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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.



Ooof!

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

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

Then she tried the
middle-sized one.



Whoops!

She sat down firmly
on the smallest chair.



Just
right!

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.

