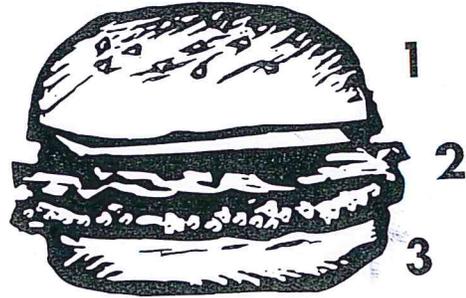


The Answer Sandwich

1. Restate the question and write the general or gist answer
2. Provide evidence for the answer
 - To begin with
 - Then,
 - Next,
 - For example,
 - For instance,
 - Furthermore,
 - However,
 - Finally,



3. Refer to the question again for a concluding statement
 - That is how
 - That is why
 - As a result,
 - For this reason,
 - Therefore
 - In conclusion

Answer Sandwich

Answer (Yellow)	Evidence (Green) Quote from the text	Connection (Blue) My own ideas	Conclusion (Purple)

Little Red Riding Hood

Retold by Ardith Davis Cole

On the edge of a deep, dark woods there lived a woodcutter, his wife, and their young daughter. The little girl loved to frolic in the surrounding forest, which was often quite a bit cooler and more damp than her yard. For that reason her mother made her a beautiful red, hooded cape to keep her warm and dry. The child loved the cloak and wore it daily, regardless of the weather. Consequently, everyone called her Little Red Riding Hood.

One day Little Red Riding Hood's mother said to her, "Grandmother is not feeling well, so I'd like you to take this basket of goodies to her, please. Stay on the path and do not dawdle along the way. I must stay home, for the horse is very ill and needs my attention."

Little Red Riding Hood's grandmother lived at the end of a long forest path. The little girl had made the trip numerous times before, but always with her mother or father. However, she loved the walk and was not one bit frightened, as many other children may have been.

Carefully carrying her basket so as not to spill its contents, she skipped along, singing a merry melody. Suddenly, there appeared before her a large wolf, who at first startled the little girl; however, never having met a wolf before, she relaxed quickly when he offered a kind greeting. "Good morning, little girl. Where might you be going on this beautiful summer day?"

"I'm taking food to Grandmother. She is not feeling well. Mother says that this basket of goodies will pick up her spirits. Where are you going, sir?" the little girl asked in turn.

"Oh, no place really. I'm just enjoying the day. Where does your grandmother live?" the old conniver continued.

"At the end of the path in a little pink cottage," she answered, but then remembered what her mother had told her. "I'd better go along now because Mother said I shouldn't dawdle. Bye," she said as she naively started on her way once more.

"Good-bye, little girl," responded the wolf, ducking back into the bushes and then darting off, intent on reaching Grandmother's house

before Little Red Riding Hood. He had plans for that little girl—plans that included dinner.

Therefore, unbeknownst to Little Red Riding Hood the wolf arrived at Grandmother's house considerably before the child. He pulled her grandmother out of bed, tied her up, and locked her in the back shed. Then, he found one of the grandmother's nightgowns and her frilly cap, put them on, and crawled under the bedcovers, which he pulled up so as to reveal only his large, bushy, wolf eyes.

Before long, there was a quiet knock at the door. Knowing it was the child, the wolf called in a falsetto that mimicked an elderly woman, "Come in."

Little Red Riding Hood thought that her grandmother sounded very ill, so she anxiously opened the door and rushed to her bedside. She began disassembling the basket to show her grandmother all the wonderful items Mother had packed. Eventually, the child looked up and could not help but gasp, "Grandmother! What big eyes you have!"

"The better to see you with, my dear," answered the wolf in his most grandmotherly voice.

"But . . . but . . . but Grandmother, what big ears you have, too," the bewildered child whispered.

"The better to hear you with, my dear," responded the wolf, this time more excitedly. His impatience took its toll, for the bedcovers slipped down a bit, exposing his nose and mouth.

"And, Grandmother! What big TEETH you have!" Little Red Riding Hood screamed, now fearing the worst.

"The better to EAT you with," snapped the wolf hungrily, as he bounded from the bed and snatched the little girl within the blink of an eye.

"And now, dinner!" he exclaimed, licking his chops.

"Help! Help! Help!" shouted Little Red Riding Hood at the top of her lungs. But, by this time the wolf was charging pell-mell back into the woods with the child securely in tow. She kicked and she punched, but try as she might, the wolf was her superior in strength.

Just then, out of the forest depths came Little Red Riding Hood's father and two other woodsmen. Seeing their axes, the wolf dropped the little girl on the path and took off like an Olympic racer. But, he was not quite fast enough because, as the crafty old animal flew by, one woodcutter managed to remove the wolf's tail.

"Oo-oo-oo!" that old devil cried, as he created distance between himself and his pursuers.

Within seconds, the wolf's cries blended with the cries of another. "It's Grandmother!" celebrated Little Red Riding Hood. "She's alive!" And they all ran in the direction of the muffled cries.

Soon, the grateful group was all together again, unharmed. "It's time to put my real grandmother back to bed," announced Little Red Riding Hood, "because I think we've seen the last of that awful old animal, but just in case he needs a reminder—" At that point Little Red Riding Hood hung the wolf's tail, which she had been carrying, on a nail by the cottage door. And there it remains to this very day.