



Once upon a time in the enchanted forest, there lived a little girl who always wore a cloak of red velvet, and so was named RED RIDING HOOD.

One day, RED RIDING HOOD asked her mother if she could take food to her kindly old grandmother, who lived on a hill on the other side of the forest.

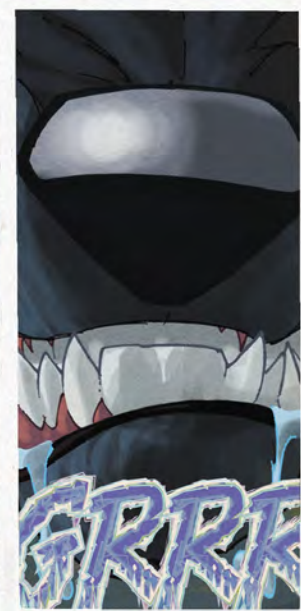
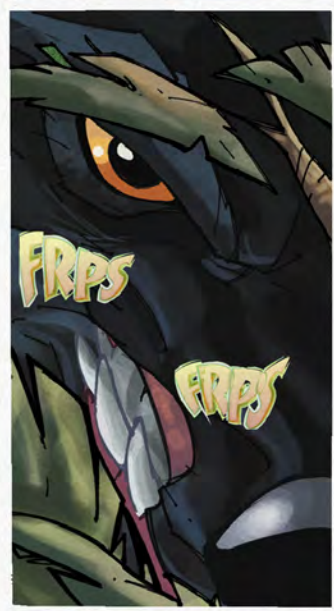
"You may go," said her mother, "but be careful to go quickly through the forest, and do not deviate from your path..."



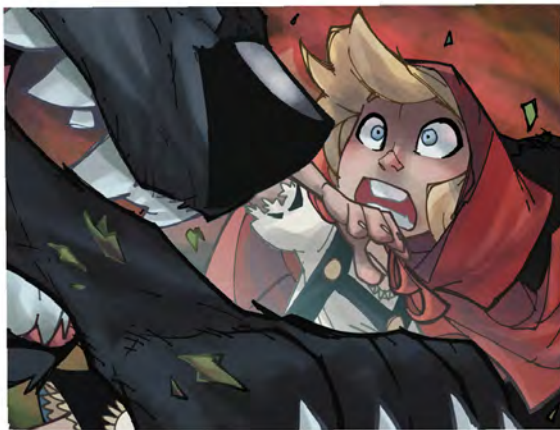
To GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE I go!

Through the forest and up the hill...

To GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE I go!











HIYA, MISTER WOOF!

WHAT DID YOU BRING ME?--

--I DON'T LIKE GINGERBREAD. GINGERBREAD MAKES ME SNEEZE.

YOU SHOULD BE GRATEFUL I BROUGHT YOU ANYTHING AT ALL, YOU BIG GRUMPY-PANTS.



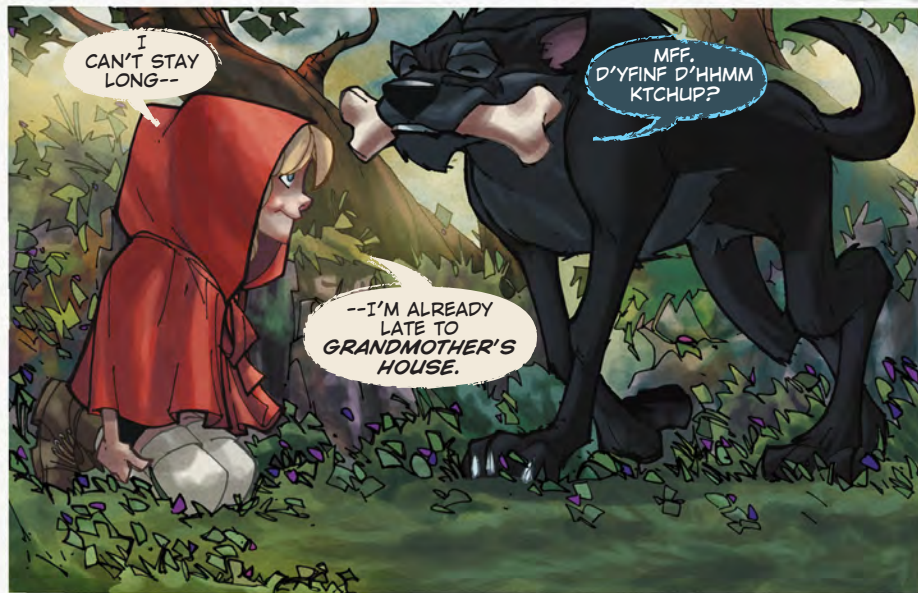
IT SMELLS FUNNY.

HERE. I FOUND IT IN THE PANTRY.



DON'T BE SUCH A MONGREL.

HERE... FETCH!



I CAN'T STAY LONG--

MFF. D'YFINF D'HHMM KTCHP??

--I'M ALREADY LATE TO GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE.



SHE'S GOING TO BE WONDERING WHERE I AM--

--I THINK PEOPLE ARE BEGINNING TO SUSPECT.

GLURBLE FURBLE.



I GOTTA GO.

I'LL BRING YOU ANOTHER TREAT TOMORROW, OKAY?

MMF. >SMEK< KAY.



SEE YOU UP AT GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE!--

--LAST ONE THERE'S A ROTTEN EGG!





To GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE I go! To GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE I go!--

--LAST ONE THERE'S A ROTTEN EGG!--

--To GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE I go!

"LAST ONE THERE'S A ROTTEN EGG?"--

--IS THIS AN OFFICIALLY SANCTIONED VERSION, TURQUE?

UHM. I'M NOT SURE, MISTER GRIMM.--

--IT MIGHT BE ONE OF THE OLD ENGLISH VARIATIONS.

UNACCEPTABLE.

ISSUE A GRADE TWO DIGRESSION CITATION IMMEDIATELY.



TCH. SHE'S FOURTEEN SECONDS BEHIND SCHEDULE--

--I WANT EVERY CHARACTER IN THIS STORY GIVEN A SECONDARY TARDINESS VIOLATION AND AN OFFICIAL REPRIMAND IF THEY GO OFF TRACK ONCE MORE DURING THIS SESSION.

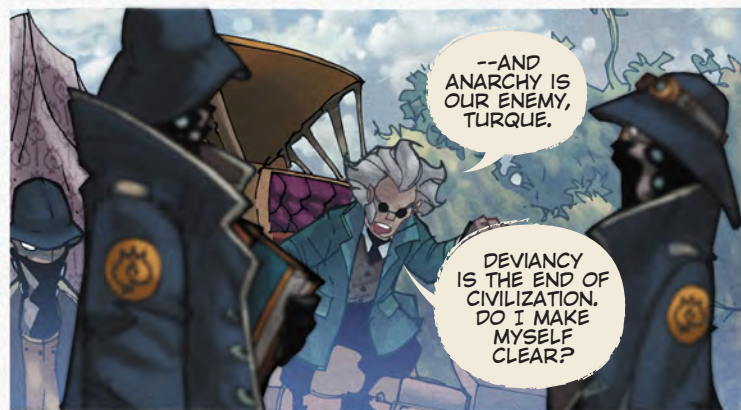


I'M NOT GOING TO STAND FOR THIS TYPE OF DEVIANT BEHAVIOR, TURQUE--

OF COURSE, SIR.

--WE CAN'T JUST HAVE STORIES MAKING UP THEIR OWN RULES. IT WOULD MEAN ANARCHY--

YES, SIR.



--AND ANARCHY IS OUR ENEMY, TURQUE.

DEVIANCY IS THE END OF CIVILIZATION. DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?



INDUBITABLY, SIR.





While RED RIDING HOOD was busy picking flowers, THE BIG, BAD WOLF made his way to grandmother's house first.

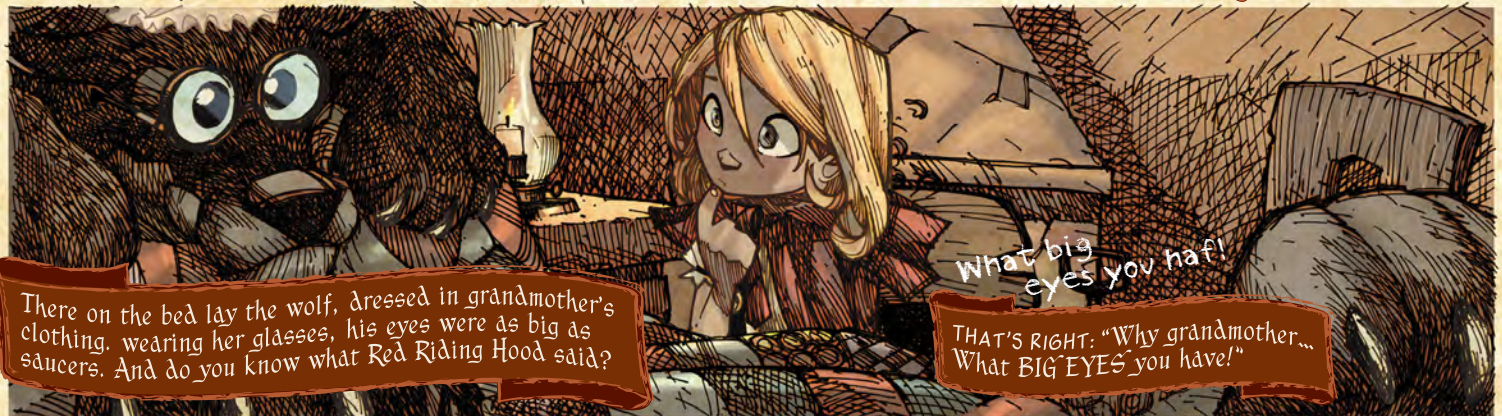


He slipped in through a back door, gobbled up grandmother and disguised himself in her clothing.



Now Red Riding Hood was a pretty girl who didn't know of such things as dishonest wolves. She had never told a lie in her life.

She skipped happily up to grandmother's door and peeked inside.



There on the bed lay the wolf, dressed in grandmother's clothing, wearing her glasses, his eyes were as big as saucers. And do you know what Red Riding Hood said?

What big eyes you haf!  
THAT'S RIGHT: "Why grandmother... What BIG EYES you have!"



Well, the wolf jumped out of bed and immediately began to chase Red Riding Hood all around the house, meaning to eat her.

Luckily, there were hunters nearby. They rushed to see what all the noise was about.



And before the wolf could eat Red Riding Hood, the hunters trapped him, beat him, and tied him up with twine.

