaimed the grandmother, "just press the latch" called out the old woman, "I'm too weak to get up." But just as the wolf was going straight to the grandmother's bed to bite her, Little Red Riding Hood showed up on the wide doorstep of the house, with the basket in one hand and the kitten in the other.





Since the cat didn't want to bathe in the freezing water of the brook, they had gone back on the road, asking a huntsman who was just passing by for the way. As soon as they saw each other, the cat and the wolf immediately began to hiss, this time harder than before, gritted teeth, then claws, bites and, with nobody able to avoid it, those two were fighting, banging against everything, and messing all the house up. The docile kitten turned out to be not so docile, it grabbed the wolf's tail and sank its sharp fangs into it.

Hearing the wolf's cry of pain, the huntsman, who was still nearby, decided to go and check if everything was fine, while the wolf, gasping, was running away as fast as he could. "Oh, Granny, what a frightening big mouth you have!" said Little Red Riding Hood to her grandmother.

“Rather than being frightening, it’s frightened, my little one! And check my heart rate! What a fright you gave me” said the shocked old woman, who hadn’t realized what exactly had happened. Meanwhile, the huntsman got back and now finally everything seemed to be calm.

At that point Little Red Riding Hood called out: “Well, now we are all together and we have some cake and wine. Let’s have a good lunch!” They moved the table close to the bed and the grandmother sat up; the huntsman put a chair beside the bed on one side, while Little Red Riding Hood sat on the other one and began to slice the cake, with the lively cat crouched down by her side. Even if it was a bizarre day, Little Red Riding Hood came home very happy and... with a new friend!



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