

“GOLDILOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS”

by Raold Dahl

This famous wicked little tale
Should never have been put on sale.
It is a mystery to me
Why loving parents cannot see
That this is actually a book
About a brazen little crook.
Had I the chance I wouldn't fail
To clap young Goldilocks in jail.
Now just imagine how you'd feel
If you had cooked a lovely meal,
Delicious porridge, steaming hot,
Fresh coffee in the coffeepot,
With maybe toast and marmalade,
The table beautifully laid,
One place for you and one for Dad,
Another for your little lad.
Then Dad cries, "Golly-gosh! Gee-whiz!
Oh cripes! How hot this porridge is!
Let's take a walk along the street
Until it's cool enough to eat."
He adds, "An early morning stroll
Is good for people on the whole.
It makes your appetite improve,
It also helps your bowels to move."
No proper wife would dare to question
Such a sensible suggestion,
Above all not at breakfast time
When men are seldom in their prime.
No sooner are you down the road
Than Goldilocks, that little toad,
That nosey thieving little louse
Comes sneaking in your empty house.
She looks around. She quickly notes
Three bowls brimful of porridge-oats.
And while still standing on her feet,
She grabs a spoon and starts to eat.
I say again, how *would* you feel
If you had made this lovely meal

And some delinquent little tot
Broke in and gobbled up the lot?
But wait! That's not the worst of it!
Now comes the most distressing bit.
You are of course a house-proud wife,
And all your happy married life
You have collected lovely things
Like gilded cherubs wearing wings,
And furniture by Chippendale
Bought at some famous auction sale.
But your most special valued treasure,
The piece that gives you endless pleasure,
Is one small children's dining chair,
Elizabethan, very rare.
It is in fact your joy and pride,
Passed down to you on Grandma's side.
But Goldilocks, like many freaks,
Does not appreciate antiques.
She doesn't care, she doesn't mind,
And now she plonks her fat behind
Upon this dainty precious chair,
And crunch! It busts beyond repair.
A nice girl would at once exclaim,
"Oh dear! Oh heavens! What a shame!"
Not Goldie. She begins to swear.
She bellows, "What a lousy chair!"
And uses one disgusting word
That luckily you've never heard.
(I dare not write it, even hint it.
Nobody would ever print it.)
You'd think by now this little skunk
Would have the sense to do a bunk.
But no. I very much regret
She hasn't nearly finished yet.
Deciding she would like a rest,
She says, "Let's see which bed is best."
Upstairs she goes and tries all three.
(Here comes the next catastrophe.)
Most educated people choose
To rid themselves of socks and shoes
Before they clamber into bed.

But Goldie didn't give a shred.
Her filthy shoes were thick with grime,
And mud and mush and slush and slime.
Worse still, upon the heel of one
Was something that a dog had done.
I say once more, what would you think
If all this horrid dirt and stink
Was smeared upon your eiderdown
By this revolting little clown.
(The famous story has no clues
To show the girl removed her shoes.)
Oh, what a tale of crime on crime!
Let's check it for a second time.
Crime One, the prosecution's case:
She breaks and enters someone's place.
Crime Two, the prosecutor notes:
She steals a bowl of porridge-oats.
Crime Three: She breaks a precious chair
Belonging to the Baby Bear.
Crime Four: She smears each spotless sheet
With filthy messes from her feet.
A judge would say without a blink,
"Ten years hard labor in the clink!"
But in the book, as you will see,
The little beast gets off scot-free,
While tiny children near and far
Shout "Goody-good! Hooray! Hurrah!"
"Poor darling Goldilocks!" they say,
"Thank goodness that she got away!"
Myself, I think I'd rather send
Young Goldie to a sticky end.
"Oh Daddy!" cried the Baby Bear,
"My porridge gone! It isn't fair!"
"Then go upstairs," the Big Bear said,
"Your porridge is upon the bed.
But as it's inside mademoiselle,
You'll have to eat her up as well."

Goldilocks goes into a house in the forest. What will she find there? Watch and find out! The story is good, but I think the bears are feeling very confuse and helpless. Because suddenly there's a stranger go to their house and had their food, broke the chair and sleep on their beds. The baby bear will feel the most sad and confuse. Ivey sorry for him. If I am the baby bear, I will chase Goldilocks and ask her what is happening. Log in or register to post comments. CutePearl2 replied on 13 June, 2019 - 10:51 Vietnam Permalink.

The three bears ran up the stairs to check their bedrooms and saw that someone had been sleeping in their beds. "Who's been sleeping in my bed?" roared Daddy Bear and "Who's been sleeping in my bed?" growled Mummy Bear. Finally Baby Bear cried, "Someone has been sleeping in my bed and they are still in it!" Goldilocks was woken up by their shouting and was so scared she jumped out of the bed and ran out of the open window back into the forest. She ran home to her mother and vowed she would never again go for a walk in the forest alone. Share with Friends & Let us know what you th

Once upon a time there were three bears who lived together in their own little house in the wood. There was a great big father bear, a middle sized mother bear and a little baby bear. They each had a special bowl for porridge, a special chair for sitting in and a special bed to sleep in. One morning the mother bear made the porridge for break-fast and poured it out into the great big bowl, the middle sized bowl and a little baby bowl. But it was so hot. The bears decided to go for a walk while it cold. Now a little girl named Goldilocks was walking in the woods that morning and she came across

The three bears were incensed and set about the house at once to find the intruder. They inspected every inch of the downstairs looking for clues—but they found nothing. “Follow me,” whispered Daddy Bear, making his way quietly across the hallway and up the stairs. When he reached the top, he stopped and stared at their three—usually very tidy—beds. “Who has been lying in my bed?” roared Daddy Bear. Mummy Bear quickly stepped forward, took a glimpse at her tumbled bedsheets and said, “And who has been lying in my bed?”

Once they were ready, Goldilocks gathered her things and set off—over the meadow—to The Three Bears’ cottage. This time, she knocked at the door and waited patiently. The door opened. Join Goldilocks in this new take on a beloved classic as she gets carried away in the three bears’ cottage. What do you think the three bears will do when they find the girl who’s eaten their porridge, sat in their chairs, and fell asleep in the bed that’s—just right? [show full description](#) [Show Short Description](#). Fairy Tales. Browse our collection of fairy tales including those made famous by The Brothers Grimm and Hans Christian Andersen. [view all](#). [Jack and the Beanstalk](#).