



# PUC

ISSN 0103-9741

Monografias em Ciência da Computação  
nº 01/15

**Storytelling Variants: The Case of  
*Little Red Riding Hood***

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## **Storytelling Variants: The Case of *Little Red Riding Hood***

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**Abstract:** A small number of variants of a widely disseminated folktale is surveyed, and then used in an attempt to determine the ways whereby such variants can emerge. The study is based on the folktale types and motifs identified by Antti Aarne and Stith Thompson. Our ultimate objective, with the continuation of the research, is to apply what we are learning about the formation of variants to the development and implementation of methods, employing plan-recognition algorithms, for helping users to compose different narrative plots, starting from virtual libraries of variant patterns.

**Keywords:** Folktales, Variants, Types and Motifs, Digital Storytelling, Plan Recognition, Virtual Libraries.

**Resumo:** Um pequeno número de variantes de um conto folclórico de larga circulação é examinado, e em seguida usado em uma tentativa de determinar de quais modos podem surgir tais variantes. O estudo é baseado nos tipos e motivos identificados por Antti Aarne e Stith Thompson. Nosso objetivo final, com a continuação da pesquisa, é aplicar o que estamos aprendendo sobre a formação de variantes ao desenvolvimento e implementação de métodos, empregando algoritmos de reconhecimento de planos, para ajudar usuários a compor diferentes enredos, a partir de bibliotecas virtuais de padrões de variantes.

**Palavras-chave:** Contos Folclóricos, Variantes, Tipos e Motivos, Narração Digital de Estórias, Reconhecimento de Planos, Bibliotecas Virtuais.



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## 1. Introduction

When trying to learn about storytelling, in order to formulate and implement methods usable in a computer environment, two highly influential approaches come immediately to mind, both dealing specifically with folktales: Propp's *functions* [30] and the comprehensive classification in terms of *types* and *motifs* proposed by Antti Aarne and Stith Thompson, known as the *Aarne-Thompson Index* (heretofore simply *Index*) [1, 35].<sup>1</sup>

Adopting the first approach, we developed prototypes [12, 13] to compose narrative plots interactively, employing a *plan-generation* algorithm. By formulating the event-producing functions that characterize the chosen genre (folktales, detective stories, etc.) as operations defined by pre-conditions and post-conditions, we made sure that the obtained plots would be in full conformity with the conventions of the genre. Starting from different initial states, and giving to users the power to intervene in the generation process, within the limits of the conventions, we were able to obtain in most cases a fair number of different plots, thereby achieving an encouraging level of *variety* in plot composition. Indeed, more than once, we posed goals that we thought to be unattainable in the given context, and had the surprise to see the planner find its way along unexpected sequences of events.

The present study is mainly based on Aarne-Thompson's *Index*, under whose guidance we can explore the variety already produced by human ingenuity. We chose to concentrate on one folktale type, namely **AT 333**, centered on the story of *The Little Red Riding Hood*. The story has spanned a large number of variants (cf. [34], for example), from which we selected a small sample. The paper starts with a comparative survey of these variants, followed by an attempt to understand how folktale variants emerge. The future continuation of the study should deal with the creation of virtual libraries of variants, and employ a plan-recognition algorithm to help composing plots by reusing and combining variant patterns.

The text is organized as follows. Section 2 describes the two classic variants of **AT 333**. Section 3 summarizes four more variants, whereas section 4 covers three variants in the Portuguese language. Section 5, which is the core of the paper, contains our analysis of the variant-formation phenomenon, giving special attention to the interaction among types, on the basis of semiotic relations. Section 6 has a brief preview of what we propose to try in order to transpose our ideas to a digital entertainment environment. Section 7 contains concluding remarks. The appendices reproduce the full text of the variants.

## 2. The two classic variants

In the *Index*, the type of interest, **AT 333**, characteristically named **The Glutton**, is described approximately as follows, noting that the plot comprises two major episodes [1, p. 125]:

The wolf or other monster devours human beings until all of them are rescued alive from his belly.

I. *Wolf's Feast*. By masking as mother or grandmother the wolf deceives and devours a little girl whom he meets on his way to her grandmother's.

II. *Rescue*. The wolf is cut open and his victims rescued alive; his belly is sewed full of stones and he drowns, or he jumps to his death.

The first classic variant, *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge* (Little Red Riding Hood), was composed in France in 1697, by Charles Perrault [29], during the reign of Louis XIV<sup>th</sup>. It

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<sup>1</sup> Also available in a revised version elaborated by Hans-Jörg Uther [36].

consists of the first episode alone, so that there is no happy ending, contrary to what children normally expect from nursery fairy tales.

The little girl, going through the woods to see her grandmother, is accosted by the wolf who reaches the grandmother's house ahead of her. The wolf kills the grandmother and takes her place in bed. When the girl arrives, she is astonished at the "grandmother"'s large ears, large eyes, etc., until she finally asks about the long teeth, whereat the wolf gobbles her up.

Following a convention of the genre of admonitory fables, a "moralité" is appended, to the effect that well-bred girls should not listen to strangers, particularly when they pose as "gentle wolves". Figure 1 shows the well-known illustrations made by the famous French artist Gustave Doré (1832 – 1883).



Fig. 1 - Compère le Loup

The second, perhaps even more influential, classic variant is that of the brothers Grimm (Jacob and Wilhelm), written in German and entitled *Rotkäppchen* (Little Red Cap) [19], first published in 1812.

It encompasses the two episodes. Rescue is effected by a hunter, who finds the wolf sleeping and cuts his belly, allowing the girl and her grandmother to escape. The wolf has his belly filled with heavy stones fetched by the girl, wakes up, tries to run away and falls dead, unable to carry the weight. As a moral addendum to the assurance of a happy ending for the hunter and for the grandmother, the girl promises to never again deviate from the path when so ordered by her mother.

Having collected the story from two distinct sources, the brothers wrote a single text to which they supplied a second finale, wherein both female characters show that they had learned from their experience with the villain. A second wolf comes in with similar proposals but they are not deceived. The girl warns her grandmother who manages to keep the animal outside, and eventually they cause him to fall from the roof into a big trough and be drowned.

### 3. A few other variants

In [34] no less than 58 folktales were examined as belonging to type **AT 333** (and **AT 123**). Here we shall just consider five tales, in addition to the classic ones covered in the previous section.

Since several variants do not mention a red hood or a similar piece of clothing as attribute of the protagonist, the conjecture was raised that this was Perrault's invention, later imitated by the Grimms. However a tale written in Latin by Egbert de Liège in the 11<sup>th</sup> century, *De puella a lupellis seruata* (About a Girl Saved from Wolf Cubs) [40], arguably prefiguring some characteristics of **AT 333**, features a red tunic which is not merely ornamental but



plays a role in the events. The girl had received it as a baptismal gift from her godfather. When she was once captured by a wolf and delivered to its cubs to be eaten, she suffered no harm. The virtue of baptism, visually represented by the red tunic, gave her protection. The cubs, their natural ferocity subdued, gently caressed her head covered by the tunic. The moral lesson, in this case, is consonant with the teaching of the *Bible*.<sup>2</sup>

Whilst in the variants considered so far the girl is presented as naive, in contrast to the clever villain, the situation is reversed in the *Conte de la Mère-grand* (The Story of Grandmother)<sup>3</sup>, collected by folklorist Achille Millien in the French province of Nivernais, circa 1870, and later published by Paul Delarue [15]. In this variant, which some scholars believe to be closer to the primitive oral tradition, the villain is a "bzou", a werewolf. After killing and partly devouring the grandmother's body, he stores some of her flesh and fills a bottle with her blood. When the girl comes in, he directs her to eat and drink from these ghastly remains. Then he tells her to undress and lie down on the bed. Whenever the girl asks where to put each piece of clothing, the answer is always: "Throw it in the fire, my child; you don't need it anymore." In the ensuing dialogue about the peculiar physical attributes of the fake grandmother, when the question about her "big mouth" is asked the bzou gives the conventional reply: "All the better to eat you with, my child!" – but this time the action does not immediately follow the words. What happens instead is that the girl asks permission to go out to relieve herself, which is a ruse whereby she ends up outsmarting the villain and safely going back to home.

An Italian variant published by Italo Calvino, entitled *Il Lupo e le Tre Ragazze* (The Wolf and the Three Girls) [7], adopts the trebling device [30] so common in folktales, making three sisters, one by one, repeat the action of taking victuals to their sick mother. The wolf intercepts each girl but merely demands the food and drink that they carry. The youngest girl, who is the protagonist, throws at the wolf a portion that she had filled with nails. This infuriates the wolf, who hurries to the mother's house to devour her and lay in wait for the girl. After the customary dialogue with the wolf posing as the mother, the animal also swallows the girl. The townspeople observe the wolf coming out, kill him and extract mother and girl alive from his belly.

But that is not all, as Calvino admits in an endnote. Having found the text as initially collected by Giambattista Basile, he had deliberately omitted what he thought to be a too gruesome detail ("una progressione troppo truculenta"): after killing the mother, the wolf had made "a doorlatch cord out of her tendons, a meat pie out of her flesh, and wine out of her blood". Repeating the strange above-described episode of the *Conte de la Mère-grand*, the girl is induced to eat and drink from these remains, with the aggravating circumstance that they belonged to a mother, rather than to a more remotely related grandparent.

Turning to China, one encounters the tale *Lon Po Po* (Grammie Wolf), translated by Ed Young [39], which again features three sisters but, unlike the Western folktale cliché, shows the eldest as protagonist, more experienced and also more resourceful than the others. The mother, here explicitly declared to be a young widow, goes to visit the grandmother on her birthday, and warns Shang, the eldest, not to let anyone inside during her absence. A wolf overhears her words, disguises as an old woman and knocks at the door claiming to be the grandmother. After some hesitation, the girls allow him to enter and, in the dark, since the wolf claims that light hurts his eyes, they go to bed together. Shang, however, lighting a candle for a moment catches a glimpse of the wolf's hairy face. She convinces him to permit her two sisters to go outside under the pretext that one of them is thirsty. And herself is also allowed to go out, promising to fetch some special nuts for "Grammie". Tired of waiting for their return, the wolf leaves the house and finds the three sisters up in a tree. They persuade

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<sup>2</sup> **Daniel VI, 27:** He delivereth and rescueth, and he worketh signs and wonders in heaven and in earth, who hath delivered Daniel from the power of the lions.

