

The Story Of The Three Bears Retold
By Ellen Baumwoll

Once upon a time there were three Bears who lived together in a house of their own in the middle of the woods. One was the great big Father Bear with a great gruff voice. One was a middle-sized Mother Bear with a middle-sized voice. And, one was a wee Baby Bear with a wee little voice.

They each had a bowl for their porridge. There was a great big bowl for the Father Bear, a middle-sized bowl for the Mother Bear, and a little bowl for the wee Baby Bear.

They each had a chair to sit in. There was a great big chair for the Father Bear, a middle-sized chair for Mother Bear, and a little chair for the wee Baby Bear.

And, they each had a bed to sleep in. There was a great big bed for the Father bear, a middle-sized bed for the Mother Bear, and a little bed for the wee Baby Bear.

Every day, after they made porridge for their breakfast, and poured it into their bowls, they took a walk into the woods while the porridge was cooling.

One day, while they were out walking, a little girl named Goldilocks came to the house. She had taken a long walk in the woods gathering flowers and needed to rest. She was called little Goldilocks because her hair shined like gold. First, she peeked in

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the window and then she looked through the keyhole. And, seeing nobody in the house, she lifted the latch on the door and went in. Little Goldilocks was so pleased when she saw the porridge on the table she did not stop to think that she should wait until the Bears came home and might ask her to stay for breakfast. These Bears were good-natured and welcoming even though they were a little rough in manner. But, she was very hungry and the porridge smelled so good. So, first she tasted the porridge of the great big Father Bear. "This porridge is too hot," she said. Then, she tasted the porridge of the middle-sized Mother Bear. "This porridge is too cold." And then, she tasted the porridge of the wee Baby Bear. "This porridge is neither too hot nor too cold, but just right." And, she liked it so much that she ate it all up.

Then, little Goldilocks sat down in the chair of the great big Father Bear. "This chair cushion is too hard," she said. Then, she sat down in the chair of the middle-sized Mother Bear. "This chair cushion is too soft." And then, she sat down in the chair of the wee Baby Bear. "This chair cushion is neither too hard nor too soft, but just right." So, she seated herself in it to take a rest but she was too big and the bottom of the chair fell out, and down she came "kerplunk!" to the floor.

By this time little Goldilocks felt sleepy. "I'm so tired," she yawned. "I must get some sleep." She went upstairs into the bedroom where the three Bears slept. First, she lay down on the bed of the great big Father Bear. "This is too high at the head

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for me," she said. Next, she lay down on the bed of the middle-sized Mother Bear. "This is too high at the foot for me." And then, she lay down on the bed of the wee Baby Bear. "This is neither too high at the head nor at the foot, but just right for me," she said. So, she covered herself up and lay there all cozy and comfortable until she fell fast asleep.

By this time, the three Bears thought their porridge would be cool enough so they came home for breakfast. Now, little Goldilocks had left the spoon of the great big Father Bear standing in his porridge. "SOMEBODY HAS BEEN EATING MY PORRIDGE!" said the great big Father Bear in his great gruff voice. And, when the middle-sized Mother Bear looked at her bowl, she saw that the spoon was standing in it, too. "SOMEBODY HAS BEEN EATING MY PORRIDGE!" said the middle-sized Mother Bear in her middle-sized voice. Then, the wee Baby Bear looked at his bowl and there was the spoon but the porridge was all gone. "SOMEBODY HAS BEEN EATING MY PORRIDGE AND HAS EATEN IT ALL UP!" said the wee Baby Bear in his wee little voice.

Upon this, the three Bears, seeing that someone had entered their house without their permission and eaten up the wee Baby Bear's breakfast, began to look around for an unwanted stranger. Now, little Goldilocks had not put the hard cushion straight when she got up from the chair of the great big Father Bear. "SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!" said the great big Father Bear in his great gruff voice. And, little Goldilocks had squatted down the

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soft cushion of the middle-sized Mother Bear. "SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!" said the middle-sized Mother Bear in her middle-sized voice. And, you know what little Goldilocks had done to the third chair. "SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR AND HAS SAT THE BOTTOM OUT OF IT!" said the Wee Baby Bear in his wee little voice.

Upon this, the three Bears, began to look around more for an unwanted stranger. They went upstairs into the bedroom. Now, little Goldilocks had pulled the pillow of the great big Father Bear out of its place. "SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!" said the great big Father Bear in his great gruff voice. And, little Goldilocks had pulled the pillow of the middle-sized Mother Bear out of place. "SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!" said the middle-sized Mother Bear in her middle-sized voice. And, when the wee Baby Bear looked at his bed, the pillow was in its place but to his surprise, there was pretty little Goldilocks' head upon it - where it should not have been, for she had no business being there without the three Bear's permission. "SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED - AND HERE SHE IS!" said the wee Baby Bear in his wee little voice.

Now, little Goldilocks had heard in her sleep the great gruff voice of the great big Father Bear but she was so fast asleep that it was no more to her than the roaring of the wind or the rumbling of thunder. And, she had heard the middle voice of the middle-sized Mother Bear but it was only as if she had heard some one speaking

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in a dream. But, when she heard the wee little voice of the wee Baby Bear it was so sharp and so shrill that she awakened at once. She opened her eyes and sat up in the bed.

When she saw the three Bears on one side of the bed she was so scared that she tumbled out at the other side and ran to the window. And, as quickly as you can say "Jack Robin," little Goldilocks opened the window, jumped out, and ran away into the woods, and the three Bears never saw anything more of her.

Except one day, they found a large pot of hot porridge and a beautiful bouquet of flowers in a golden vase on their doorstep with a thank-you note attached to it and they knew it must have been from little Goldilocks.

END.