

Little Red Ridinghood

by Mary Ann Hoberman

Little Red Riding Hood's my name.
My grandma made my hood.
I'm visiting her house today.
She lives inside this wood.

Why, Grandma dear,
you're looking strange.
Your eyes are big and wide!

But Grandma dear, you look so odd.
Your teeth are very long!

You're not my grandma! Not at all!
Just look me in the eye.

Oh, yes, you would!
You mean old wolf,
I should have known it's you!

Now, Big Bad Wolf,
tell me the truth.
What did you have to sup?

My name is Big Bad Wolf, it is,
And I'm in Grandma's bed,
Pretending to be Grandma.
Her nightcap's on my head.

Oh, never mind, Red Riding Hood.
Just sit down by my side.

Why, no, they're not,
Red Riding Hood.
Believe me, nothing's wrong.

I am! I am! I really am!
I wouldn't tell a lie!

But see the nightcap on my head.
I'm Grandma through and through!

You ate her up?
You naughty wolf!

Well, hurry, cough her up again!
I hope she's still all right.

Oh, Grandma, you're not dead!
Now, Wolf, give Grandma
back her cap
And give her back her bed.

Well, if you promise to behave,
I'll take you out to lunch.

We'll go out to a restaurant
And while our dinners cook,
We'll read a special story
Out of a special book.

It's called *Little Red Riding Hood*.

Well, if you really have to know,
I ate your grandma up.

I ate her in one bite.

Ahem! Ahaw! Kerchoo! Kerchaw!

But I'm still starved,
Red Riding Hood.
What can I have to munch?

Just like your name, I see

Now let's begin. I'll read to you
And then you'll read to me.