

Red Riding Hood

6. What big eyes you've got

The Wolf quietly opened the pantry door and peered out. The fire was crackling away, but Grandma's chair was empty. 'I bet she's hiding upstairs,' he thought.



The Wolf crept upstairs and into Grandma's bedroom...there she was! The Wolf could see Grandma's shape under the blanket, with a lacy cap on her head. He tiptoed over, rose up on his hind legs - and pounced.

'Gotcha, Grandma!' he cried, tearing off the bed clothes. 'Drat! Foiled!'

The bed was stuffed with pillows to make it look like Grandma was asleep in it!



The Wolf heard a little cough from above. 'Ah, so she's in the attic,' he thought triumphantly. He scrambled up a ladder and leapt through the trapdoor in the ceiling. Crouching in a corner, her knuckles ready to box the Wolf's ears, was Grandma.

'Come on then,' she said, 'just you try and gobble me up!'

'Oh relax, Granny, I'm saving you for pudding,' sniggered the Wolf. 'First, I want my main course!'



The Wolf went back down to Grandma's bedroom, locking the trapdoor behind him so that Grandma couldn't escape. Then he went to Grandma's wardrobe. He had to be quick, because Little Red Riding Hood would be arriving soon.

Five pretty nightdresses were hanging on the rail. 'Hmm, the pale green one with leaves I think...' mused the Wolf. 'No...the pink one with little daisies...'



Suddenly, there was singing outside the window. The Wolf looked out and there was Little Red Riding Hood, swinging her basket and singing as she skipped towards the house!

Quick as a flash, the Wolf covered himself in talcum powder, put on the nightdress and cap and jumped into Grandma's bed. Then, He pulled the sheets up to his eyes...and waited.



Little Red Riding Hood knocked at the door.

'Who's there?' called the Wolf in his best Grandma voice.

'It's me, Little Red Riding Hood!' came a cry from outside.

'Come on in, dear!' cried the Wolf. 'I'm upstairs in bed'.

He waited impatiently as Little Red Riding Hood climbed the stairs and came over to the bed.

'Hello, Grandma!' she said.



Little Red Riding Hood took a closer look at the Wolf's face - what little she could see of it. 'Oh, Grandma, are you feeling a little poorly?' she said in surprise. 'What big eyes you've got!'

'All the better to see you with, my dear,' said the Wolf.

Little Red Riding Hood took a step back. 'And - what big ears you've got!' she said, beginning to feel nervous. 'Er...they're pointy too...'



'All the better to hear you with, my sweet,' replied the Wolf. 'Oh dear, this dreadful cold I've been having...'

As the Wolf sneezed, his mouth opened wide, revealing his sharp fangs.

'Grandma, what big teeth you've got!' stuttered Little Red Riding Hood, taking another step back...



'All the better to EAT YOU WITH!' roared the Wolf.

As the Wolf rose up, Little Red Riding Hood froze on the spot. What was she going to do? And what about Grandma? Where was she? She had to think - and fast!

