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Opening extract from

The Lion Book of Fairy Tales

Written by

Julia Stone

Illustrated by

Ag Jatkowska

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The Lion Book of FAIRY TALES

Retold by ***Julia Stone***

Illustrated by ***Ag Jatkowska***



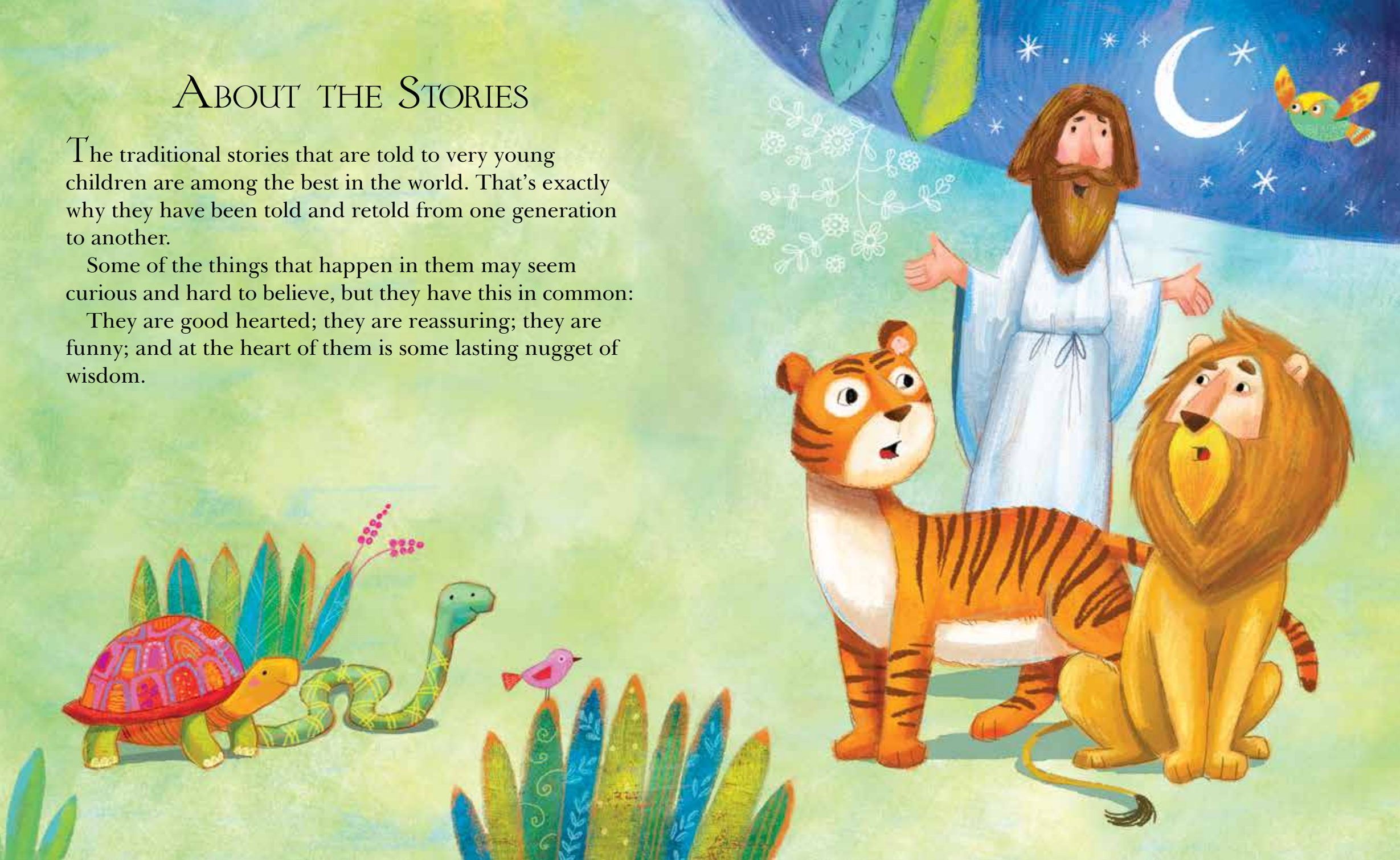
LION CHILDREN'S

About the Stories

The traditional stories that are told to very young children are among the best in the world. That's exactly why they have been told and retold from one generation to another.

Some of the things that happen in them may seem curious and hard to believe, but they have this in common:

They are good hearted; they are reassuring; they are funny; and at the heart of them is some lasting nugget of wisdom.





