

Goldilocks and the Three Little Bears-a Fractured Fairytale

Once upon a time, there was a young girl named Goldilocks. She looked good on the outside with her long blond dreads, but trust me... she was pure evil on the inside. That chick was all about herself. She was snotty and used to getting her own way. She had her parents wrapped around her little finger.

Goldilocks and her parents lived on the edge of a large dark forest. Goldilocks' parents only had one rule: not to walk into the forest. So you know what she did whenever she had a chance. Goldilocks broke that rule and went for walks in the forest. But one time, she got her sense of direction mixed up and got totally lost. No cell reception and no GPS, either. After wandering around for a while, she came upon a house. Of course, Goldilocks didn't hesitate a moment. She walked right in like she owned the place. Fortunately for her, no one was in that crib.

At the kitchen table, there were three bowls of porridge. Porridge is like two-week-old oatmeal. Trust me-you've got to be starving to eat that. But, Goldilocks was hungry. And since there was no McDonalds® in that forest, she decided to taste the porridge from the first bowl.

"This porridge is too hot!" she said. You think she'd realize that whoever made that stuff must just have left and would return any second, but fortunately for Goldilocks, this is a fairy tale and so the plot doesn't always make much sense.

Anyways, she tasted the porridge from the second bowl.

"This porridge is too cold," she complained.

Finally, she tasted the last bowl of porridge.

"Now that porridge is just right," she said. She ate the whole bowl.

After she'd eaten the porridge, she decided to kick back for a bit. She went into the living room and saw three chairs. She sat down in one of them, but her feet couldn't touch the floor.

"This chair is too big!" she exclaimed.

Then she sat in the second chair.

"This chair is still too big!" she moaned.

So she checked out the last chair.

"Nice. This chair is just my size. A recliner with heat and massage would be better, but it'll have to do" she thought.

Just as she began to relax, the chair seat crashed to the floor. In a fit of rage, Goldilocks tore up that chair into little pieces. That girl had issues.

By now, Goldilocks was pretty tired. She went upstairs into the bedroom. You guessed it. There were three beds. Goldilocks lay down in the first bed, but it was too hard. So she lay in the second bed, but it was too soft. Finally, she lay down in the third bed and it felt just right. Not as good as her own Sleep Number Bed®, but not bad. Goldilocks fell asleep, happily thinking about how worried her parents probably were about her.

While she was sleeping, the three bears came home.

"Someone's been eating my porridge," said Papa Bear.

"Someone's been eating my porridge," exclaimed Mama Bear.

"Someone's been eating my porridge and ate it all up!" cried Baby Bear.

"Someone's been sitting in my chair," growled Papa Bear.

"Someone's been sitting in my chair," said Mama Bear.

"Someone's been sitting in my chair and it's all broken," cried Baby Bear.

Papa Bear grabbed a baseball bat and the three bears walked upstairs to the bedroom. Papa Bear whispers, "Someone's been sleeping in my bed."

"Someone's been sleeping in my bed, too" said Mama Bear.

"Someone's sleeping in my bed right now!" shouted Baby Bear.

Baby Bear's shout woke up Goldilocks and she saw the three bears. She jumped out the window and started running. Of course, the bedroom was upstairs and the house was two stories, so this doesn't make much sense, but not much in this fairy tale does make sense, anyway.

Papa Bear was unsure how to respond to the burglary. She was just a little girl, but Baby Bear's chair was wrecked and Mama Bear was scared the girl would return with more of her friends or family. Papa Bear made up his mind what to do. A bear's gotta do what a bear's gotta do. That girl left tracks throughout the forest.

It took Goldilocks all day to find her way home. Goldilocks walked into her front yard, but something seemed wrong. The front door was open and there was crime scene yellow tape in front of the entryway. She walked in and saw large bear prints on the carpet. Every piece of furniture was in ruins-total destruction!

Goldilocks' parents were in their bedroom, talking to a police officer. Goldilocks ran crying into her mother's arms and promised never to go into the forest again.