



Here is the famous story that every "Holiday Annual" reader knows, told to you in a novel and interesting manner by popular Greyfriars characters.

BILLY BUNTER STARTS THE STORY:

I ALWAYS think Red Riding Hood might have been a jolly good story. It's about a basket of tuck which a little girl was told to take to her sick grandmother, but it seems to me if she had had any sense she would have just found a nice corner in the woods and scoffed the lot. Her mother packed the basket tight with apples and pears and home-made cakes and a jelly, and she warned Red Riding Hood to carry the basket upright so as not to slop the jelly. Red Riding Hood had had a good breakfast and she didn't attempt to touch the tuck—at least, until she got deep into the wood, and then she began to get a bit scared in case somebody should bag it from her.

ALONZO TODD CONTINUES:

WHEN Red Riding Hood had penetrated the depths of the wood, she was overcome with acute symptoms of fear, caused by the unexpected appearance of a carnivorous quadruped, canis lupus, otherwise known as the common wolf. Upon perceiving the voracious creature, Red Riding Hood agitated her larynx and emitted a cry of alarm, which had the effect of frightening off the wolf.

FISHER T. FISH CARRIES ON:

SURE, it looked just as if that old wolf had sniffed danger and gone humping hot-foot back to his lair. But he had actually done nothing of the sort. That old wolf was a wise guy, I'll say he was! He wasn't all set to risk mixing it with the Red



The old wolf humped along behind young Riding Hood till he figured out she was heading for her grandmomma's shack.

Riding Hood, keeping her red sombrero in sight, till he figures out she was heading for her grandmomma's shack.

BILLY BUNTER TAKES UP THE STORY AGAIN :

RED RIDING HOOD had forgotten the wolf. She had felt hungry, and had just looked at the jelly to make sure it hadn't slopped out of the basin. She thought she had better try it, her mother having luckily put in a spoon, and almost before she knew it the jelly had gone. It was only a small one, anyway. That made the basket lighter, and Red Riding Hood had just eaten a couple of pears and a few apples to keep her strength up, when she noticed that the basket was practically empty! There were a few cakes left, so she hurried on to her poor old grandmother's, for she did not want the old lady to starve. She wondered how she was going to explain that she had only a few cakes left, though, and decided to eat them and not say she had brought anything at all.

Riding Hood gal at the moment. They were too near a forest trail, and a passing cowboy might have ridden up and quickly riddled him with lead. So what does the old wolf do? He humps along behind young

BOLSOVER MAJOR BUTTS IN :

WHEN this kid Red Riding Hood saw her grandmother in bed, she got a bit of a shock. The old lady looked several sizes bigger than usual, almost as big as a heavyweight boxer. She'd got a big pair of spectacles on, too, bigger than Bunter's, and she spoke in a gruff voice that shook the bed.

"What big eyes you have, grandmother," said Red Riding Hood.

"All the better to see you with!" snarled the wolf, for it was the wolf dressed up in the grandmother's clothes. He had already taken in the grandmother like Bunter taking in a pie. You knew that, of course.

"And what big teeth you have!" said Red Riding Hood.

FISHER T. FISH RESUMES :

"SAY, can it!" snarled the wolf, leaping out of bed. "I'm not your grandmomma, and if you'd been the cute baby I took you for you'd have got me taped from the word 'go'! As it is, I guess you'll make me one big tasty meal. Yes, ma'am."

Was the Riding Hood kid scared? Nix!



Red Riding Hood just ate a couple of pears and a few apples, when she noticed that the basket was practically empty!

That old wolf had a surprise coming to him, I'll say he had !

Quick on the draw as any ranger, the Riding Hood kid flashed out a couple six-shooters.

"Lift those mitts, and make it snappy!" she said.

"Say, you can't do this to me!" blustered the old wolf.

"No?" snapped the Riding Hood kid. "Say, big boy, you thought I was a sorta tenderfoot, maybe?"



The Riding Hood kid flashed out a couple shooters.
"Lift those mitts, and make it snappy!" she said.

Say, you must come up to Riding Hood Ranch some time and meet the bunch. No tricks, now—the boys say I never miss my aim!"

"Sister, I give over!" whined the wolf. "I'll be no trouble!"

"I'll keep my guns handy!" gritted the Riding Hood kid.

ALONZO TODD CONCLUDES:

THERE are several conflicting versions of the end of the story, but I think the most authentic is that Red Riding Hood then rang up Whitehall One Two One Two, and having given the wolf some milk to sustain it, handed it over to the police. I have nothing but the highest admiration for the exemplary courage shown by little Red Riding Hood in the face of grave danger.



THE GREYFRIARS GHOST

By DICK PENFOLD

TO-NIGHT I went upstairs alone,
And just outside the dorm.
I heard a most appalling groan
And saw a fearful form !
I wasn't scared, you understand,
For I am not a funk ;
But I was in a hurry, and
I therefore did a bunk !

It was a ghastly, grisly ghost
In robes of shining white !
He was, I must admit, a most
Uncomfortable sight !
He drifted down the corridor
With wailings full of woe.
My feet were rooted to the floor—
But not for long, you know !

This phantom abbot groaned and growled
And made a beckoning sign.
I saw at once his head was cowled,
But not so "cowled" as mine !
His chin was like a marlinspike,
His nose was long and bent,
His face, upon the whole, was like
A railway accident !

I did not like this mystic monk,
But still, I'm bound to state,
The reason why I did a bunk
Was just that I was late !
I did the course on speedy feet
In thirteen seconds dead,
And thereby had the luck to beat
The record by a head !