

# **ШАРЛ ПЕРО**

# **LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD**

Превод от френски: Чарлз Уелш, 1901

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Once upon a time there lived in a certain village a little country girl, the prettiest creature that ever was seen. Her mother was very fond of her, and her grandmother loved her still more. This good woman made for her a little red riding-hood, which became the girl so well that everybody called her Little Red Riding-hood.

One day her mother, having made some custards, said to her:—

“Go, my dear, and see how your grandmother does, for I hear she has been very ill; carry her a custard and this little pot of butter.”

Little Red Riding-hood set out immediately to go to her grandmother’s, who lived in another village.

As she was going through the wood, she met Gaffer Wolf, who had a very great mind to eat her up; but he dared not, because of some fagot-makers hard by in the forest. He asked her whither she was going. The poor child, who did not know that it was dangerous to stay and hear a wolf talk, said to him:—

“I am going to see my grandmother, and carry her a custard and a little pot of butter from my mamma.”

“Does she live far off?” said the Wolf.

“Oh, yes,” answered Little Red Riding-hood; “it is beyond that mill you see there, the first house you come to in the village.”

“Well,” said the Wolf, “and I’ll go and see her, too. I’ll go this way, and you go that, and we shall see who will be there first.”

The Wolf began to run as fast as he could, taking the shortest way, and the little girl went by the longest way, amusing herself by gathering nuts, running after butterflies, and making nosegays of such little flowers as she met with. The Wolf was not long before he reached the old woman’s house. He knocked at the door—tap, tap, tap.

“Who’s there?” called the grandmother.

“Your grandchild, Little Red Riding-hood,” replied the Wolf, imitating her voice, “who has brought a custard and a little pot of butter sent to you by mamma.”

The good grandmother, who was in bed, because she was somewhat ill, cried out:—

“Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up.”

The Wolf pulled the bobbin, and the door opened. He fell upon the good woman and ate her up in no time, for he had not eaten anything for more than three days. He then shut the door, went into the grandmother’s

bed, and waited for Little Red Riding-hood, who came sometime afterward and knocked at the door—tap, tap, tap.

“Who’s there?” called the Wolf.

Little Red Riding-hood, hearing the big voice of the Wolf, was at first afraid; but thinking her grandmother had a cold, answered:—

“’Tis your grandchild, Little Red Riding-hood, who has brought you a custard and a little pot of butter sent to you by mamma.”

The Wolf cried out to her, softening his voice a little:—

“Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up.”

Little Red Riding-hood pulled the bobbin, and the door opened.

The Wolf, seeing her come in, said to her, hiding himself under the bedclothes:—

“Put the custard and the little pot of butter upon the stool, and come and lie down with me.”

Little Red Riding-hood undressed herself and went into bed, where she was much surprised to see how her grandmother looked in her night-clothes.

She said to her:—

“Grandmamma, what great arms you have got!”

“That is the better to hug thee, my dear.”

“Grandmamma, what great legs you have got!”

“That is to run the better, my child.”

“Grandmamma, what great ears you have got!”

“That is to hear the better, my child.”

“Grandmamma, what great eyes you have got!”

“It is to see the better, my child.”

“Grandmamma, what great teeth you have got!”

“That is to eat thee up.”

And, saying these words, this wicked Wolf fell upon Little Red Riding-hood, and ate her all up.

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