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Opening extract from

Tales for Little Children

Published by

Usborne Publishing Ltd

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Goldilocks and the Three Bears



Once there was a little girl named Goldilocks.

She looked like a little angel...

...but she was really a little trouble maker.

She was naughty from first thing in the morning...





all through the day...

...to last thing at night.

And she never, ever did as she was told.



"Please go and get some bread from the village," said Goldilocks' mother one day.



"Go straight there," she added firmly.

"I will," sighed Goldilocks.

But Goldilocks soon wandered off.

She saw smoke billowing from the chimney of a thatched cottage.

"What a funny little house," she thought.

She pressed her face against the window.



"No one at home," she thought with a grin.



She pushed open the front door, and a terrifically tasty smell wafted out.

Goldilocks skipped inside.

There on a table were three bowls of porridge.

Ahhhhh!



First she tried the
biggest bowl.

Her face flushed bright red.
"Too hot!" she gasped.

Then she tried the
middle-sized bowl.

"Ooo!" cried Goldilocks.
"Too cold!"



Last of all, she tried
the little bowl.

It was the yummiest
porridge she'd
ever tasted.





"What next?" she said.



In front of a crackling fire were three chairs.

First, she tried the biggest one.



"Too hard!" she said, rubbing her sore bottom.

Then she tried the middle-sized one.



"Too soft!" yelped Goldilocks, sinking into the squishy cushions.

She sat down firmly on the smallest chair.





But seconds later came a *snap!*

and the little wooden chair collapsed.



"I need a nap," yawned Goldilocks.

She climbed the stairs...

and came to a big, bright bedroom.





First, she tried
the biggest bed.

"Too high!" she puffed,
out of breath.

Then she tried the
middle-sized bed.

"Too deep!" she cried,
drowning in the
squashy mattress.