<sup>3</sup> <http://expositions.bnf.fr/contes/gros/chaperon/nivers.htm>

him to fetch a basket mounted on which they propose to bring him up, in order to pluck with his own hands the delicious nuts. They pull on the rope attached to the basket, but let it go so that the wolf is seriously bruised. And he finally dies when the false attempt is repeated for the third time.

Another Chinese variant features a bear as the villain: *Hsiung chia P`o* (Goldflower and the Bear) [10], translated by Chiang Mi. The crafty protagonist, Goldflower, is once again an elder sister, living with her mother and a brother.

The mother leaves them for one day to visit their sick aunt, asking the girl to take care of her brother and to call their grandmother to keep them company during the night. The bear knocks at the door, posing as the grandmother. Shortly after he comes in, the girl – in spite of the darkness – ends up disclosing his identity. She manages to lock the boy in another room, and then obeys the bear's request to go to bed at his side. The villain's plan is to eat her at midnight, but soon enough she asks to go out to relieve her tummy.

As distrustful as the werewolf in the before-mentioned French variant, the bear ties one end of a belt to her hand – an equally useless precaution. Safely outside on top of a tree, Goldflower asks if he would wish to eat some pears, to be plucked with a spear, which the famished beast obligingly goes to fetch in the house. The girl begins with one fruit, but the next thing to be thrown into his widely open gullet is the spear itself. Coming back in the morning, the mother praises the brave little Goldflower.

#### 4. Variants in Portuguese

One variant, published in Portugal by Guerra Junqueiro, entitled *O Chapelinho Encarnado* [20], basically follows the Grimm brothers pattern. A curious twist is introduced: instead of luring the girl to pick up wild flowers, the wolf points to her a number of medicinal herbs, all poisonous plants in reality, and she mistakes him for a doctor. At the end, the initiative of filling the belly of the wolf with stones is attributed not to the girl, but to the hunter, who, after skinning the animal, merrily shares the food and drink brought by the girl with her and her grandmother.

The highly reputed Brazilian folklorist Camara Cascudo included in his collection [8] a variant, *O Chapelinho Vermelho*, which also follows the Grimm brothers pattern. The mother is introduced as a widow and the name of the girl is spelled out: Laura. Although she is known, as the conventional title goes, by a nickname translatable as "Little Red Hat", what she wears every day is a red parasol, given by her mother.

One more particularity is that, upon entering her grandmother's house, the girl forgets to close the door, so that finding the door open is what strikes the hunter as suspicious when he approaches the house. The hunter bleeds the wolf with a knife and, noticing his distended belly, proceeds to open it thus saving the two victims. Nothing is said about filling the wolf's belly with stones, the wounds inflicted by the hunter's knife having been enough to kill him. Two prudent lessons are learned: (1) Laura would not forget her mother's recommendation to never deviate from the path, the specific reason being given here that there existed evil beasts in the wood; (2) living alone should no longer be an option for the old woman, who from then on would dwell with her daughter and granddaughter.

Other story collected by Camara Cascudo (*ibidem*), *A Menina dos Brincos de Ouro*, comes close to qualify as a variant. But its classification under type **AT 311B\*: The Singing Bag** instead of (or, at the very least, in addition to) **AT 333** must be considered (we shall return to that in the next section). Here the villain is neither an animal nor a werewolf; he is a very ugly old man, still with a fearsome aspect but no more than human. The girl's characteristic attribute, the pair of golden earrings in the title, is a gift from her presumably loving though somewhat severe mother, and has an influence in the plot.

One day the girl went out to bring water from a fountain. Having removed her earrings to wash herself, she forgot to pick them up before returning. Afraid to be reprimanded by her mother, she walked again to the fountain, where she was caught by the villain and sewed inside a sack. The man intended to use the girl imprisoned in the sack to make a living. At each house that he visited, he advertised the magic sack, which would sing when he menaced to strike it with his staff.

Everywhere people gave him money, until he came inadvertently to the girl's house, where her voice was recognized. He was invited to eat and drink, which he did in excess and fell asleep, whereat the sack was opened to free the girl and then filled with excrement. At the next house visited, the singing sack failed to work; beaten with the staff, it ruptured spilling its contents.

## 5. Comments on the formation of variants

### 5.1. Telling and retelling

It is a truism that people tend to introduce personal contributions when retelling a story. With folktales, however, this tendency is often attenuated by an instinctive pact of the storyteller with the audience – with children, in particular – in favour of faithful repetition, preferably employing the very same words. Indeed the genre of folktales is strongly marked by *conventions*, which, to a remarkable extent, remain basically the same in different times and places. The folklorist Albert Lord called *tension of essences* the compulsion that drives all singers (i.e. traditional oral storytellers) to strictly enforce such conventions [25, p. 98]:

In our investigation of composition by theme this hidden tension of essences must be taken into consideration. We are apparently dealing here with a strong force that keeps certain themes together. It is deeply imbedded in the tradition; the singer probably imbibes it intuitively at a very early stage of his career. It pervades his material and the tradition. He avoids violating the group of themes by omitting any of its members. [We shall see] that he will even go so far as to substitute something similar if he finds that for one reason or another he cannot use one of the elements in its usual form.

The reasons requiring adjustments, mentioned at the end of the quotation above, include temporal and geographic circumstances. And from such adjustments variants may arise. In the times of Louis XIV<sup>th</sup>, to be or not to be born from a noble family was still a serious issue. In *The Story of Beauty and the Beast* by Mme. de Villeneuve [38], the first written publication of that famous tale, when the prince tells his mother that he is anxious to marry the girl who had just made him recover his human form, the haughty queen is scandalized upon hearing that Belle is merely the daughter of a merchant – a troublesome scene not repeated in any of the later variants.

And in places where Islam prevailed men and women would not meet in a ball. In the French translation of Mardrus of the *One Thousand and One Nights* there is a Cinderella variant entitled "Le Bracelet de Cheville" [27], in which both men and women are invited to the consequential party in the royal palace, but the women gather apart in the harem where special festivities had been reserved for them. So the prince does not meet the girl and motif **N711.4: Prince sees heroine in ball and is enamored**, associated with the usual variants of the Cinderella type (AT 510), is conspicuously absent. And yet, providing a good illustration of Lord's tension of essences, motif **T11.4.2: Love through sight of slipper of unknown princess** is used instead with the necessary adaptations.

We tend to assume that the oral storytellers to whom collectors like the Grimm brothers resorted were talented but uneducated people, typically simple folks from farms and

villages, but this was not always the case. There were exceptions, such as Henriette Dorothea Wild, whom Wilhelm Grimm married in 1825, the "Dortchen" to whom he owed several stories. Such better educated storytellers might, even without noticing, add some nice but atypical element to their narratives.

The collectors themselves had different orientations and styles. Perrault reputedly felt free to fashion his texts according to the refined tastes of the "Roi Soleil"'s court. Jacob Grimm was all in favour of keeping the original unpolished diction of the storytellers, but his brother Wilhelm did not hesitate to introduce corrections and improvements. Other collectors, like Italo Calvino, admit to have taken his texts from other collectors, thus distancing even farther from the original oral tales. As mentioned before, Calvino omitted an episode that he judged "too gruesome" from his rendering of the "Wolf and the Three Girls"; moreover he deliberately mistranslated as "torte" the dialect word "spongàde", referring to the food delicacy taken by the girls to their mother, in order to make it rhyme with "Borgoforte" and a number of other words with the same ending.

Other minor factors that cause variations can be identified. Collectors tended quite often to "explain" (in fact rationalize) in different ways certain apparent incongruities found in the originals. In both classic variants, for instance, as soon as the wolf learns from the girl where her grandmother resided (admitting, for the sake of the argument, that he did not know it already), he could immediately devour the girl and then proceed to the old woman's house to also devour her. Why going through all that unnecessary trouble? Perrault alleges that the wolf was afraid of some woodcutters present in the area. The Grimm brothers come up with a vague suggestion of subtlety on the part of the animal: "I must act craftily, so as to catch both". Incidentally, whatever explanations may be offered by distinct variants, it looks obvious that all such plots were arranged so as to culminate with the highly dramatic dialogue between the girl and the wolf-disguised-as-grandmother.

The final question posed by the girl to the wolf has a seemingly minor but actually vital difference between the Perrault and the Grimm brothers variants [29, p. 59; 19, p. 142]:

**Perrault:** "Grandmother dear, what big teeth you have!"

**Grimm brothers:** "But, grandmother, what a dreadful big mouth you have!"

recalling that in the latter the wolf would swallow the girl alive, as in the *Bible*<sup>4</sup>, whereas the mention of the wolf's teeth in the Perrault variant indicates that she would be irremediably torn to pieces.

More strikingly diverging variants result from what *thematic* interpretation [14] they suggest. The classic variants are about a naive girl who is easily deceived by an older and far more experienced villain. Both Perrault and the Grimm brothers structured the narrative as a fable, from which a moral lesson is to be learned: in the former girls should never listen to strangers, in the latter maternal instructions must be literally obeyed. From the viewpoint of feminist criticism, Perrault's "moralité" in particular reflects the prejudices of a male-dominated culture. On the other hand, the disobedience and, more generally, the imprudent conduct of the protagonist – no matter if male or female – constitutes the preliminary phase (cf. Propp's first seven functions, especially *II: interdiction* and *III: violation* [30]) of many folktales. Through the victim's own fault, he or she thus attracts the villain and facilitates the evil actions.

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<sup>4</sup> **Jonah I, 17** : Now the LORD had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah. And Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights.

The girl learns the lesson and is not deceived by the second wolf in the added episode of the Grimm brothers variant. In other variants the theme may become in fact a cleverness contest, in the course of which she outsmarts the wolf through diverse stratagems, even managing to escape from being devoured, as happens in the two Chinese variants.

But for scholars with a psychoanalytic background there are underlying themes of more practical consequence. Looking back at the variants surveyed here, one may wonder how to account for the fact that the girl's father is never mentioned. Would it be enough to imagine that the mother was a widow, as explicitly declared in a few variants? Based on the Grimm brothers variant, Bruno Bettelheim [4] proposed that the father image was actually twice represented, with a dark aspect in the wolf and a benevolent one in the hunter. For him, the main issue was how the sexually immature girl could deal with potentially disruptive Oedipal impulses unresolved at her age. Bettelheim further claimed, in the course of his extensive analysis of the most popular fairytales, that being told such stories was a major help towards the sound development of children.

