



Ririro

READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

Goldilocks and The Three Bears

Robert Southey

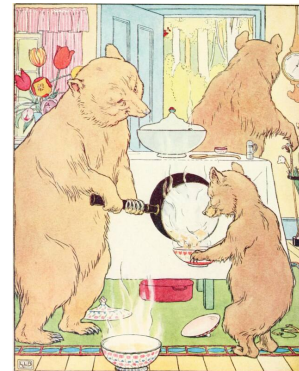
Once upon a time, there was a little girl whose hair was so bright yellow that it sparkled like spun gold in the sun. For this reason, she was called Goldilocks.

One day, Goldilocks went into the meadows to collect flowers. She wandered around and after a while, she came to a forest where she had never been before. She went further into the forest, and it was very cool and shady.



Soon, she came to a little house, which was completely secluded in the forest, and because she was tired and thirsty, she knocked on the door. She hoped that there were good people living there who would give her something to drink and that she could rest for a while.

Goldilocks didn't know it, but this house belonged to three bears. There was a big Daddy Bear, a middle-sized Mommy Bear, and a sweet little Baby Bear, not bigger than Goldilocks herself. The three bears had just gone out for a walk in the forest while their dinner was cooling. So when Goldilocks knocked on the door, no one answered.



She waited for a while and knocked again. When no one answered, she pushed the door open and stepped inside. There were three chairs in a row. The first chair was a big chair. This was Daddy Bear's chair. The next chair was a middle-sized chair. This was Mommy Bear's chair. The last one was a small chair. This was Baby Bear's chair. And on the table were three bowls of steaming porridge. "And so," thought Goldilocks, "the people will come back soon to eat their porridge."

She wanted to sit down and rest until they came. So she first sat in the big chair, but the cushion was much too soft and much too big. She seemed to disappear into it. Then she sat in the middle-sized chair, but the cushion was too hard. After that, she sat in the small chair, and that was just right. She fit in as if it

were made for her. Goldilocks sat in the chair and swayed gently back and forth.

There was still no one at home, and she looked at the bowls of porridge on the table. "They probably aren't very hungry people," thought Goldilocks to herself, "or they would have come home already to eat their dinner."

The first bowl was a big bowl with a big wooden spoon in it. This bowl belonged to Daddy Bear. The second bowl was a medium-sized bowl, with a medium-sized wooden spoon in it. This bowl belonged to Mommy Bear. And the third bowl was a small bowl, with a small silver spoon in it. This bowl belonged to Baby Bear. The porridge in the bowls smelled so delicious that Goldilocks decided she would taste it.



She took the big spoon and tasted the porridge from the big bowl, but the porridge was much too hot. Then she took the medium-sized spoon and tasted the porridge from the medium-sized bowl, but this porridge was too cold. After that, she took the small silver spoon and tasted the porridge from the small bowl. This porridge was just right and tasted so delicious that she ate it all.

After eating, she felt sleepy, so she went upstairs. There were three beds in a row. The first bed was a big bed that belonged to Daddy Bear. The second bed was a medium-sized bed that belonged to Mommy Bear. The third bed was a cute little bed that belonged to Baby Bear.

Goldilocks first lay down on the big bed, but the pillow was too high and she couldn't get comfortable. Then she lay down on the medium-sized bed, but the pillow was too low, and that wasn't comfortable either. After that, she lay down on the small bed that belonged to Baby Bear, and it was just right. The bed felt so good that she stayed there until she fell into a deep sleep.

While Goldilocks was still sleeping in the small bed, the three bears came back home. As soon as they stepped through the door and looked around, they knew that someone had been in their house.

"Someone has sat in my chair," growled Father Bear loudly, "and left the cushion all crumpled up."

"And someone has also sat in my chair and left it at an angle," said Mother Bear in her middle voice.

"And someone has sat in my chair for a long time," squeaked Baby Bear in his high-pitched voice.

Then the three bears went to the table to get their porridge.

