

LEVELED BOOK • L

Goldilocks and the Other Three Bears



**Multi
level
I.L.P**

Retold by Alyse Sweeney
Illustrated by Stephen Marchesi

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Once upon a time, there lived
a youngster named Goldilocks.
One day, she went for a walk
in the woods.

She came upon a house and
knocked on the door.

No one answered, so she walked in.



Three bowls of porridge sat on the table. The yummy-smelling food made her hungry.

First she tasted the porridge from the big-sized bowl. “Yow!” she yelped. “This porridge is too hot.”

Then she tasted the porridge from the mid-sized bowl. “Bleck!” she groaned. “This porridge is too cold.”

Next, she tasted the small-sized bowl of porridge and said, “Mmmm. This porridge is just right.”

She gobbled it all.



After eating the porridge, Goldilocks walked into the living room. She saw three chairs and decided to sit for a bit.

First she sat in the big-sized chair. “Hmph!” she said. “This chair is too big.”

Then, she sat in the mid-sized chair. “This chair is still too big,” she said.

Next, she sat in the small-sized chair and sighed a happy sigh.

“This chair is just right.”

But seconds later—

—*Crack!* The chair broke!

“Oh well,” she yawned.



A sleepy Goldilocks climbed the stairs looking for a bed. She lay down on the big-sized bed. But it was too hard.

So she lay down on the mid-sized bed. But it was too soft.

Then she lay down on the small-sized bed, and it was just right.

"Zzzzzz."





While Goldilocks slept, the owners of the house returned from their walk. The three Bears did not like what they saw.

“Someone’s been eating my porridge,” growled Big Papa Bear.

“Someone’s been eating my porridge,” sighed Mama Bear.

“Someone’s been eating my porridge,” cried Wee Baby Bear.

“And it’s all gone!”



Next, the hungry Bears saw their chairs.

“Someone’s been sitting in my chair,” growled Big Papa Bear.

“Someone’s been sitting in my chair,” sighed Mama Bear.

“Someone’s been sitting in my chair,” cried Wee Baby Bear. “And it’s broken!”

Then the hungry, angry Bears
marched upstairs.

“Someone’s been sleeping in my bed,”
growled Big Papa Bear.

“Someone’s been sleeping in my bed,”
sighed Mama Bear.

“Someone’s been sleeping in my bed,”
cried Wee Baby Bear. “And she’s still
there!”

“Keep it down!” whined Goldilocks.





When she saw three hungry, angry Bears staring at her, she jumped out of bed.

“Help!” she screamed, running all the way home.

Goldilocks never again went to the home of the three Bears.

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