Once upon a time there was a beautiful girl. Everyone loved her, but most especially her grandmother. This grandmother gave her a little red hood, and she wore it everywhere. And so she came to be called Little Red Riding Hood.

The grandmother fell ill, and Little Red Riding Hood was to bring her wine and cake. Her grandmother lived in the forest, not far from the village where the girl lived.

“Don’t stray from the path,” warned the girl’s mother. Otherwise you’ll lose your way, and you’re likely to run into a hungry bear or evil spirits or even cannibal robbers or a wicked Jew who’ll use your blood for his black magic.”

Little Red Riding Hood skipped along the path, humming as she went, and she came upon a wolf. The wolf was old and had few teeth left, but he was wicked and crafty.

“Hello, Mister Wolf. I’m going to my grandmother’s. She’s all alone and old and weak. Her house is that way, in front of three oak trees.”

“What have you got under your pretty little apron?”

“Cake and wine, so my grandmother can get better.”

“What’s the hurry? Just look around. Isn’t the forest beautiful? Wouldn’t a nice bouquet cheer your poor grandmother up?”
And Little Red Riding Hood strayed from the path and found a pretty flower, and then another, and then still another. She went deeper and deeper into the wood.

The wolf went straight to the grandmother’s house. He entered. The grandmother lay in bed.

“No, please, wolf,” she begged.

The wolf leered and laughed. “After you your succulent granddaughter!” he said and gulped her down. He lay in bed, pulled the curtain closed, and waited.

When Little Red Riding Hood couldn’t carry any more flowers, she finally came to the house. She felt uneasy, since the door was standing open.

“Grandmother?” she called.

“Here, my sweet little one.”

“Grandmother, what a deep voice you have!”

“Because I’m ill, darling.”

“What big ears you have!”

“What’s that? I can’t hear so good. Come here. Give your Grandma a kiss.”

Little Red Riding Hood came closer. The wolf leaped. The girl screamed. The wolf swallowed her in one gulp. Warm and full, the wolf belched. He curled up on the bed and fell asleep and began to snore.
A hunter heard the snoring and he came to see if anything was wrong. He found the wolf and shot him right away. When he slaughtered the beast, he found the corpses in the belly. He recognized the girl from her red hood, and he went straight to the village to bring the news to the girl’s family.