

“Your grandmother called today. She’s getting a cold or allergy or something. She wanted to know if we had anything for it. I found something, and need you to take it to her. I know how you two get along. Besides, you could use a break.”

Red Riding Hood was delighted. She loved her grandmother as much as anyone. And she knew what fun they’d have together. Sometimes, Granny helped her with her homework. Sometimes, they tried on new make-up together. But most of the time, they just told each other secrets.

“Of course I’ll go, Mom,” she said.

“Well, here,” Mother said, handing her a basket. “Now please be careful. It is getting late, and you have a pretty long way to go. Travel by the road, and you’ll be safe.”

“I will, Mom,” she said.

She turned and started off down the road to Grandmother’s house. She knew the way. She had been to Grandmother’s house many times. Sometimes she followed the road and sometimes she took a shortcut through the woods. Because it was getting late, she decided to take the shortcut through the woods. So instead of walking down Grimm Road as she was supposed to do, she went north through the deep woods, past the Woodman’s house. Red Riding Hood had always been enchanted by the beauty of the woods, especially late in the day as the sun settled behind the world. Walking along a narrow path, she became lost in her own thoughts, and did not see, as she came to cross the Troll Road, the