Markedly erotic readings are suggested by variants where the wolf more cogently bids the girl to get undressed and lie with him in bed, such as *The Story of Grandmother*. Even in Perrault's time, seducers (cf. Perrault's phrase: "ces Loups doucereux") were metaphorically referred to as wolves. Curiously a more modern "womanizer", namely James Bond, may well be referring to the scene of the girl in bed interrogating the wolf about the faked "grandmother"'s peculiar features, when reacting as follows to a young lady's admiration in the movie *Thunderball*.<sup>5</sup>

Domino: So... what sharp little eyes you've got.

Bond: Wait 'til you get to my teeth.

## 5.2. Type frontiers and type interactions

Albert Lord's notion of *tension of essences* (introduced at the beginning of section 5.1) may perhaps help explaining not only the permanence of some variants within the frontier of a type, but also the emergence of more, say, transgressive variants, which absorb features pertaining to other types, sometimes even provoking a sensation of strangeness. When an oral storyteller feels the urge "to substitute something similar" in a story, the chosen "something" should, as an effect of the tension of essences forceful compulsion, still belong to the folktale genre – but what if the storyteller's repertoire comprises more than one type? As happens with many classifications, the frontiers between the types in the *Index* are often blurred, to the point that some stories may well be classified in more than one type. Therefore it is not surprising that variants can owe their origin to the insertion of features from a different type, i.e. through, so to speak, a *type-contamination* phenomenon.

On a closer look at the demarcation of its frontiers, let us now reconsider how type **AT 333** is defined in the *Index*, as reproduced at the beginning of section 2, in terms of two major episodes: *Wolf's Feast* and *Rescue*. If applied in a strict sense, this definition would exclude the Perrault variant, since it does not contain the second episode. And yet no one would ever admit that the learned authors of the *Index* did intend this exclusion. One explanation can be derived from Lakoff's claim [23] that people tend to classify an item not so much by its full conformity to a given list of properties, but rather by observing how closely the item resembles some popularly privileged *prototype* item. For example,

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<sup>5</sup> [http://www.mi6-hq.com/sections/movies/tb\\_quotes.php3?t=mi6&s=tb](http://www.mi6-hq.com/sections/movies/tb_quotes.php3?t=mi6&s=tb)

something is easily recognized as a bird if it looks like a robin. Very likely the two-episode definition of **AT 333**, instead of implying the exclusion of the Perrault variant, simply indicates the choice of the Grimm variant as prototype.

However one may ponder, in view of the samples of variants reviewed here, that what they have in common – corresponding to the *most specific generalization* of their set of properties [17] – is the girl's confrontation with the savage and crafty villain (wolf, bear or werewolf). What justifies their being called variants is, of course, what they do not have in common. In special they diverge with respect to the outcome, which, as seen, may involve the death of the girl, or her rescue after being devoured, or even her being totally preserved from the villain's attempts either by miraculous protection or by her successful ruses.

Let us now turn to type interactions as a factor in the genesis of variants. We shall characterize the interactions that may occur among types, and motifs as well, by way of *semiotic relations*, taking an approach that we have applied before to the conceptual modelling both of business information systems and of literary genres [11]. We distinguish four kinds of semiotic relations, associated with the so-called *four master tropes* [6, 31, 37, 9], whose significance has been cogently emphasized by an expert on literary theory, Jonathan Culler [14]. Both for the ideas and for the nomenclature in the table below, we are indebted to the pioneering semiotic studies of Ferdinand de Saussure [32], and of Roman Jakobson [21]:

<b>relation</b>	<b>meaning</b>	<b>operator</b>	<b>trope</b>
paradigmatic	similarity	or	metaphor
syntagmatic	connectivity	and	metonymy
meronymic	hierarchy	part-of	synecdoche
antithetic	opposition	not	irony

Whatever definition one adopts for a type, such as **AT 333**, a *paradigmatic relation* is said to hold between each pair of variants of the type, simply to express that they are similar to each other to the extent that they have properties in common. Moreover, the *Index* groups types to provide a higher hierarchic level; for instance uniting types 300-399 under the label **Supernatural Adversaries**. Accordingly, we are led to extend the characterization of paradigmatic relations to variants of different types belonging to the same group, which allows to relate the nine proper variants of **AT 333** to the Brazilian significantly analogous tale *A Menina dos Brincos de Ouro*, of type **AT311B\***.

Certain situations commonly arising in stories of a type can satisfy the preconditions for situations pertaining to a second type, thus inducing a plot connection that may, consciously or not, serve as the basis for a variant of the first type. The *Wolf's Feast* resulting situation in **AT 333** can thus be continued throughout a suitable *Rescue* episode, essentially by connecting **AT 333** with **AT 123: The Wolf and the Kids**. We characterize this sort of connectivity by positing *syntagmatic relations* between variants of the two types. In particular, *The Wolf and the Seven Little Kids* of the Grimm brothers contains the episode of the wolf's belly being cut and then sewed full of stones that figures in their *The Little Red Cap*.

The hierarchic structure of the *Index* shows certain major types successively decomposed into episodes and motifs, as exposed in the full characterization of **AT 333**. We call *meronymic* the relations that hold between types and episodes, between episodes and motifs, and in some cases directly between types and motifs. Consulting the *Index* [1, p. 125] for a detailed view of **AT 333**, we find that motif **F911.3: Animal swallows man** is

in the list of motifs below episode **I**, while **F913: Victims rescued from swallower's belly** is under episode **II**. We will also verify [1, p. 50] that the very same motif **F913** equally appears in the decomposition of type **AT 123**. The fact that a motif can be related with more than one type is one of the reasons for the blurred type frontiers pointed out in the beginning of this section, leading in turn to the multiple type classification of some folktale variants.

On the other hand, the deviations from the type paradigm apparent in certain texts can be so extreme that one begins to question whether or not to accept them as variants of the type on hand. Such transgressive narratives are related *antithetically* to the more conventional variants. Can the *Uncle Wolf* story [7], for instance, collected by Italo Calvino, be classified as a variant of type **AT 333: The Glutton**? The trouble is that here the girl is the first to reveal herself as "glutton". She does not resist the temptation to eat and drink all that her mother was sending to Uncle Wolf in return for the loan of a skillet, offering him instead an ugly mess composed of donkey manure, dirty water and lime. He is not deceived and threatens her: "Tonight I'm coming to eat you!". The wolf sneaks into the house, repeatedly announcing where he is at each moment until reaching the girl's room and eating her, in a frightening ghost-like sequence proper of type **AT 366: The Man from the Gallows**. And the story ends with a weird kind of moral: "So Uncle Wolf always eats greedy little girls".

Far more drastic antithetic relations hold between the **AT 333** variants and stories of type **AT 449: The Tsar's Dog**, wherein the roles of victim and villain are totally reversed. Illustrating this type, there are two medieval lays (short narrative poems) about noble knights with the ability to transform themselves into wolves. In both narratives, they were betrayed by their villainous wives, intent on permanently preventing their resuming the human form. In Marie de France's lay of *Bisclavret* [26] – an old Breton word signifying "werewolf" – the woman accomplished this effect by stealing from a secret hiding place the man's clothes, which he needed to put on again to undo the transformation. In the other example, the anonymous lay of *Melion* [5], after a magic ring is applied to break the enchantment, the man proposes to punish the woman by inflicting upon her the same metamorphosis.

These two lays, among other narratives, are the object of a study [33] on the literary vogue of werewolves during the Middle Ages, the period when folktales came to acquire their traditional scenario, with kings, princesses, dragons, castles, and forests haunted by wild beasts. Indeed, even apart from fiction, the historic chronicles of those times are full of incidents revealing the belief in werewolves. Witches and werewolves, equally reputed to owe to devils their evil power, were then persecuted with the utmost rigour by inquisition and secular authority [2]. In 1521, the Inquisitor-General for the diocese of Besançon heard a case involving a certain Pierre Bourget. He confessed under duress that, by smearing his body with a salve given by a demon, he became a wolf, but "the metamorphosis could not take place with him unless he were stark naked". And to recover his form he would "beat a retreat to his clothes, and smear himself again".

In a retired spot near Amanges, there once lived another man, Gilles Garnier (died 1573), who went with the name of the Hermit of St. Bonnot. On the last day of Michaelmas, under the form of a wolf [2, p. 28],

... Gilles Garnier had attacked a little maiden of ten or twelve years old, and had slain her with his teeth and claws; he had then drawn her into the wood, stripped her, gnawed the flesh from her legs and arms, and had enjoyed his meal so much, that, inspired with conjugal affection, he had brought some of the flesh home for his wife Apolline.

The weirdest werewolf inquisition case is probably that of Peeter Stubbe, executed together with a mistress and with his daughter, "a fair young damsel after whom he also lusted must unnaturally, and cruelly committed most wicked incest with her". The story is reviewed in a book [28] whose author proposes to "uncloak" Little Red Riding Hood, i.e. to convince the reader that, in different times and cultural contexts, the little protagonist appears as "seductress, hapless victim, riot girl, femme fatale, and even she-wolf". In the chapter dedicated to Stubb, the author refers to a text<sup>6</sup> of 1590. This old text, by a suggestive coincidence, tells of one little girl dressed in a coat with a high stiff collar, who is saved by the "merciful providence of God", which brings to memory the girl protected by her blessed red tunic of Egbert's Latin narrative of the 11<sup>th</sup> century, the first variant we examined in section 3. The "vile wolf" is the transformed Stubb [28, p. 89]:

... and suddenly comes this vile wolf, caught a little girl by the collar with intent to pull out her throat, but luck was and will of God, that he could not pierce the collar of the child's coat and being high and very well stiffened and close clasped about her neck ...

