



# Goldilocks and the Three Bears

Once upon a time there was a little girl called Goldilocks who lived in the middle of a forest with her mother and her father.

Now ever since she was tiny, her mother had told her she must never, ever wander off into the forest for it was known to be full of wild creatures, especially bears. But as Goldilocks grew older she longed to explore the forest.

One day, when her mother was busy in the kitchen, Goldilocks sneaked out of the house and off down the path that led deep into the forest.

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At first Goldilocks was happy, looking at the pretty wild flowers and listening to the birds singing, but before long she realized that she had strayed off the path. She could not find her way back and became hopelessly lost.

She wandered for hours, becoming more and more frightened. She started to cry, but



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then she saw a cottage through a gap in the trees.

She rushed towards it, sure she had at last found her way home, only to realize that it was someone else's house. There was no one around, so she opened the door and peeped inside.

On a scrubbed wooden table there were three bowls of steaming hot porridge – a big one, a middle-sized one and a little one.



Goldilocks was so tired that she quite forgot her manners and just sat down at the table. The big bowl was too tall for her to reach.

The middle-sized bowl was much too hot. But the little one was just right, so she ate all the porridge up.

By the warm fire there were three chairs – a big one, a middle-sized one and a little one. Goldilocks couldn't climb up into the big one. The middle-sized one was too hard. She thought the little one looked just the right size, but as soon as she sat down, it broke into pieces.

As Goldilocks scrambled to her feet she noticed some steps leading upstairs. Here she found a room with three beds – a big one, a middle-sized one and a



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little one. By now she was feeling very sleepy. The big bed was too hard. The middle-sized one was too soft. But the little one was just right and she soon fell into a deep sleep.

Now, the cottage belonged to three bears,



and it was not long before they returned from their stroll in the woods.

As soon as they entered the cottage they knew that someone had been inside.

Father Bear growled, “Who has been eating my porridge?”

Mother Bear grumbled, “Who has been



eating my porridge?”

And Baby Bear gasped, “Who has been eating my porridge, AND has eaten it all up?”

The bears slowly looked round the room. They looked at the chairs by the fire.

Father Bear growled, “Who has been sitting in my chair?”

Mother Bear grumbled, “Who has been sitting in my chair?”

And Baby Bear gasped, “Who has been sitting in my chair, AND has broken it into bits?”

Next the bears all clumped upstairs. They looked at the three beds.



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First Father Bear growled angrily, "Who has been sleeping in my bed?"


Then Mother Bear grumbled crossly, "Who has been sleeping in my bed?"

Then Baby Bear gasped in amazement, "Who has been sleeping in my bed, AND is still there?"

At Baby Bear's last words, Goldilocks woke up to find three cross-looking bears all staring at her. She jumped out of bed, ran down the stairs, and out of the door. She ran and ran and ran, and by pure good luck found herself outside her own cottage.

Her mother and father





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scolded her, but then gave her lots of hugs  
and kisses, and a big bowl of soup.

Goldilocks had learnt her lesson, and she  
never ever wandered off again.