

Little Red Riding Hood opened the door and went in. She saw the Wolf in the bed, but she thought that it was her grandmother.

"Oh, grandmother, what is the matter?" she said. "See, I have brought you a nice cake for your Sunday dinner."

"You are very kind," said the Wolf. "Come to the bed, and let me look at your sweet face." Little Red Riding Hood went towards the bed. She was afraid now, but she did not know why.

The Wolf lay very still. "Give me your hand, little lamb," said he.

"Oh, grandmother, what makes you so hoarse?" said Little Red Riding Hood.

"Only a cold, my dear, only a cold."

"But what makes your eyes so bright?"