In view of these horror-inspiring passages, taken from fiction and from historic records, it may be worthwhile to revisit *The Story of Grandmother*, where the villain happens to be a werewolf. The girl eats and drinks what the villain points to her, which she supposedly ignored as coming from the corpse of her grandmother, and then [15, p. 15]:

As she ate there was a little cat that said: "A slut is she who eats the flesh and drinks the blood of her grandmother!"  
"Undress, my child," said the *bzou*, "and come and sleep beside me."

which has the effect to assimilate the girl to a ghoul (motif **G20** in the *Index*). Notice, too, that the female villain of the most often cited variant of type **AT 449**, namely *The Story of Sidi Nouman* (cf. Andrew Lang's translation in *Arabian Nights Entertainment*) happens to be a ghoul.<sup>7</sup>

But, no matter what learned explanation a critic may devise, passages like this one will always look incongruous to the reader. A ghoulish Little Red Riding Hood surely goes too far beyond the limits of **AT 333**. In the beginning of this section, we hinted at the possibility that peculiar variants might result from contamination by an extraneous type, and this appears to be one of those cases. We may risk the hypothesis that the anonymous storyteller responsible for interpolating this cannibalistic scene borrowed it as a fragment taken from a totally different story, very likely of type **AT 449**, suddenly brought to memory via some fortuitous brain cell connection. The hypothesis presupposes, as we also remarked in the opening paragraph of this section, that the repertoire of some storytellers might comprehend more than one type of stories.

No less intriguing are the repartees in the ensuing undressing scene of *The Story of Grandmother*, with the villain telling the girl to destroy each piece of clothing: "Throw it in the fire, my child; you don't need it anymore."

Farfetched as it may be and quite outside the unknown author's apparent intentions, we may – in preparation for the digital storytelling discussion of section 6 – indulge ourselves in imagining a plot that puts together these bits and pieces as follows: the werewolf feeds human flesh of his victim to the girl (as did Gilles Garnier to his Apolline), expecting that

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<sup>6</sup> <http://www.pitt.edu/~dash/werewolf.html#stubbe>

<sup>7</sup> <http://www.sacred-texts.com/neu/lang1k1/tale31.htm>



she would transform herself like he did (as Melion for a moment thought to cast the curse upon his wife), thereby assuming a shape that she would keep forever once her clothes were destroyed (recall the concern of Pierre Bourget to "beat a retreat to his clothes", and the knight's need to get back his clothes in *Bisclavret*). At the end of this admittedly misbegotten fairy tale, the two werewolves would marry and live happily forever after.<sup>8</sup>

Could a legitimate folktale promote the union of monster and girl? In other words, could we manage to conciliate somehow type **AT 333** (where the werewolf is a villain) with the antithetically related medieval lays of type **AT 449** (where the werewolf is the victim)? Such conciliations of opposites are treated under the topic of *blending* in semiotic research [16], often requiring nontrivial creative adaptations. In the present case, one famous solution is that offered by type **AT 425C: Beauty and the Beast**. At first the Beast is shown as the villain, claiming the life of the merchant or else of one of his daughters: "Go and see if there's one among them who has enough courage and love for you to sacrifice herself to save your life" [38, p. 159] – but then proves to be the victim of an enchantment. Gradually coming to sense his true inner nature, Belle makes him human again by manifesting her love (motif **D735-1: Disenchanting of animal by being kissed by woman**). Contrarily to the union in the guise of werewolves contemplated in the paragraph above, it is as human beings that they are finally joined. Figure 2 places in contrast naive girl and amorous young lady face-to-face with the monster, reproducing illustrations by Walter Crane (1845 – 1915).



Fig. 2 - Petit Chaperon Rouge et le Loup, la Belle et la Bête

## 6. Towards the use of variants in digital storytelling

To start exploring the variants of a folktale type in a computer-driven environment, the obvious first step is to locate the already existing Web resources associated with each

<sup>8</sup> Not too differently from the happy vampires Edward and Bella in the *Twilight Saga*: <http://twilightthemovie.com/>

variant, keeping open the possibility of elaborating and installing new Web resources, whenever convenient.

In a recent paper [24] we proposed a simple but effective system, called **KW-GPS**, to assist users intent on enjoying Web resources, in multimedia formats, related to a previously located domain-restricted collection of stories. Each story is referenced in a virtual library in terms of the following data: (1) the URLs of all kinds of Web-residing resources associated with the story; and (2) keywords of different classes, which serve as a multi-aspect index mechanism. By employing **KW-GPS** one is able to perform keyword-based selections on the variants of a type, such as **AT 333**, ordering them by number of hits, and then have access to their respective Web resources.

For the Grimm brothers variant, for instance, we might register, among other resources:

**English text:** [http://www.gutenberg.org/files/2591/2591-h/2591-h.htm#link2H\\_4\\_0023](http://www.gutenberg.org/files/2591/2591-h/2591-h.htm#link2H_4_0023)

**Voice:** <http://www.gutenberg.org/files/20027/mp3/20027-22.mp3>

**Animation:** <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=02W4L3l6660>

**Video-Based Interactive experiment:** <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3JOPTYelwSs>

**Original German text:** [http://de.wikisource.org/wiki/Rothk%C3%A4ppchen\\_\(1837\)](http://de.wikisource.org/wiki/Rothk%C3%A4ppchen_(1837))

**Course project:** <http://www.tip.sas.upenn.edu/curriculum/units/2010/05/10.05.01.pdf>

From the multitude of sites connected through the Web, resources with widely different levels of sophistication can be selected. In the series of items above, the animation in the third row caters for young children, whereas the last row item has an academic flavour. The fourth row links to a modern adaptation contributed by our research team, having been developed to demonstrate novel techniques described in a recent doctoral thesis.<sup>9</sup> But still other resources are easy to find by browsing. And, as an added attraction, individual users may like to include texts with their personal annotations on passages of each variant.

Thanks to the ability, provided by **KW-GPS**, to specify separate classes of keywords, it becomes possible to index the collection of variants by different *aspects*. The characteristics of variants include, at the very least, the personages involved (with their physical and psychological attributes and the roles they play, such as victim, villain, etc.), the actions they perform (walk, persuade, put on a disguise, devour, cut belly, rescue, sew belly, etc.), objects (red cap, food, drink, scissors, etc.) and features of the scenery (forest, flowers, house, door, bed, etc.). The story may or may not have a happy outcome; may either be judged to be free for any audience or to require parental guidance; may have been assigned a high or a low grade with respect to the user's preferences; and so on and so forth. All such information elements can be designated by appropriate keywords.

With **KW-GPS**, users seeking clues to help authoring their own stories may perform keyword-based selections to find the variants that come closer to having the characteristics they desire for the aspects they consider to be of particular interest.

One further aspect, in full consonance with the thrust of the present study, is how each story is classified according to the criteria of the *Index*, and how it interacts semiotically with other stories. To cover this aspect, we can add a keyword class designating type, motifs, and semiotic relations. The Grimm brothers variant involves, for instance, motif **F913: Victims rescued from swallower's belly** but, in a rigorous sense, fails to involve **K2011: Wolf poses as grandmother and kills child** (which applies exactly to Perrault's variant). Moreover, as noticed before, the Grimm brothers variant is related syntagmatically to type **AT 123: The Wolf and the Kids**. Working on an extended virtual library that gives access to variants of more than one type, users wishing to play an authorial role can take advantage of all such information to produce 'multitype' plots. combining several stories.

New stories often emerge through an adaptation of one or more old stories: this is a most common strategy among even the best professional authors, though surely not easy to trace

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<sup>9</sup> [http://edirlei.3dgb.com.br/artigos/Edirlei\\_PhD\\_Thesis\\_2014.pdf](http://edirlei.3dgb.com.br/artigos/Edirlei_PhD_Thesis_2014.pdf)

in its complex ramifications, as eloquently expressed by the late post-structuralist theoretician Roland Barthes [3, p. 39]:

Any text is a new tissue of past citations. Bits of code, formulae, rhythmic models, fragments of social languages, etc., pass into the text and are redistributed within it, for there is always language before and around the text. Intertextuality, the condition of any text whatsoever, cannot, of course, be reduced to a problem of sources or influences; the intertext is a general field of anonymous formulae whose origin can scarcely ever be located; of unconscious or automatic quotations, given without quotation marks.

A simple way of employing this 'reuse strategy' is to follow the paths pointed by the semiotic relations. Suppose that, having looked at variants of type **AT 333**, the user decides to compose a plot on more or less *similar* lines. Then it is expedient to adapt one of those variants, or to look for a variant of some paradigmatically related type, such as **AT 311B\***.

If the plot has not gone beyond the villainy episode yet, just telling that some monstrous animal swallowed the victim, the user may search for a way to *connect* this episode with a rescue episode. The syntagmatic relation of **AT 333** with **AT 123** suggests a possible compatible continuation, which can be derived after accessing some **AT 123** variant.

In the folktale classification hierarchy, moving down from a type to the meronymically related motifs allows to present the plot in *detail* (whereas moving up allows summarization). To relieve the mother's concern with the risks that the girl may run in her solitary trip to grandmother's house, one may borrow motif **E761:Life-token** which occurs under, among others, type **AT 303: The Twins or Blood-Brothers**. More specifically, looking at **The Gold Children** of the Grimm brothers [19], the user will learn about golden lilies that remain fresh while the child is in health, but will wither or even perish as a warning that this is no longer so. The plot could then be enriched with this detail, to the effect that the child, before leaving, delivers to the mother a flower that fades if she is in danger.

Complex plots, according to Aristotle, are those in which a *reversal of the situation* (περιπετεια) happens, defined by him as "a change by which the action veers round to its *opposite*,<sup>10</sup> subject always to our rule of probability or necessity".<sup>11</sup> Accordingly, having first selected the happy-ending Chinese *Lon Po Po* and the two-part Grimm variant, the user may want to have in continuation some unexpected turn of events. And the inspiration may come from a type in antithetic relation to **AT 333**, such as type **AT 449**, which portrays the monster as victim and the female character as villain. But suppose the user likes the idea of rehabilitating the monster, but is not prepared to treat the nice little girl as villain. Bringing in one more type, say **AT 425C** mentioned at the end of the previous section, a tentative plot might begin to form: (1) the girl is attacked by the wolf and outsmarts him (as in *Lon Po Po*); (2) learns that the (were)wolf is actually a man enchanted by some evil woman (*Bisclavret*); (3) encounters the wolf again (second part of *Little Red Cap* of the Grimm brothers); (4) by kissing the monster transforms him back into a handsome young prince and they get married and live happily ever after (*The Story of Beauty and the Beast*).

Notice that, to put together fragments from different stories, our imaginary user would have to do several adaptations in order to conciliate conflicting situations. This is the nontrivial *blending* [16] process, already mentioned in section 5. Thus, the victim of the wolf in (1) and the enchantress that would have earlier operated the cruel metamorphosis in (2) must be different characters. On the contrary, the wolves in (1) and (3) represent one and the same character, to be in turn duly conflated with the werewolf in (2) and with the unspecified monster (the Beast) in (4). But one difficulty still remains: an infant girl getting

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<sup>10</sup> My stress.