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Little Red Riding Hood

Once upon a time, on the edge of a forest, lived a little girl. She loved to wear the red velvet cape that her grandmother had made her. For that, people called her "Little Red Riding Hood".

One day, Little Red Riding Hood's mother baked some bread and cake and asked her daughter to take them to the grandmother.

"You know the path through the forest that leads to her cottage," said the mother. "Be careful not to stray."

Little Red Riding Hood set out.

As she walked, a wolf stepped out of the shadows.

"Good morning," he said, licking his lips. "And where are you going, I wonder?"

"I am taking some bread and cake to my grandmother,"

replied Little Red Riding Hood.

"Aah," said the wolf. A little girl and a grandmother would make a very tasty supper. But how could he get them both? Then he had an idea.

"What a kind granddaughter you are," he said. "And did you know there are some lovely flowers growing in the glade? Why not pick your grandmother a posy as well?"

"What a good idea," said Little Red Riding Hood, and off she went.

The wolf, meanwhile, hurried to the grandmother's cottage and knocked on the door.

He put on his highest, girliest voice. "It's me, Little Red Riding Hood," he said.

"Come in!" called the grandmother.



The wolf leaped into the room and swallowed the grandmother whole.

Then he put on her lace cap and her frilly nightgown and jumped into her bed.

Not long after, Little Red Riding Hood reached the cottage and knocked politely on the door.

The wolf put on his weakest, wobbliest voice. "Hello, Little Red Riding Hood. I'm feeling so unwell. Come and give your old grandmother a kiss."

Little Red Riding Hood walked into the house and up to the bed.

"Oh Grandmother," she said. "You're not looking your usual self. What big eyes you have!"

"All the better to see you with, my dear," replied the wolf.

"And Grandmother, what big ears you have!"

"All the better to hear you with, my dear," replied the wolf.

"And Grandmother, what big teeth you have!"

"All the better to EAT you with," snarled the wolf.

And he swallowed the little girl right up.



The big meal made the wolf feel sleepy. He lay down on the floor and began to snore.

It so happened that a woodcutter was passing by. When he heard the noise, he was worried. If that was the grandmother snoring, she wasn't sounding her usual self.

He stepped inside and saw the empty bed. Then, to his dismay, he saw the sleeping wolf.

With one blow of his axe, he cut off its head.

Out climbed the grandmother and Little Red Riding Hood.

"Thank you for saving us!" they cried.

Then they all sat down for a meal with the homemade bread and cake.

"From now on I shall take more care when someone knocks at the door," said the grandmother.

"And I," said Little Red Riding Hood, "will always stay on the path through the forest."



The Princess and the Pea

The prince sighed. His mother, the queen, was determined to find him the perfect wife.

She kept on inviting lots of people to lots of parties so he could meet all their lovely princess daughters.

But every time, when together they helped the servants tidy up afterward, they were always glum.



That one was too *giggly*.

That one was too *vain*.



That one was too *selfish*.

Oh dear. However wonderful the parties, it was proving very hard to find the perfect princess.

Then, late one night, when the prince and his mother were just relaxing on the sofa, the butler announced… a visitor.

Outside in the pouring rain stood a young woman.

"I am sorry to bother you, Your Majesty," she said to the queen. "I was riding through your forest when my horse bolted and I fell off.



"May I stay the night, and send a message to get help in the morning?"

"This is the palace," replied the queen sourly.

"I know," said the young woman. "As I am a princess, I thought it the best place to come."

"Ah!" said the queen, suddenly interested. "Do come in."

She went and whispered to the prince. "I've got a plan to find out if she's a proper princess."

She told the servants to prepare a bed with twenty mattresses, all plump and soft. Right at the bottom, she placed an old dry pea.

In the morning, the queen and the prince waited in the breakfast room for the young woman.

"A real princess will not have slept well on a pea!" chuckled the queen.

Then, "Ah, there you are, my dear! Did you sleep well?"

The young woman smiled. "The mattresses were lovely, Your Majesty," she said, "but as I tried to fall asleep, I could feel something uncomfortable.

"So I unmade the bed, and found a pea at the bottom. Then I remade the bed and all was well."



The queen was impressed that the young woman really hadn't been able to sleep with a lump in the bed.

The prince was impressed at the way she'd got the problem sorted.

"So you're not just a party-going princess, are you?" he said.

"Oh no," replied the young woman. "I like doing stuff. I think a princess should learn about everyday things, not just royal things."

And that was the beginning of a great friendship.

The queen smiled. One day, surely, the two would agree to get married. And everyone would live happily ever after.



