

Deepening Understanding

LKS2 Traditional Tales Text

Little Red Riding Hood Letter by Joe Duffin



Dear Mum and Dad,

I am writing to let you know that I have arrived at Grandmother's house. Grandmother is well and she sends her best wishes. I'm afraid my journey here was not straightforward and included moments where I thought I might actually be eaten! Let me share with you the details of my unexpected adventure.

As you already know, I set off from home on Friday afternoon, carrying a delicious basket of bread I'd purchased from the baker's, and headed towards Grandmother's house to cheer her up, as she has been poorly. However, as I skipped merrily through the woods, I was unaware that a wolf was lying in wait and that he began stealthily following me to Grandmother's house. He must have realised where I was heading, as he rushed ahead of me to the house and sneakily awaited me there!

It was extremely fortunate that, when the wolf reached Grandmother's house, she was in the back garden with the woodcutter who was pruning her trees. The wolf, not realising



where Grandmother or the woodcutter were, hid upstairs and waited for my arrival. As if that wasn't cunning enough, he also disguised himself in Grandmother's clothes and even wore her spectacles perched on the end of his nose, just like Grandmother. Then, he sat up in her bed and waited for me.

When I finally arrived at the house, Grandmother and the woodcutter were still in the garden, but I didn't know this and rushed upstairs to see Grandmother in her bed. She looked a little strange, but I knew she had been ill. How was I to know that the wolf was pretending to be my sick Grandmother? As we began chatting, I became suspicious of 'Grandmother'. She was looking at me oddly, and I commented, "Oh Grandmother, what great big eyes you have!"

"All the better to see you with, my dear!" chuckled 'Grandmother' with a laugh that suddenly sent an icy chill sliding down my spine.

Then, I noticed 'Grandmother's' enormous, dagger-sharp teeth, teeth that looked like they could bite through metal. They were nothing like Grandmother's false teeth that she often keeps in a jar by the bed.

"Oh Grandmother, what great big teeth you have," I exclaimed in horror.

"All the better to EAT you with, my dear," she replied, glaring menacingly. As the spectacles slipped from her nose, I realised at last that my 'Grandmother' was actually a wolf! I assure you, this was a disguise Clark Kent would have been proud of.

The wolf lunged forward and tried to take a bite out of me. I was able to leap out of the way, shouting "HELP!" at the top of my voice. At this point, Grandmother and the woodcutter both heard me from the garden and came rushing inside and upstairs. The woodcutter was a colossal man. In his hand, he was carrying



an enormous axe that he brandished as though it was a feather. Bursting into the bedroom, he laid eyes on the wolf, who looked as petrified as I felt.

“Listen here, wolf,” warned the woodcutter, “you’d better run far, far away from here, or I’m going to have wolf stew for supper tonight!”

I never realised wolves could run as fast as that wolf did. He shot into the forest like a cannonball from a cannon.

The rest of my time here at Grandmother’s has been much less eventful, thankfully. She has recovered from her illness, and we have enjoyed the delicious bread from the baker’s. Luckily, we have had no more sightings of the wolf. I shall return on Monday evening, and the woodcutter has offered to escort me back home through the forest. I have gratefully accepted his offer.

Love from your own Little Red Riding Hood.

