

Fill the gaps in the poem with the words on the right in order to tell Roald Dahl's version of Little Red Riding Hood's story.

### Little Red Riding Hood and the Wolf

As soon as Wolf began to feel  
That he would like a decent \_\_\_\_\_,  
He went and knocked on Grandma's door.  
When Grandma opened it, she \_\_\_\_\_  
The sharp white teeth, the horrid grin,  
And Wolfie said, "May I come \_\_\_\_\_?"  
Poor Grandmamma was terrified,  
"He's going to eat me up!" she \_\_\_\_\_.  
And she was absolutely right.  
He ate her up in one big \_\_\_\_\_.

But Grandmamma was small and \_\_\_\_\_,  
And Wolfie wailed, "That's not enough!  
I haven't yet begun to feel  
That I have had a decent meal!"  
He ran around the kitchen \_\_\_\_\_,  
"I've got to have a second helping!"  
Then added with a frightful leer,  
"I'm therefore going to wait right \_\_\_\_\_  
Till Little Miss Red Riding Hood  
Comes home from walking in the \_\_\_\_\_."

He quickly \_\_\_\_\_ Grandma's clothes,  
(Of course he hadn't eaten those).  
He dressed himself in coat and hat.  
He put on shoes, and after \_\_\_\_\_  
He even brushed and curled his hair,  
Then sat himself in Grandma's \_\_\_\_\_.

In came the little girl in red.  
She stopped. She stared. And then she said,

"What \_\_\_\_\_ big ears you have, Grandma."  
"All the better to hear you with," the Wolf replied.  
"What great big eyes you have, Grandma."  
\_\_\_\_\_ Little Red Riding Hood.  
"All the better to see you with," the Wolf replied.

He sat there watching her and smiled.  
He \_\_\_\_\_, I'm going to eat this child.  
Compared with her old Grandmamma  
She's going to taste like \_\_\_\_\_.

Then Little Red Riding Hood said, "But Grandma,  
what a \_\_\_\_\_ great big furry coat you have on."  
"That's wrong!" cried Wolf. "Have you \_\_\_\_\_  
To tell me what BIG TEETH I've got?"

Ah well, no matter what you say,  
I'm going to eat you \_\_\_\_\_.  
The small girl smiles. One eyelid flickers.  
She whips a \_\_\_\_\_ from her knickers.  
She aims it at the creature's head  
And bang bang bang, she shoots him \_\_\_\_\_.

A few weeks \_\_\_\_\_, in the wood,  
I came across Miss Riding Hood.  
But what a change! No cloak of red,  
No silly hood upon \_\_\_\_\_ head.  
She said, "Hello, and do please note  
My lovely furry wolfskin \_\_\_\_\_."

in  
bite  
saw  
cried  
meal

wood  
tough  
here  
yelping

chair  
that  
put on

said  
great  
  
thought  
caviar  
  
lovely  
forgot

dead  
anyway  
pistol

coat  
her  
later

