

# Red Riding Hood

## 5. Wolfie went a-walking

Little Red Riding Hood carried on along the path through the woods to Grandma's house. But meanwhile, the Wolf was running through the trees as fast as his hairy legs would carry him...



Oh, how he'd been tempted to pounce and gobble Little Red Riding Hood up! But no, he had a more cunning plan than that - one that would be lots more fun!

He had to arrive at Grandma's before Little Red Riding Hood and he knew a short cut that would get him there very quickly indeed.



In a small clearing in the middle of the woods stood a pretty little house. Red roses clambered round the door and squirrels were scampering about in the garden.

Inside Grandma was dozing in a comfortable armchair near the fire.

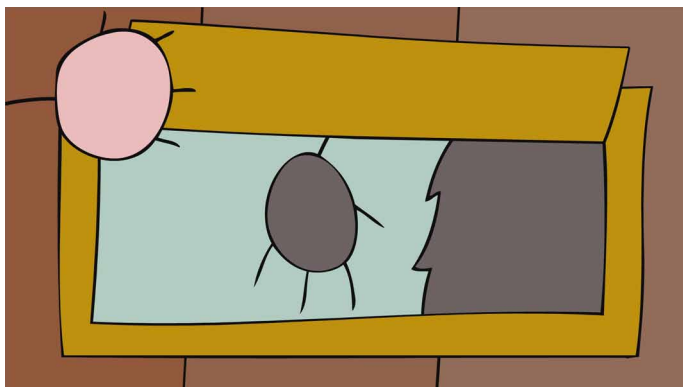
'Dearie me, I must have nodded off,' she yawned as a knock at the door woke her up. 'Is that you, Little Red Riding Hood?'



'Who else would it be, Grandma?' squeaked a high but rather gruff voice. 'Will you let me in please? It's chilly out here!'

'Mmn. That doesn't sound like my granddaughter...' Grandma thought. 'But who else could it be, here in the middle of the woods?'

Grandma hobbled over to the door on her stick. But instead of opening the door, she quietly peeped through the letter box instead. Little Red Riding Hood's hands were...hairy!



That wasn't right. Then Grandma realised at once! She slammed the letter box shut again. 'You're not coming in!' she said. 'I know a wolf's paw when I see one!'

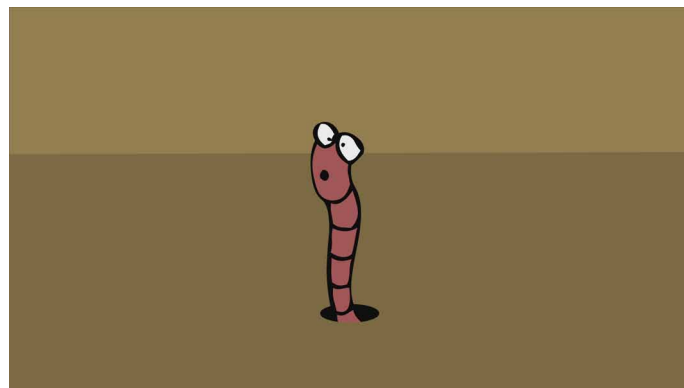
'Why didn't I wear gloves?' sighed the Wolf. 'Oh well, I shall just have to blow the house down.'



The Wolf huffed and puffed and blew as hard as he could until he was all puffed out - but the sturdy brick walls didn't budge an inch.

'Bother!' said the Wolf, crossly. He looked up at the chimney, but smoke was billowing out. The Wolf shuddered as he remembered his accident at the three little pigs' house. He didn't want a burnt bottom again in a hurry.

A bee buzzed around the Wolf's nose as he sulked in silence. He spotted a large, fat worm poking its head from the earth.



As he dug his claws around it and picked it up in his paw, he suddenly had an idea.

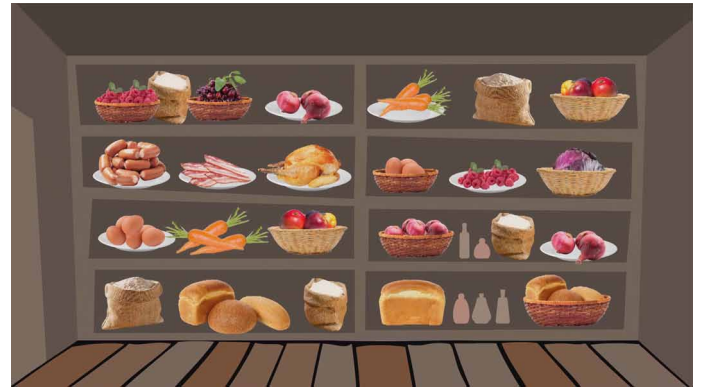
'Of course, that's it! I'll use my claws to dig a tunnel.'

The Wolf scratched the earth away as fast as he could. Before long he had dug a little tunnel leading right under the house.



When he could see floorboards above his head, he pushed and pushed with all his strength until they broke.

Oops...he pushed so hard the tunnel behind him collapsed. But, never mind, mission accomplished! The Wolf poked his head up and looked around. He was in a small room full of yummy food. Grandma's pantry!



Oh, how he was tempted to fill himself with sausages and bacon! But no, that would spoil his appetite. Well, alright, just one sausage, a small starter, before the main course to come! He would just have to deal with Grandma, then wait for the arrival of Little Red Riding Hood.