<sup>11</sup> <http://classics.mit.edu/Aristotle/poetics.1.1.html>

married? The passage of time comes in as a convenient solution, if it is explained that several years went by between phases (1) and (2). In the meanwhile the girl grew up, and hence she who redeemed and married the prince was at this point a tall young lady – and so, indeed, figure 2 above ends up serving to illustrate this amateurish, hopefully not too contrived, 'multitype' new story.

In our ongoing **Logtell** project we have been concentrating mainly on *plan-generation* for the interactive composition of narrative plots. More recently we decided to also turn attention, as an alternative, to the application of the dual of this process, namely *plan-recognition*. Composing with the help of plan-recognition involves matching a given number of actions against a previously assembled repertoire of plot patterns (cf. [18]). A fascinating intuitive preview of the method is offered by the Grimm brothers themselves in the unusual "appendix" of their *Little Red Cap*, when the girl correctly matches the 'persuade' action of the second wolf (attempting to make her leave the path) against the series of actions she had just experienced in the encounter with the first wolf, thus allowing her and her grandmother to anticipate what might happen next, and consequently take precautions to counteract the new villain's machinations.

Applying the notion of plan-recognition to help composing plots still lies within the reach of **KW-GPS**, recalling that earlier in this section we mentioned the possibility to include actions among the characteristics represented by some predefined keyword class. Therefore finding one or more variants whose plot contains the intended actions is also achievable via keyword-based selection.

A more flexible way to apply the notion involves the utilization of an algorithm specifically designed for plan-recognition, which we had already developed (adapting and extending a method described in [22]). The algorithm works in a logic programming environment, in which actions are modelled exactly as required for plan-generation [13]. Matching is performed against previously constructed libraries of typical plot patterns [18].

## 7. Concluding remarks

The imagination of storytellers far surpasses what digital storytelling can produce at the current state of the art, but there is always a hope that technology can advance by the observation and analysis of human creative processes. Folktales offer a suitable model, in view of the amazing fertility observed in the proliferation of variants. For the even more popular type **AT 300: The Dragon Slayer**, for example, Stith Thompson claimed that, at the time he was writing (1946), about 1100 variants had already been reported [35].

Variants offer different – sometimes *very* different – perspectives to view what is basically the same story. Comparing a number of variants may suggest alternative choices to prospective amateur authors, helping them to structure a diversity of plots as congenial as possible with their tastes and personality profile.

An extra bonus is offered by the chance to read the texts themselves, and start learning from the better written ones how to move from the formal notation of a plot to a verbal narrative, phrasing it so as to convey emotion to the audience. Arguably, far more effective than the series of events in all variant plots, the dialogue that ends with the wolf gobbling up the girl constitutes the climax of any oral rendering of *Little Red Riding Hood*.

With the continuation of the project, our efforts should focus on a more precise formulation of the proposed methods, aiming at implementations that, while continuing to depend on user intervention, would automate as much as possible the various supporting activities involved.



**Acknowledgement:** The author is indebted to Edirlei S. de Lima (PUC-Rio) and to David B. Carvalho (Universidade Federal Fluminense). Both have included the story of *Little Red Riding Hood* as a case study in their doctoral work in the area of digital storytelling.

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## Appendix A - texts in English translation

### Little Red Riding Hood

*Charles Perrault*

Once upon a time there was a little village girl, the prettiest that had ever been seen. Her mother doted on her. Her grandmother was even fonder, and made her a little red hood, which became her so well that everywhere she went by the name of Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother, who had just made and baked some cakes, said to her:

"Go and see how your grandmother is, for I have been told that she is ill. Take her a cake and this little pot of butter."

Little Red Riding Hood set off at once for the house of her grandmother, who lived in another village.

On her way through a wood she met compere Wolf. He would have very much liked to eat her, but dared not do so on account of some wood-cutters who were in the forest. He asked her where she was going. The poor child, not knowing that it was dangerous to stop and listen to a wolf, said:

"I am going to see my grandmother, and am taking her a cake and a pot of butter which my mother has sent to her."

"Does she live far away?" asked the Wolf.

"Oh yes," replied Little Red Riding Hood; "it is yonder by the mill which you can see right below there, and it is the first house in the village."

"Well now," said the wolf, "I think I shall go and see her too. I will go by this path, and you by that path, and we will see who gets there first."

The Wolf set off running with all his might by the shorter road, and the little girl continued on her way by the longer road. As she went she amused herself by gathering nuts, running after the butterflies, and making nosegays of the wild flowers which she found.

The Wolf was not long in reaching the grandmother's house.

He knocked. *Toc Toc.*

"Who is there?"

"It is your granddaughter, Red Riding Hood," said the Wolf, disguising his voice, "and I bring you a cake and a little pot of butter as a present from my mother."

The worthy grandmother was in bed, not being very well, and cried out to him:

"Pull out the peg and the latch will fall."

The Wolf drew out the peg and the door flew open. Then he sprang upon the poor old lady and ate her up in less than no time, for he had been more than three days without food.

After that he shut the door, lay down in the grandmother's bed, and waited for Little Riding Hood.

Presently she came and knocked. *Toc Toc.*

"Who is there?"

Now Little Red Riding Hood on hearing the Wolf's gruff voice was at first frightened, but thinking that her grandmother had a bad cold, she replied:

"It is your granddaughter, Red Riding Hood, and I bring you a cake and a little pot of butter from my mother."

Softening his voice, the Wolf called out to her:

"Pull out the peg and the latch will fall."

Little Red Riding Hood drew out the peg and the door flew open.

When he saw her enter, the Wolf hid himself in the bed beneath the counterpane.

"Put the cake and the little pot of butter on the bin," he said, "and come up on the bed with me."

Little Red Riding Hood took off her cloak, but when she climbed up on the bed she was astonished to see how her grandmother looked in her nightgown.

"Grandmother dear!" she exclaimed, "what big arms you have!"

"The better to embrace you, my child!"

"Grandmother dear, what big legs you have!"

"The better to run with, my child!"

"Grandmother dear, what big ears you have!"

"The better to hear with, my child!"

"Grandmother dear, what big eyes you have!"

"The better to see with, my child!"

"Grandmother dear, what big teeth you have!"

"The better to eat you with!"

With these words the wicked Wolf leapt upon Little Red Riding Hood and gobbled her up.

#### *Moral*

From this story one learns that children,  
Especially young lasses,  
Pretty, courteous and well-bred,  
Do very wrong to listen to strangers,  
And it is not an unheard thing  
If the Wolf is thereby provided with his dinner.  
I say Wolf, for all wolves  
Are not of the same sort;  
There is one kind with an amenable disposition  
Neither noisy, nor hateful, nor angry,  
But tame, obliging and gentle,  
Following the young maids  
In the streets, even into their homes.  
Alas! who does not know that these gentle wolves  
Are of all such creatures the most dangerous!

### **Little Red Cap**

*Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm*

Once there was a dear little girl whom everyone loved. Her grandmother loved her most of all and didn't know what to give the child next. Once she gave her a little red velvet cap, which was so becoming to her that she never wanted to wear anything else, and that was why everyone called her Little Red Cap. One day her mother said: "Look, Little Red Cap, here's a piece of cake and a bottle of wine. Take them to grandmother. She is sick and weak, and they will make her feel better. You'd better start now before it gets too hot; walk properly like a good little girl, and don't leave the path or you'll fall down and break the bottle and there won't be anything for grandmother. And when you get to her house, don't forget to say good morning, and don't go looking in all the corners."

"I'll do everything right," Little Red Cap promised her mother. Her grandmother lived in the wood, half an hour's walk from the village. No sooner had Little Red Cap set foot in the wood than she met the wolf. But Little Red Cap didn't know what a wicked beast he was, so she wasn't afraid of him. "Good morning, Little Red Cap," he said. "Thank you kindly, wolf." "Where are you going so early, Little Red Cap?" "To my grandmother's." "And what's that you've got under your apron?" "Cake and wine. We baked yesterday, and we want my grandmother, who's sick and weak, to have something nice that will make her feel better." "Where does your grandmother live, Little Red Cap?" "In the wood, fifteen or twenty minutes' walk from here, under the three big oak trees. That's where the house is. It has hazel hedges around it. You must know the place." "How young and tender she is!" thought the wolf. "Why, she'll be even tastier than the old woman. Maybe if I'm crafty enough I can get them both." So, after walking along for a short while beside Little Red Cap, he said: "Little Red Cap, open your eyes. What lovely flowers! Why don't you look around you? I don't believe you even hear how sweetly the birds are singing. It's so gay out here in the wood, yet you trudge along as solemnly as if you were going to school."

Little Red Cap looked up, and when she saw the sunbeams dancing this way and that between the trees and the beautiful flowers all around her, she thought: "Grandmother will be pleased if I bring her a bunch of nice fresh flowers. It's so early now that I'm sure to be there in plenty of time." So she left the path and went into the wood to pick flowers. And when she had picked one, she thought there must be a more beautiful one farther on, so she went deeper and deeper into the wood. As for the wolf, he went straight to the grandmother's house and knocked at the door. "Who's there?" "Little Red Cap, bringing cake and wine. Open the door." "Just raise the latch," cried the grandmother, "I'm too weak to get out of bed." The wolf raised the



latch and the door swung open. Without saying a single word he went straight to the grandmother's bed and gobbled her up. Then he put on her clothes and her nightcap, lay down in the bed, and drew the curtains.

Meanwhile Little Red Cap had been running about picking flowers, and when she had as many as she could carry she remembered her grandmother and started off again. She was surprised to find the door open, and when she stepped into the house she had such a strange feeling that she said to herself: "My goodness, I'm usually so glad to see grandmother. Why am I frightened today?" "Good morning," she cried out, but there was no answer. Then she went to the bed and opened the curtains. The grandmother had her cap pulled way down over her face, and looked very strange.

"Oh, grandmother, what big ears you have!"

"The better to hear you with."

"Oh, grandmother, what big eyes you have!"

"The better to see you with."

"Oh, grandmother, what big hands you have!"

"The better to grab you with."

"But, grandmother, what a dreadful big mouth you have!"

"The better to eat you with."

