**Little Red Riding Hood—A Revised Version**

*Match the function with the muscle. You may use the same answer more than once.*

Once upon a time, there was a young girl named Little Red Riding Hood (so named after the little red cape and hood her beloved grandmother had made for her). One day her grandmother fell ill.

“Little Red Riding Hood,” her mother said, “Your grandmother is ill. I’ve prepared a basket for you to take to her. Don’t waste time in the forest, and don’t talk to *any* strangers along the way!” her mother warned.

“Yes, mother,” replied Little Red Riding Hood, **1**.**nodding her head** in affirmation.

“And don’t slump, child! **2Pull those shoulders back** before you ruin your posture.”

Soon, the little girl was running through the forest to grandma’s house. She stopped briefly to **3breath in deeply** and admire the smells of the forest and beautiful flowers.

“I know, exclaimed Red Riding Hood, I shall pick some of these lovely flowers for dear, sick grandmamma.” **4Turning her head from side to side**, she spied many colorful species. **5Bending forward at the waist**, she reached for a cluster of blue flowers. **6Closing her fingers** around the flower stems, she picked a fragrant bouquet.

“How lovely!” she murmured, **7flexing her forearm** so that she might smell the newly picked flowers. Noticing a nearby brook, Little Red Riding Hood decided to take off her shoes and socks and cool her legs in the water. **8Bending to first one side then the other**, she unbuckled each shoe. Her feet and toes free, Red Riding Hood **9extended first one leg**, then another as she stepped into the water. Red Riding Hood **10closed her eyes** and pretended that magical forest fairies surrounded her. Hearing an unexpected crackle of branches, her eyes flew open and she timidly called out, “Who is there—show yourself…”

Hoping for a fairy friend, she saw instead, the head of a large hairy wolf peaking from behind a rather large tree!

“YIKES!” screeched Riding Hood, **11eyebrows raised** in alarm over side eyes.

“Don’t be afraid, Red Riding Hood,” he coaxed, with his most sincere **12smile**.

“My mother told me not to talk to strangers,” she firmly informed him as she quickly **13tiptoed** across the forest floor to retrieve her shoes and basket.

“Yes, and quite right,” agreed the wolf. “But. . .I’m not a stranger. My no!” he reasoned while **14adducting his arms across his chest** in a submissive fashion. “I know your name, don’t I? A stranger wouldn’t know your name,” he laughed. “Besides, I’ve come to keep you company. Here, let me help you with that heavy load,” he suggested as he **15abducted an arm** in the direction of the food basket.

Snatching the basket, Red Riding Hood immediately **16put her arm behind her back**, attempting to hide and protect her foods. *This* is for my sick grandmother who lives on the other side of the woods,” she righteously exclaimed.

The wolf called out cunningly as Red Riding Hood hurried off, “Well, now—you wouldn’t want to forget these flowers. I’m sure granny will *love* them.”

Hesitantly, Red Riding Hood turned around.

“Thank you,” she said as the **17extended her elbow** and **18hand** toward the bouquet.

“Certainly,” responded the wolf in his most formal manner. “Have a nice walk.”

Red Riding Hood was a little anxious after her chance meeting with the wolf and decided to go directly to grandma’s house. Unbeknownst to her, the wolf took a short cut to grandma’s.

“Grandma, Grandma, it is me—Little Red Riding Hood. I’ve come with food and flowers,” she called out.

“Yes, dear—come to granny’s room. I’m not feeling well,” grandma replied in a throaty voice.

“Oh, grandma,” Red Riding Hood said **19wrinkling her forehead** in concern. “Your eyes—they look so big.”

“Better to see you with, my dear,” crooned grandma.

“Red Riding Hood **20opened her astonished mouth** as she once again remarked, “But grandma, your ears—they look so, so, big . . . and hairy!”

“Better to hear you with, my dear.”

“But grandma, your mouth—it looks so great!”

Better to eat you with!” shouted the drooling wolf as he threw off grandma’s night bonnet and blankets while leaping at the young girl.

Red Riding Hood ran to grandma’s yard and **21blew** the bullhorn for help. The mean-spirited wolf chased Red Riding Hood around the yard, **22snaping shut his jaw** in happy anticipation of tasting her flesh.

Soon a hunter from the forest arrived. **23Adducting his arm across his chest**, he raised his gun at eye level and shot the sly, arrogant wolf between the eyes.

“I will cut his skin off and hang it in the forest for all to see,” the hunter promised. “Let this be a warning to all wolves who would have us for dinner!”

As the hunter cut into the wolf’s stomach, however, out popped grandma! In the wolf’s hurry to devour her, he had swallowed her whole. What a happy reunion she and Little Red Riding Hood had as they ran towards each other, **24arms extended** and big **25smiles** spreading across their faces.

**WORD BANK –*Identify the muscles used in the story for movements 1-25.***

Biceps brachii

Buccinator

Deltoid

Digastric

Diaphragm/ Intercostals

External abdominal obliques

Flexor & extensor digitorum group

Frontalis

Gastrocnemius

Gluteus maximus

Gluteus medius

Latissimus dorsi

Masseter

Orbicularis oculi

Orbicularis oris

Pectoralis major

Quadriceps femoris

Rectus abdominus

Sartorius

Serratus anterior

Sternocleidomastoid

Temporal

Titialis anterior

Trapezius

Triceps brachii

Zygomaticus