

GREAT ILLUSTRATED CLASSICS

**SNOW WHITE
& Other Stories**

BARONET BOOKS, New York, New York

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“A Basket of All Good Things”

LITTLE • RED • RIDING • HOOD

Once upon a time a little girl lived with her mother in a neat cottage at the edge of a forest. She was a good little girl, and everybody liked her; but no one so much as her grandmother. Grandmother, who lived all the way on the other side of the forest, had made the little girl a beautiful red cape for her birthday. The little girl so loved this gift that she wore it all the time, so much so that people all called her Little Red Riding Hood, so much so that her old real name was quite forgotten!

One day, as Little Red Riding Hood was playing in the grassy space in front of the cottage, her mother called her inside.

“Grandma is not feeling well and cannot leave her house,” Little Red Riding Hood’s mother said. “I’m packing a basket of all good things for you to take to her.”

Little Red Riding Hood skipped with joy. She loved walking in the woods, and she loved going to her grandmother’s house.

“Now, Little Red Riding Hood,” her mother went on, “you must go straight to Grandma’s and not stop for anything. Do not

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

play in the woods and above all, you must not speak to any strangers.”

Little Red Riding Hood promised, and tucking the basket under her arm, off she went.

The forest was especially beautiful that morning. The sun shone through the glades of trees, splashing its touches of gold everywhere. Little animals of the forest, rabbits and squirrels and chipmunks, scampered everywhere. Little flowers poked out from the ground and spread their petals in appreciation of the sun’s warm rays.

Little Red Riding Hood marched along merrily. She kept straight on the path to her grandma’s, humming a little song to herself as she went. Suddenly a flash of bright color caught her eye. She stopped, and stooped to look. It was a beautiful purple flower, one she had never seen in the forest before. She leaned over, admiring it, and trying to count the others like it that were just pushing their heads through the warming soil.

“Good morning, Little Red Riding Hood!” boomed a voice suddenly.

Little Red Riding Hood jumped up, startled. She grew even more frightened when she saw that the voice belonged to an enormous wolf, who stood towering over her.

“It’s a beautiful morning, isn’t it?” boomed the wolf. “Don’t you think so, Little Red Riding Hood?”

Little Red Riding Hood was amazed that the wolf knew her



“Good Morning, Little Red Riding Hood!”