And no sooner had the wolf spoken than he bounded out of bed and gobbled up poor Little Red Cap.

When the wolf had stilled his hunger, he got back into bed, fell asleep, and began to snore very loud. A hunter was just passing, and he thought: "How the old woman is snoring! I'd better go and see what's wrong." So he stepped into the house and went over to the bed and saw the wolf was in it. "You old sinner!" he said, "I've found you at last. It's been a long time." He levelled his musket and was just about to fire when it occurred to him that the wolf might have swallowed the grandmother and that there might still be a chance of saving her. So instead of firing, he took a pair of scissors and started cutting the sleeping wolf's belly open. After two snips, he saw the little red cap, and after another few snips the little girl jumped out, crying: "Oh, I've been so afraid! It was so dark inside the wolf!" And then the old grandmother came out, and she too was still alive, though she could hardly breathe. Little Red Cap ran outside and brought big stones, and they filled the wolf's belly with them. When he woke up, he wanted to run away, but the stones were so heavy that his legs wouldn't carry him and he fell dead.

All three were happy; the hunter skinned the wolf and went home with the skin, the grandmother ate the cake and drank the wine Little Red Cap had brought her and soon got well; and as for Little Red Cap, she said to herself: "Never again will I leave the path and run off into the wood when my mother tells me not to."

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Another story they tell is that when Little Red Cap was taking another cake to her old grandmother another wolf spoke to her and tried to make her leave the path. But Little Red Cap was on her guard. She kept on going, and when she got to her grandmother's she told her how she had met a wolf who had bidden her good day but given her such a wicked look that "if it hadn't been on the open road he'd have gobbled me right up." "Well then," said the grandmother, "we'll just lock the door and he won't be able to get in." In a little while the wolf knocked and called out: "Open the door, grandmother, it's Little Red Cap. I've brought you some cake." But they didn't say a word and they didn't open the door. So Grayhead circled the house once or twice and finally jumped on the roof. His plan was to wait until evening when Little Red Cap would go home, and then he'd creep after her and gobble her up in the darkness. But the grandmother guessed what he had in mind. There was a big stone trough in front of the house, and she said to the child: "Here's a bucket, Little Red Cap. I cooked some sausages yesterday. Take the water I cooked them in and empty it into the trough." Little Red Cap carried water until the trough was full. The smell of sausages rose up to the wolf's nostrils. He sniffed and looked down, and in the end he stuck his neck out so far that he couldn't keep his footing and began to slide. And he slid off the roof and slid straight into the big trough and was drowned. And Little Red Cap went happily home, and no one harmed her.

## **About a Girl Saved from Wolf Cubs**

*Egbert de Liège* (11th-century)

What I have to relate, countryfolk can tell along with me,  
and it is not so much marvelous as it is quite true to believe.

A certain man took up a girl from the sacred font,  
 and gave her a tunic woven of red wool;  
 sacred Pentecost was [the day] of her baptism.  
 The girl, now five years old, goes out  
 at sunrise, footloose and heedless of her peril.  
 A wolf attacked her, went to its woodland lair,  
 took her as booty to its cubs, and left her to be eaten.  
 They approached her at once and, since they were unable to harm her,  
 began, free from all their ferocity, to caress her head.  
 "Do not damage this tunic, mice," the lisping little girl said,  
 "which my godfather gave me when he took me from the font!"  
 God, their creator, soothes untame souls.

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**Latin original:** De puella a lupellis seruata

Quod refero, mecum pagenses dicere norunt,  
 Et nom tam mirum quam ualde est credere uerum:  
 Quidam suscepit sacro de fonte puellam,  
 Cui dedit et tunicam rubicundo uellere textam;  
 Quinquagesima sancta fuit babtismatis huius.  
 Sole sub exorto quinquennis facta puella  
 Progreditur, uagabunda sui inmemmor atque pericli,  
 Quam lupus inuadens siluestria lustra petiut  
 Et catulis predam tulit atque reliquit edendam.  
 Qui simul aggressi, cum iam lacerare nequirent,  
 Ceperunt mulcere caput feritate remota.  
 "Hanc tunicam, mures, nolite", infantula dixit,  
 Scindere, quam dedit excipiens de fonte patrinus!"  
 Mitigat inmites animos deus, auctor eorum.

**The Story of Grandmother**

*Paul Delarue*

There was once a woman who had some bread, and she said to her daughter: "You are going to carry a hot loaf and a bottle of milk to your grandmother."

The little girl departed. At the crossroads she met the *bzou*, who said to her:

"Where are you going?"

"I'm taking a hot loaf and a bottle of milk to my grandmother."

"What road are you taking," said the *bzou*, "the Needles Road or the Pins Road?"

"The Needles Road," said the little girl.

"Well, I shall take the Pins Road."

The little girl enjoyed herself picking up needles. Meanwhile the *bzou* arrived at her grandmother's, killed her, put some of her flesh in the pantry and a bottle of her blood on the shelf. The little girl arrived and knocked at the door.

"Push the door," said the *bzou*, "it's closed with a wet straw."

"Hello, Grandmother; I'm bringing you a hot loaf and a bottle of milk."

"Put them in the pantry. You eat the meat that's in it and drink a bottle of wine that is on the shelf."

As she ate there was a little cat that said: "A slut is she who eats the flesh and drinks the blood of her grandmother!"

"Undress, my child," said the *bzou*, "and come and sleep beside me."

"Where should I put my apron?"

"Throw it in the fire, my child; you don't need it anymore."

"Where should I put my bodice?"

"Throw it in the fire, my child; you don't need it anymore."

"Where should I put my dress?"

"Throw it in the fire, my child; you don't need it anymore."

"Where should I put my skirt?"

"Throw it in the fire, my child; you don't need it anymore."

"Where should I put my hose?"

"Throw it in the fire, my child; you don't need it anymore."

"Oh, Grandmother, how hairy you are!"

"It's to keep me warmer, my child"

"Oh, Grandmother, those long nails you have!"

"It's to scratch me better, my child."

"Oh, Grandmother, those big shoulders that you have!"

"All the better to carry kindling from the woods, my child."

"Oh, Grandmother, those big ears that you have!"

"All the better to hear you with, my child."

"Oh, Grandmother, that big mouth you have!"

"All the better to eat you with, my child!"

"Oh, Grandmother, I need to go outside to relieve myself."

"Do it in the bed, my child."

"No, Grandmother, I want to go outside."

"All right, but don't stay long."

The *bzou* tied a woolen thread to her foot and let her go out, and when the girl was outside she tied the end of the string to a big plum tree in the yard. The *bzou* got impatient and said:

"Are you making cables?"

When he became aware that no one answered him, he jumped out of bed and saw that the little girl had escaped. He followed her, but he arrived at her house just at the moment she was safely inside.

## **The Wolf and the Three Girls**

*Italo Calvino*

Once there were three sisters who worked in a certain town. Word reached them one day that their mother, who lived in Borgoforte, was deathly ill. The oldest sister therefore filled two baskets with four bottles of wine and four cakes and set out for Borgoforte. Along the way she met the wolf, who said to her,

"Where are you going in such haste?"

"To Borgoforte to see Mamma, who is gravely ill."

"What's in those baskets?"

"Four bottles of wine and four cakes."

"Give them to me, or else – to put it bluntly – I'll eat you."

The girl gave the wolf everything and went flying back home to her sisters. Then the middle girl filled her baskets and left for Borgoforte. She too met the wolf.

"Where are you going in such haste?"

"To Borgoforte to see Mamma, who is gravely ill."

"What's in those baskets?"

"Four bottles of wine and four cakes."

"Give them to me, or else – to put it bluntly – I'll eat you."

So the second sister emptied her baskets and ran home. Then the youngest girl said, "Now it's my turn." She prepared the baskets and set out. There was the wolf.

"Where are you going in such haste?"

"To Borgoforte to see Mamma, who is gravely ill."

"What's in those baskets?"

"Four bottles of wine and four cakes."

"Give them to me, or else – to put it bluntly – I'll eat you."

The little girl took a cake and threw it at the wolf, who had his mouth open. She had made the cake especially for him and filled it with nails. The wolf caught it and bit into it, pricking his palate all over. He spat out the cake, leaped back, and ran off, shouting, "You'll pay for that!"

Taking certain short cuts known only to him, the wolf ran ahead and reached Borgoforte before the little girl. He slipped into the sick mother's house, gobbled her up, and took her place in bed<sup>12</sup>.

The little girl arrived, found her mother with the sheet drawn up to her eyes, and said,

"How dark you've become, Mamma!"

"That's because I've been sick so much, my child," said the wolf.

"How big your head has become, Mamma!"

"That's because I've worried so much, my child."

"Let me hug you, Mamma," said the little girl, and the wolf gobbled her up whole.

With the little girl in his belly, the wolf ran out of the house. But the townspeople, seeing him come out, chased him with pitchforks and shovels, cornered him and killed him. They slit him open at once and out came mother and daughter still alive. The mother got well, and the little girl went back and said to her sisters,

"Here I am, safe and sound!"

## Grammie wolf

*Ed Young*

Many years ago in China there lived a young widow with her three children. On their grandmother's birthday, the mother went to visit her.

"Shang," she cautioned her oldest daughter before she left, "you must watch over your sisters Tao and Paotze while I am gone. Lock the door and don't let anyone inside. I shall be back tomorrow."

A wolf who was hiding near the house at the edge of the woods overheard the news.

When it was dark he disguised himself as an elderly woman and knocked at the door of the three girls' house.

"Who is it?" called Shang.

"Shang, Tao, and Paotze, my treasures, it is your Grammie," answered the wolf as sweetly as possible.

"Grammie," said Shang through the door, "Mummy just went to see you!"

"It is too bad I missed her. We must have taken different roads," replied the crafty wolf.

"Grammie," asked Tao, "why is your voice so different tonight?"

"Your old Grammie caught cold and is hoarse. Please let me in quickly, for it is drafty out here and the night air is very bad for me."

The tenderhearted girls could not bear to keep their grandmother out in the cold, so they unlatched the door and shouted, "Grammie, Grammie!"

As soon as the wolf crossed the threshold, he blew out the candle, saying the light hurt his tired eyes. Shang pulled a chair forward for her grandmother. The wolf sat down hard on his tail hidden under the skirt.

"Ouch!" he exclaimed.

"Is something wrong, Grammie?" asked Shang.

