

Once upon a bright autumn day, Simple Simon started out **for the second time** to go to the county fair. At the fork in the road he saw Little Red Riding Hood coming down the lane. He called: "Hi, Red, where you headed?"

Little Red Riding Hood called back: "Hey, Si, what up, dude? I'm taking lunch to grandma. Where are you going?"

"I'm going back to the fair. Simon replied. I had to come home and get a penny. That pieman wouldn't let me sample his wares and I want one of them blackbird pies."

"I want to go to the fair," Red said, "but I have to get this lunch to granny before it spoils. Why don't you come with me and then we can both go to the fair."

Simon finally agreed and off they went, headed for the wood where grandma lived in her little cottage. When they arrived Red thought it strange that the door was ajar. It was always locked and the key was in the secret place. Upon entering, they found the cottage empty.

"Oh, my goodness," cried Red. We'll have to g<j> in search of granny. I wonder where she could have gone and left the door open. I hope she's all right!"

So off they went on the grandma hunt. They went deeper and deeper into the woods and Red really began to worry. As they passed a deep thicket, a shot rang out. They both jumped behind some bushes, really frightened, not knowing what to do next. Then they heard a rustle in the bushes behind them. They whirled around to see grandma coming at them with a shotgun. She recognized Red's riding hood and lowered the gun.

"I thought you were that dad gummed wolf. You're lucky I'm a poor shot. I'm really tired of that critter trying to eat me alive. I'll get him one day. He comes in all kinds of disguises. Once he tried to make me think he was a sheep. Another time he had two scared little pigs with him. He said they were homeless and asked if they could stay with me while he went to Russia to visit some kid named Peter. Suspecting yet another trap, I refused and they left. Don't know what he ever did with those two poor little pigs. Next day a third pig came looking for the other two. He said he was a bricklayer if I ever needed any work done. I told him he could come back and fix the chimney that the stupid wolf had wrecked trying to get into my cottage. He suddenly became very pale and nervous and quickly took his leave. Never saw any of those pigs again, but that wolf keeps coming around. Today he came by dressed like an apple peddler. He ran off when I grabbed my gun. He'll be sorry one day. What's in the basket, Red?"

"It's your lunch, granny," Red replied.

"Oh, let's go put it in the icebox and go to the fair. I want to try one of those blackbird pies everybody's talking about. Jack Homer told me they're even better than plum pie. I've heard that the king really likes them too. Let's go see. I'll bring my trusty shotgun in case we run across that wolf."