

“MAYMIE’S STORY OF RED RIDING-HOOD”

by James Whitcomb Riley

W’y, one time wuz a little-weenty dirl,
An’ she wuz named Red Riding-Hood, ‘cause
Her Ma she maked a little red cloak fer her.
An’ so one day, her Ma she put it on
Red Riding-Hood, she did --- an’ telled her not
To dit no dirt on it ner dit it mussed
Ner nothin’! An’ – an’ – nen her Ma she dot
Her little basked out, an’ nen she fill’
It full o’ whole lots o’ dood things t’ eat
An’ tell her take ‘em to her old Dran’ma –
An’ nen – An’ so
Little Red Riding-Hood kiss’ her Ma doo’-by an’ went
A-skippin’ off – away fur off frough the
Big woods, where her Dran’ma she live at –

An’ – an’ – so
She ‘us a-doin’ along – an’ doin’ along –
On frough the drate-big woods – ‘cause her Dran’ma
She live ‘way, ‘way fur off frough the big woods
From her Ma’s house. So when Red Riding-Hood
Dit to do there, she allus have most fun –
She ‘ud ketch
The purty butterflies, an’ drasshoppers,
An’ stick pins frough ‘em – No! – I ist said that! –
‘Cause she’s too dood an’ kind
To hurt things thataway. – She’d ketch ‘em, though,
An’ ist play wiv ‘em ist a little while,
An’ nen she’d let ‘em fly away, she would,
An’ so, while she ‘uz doin’ ‘long an’ ‘long,
First thing you know they ‘uz a drate-big old
Mean wicked Wolf jumped out ‘at wanted t’eat
Her up, but dassent to – ‘cause wite clos’t there
They wuz a Man a-choppin’ wood, an’ you
Could hear him. – So the old wolf
Ist ‘tended-like he wuz dood friends to her
An’ says, “Dood morning, little Red Riding-Hood!”
All ist as kind! An’ nen Riding-Hood
She say “Dood morning,” too – all kind an’ nice –

Ist like her Ma she "teached" her. -- 'Cause she
Don't know ut-tall 'at he's a wicked Wolf
An' want to eat her up! Nen old Wolf smile
An' say, so kind: "Where air you doin' at?"
Nen little Red riding-Hood she say: "I'm doin'
To my Dran'ma's, 'cause my Ma say I might."
Nen, when she tell him that, the old Wolf he
Ist turn an' light out frough the big thick woods.
Where she can't see him any more. An' so
She think he's went to his house – but he hain't, --
He's went to her Dran'ma's, to be there first –
An' ketch her, ef she don't watch mighty sharp
What she's about! An' nen when the old Wolf
Dit to her Dran'ma's house, he's purty smart, --
An' so he 'tend like he's Red riding-Hood,
An' knock at th' door. An' Riding-Hood's Dran'ma
She's sick in bed an' can't come to th' door
An' open it. So th' old Wolf knock' two times.
An' nen Red Riding-Hood's Dran'ma she says,
"Who's there?" she says. An' old Wolf 'tends like he's
Little Red Riding-Hood, you know, an' make'
His voice soun' ist like hers, an' says: "It's me,
Dran'ma – an' I'm Red Riding-Hood an' I'm
Ist come to see ;y ou." Nen her old Dran'ma
She think it is little Red Riding-Hood,
An' so she say: "Well, come in nen an' make
You'self at home," she says, "'cause I'm down sick
In bed, so's I can't
Dit up an' let ye in." An' so th' old Wolf
Ist march' in nen an' shet the door ad'in.
An' drowl', he did, an' splunge' up on the bed
An' et up old Miz Riding-Hood 'fore she
Could put her specs on an' see who it wuz. –
An' so she never knowed who et her up!
An' nen the wicked Wolf he ist put on
Her nightcap, an' all covered up in bed –
Like he wuz her, you know. Nen, purty soon
Here come along little Red Riding-Hood,
An' she knock' at the door. An' old Wolf 'tend
Like he's her Dran'ma; an' he say, "Who's there?"
Little Red riding-Hood she say: "It's me,

Dran'ma – an' I'm Red Riding-Hood an' I'm
Ist come to see you." An' nen old Wolf nen
He cough an' say: "Well, come in nen an' make
You'se'f at home," he says, "'cause I'm down sick
In bed, An' so she think
It's her Dran'ma a-talkin'. – So she ist
Open' the door an' come in, an' set down
Her basket, an' taked off her things, an' bringed
A chair an' clumbed up on the bed, wite by
The old big Wolf she thinks is her Dran'ma –
Only she thinks the old Wolf's dot whole lots
More bigger ears, an' lots more whiskers, too,
Than her Dran'ma; an' so Red Riding-Hood
She's kind o'skeered a little. So she says,
"Oh, Dran'ma, what big eyes you dot!" An' nen
The old Wolf says: "They're ist big thataway
'Cause I'm so dlad to see you!" Nen she says,
"Oh, Dran'ma, what a drate-big nose you dot!"
Nen th' old Wolf says: "It's ist big thataway
Ist 'cause I smell the dood things 'at you bringed
Me in the basket!" An' nen Riding-Hood
She says, "Oh-me-oh-my! Dran'ma! What big
White long sharp teeth you dot!" Nen ol' Wolf say:
"Yes – an' they're thataway" --- an' drowled –
"They're thataway," he says, "to eat you wiv!"
An' nen he ist jump' at her. – But she scream' –
An' scream', she did. – So's 'at the Man
'At wuz a-choppin' wood, you know, -- he hear,
An' come a-runnin' in there wiv his ax;
An', 'fore the old Wolf know' what he's about,
He split his old brains out an' killed him s' quick
It make' his head swim! – An' RedRiding-Hood
She wuzn't hurt at all! An' the big Man
He tooked her all safe home, he did, an' tell
Her Ma she's all right an' ain't hurt at all
An' old Wolf's dead an' killed – an' ever'thing! –
So her Ma wuz so tickled an' so proud,
She gived him all the good things t' eat they wuz
'At's in the basket, an' she tell' him to "call ad'in."
An' story's honest truth – an' all so, too!