"Nothing at all, my dear," said the wolf, bearing the pain silently.

Then Tao and Paotze wanted to sit on their Grammie's lap.

"What nice, plump children," said the wolf, holding Tao on one knee and Paotze on the other.

Soon the wolf said, "Grammie is tired and so are you children. Let's go to bed."

The children begged as usual to be allowed to sleep in their huge double bed with Grammie.

Soon Paotze felt the wolf's tail against her toes. "Grammie, what's that furry thing?" she asked.

"Oh, that's just the brush I always have by me to keep away mosquitoes and flies," answered the wolf.

Then Tao felt the sharp claws on the wolf. "Grammie, what are these sharp things?"

"Go to sleep, dear, they are just Grammie's nails."

Then Shang lit the candle and caught glimpse of the wolf's hairy face before he could blow out the light. Shang was frightened. She quickly grabbed hold of Paotze and said, "Grammie, Paotze is thirsty. She needs to get up to get a glass of water."

"Oh, for goodness sake," said the wolf, losing patience, "tell her to wait until later."

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<sup>12</sup> Calvino thus describes in a note (op. cit. p. 720) a "too gruesome" episode that he omitted from the text: "the wolf kills the mother and makes a doorlatch cord out of her tendons, a meat pie out of her flesh, and wine out of her blood. The little girl, pulling on the doorlatch says, 'What a soft cord you've put here Mamma!' [in the original dialect: *Che corda molegata che te gh'è, mama*']. Then she eats the meat pie and drinks the wine, with comments in the same vein."

Shang pinched Paotze so that she started to cry.  
 "All right, all right," said the wolf, "Paotze may get up!"  
 Shang thought quickly and said, "Tao, hurry and help Paotze get a glass of water!"  
 When the two younger ones had left the bedroom, Shang said, "Grammie, have you ever tasted our luscious ginkgo nuts?"  
 "What is a ginkgo nut?" asked the wolf.  
 "The meat of the ginkgo nut is softer and more tender than a firm baby and tastes like a delicious fairy food," replied Shang.  
 "Where can you get some?" asked the wolf, drooling.  
 "Those nuts grow on trees outside our house."  
 "Well, your Grammie is too old to climb trees now," sighed the wolf.  
 "Grammie, dear, I can pick some for you," said Shang sweetly.  
 "Will you, angel?" pleaded the wolf.  
 "Of course, I'll do it right now!" said Shang, leaping out of bed.  
 "Come back quickly," called the wolf after her.  
 Shang found Tao and Paotze in the other room. She told them about the wolf, and the three girls quickly decided to climb up the tallest ginkgo tree around their cottage.  
 The wolf waited and waited, but no one came back. Then he got up and went outside and shouted, "Shang, Tao, Paotze, where are you?"  
 "We're up in the tree, eating ginkgo nuts," called Shang.  
 "Throw some down for me," yelled the wolf.  
 "Ah, Grammie, we just remembered Mummy telling us that ginkgos are fairy nuts. They change when they leave the tree. You'll just have to climb up and eat these mouth-watering nuts here."  
 The wolf was raging as he paced back and forth under the tree.  
 Then Shang said, "Grammie, I just had an idea. There is a clothesbasket by the door with a long clothesline inside. Tie one end to the handle and throw the end of the rope up to me. We shall pull you up here."  
 The wolf happily went to get the clothesbasket.  
 Shang pulled hard on the rope. When the basket was halfway up, she let go, and the wolf fell to the ground badly bruised.  
 "Boo hoo, hoo!" cried Shang, pretending to be very sorry. "I did not have enough strength to pull poor Grammie up!"  
 "Don't cry, Sister," said Tao, "I'll help you pull Grammie up!"  
 The greedy wolf got into the basket again.  
 Shang and Tao pulled with all their might. The wolf was two thirds up the tree before they let go of the rope. Down he fell with a crash. He began to scold.  
 "Grammie, Grammie, please don't get so upset," begged Paotze. "I'll help my sisters to pull you all the way this time."  
 "All right, but mind you be very careful or I'll bite your heads off!" screeched the wolf.  
 The three children pulled with all their strength.  
 "Heave, ho, heave ho!" they sang in rhythm as they hauled the wolf up slowly till he was thirty feet high. He was just beyond reach of a branch when Shang coughed and everyone let go of the rope. As the basket spun down, the wolf let out his last howl.  
 When the children were unable to get any answer to their calls of "Grammie," they slid down the tree and ran into the house, latched the door and soon went to sleep.

## **Goldflower and the Bear**

*Chiang Mi*

Long, long ago, there was a clever and brave girl called Goldflower who lived with her mother and brother. They were very happy.

One day, her mother said: "Your Aunty is ill. I'm going to see her and won't be back tonight. Look after your brother and ask your Granny to stay with you tonight!" Then she left with a basket of eggs and a hen.

At sunset, Goldflower herded the sheep home. After penning up the sheep, she shooed all the chickens into the coop. Then, she and her brother climbed a small hill to call Granny. Usually, after one shout, there

would be an answer, but today there was no reply after several shouts. Goldflower thought: "It doesn't matter. I'm not afraid." They went home and she bolted the door.

Lighting a wick, they sat by the fire-pan and she began to tell her brother a story. Suddenly they heard a knock at the door. Brother hugged her and cried: "I'm afraid!"

They heard a strange but kindly voice saying: "I'm Granny." Brother was very happy and shouted: "Sister, open the door! Granny has come!"

Goldflower leaned against the door and asked: "Is that you, Granny? What's wrong with your voice?"

"I've a cold." Came the reply followed by coughs.

The boy urged his sister to open the door. Meanwhile the voice continued: "My dear, there is something wrong with my eyes and I'm afraid of light. Please blow out the wick before letting me in."

It was so dark in the room that they couldn't see who was coming in. Goldflower invited "Granny" to a stool, but it cried out when sitting down. The children jumped in fright. The "Granny" said: "Dear, I've a boil so I can't sit on hard wood. Please give me a wicket basket."

The swishing of the Bear's tail in the dark caused Goldflower to ask: "What's making that noise?"

"Oh! It's the fly-swatter your grandpa bought for me," replied "Granny."

The clever girl stoked the fire and, wow, there was a pair of hairy feet! Now she realized this isn't Granny. It's the Bear which likes to eat children. Goldflower calmed and pretended to have seen nothing. But how to deal with this wicked Bear? Her mother had told her that bears were afraid of lice. She grabbed a handful of seeds and took off her brother's hat, pretending to be catching lice in his hair. She threw the seeds into the fire. They crackled. The Bear growled: "Don't let him sleep with me with his lice. Let him sleep outside!"

Brother was so afraid that he began to sob. Goldflower coaxed him to go to the other room to sleep. She locked the door on her way back. When she got back, the Bear asked her to go to bed. The Bear was very happy because it could have a hearty meal at midnight. But the clever Goldflower was also thinking of a way out. After sleeping for a while, she cried: "My tummy hurts! I want to go on the pot."

The Bear thought: She would not be good to eat like this. So it tied one end of a belt to Goldflower's hand and let her go outside. After a while, the Bear pulled and then pulled again. It seemed that the girl was still on the other end. A long time passed. The Bear called several times but there was no answer. It got worried and pulled hard. Clunk. Something tumbled. The Bear was puzzled and felt its way along the belt. There was nothing at the end but a pot. The Bear was very angry. It was already midnight and the Bear started bellowing for food like any beast. Failing to find Goldflower, it stopped to drink some water from a pond before continuing the search. It saw Goldflower in the water and was overjoyed. When the Bear reached into the water to grasp Goldflower, she disappeared. The Bear angrily watched. When the water became still, Goldflower reappeared. The Bear reached out but Goldflower again vanished. The Bear did not know what to do. A laugh came from above. The Bear quickly looked up and saw Goldflower in a tree. The image in the water was her reflection. The Bear wanted to climb the tree, but Goldflower had covered it with grease. The Bear slipped again and again. The Bear could only wait under the tree hapless while Goldflower laughed up on the tree. "Granny, do you want to eat some pears? Please get me the spear in the house."

The Bear was really happy to hear this and went to fetch the spear. The Bear handed her the spear and, pointing to a few big pears, it said: "Give me those."

"Granny, open your mouth. Here comes the pear!" Goldflower threw one at the Bear's mouth.

The Bear ate it in two bites and asked her to spear some more. "Granny, this time open your mouth wide. It's a real big one."

The Bear opened its mouth as wide as it could. And with all her might, Goldflower threw the spear into its mouth. With a groan, the Bear fell flat. Goldflower slid down the tree and kicked the dead Bear. "Do you still want to eat children?"

Roosters crowed. Goldflower opened the door to her brother's room. He was sleeping soundly. She woke him and took him to the dead body. Now he knew that it was the wicked old Bear. The sun was rising red in the east. Mother came back. She was very pleased to hear what had happened and praised the brave little girl. The story of Goldflower and the Bear spread far and wide.

## Appendix B - original Portuguese texts

### O Chapelinho Encarnado (Portugal)

*Abílio Manuel Guerra Junqueiro*

Era uma vez uma rapariguinha muito bonita e cheia de bondade, a quem sua mãe e sua avó adoravam extremosamente. A boa da avozinha, que passava o tempo a imaginar o que poderia agradar à neta, deu-lhe um dia um chapéu de veludo vermelho. A pequenita andava tão contente com o seu chapéu novo, que já não queria pôr outro, e começaram a chamar-lhe a menina do chapelinho encarnado.

A mãe e a avó moravam em duas casas separadas por uma floresta de meia légua de comprido. Uma manhã a mãe disse à pequenita:

— Tua avó está doente, e não pôde vir ver-nos. Eu fiz estes doces, vai levar-lhos tu com esta garrafa de vinho. Toma cuidado não quebres a garrafa, não andes a correr, vai devagarinho e volta logo.

— Sim, mamã, respondeu ela, hei-de fazer tudo como deseja.

Atou o seu avental, meteu num cestinho a garrafa e os doces, e pôs-se a caminho. No meio da floresta um lobo aproximou-se dela. A pequenita, que nunca vira lobos, olhou para ele sem medo algum.

— Bons dias, chapelinho encarnado.

— Bons dias, meu senhor, respondeu delicadamente a pequena.

— Onde vais tão cedo?

— A casa da minha avó que está doente.

— E levas-lhe alguma coisa?

