

Read the diary entry of Little Red ... Then answer the questions below ...

21st February

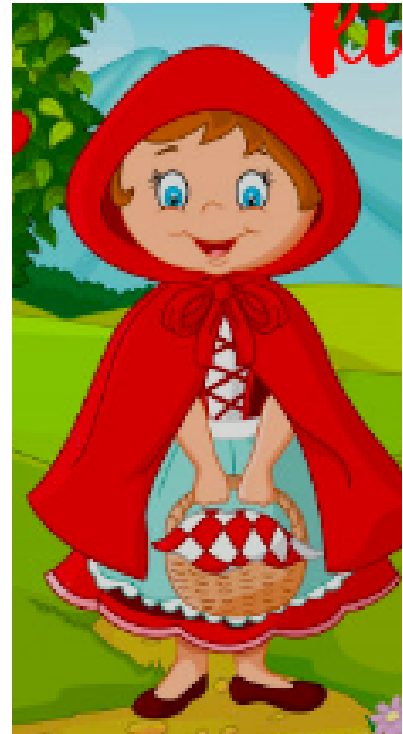
Dearest Diary<sup>1</sup>,

Oh my<sup>2</sup> goodness! I've never been so frightened in all of my life!<sup>6</sup> Yesterday<sup>10</sup>, I<sup>2</sup> was actually eaten by a wolf – that's right<sup>5</sup>, eaten – and I<sup>2</sup> lived to tell the tale. Can you<sup>1</sup> believe it?<sup>3</sup> Me<sup>2</sup>, Red! Or 'Little Red', as everyone seems to want to say. Hmph.<sup>5</sup>

It all started when Mother sent me<sup>2</sup> on yet another one of her errands. Don't get me wrong,<sup>5</sup> I do love to visit Granny<sup>6</sup>, but is it really necessary to take baskets of food all of the time?<sup>3</sup> She couldn't get through this basket full of cupcakes even if she was having daily dinner parties with the whole village!<sup>4</sup> And I do wish that mother wouldn't pester me so<sup>6</sup>: "No dilly-dallying, keep to the path, and never ever talk to strangers. Do you hear me?"<sup>7</sup>

Pester, pester, pester.<sup>5</sup>

Anyway<sup>5</sup>, off I<sup>2</sup> skipped in the beautiful sunshine, down the path to the lane and through the forest, waving to the old woodcutter as I went.<sup>8</sup> It was such a lovely day<sup>4</sup>; animals were scampering around on the ground and birds were chirping in the trees. I got quite carried away, until I<sup>2</sup> heard a silky-sounding voice from the shadows.<sup>8</sup>



I knew right away that this was one of the wolves that Mother had warned me about<sup>6</sup> – he was a very fine-looking gentleman with thick hair, bright eyes and very big, white teeth.<sup>8</sup> He claimed that he knew Granny, and I'm ashamed to say that I believed him<sup>6</sup>, Diary<sup>1</sup>. He must have been very, very clever, because even now, I can't figure out how he knew where Granny lived.<sup>9</sup>

I was oh so hungry<sup>6</sup>, Diary<sup>1</sup>, and the cunning wolf convinced me to stop for a snack. I<sup>2</sup> mean, my stomach was really, really gurgling!<sup>5</sup> I really didn't stray from the path for long, and of course<sup>9</sup>, I thought that I was perfectly safe!<sup>6</sup> How wrong I was.

I arrived at Granny's cottage without a care in the world, but when I walked through the door, my heart sank.<sup>6</sup>

slipped down to reveal a muzzle with long, sharp teeth.<sup>8</sup> I thought that the bottom had dropped out of my stomach, and I began to shake so violently!<sup>6</sup> I<sup>2</sup> said the first thing that came to me<sup>2</sup>:

"Oh, Granny, what big teeth you have!"<sup>7</sup>

I suppose that I thought that it might give me a little time to think of an escape plan, if I could convince the creature that his disguise was still working.<sup>9</sup> However, as I<sup>2</sup> was about to clasp my<sup>2</sup> hand around the heavy, glass vase on Granny's bedside table, the wolf's huge mouth opened up and, in an instant, everything went black.<sup>8</sup>

I<sup>2</sup> was actually *inside* its belly! Ugh!<sup>5</sup> Pitch black, slimy and *extremely* smelly, the inside of the wolf was the worst place that I have ever been.<sup>8</sup> I<sup>2</sup> have no idea how long I<sup>2</sup> was there for, Diary<sup>1</sup> – too long. I wriggled and wrestled around in the strange, cramped space, but to no avail. I could hear Granny's muffled calls, and I could feel that she was near to me, but it was just too dark to see her!<sup>8</sup>

After what felt like hours<sup>10</sup>, I<sup>2</sup> heard the faint voice of the old woodcutter.<sup>8</sup>

"Anyone home? It's only me, the woodcutter!"<sup>7</sup> he called.

I<sup>2</sup> tried to scream, but the foul stench of the beast's insides caught in my<sup>2</sup> throat. As I spluttered, I felt the wolf begin to move, and all at once, bright light burst through the dark, blinding me for a moment. I propelled myself towards it and fell with a *splat* onto the floor of Granny's little cottage. As Granny tumbled out beside me, I gulped down fresh air before throwing my arms around our saviour.<sup>8</sup>

Once we were free<sup>10</sup>, Granny filled the beast with rocks. I know that it sounds a little extreme<sup>1</sup>, but this way he will feel so full that he will never try to gobble up a human again!<sup>9</sup> We sewed him up and kicked him back out of the door.<sup>8</sup> I'd<sup>2</sup> say that there's not much chance of him causing us trouble again any time soon!<sup>4</sup>

As you can imagine, Diary<sup>1</sup>, Granny and the woodcutter were not best pleased that I<sup>2</sup> had led a big, bad wolf to the cottage and had strayed from the path. At least I<sup>2</sup> could soften them up a little by giving them the cupcakes that Mother had sent me<sup>2</sup> with! Mother was not so easy to talk around. I<sup>2</sup> am not allowed to walk through the forest ever again in my entire life without her by my side. Oh well, I guess<sup>5</sup> I won't have to deliver food any more.<sup>6</sup>

I cannot wait to tell everyone in the village about this.<sup>o</sup>  
Goldilocks will never believe it! It'll be no more 'Little Red'  
– more like 'Brave Red, the brilliant banisher of wolves'!  
Nevertheless, I<sup>2</sup> have learned to be far more careful who I  
talk to when I am out and about – perhaps when mother  
pesters me<sup>2</sup>, I<sup>2</sup> should pay more attention... maybe...

Why was Little Red frightened?

Write the words you don't know below then find the definition and write the definition in your own words.

Why do you think mother always pestered Little Red about staying on the path?

Can you draw a map to show where Little Red went.

Draw the description Little Red gave us of Grandma.

How do you think mother felt when she heard what happened to Grandma and Little Red? Why do you think this?

What do you think Little Red's next diary entry will be about?