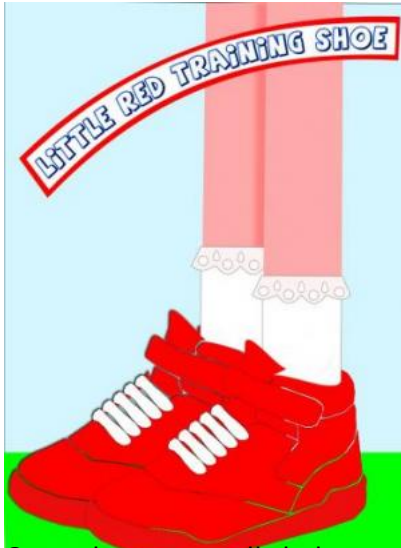


Little Red Training Shoe

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Once there was a little internet maiden, the prettiest ever seen. Her mother was foolishly fond of her, and her grandmother likewise. The old woman bought for her a wicked pair of trainers, which became the damsel so well, that ever after she went by the name of Little Red Training Shoe. One day, while she was on the net, her mother sent her an instant message, she said, "My child, you shall go and see your grandmother, for I hear she is not well; and you shall take her a film to watch on this DVD player and your company will cheer her up"

Little Red Training Shoe was delighted to go, though it was a long bus ride; but she was a good child, and fond of her kind grandmother. She was so pleased she went in the chat room to tell her friends. In the chat room she met a bully and a thief, who was most eager to beat her up and steal her mp3 Player and mobile phone, but dared not, because usually when he saw her there were too many people about. So he only asked her politely about her Grandmother. The poor child, who did not know how dangerous it is to chat to strangers in chat rooms replied, "I am going to see my grandmother, and to take her a DVD to cheer her up."



Little Red Training Shoe

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"Where does she live?" asked the bully.

"Just above the mill the first house you come to in the village."

"Well," said the bully, "I will go there also, to help you set up the player for your excellent grandmother, I'm good with DVDs and I have some extra films I downloaded from the net as a surprise; I will meet you there at quarter past four."



So he drove off in his white van taking the shortest road, to get there by quarter to four. The little maiden took the longer as she took the bus which stopped often along the way to pick many people up. She listened to her mp3 player and texted some friends; such a happy and innocent little soul.

The thief was not long in reaching the grand-mother's door. He knocked, Toc, toc, and the grandmother said, "Who is there?"



"It is your child, Little Red Training Shoe," replied the bully I have given her a lift to come and see you, We have brought your favourite DVD of the Sound of Music"

The grandmother, who was ill in her bed, said, "Very well, my dear, the key is under the garden gnome by the door"

Little Red Training Shoe

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The thief unlocked the lock and kicked the door open. He leaped in, fell upon the poor old woman and knocked her senseless. He cleared all her expensive ornaments into his van, then he carefully shut the door, and waited for Little Red Training Shoe, who was right on time at quarter past four. She knocked, Toc, toc, at the door.

"Who is there?" said the thief imitating the old woman's voice; and the little maiden, hearing his gruff voice, felt sure that her poor grandmother must have caught a bad cold and be very ill indeed.

So she answered cheerfully, "It is your child, Little Red Training Shoe, who brings you a DVD that my mother has sent you."

Then the thief, softening his voice as much as he could, said, "The key is under the gnome by the door."

So Little Red Training Shoe unlocked the door. The thief, seeing her enter, hid himself as much as he could. He wanted to

be sure she was alone. He said in a whisper, "Put the DVD player on the table then come over here where I can see you."



Little Red-Riding-Shoe did not think there was anything wrong until she saw the shadowy outline of the thief.

Little Red Training Shoe

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"Grandmother, what great arms you have!"

"That is to hug you the better, my dear."



"Grandmother, what great ears you have!"

"That is to hear you the better, my dear."

"Grandmother,

what great eyes you have!"

"That is to see you the better, my dear."

"Grandmother,

what big hands you have!"

"That is to take a good hold of your mobile phone and mp3 player" cried the wicked thief; and immediately he fell upon poor Little Red Training Shoe, grabbed her phone, mp3 player and DVD. He knocked her senseless and rushed out to his van.

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