— Levo, sim senhor; levo-lhe uns bolos e uma garrafa de vinho para lhe dar forças.

— Diz-me onde mora a tua, avó, que também a quero ir ver.

— É perto, aqui no fim da floresta. Há ao pé uns carvalhos muito grandes, e no jardim há muitas nozes.

— Ah! tu é que és uma bela noz, disse consigo o lobo. Como eu gostava de te comer. Depois continuou em voz alta:

— Olha, que bonitas árvores e que lindos passarinhos. Como é bom passear nas florestas, e então que quantidade de plantas medicinais que se encontram!

— O senhor, é com certeza um médico, respondeu a inocente pequenita, visto que conhece as ervas medicinais. Talvez me pudesse indicar alguma que fizesse bem a minha avó.

— Com certeza, minha filha, olha, aqui está uma, e esta também, e aquela.

Mas todas as plantas que o lobo indicava, eram plantas venenosas. A pobre criança, queria-as apanhar para as levar a sua avó.

— Adeus, meu lindo chapelinho encarnado, estimei muito conhecer-te. Com grande pena minha, tenho de te deixar para ir ver um doente.

E pôs-se a correr em direcção da casa da avó, enquanto que a pequerrucha se entretinha em apanhar as plantas que ele tinha indicado.

Quando o lobo chegou à porta da velha, achou-a fechada e bateu, mas a avó não se podia levantar da cama, e perguntou:

— Quem está aí?

— É o chapelinho encarnado, respondeu o lobo imitando a voz da pequerrucha. A mamã manda-te bolos e uma garrafa de vinho.

— Procura debaixo da porta disse a avó, que encontrará a chave.

Encontrou-a, abriu a porta, engoliu duma bocada a pobre velha inteira, e depois, vestindo o fato que ela costumava usar, deitou-se na cama.

Pouco depois entrou a pequenita, assustada e admirada de encontrar a porta aberta, porque sabia o cuidado com que a avó a costumava ter fechada.

O lobo tinha posto uma touca na cabeça, que lhe escondia uma parte do focinho, mas o que lhe ficava descoberto era horrível.

— Ai! avozinha, disse a criança, porque tens tu as orelhas tão grandes?

— É para te ouvir melhor, minha filha.

— E porque estás com uns olhos tão grandes?

— É para te ver melhor.

— E para que estás com os braços tão grandes?

— É para te poder abraçar melhor.

— E Jesus! para que tens hoje uma boca tão grande e uns dentes tão agudos?

— É para te comer melhor.

A estas palavras o lobo arremessou-se à pobre pequena, e engoliu-a. Como estava repleto, adormeceu, e começou a rressonar muito alto. Um caçador que passava por acaso, perto da casa, e que ouviu aquele barulho, disse consigo: A pobre velha está com um pesadelo, está pior talvez, vou ver se precisa dalguma coisa. Entra, e vê o lobo estendido na cama.

— Olá, meu menino, diz ele: há muito tempo que te procuro.

Armou a sua espingarda, mas parando logo: Não, disse ele, não vejo a dona da casa. Talvez o lobo a engolissem viva. E em lugar de matar o animal com uma bala, pegou na sua faca de mato, e abriu-lhe cuidadosamente a barriga. Apareceu logo o chapelinho encarnado e saltou para o chão, gritando:

— Ai! que sítio medonho onde eu estive fechada!

A avó saiu também contentíssima por ver outra vez a luz do dia.

O lobo continuava a dormir profundamente, e o caçador meteu-lhe então duas grandes pedras na barriga, coseu tudo, e escondeu-se com a avó e a neta para verem o que se ia passar.

Decorrido um instante o lobo acordou, e como tinha sede, levantou-se para ir beber ao lago. Ao andar ouvia as pedras baterem uma na outra, e não podia compreender o que aquilo era; com o peso, caiu no lago, e afogou-se.

O caçador tirou-lhe a pele, comeu os bolos e bebeu o vinho com a velha e a sua neta. A velha sentia-se remoçar, e o chapelinho encarnado prometeu não tornar a passar na floresta, quando sua mãe lho proibisse.

## **O Chapelinho Vermelho (Brasil)**

*Luis Camara Cascudo*

Uma senhora viúva tinha uma filha de dez anos que era o seu enlevo. Sempre que se aproximava o dia do aniversário de Laura, a mãe a levava à cidade e escolhia um presente ao gosto da pequena. No seu décimo aniversário, ela desejou possuir uma sombrinha cor vermelha, que a mamãe comprou. Desde então não saía a passeio sem a sombrinha, as meninas vizinhas puseram-lhe a alcunha de "Chapelinho Vermelho".

Certa vez a mãe de Laura preparou um bolo para a filha levar à casa de sua avó, à beira de uma floresta. Recomendou-lhe que fosse pelo caminho sem dele se desviar, porque no mato havia bichos maus.

Laura tomou o bolo e a princípio observou a recomendação; mas em dado ponto do itinerário, viu uma borboleta azul que era uma beleza e quis segurá-la. A borboleta voou para a mata; Chapelinho Vermelho seguiu-lhe a pista até um recanto onde se lhe deparou um vulto de olhos de fogo, que a fitou demoradamente: era um lobo que logo se aproximou, perguntando o que viera fazer ali.

Respondeu a menina que levava um bolo à sua avó e, vendo uma borboleta, seguiu-a até a paragem onde se achava. A isso respondeu o interlocutor:

- Você é que está um bolo bom de comer. – E prosseguiu:

- Diga-me uma cousa, menina: sua avó mora só?

- Sim, senhor.

- E você quando lá chegar como faz para ela lhe abrir a porta?

- Eu bato e ela pergunta: - Quem está aí?

Respondo: - É Chapelinho Vermelho, sua neta, que lhe vem trazer um bolo.

Vovó diz, então: - A chave está por baixo da porta, presa ao cordão cuja ponta se vê de fora. Eu abro a porta e entro, porque minha vovó já custa a se levantar da cama.

Informado o lobo, concluiu a ingénua criança:

- Agora peço que o senhor me indique a direção que devo seguir para achar com presteza o caminho e me perdoe ter entrado em seus domínios sem lhe pedir licença. Não foi por mal e só por causa da borboleta.

O lobo apontou-lhe um rumo errado e partiu pela floresta como uma flecha, até descobrir a casa da avó de Laura, onde, imitando a voz desta e pondo em prática as informações colhidas, entrou e chegando ao quarto engoliu a pobre velha, tendo antes fechado a porta de entrada e posto a chave no lugar de costume.

Assim satisfeito, deitou-se na cama da vítima e cobriu-se o melhor que pôde. Decorrido um certo espaço de tempo, chega Chapelinho Vermelho e, depois das perguntas e respostas costumeiras, entra, ignorando tudo que se havia passado com a velha, não tendo, entretanto, fechado, por esquecimento, a porta da rua.

Ao penetrar no quarto, depôs o bolo em um móvel e notando que a suposta avó estava toda enrolada na cama, inquiriu:



- Vovó, você parece que está com muito frio?

Teve em resposta:

- Muito frio, minha neta.

- Vovó, por que é que você está com as orelhas tão compridas?

- É para ouvir bem, minha neta.

- E por que vovó está com a boca tão grande?

- É para devorar-te. – E segurando Laura, engoliu-a, como antes o fizera à velha avó.

Nos arredores da vivenda da pobre velha morava um caçador cujas ovelhas de vez em vez eram dizimadas por esse mesmo lobo e o caçador andava-lhe no encalço. Passando por perto daquela habitação, quase sempre via a avó da menina à janela e com ela conversava, mas na tarde de que se trata e em que ocorreram tão graves acontecimentos, olhou e não a viu. Intrigou-o a circunstância de achar aberta a porta da rua. Caminhou para o lugar indicado e entrou na sala; silêncio absoluto!

Pé ante pé foi até o quarto e, desde logo vendo o lobo, imaginou o que teria acontecido.

Tomou da faca e sangrou-o. Examinando o animal de perto verificou que estava com o ventre entumescido; abriu-o e eis que saltam as duas vítimas que lhe relataram quanto haviam sofrido do feroz animal.

Chapelinho Vermelho e o caçador transportaram a velha, que ficou desde então morando com a filha e a neta. Desde esse dia Laura nunca mais se esqueceu das recomendações e conselhos maternos.

## **A Menina dos Brincos de Ouro (Brasil)**

*Luis Camara Cascudo*

Uma mãe, que era muito severa para os filhos, fez presente a sua filhinha de uns brincos de ouro. Quando a menina ia à fonte buscar água e tomar banho, costumava tirar os brincos e botá-los em cima de uma pedra.

Um dia ela foi à fonte, tomou banho, encheu a cabaça e voltou para casa esquecendo-se dos brincos. Chegando em casa, deu por falta deles e, com medo de a mãe ralhar com ela e castigá-la, correu à fonte a buscar os brincos. Chegando lá, encontrou um velho muito feio que a agarrou, botou nas costas e levou consigo. O velho pegou a menina, meteu dentro de um surrão, coseu o surrão e disse à menina que ia sair com ela de porta em porta para ganhar a vida e que, quando ele ordenasse, ela cantasse dentro do surrão senão ele bateria com o bordão. Em todo lugar que chegava, botava o surrão no chão e dizia:

*Canta, canta meu surrão,  
Senão te meto este bordão.*

E o surrão cantava:

*Neste surrão me meteram,  
Neste surrão hei de morrer;  
Por causa de uns brincos d'ouro  
Que na fonte eu deixei.*

Todo mundo ficava admirado e dava dinheiro ao velho. Quando foi um dia, ele chegou à casa da mãe da menina que reconheceu logo a voz da filha. Então convidaram o velho para comer e beber e, como já era tarde, instaram muito com ele para dormir. De noite, como ele tinha bebido demais, ferrou num sono muito pesado. As moças foram, abriram o surrão e tiraram a menina que já estava fraquinha, quase para morrer. Em lugar da menina, encheram o surrão de excrementos.

No dia seguinte, o velho acordou, pegou no surrão, botou às costas e foi-se embora. Adiante em um casa, perguntou se queriam ouvir um surrão cantar. Botou no chão e disse:

*Canta, canta meu surrão,  
Senão te meto este bordão.*

Nada. O surrão calado. Repetiu ainda. Nada. Então o velho meteu o cacete no surrão que se arrebitou todo e mostrou a peça que as moças tinham pregado no velho, o qual ficou possesso.