

river. In a little while he came to the cottage. "I wonder whether the grandmother is at home," he said.

The door was shut. He knocked. All was still in the house. He knocked again and again. Still nobody came to the door. Then he lifted the latch and peeped in. The grandmother was not at home. The bed where she had slept was not made up. Her nightcap was on a chair.

"Now I shall have them both," said the Wolf. He went in, and shut the door behind him. Then he put the grandmother's nightcap on his head, and got into bed. He pulled the blanket up over his face, and lay very still.

Soon the Wolf heard some one walking. He knew who it was. Then there was a tap at the door. "Who is there?" he said; and he tried to talk like the grandmother.

"It is I, grandmother! It is Little Red Riding Hood!"

"Oh, I am so glad you have come!" said the Wolf. "Lift the latch, little lamb, and the door will open."