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 nosy 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.”
After she'd eaten the three bears' breakfasts, she decided she was feeling a little tired. So, she walked into the living room where she saw three chairs. Goldilocks sat in the first chair to rest. "This chair is too big!" she exclaimed. So she sat in the second chair. "This chair is too big, too!" she whined. So she tried the last and smallest chair. "Ahh, this chair is just right," she sighed. But just as she settled down into the chair to rest, it broke into pieces! Goldilocks was very tired by this time, she went upstairs to the bedroom. She saw the three bears. She screamed, "Help!" And she jumped up and ran out of the room. Goldilocks ran down the stairs, opened the door, and ran away into the forest. She never returned to the home of the three bears. 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.
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.