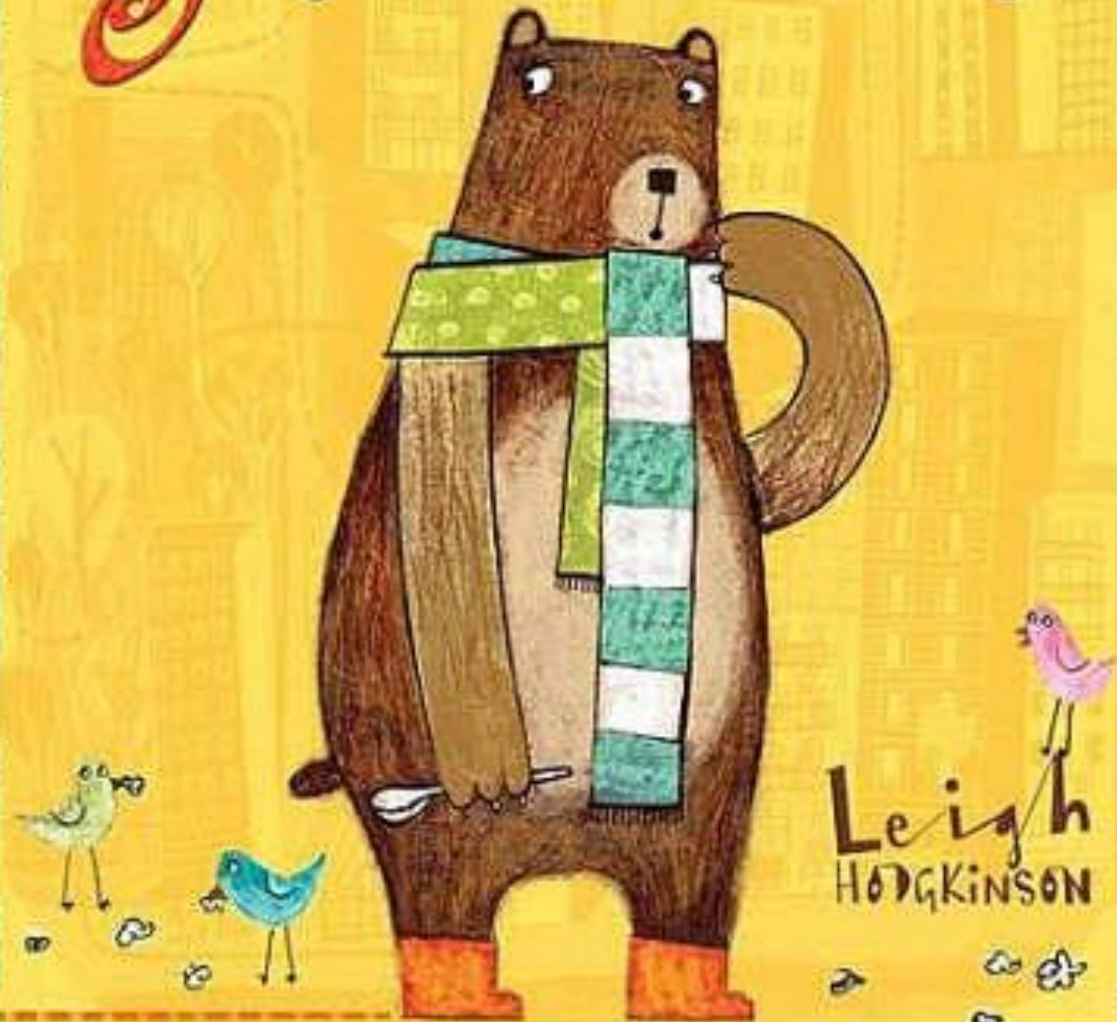


Goldilocks

AND JUST THE ONE BEAR



Leigh
HODGKINSON

nasy
CROW

Once upon a time, there was this bear.

One minute, he was lolling about in the wood
all happy-go-lucky ...

The next minute, he hadn't a crumb-of-a-clue
where he was.

He was one

COMPLETELELY
lost bear.





The bear didn't much like this place.
Too many BRIGHT LIGHTS and not enough twigs.
Too much loud HONKING and BEEPING
and not NEARLY enough owl-hooting.

The bear was also a teeny bit scared
and his furry legs had gone slightly WOBBLY.
“Maybe the thing to do,” said the bear looking
round, “is to nip into ‘Snooty Towers’ here, and
get away from this TERRIBLE racket.”



But the revolving door at Snooty Towers made the bear dizzy,
and being dizzy with **WOBBLY** legs was bad news.

What the bear needed
was a little rest.

A little rest
somewhere would

DEFINITELY

make things right.



level 18

level 17

level 16

level 15

level 14



The bear peeked through a door and thought how very pleasant it was up here.

“Not nasty and Noisy like down there,” thought the bear. “Just the place for a little sit-down.”



All that whooshy travelling was certainly a hungry business so, before his little sit-down, a spot of porridge seemed a good idea . . .



THIS porridge
is too **Soggy**.



THIS porridge
is too **CRUNCHY**.



THIS porridge is a bit on
the **DRY** side, but it is better
than nothing.



Now
the bear was
ready for his
little rest.

THIS chair is too

OUCHY



THIS chair is too

NOISY



THIS chair is **JUST** right!



A little rest is nice, but what the bear needed to really feel like himself again was a good old-fashioned nap in a comfy bed.

THIS bed is too
fratthy.



THIS bed is too
pink.



THIS bed is *just* right!



And soon he nodded off.

The bear dreamt of ...



The bear dreamt
of pottering about
in his slippers



The bear
dreamt of ...

... a voice shouting very, **VERY LOUDLY**

"SOMEBODY has been eating from MY fish bowl!" said the daddy person.

Somebody has been eating MY dear little Pumpkin's kitty nibbles!" said the mummy person.



"And somebody has been eating MY toast," said the little person. "And they've eaten it all up!"



Unfortunately, the bear was not dreaming at all. He was

WIDE-AWAKE and back in real life again.



"SOMEBODY

has **SQUISHED**
MY cactus!"
said the daddy person.



"Somebody
has **UPSET**
MY dear little
Primpkin!" said the
mommy person.



"And SOMEBODY

has **POPPED** MY beaushug chair!"
said the little person.

SOMEBODY

has been sleeping in
MY bath!" said the
daddy person.



Somebody

has been sleeping in
MY bed!" said the
mummy person.



"Shhhhh!" whispered the little person.

"I think THAT

somebody

is sleeping in
MY bed right now!"



The bear peeked from under the duvet to see a daddy person,
a mummy person and a little person standing right there.

The bear thought that the nursery person looked ever-so slightly familiar. And the nursery person thought that...



SCOFFING
other people's
breakfast.



BREAKING
other people's stuff,

and **SNOOZING**
in other people's beds...



...seemed ever-so slightly familiar too. Then, the penny dropped!

"Baby Bear?"

*said the
mommy person.*



"Goldilocks?"

*said the
bear.*



"Porridge?" asked Goldilocks.
The bear nodded.
So Goldilocks cooked up a
big bowl and plunked it in
front of him.



It made the bear almost forget about
that once-upon-a-time when

Goldilocks
had behaved so *DIRTY*.

THIS little bear would
never DREAM of doing

ANYTHING
like that.



And although it had been good
to see Goldilocks living so *happily ever after*
with those CHARMING people,
the bear decided it was time to go back
home to the woods.