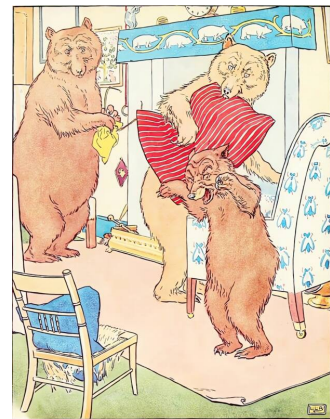
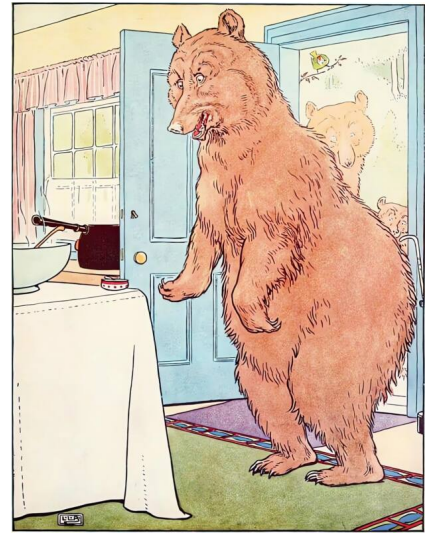
"What's happened here?" growled Father Bear with his deep bear voice. "Someone has tasted my porridge and left the spoon on the table."

"And someone has also taken some of my porridge and thrown it over the side," said Mother Bear in her middle tone.

"And someone tasted my porridge," cried Baby Bear in his high-pitched voice. "And they tasted so much that now it's all gone." And as he said that, Baby Bear looked very sad.

"If someone has been here, they might still be in the house," said Mother Bear. So the three bears went upstairs to look.

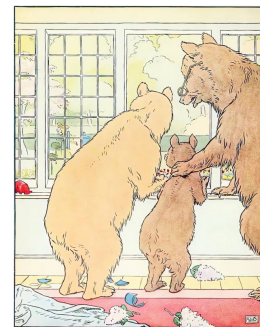
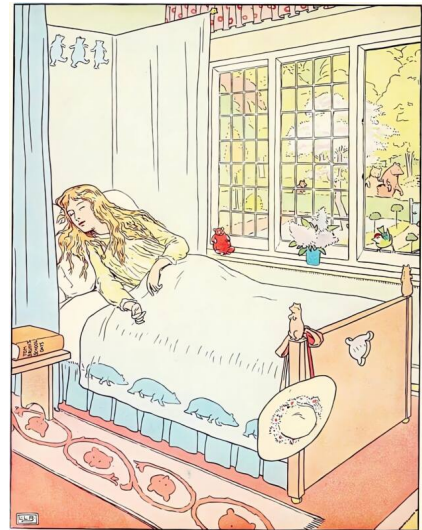
First, Father Bear looked at his bed. "Someone has been lying in my bed and pulled the covers down," he growled with his heavy voice. Then Mother Bear looked at her bed. "Someone has also been lying in my bed and taken the pillow off," said Mother Bear in her middle voice. Then Baby Bear looked at his bed, and there was Goldilocks with her cheeks as pink as roses, and her golden hair spread all over the pillow.



"Someone has been lying in my bed," Baby Bear squeaked excitedly, "and she's still there!"

When Goldilocks heard the heavy voice of Father Bear in her dreams, she dreamed it was thunder rolling through the sky. And when she heard the middle voice of Mother Bear, she dreamed it was the wind blowing through the trees. But when she heard the high-pitched voice of Baby Bear, it was so shrill and high that it woke her up immediately. She sat up in bed, and there were the three bears looking at her.

"Oh, dear me!" cried Goldilocks. She tumbled out of bed and ran to the window. It was open, and she jumped out before the bears could stop her. Then she ran as fast as she could back home, and she never went near the forest again. But Baby Bear cried big tears because he wanted to play with the pretty little girl.



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