

LEVELED BOOK • P

Goldilocks and the Three Bears



Written by Alyse Sweeney
Illustrated by David Cockcroft

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Table of Contents

Meet Goldilocks and the Three Bears . . 4

Goldilocks Makes Herself at Home. . . . 5

Back from Blueberry Picking 12

Help! 19

Meet Goldilocks and the Three Bears

Once upon a time, there was a youngster named Goldilocks who lived at the edge of the forest. She was called Goldilocks because her beautiful locks glistened in the sun, like gold. Goldilocks was curious by nature. She often looked for—and found—adventures in the forest.

One bright morning, she set out for a stroll in the woods. She came upon a cozy cottage and peeked in the windows. When she didn't see anyone inside, she knocked on the door. When nobody came to the door, she turned the handle and went right in. (Goldilocks did not have the best manners in the forest.)

Goldilocks didn't realize that the cottage belonged to a family of bears. There was a teeny-sized baby bear, a medium-sized mama bear, and a huge-sized papa bear.



Goldilocks also didn't realize that the bear family had a daily morning routine. After Papa Bear made a steaming pot of porridge, the family went blueberry picking. This way, the porridge had time to cool, and they had plump, sweet blueberries to plop into their porridge.

Goldilocks Makes Herself at Home

The first thing Goldilocks noticed when she walked into the cottage was three steaming bowls of porridge sitting on the table. The rich, sweet-smelling porridge made her stomach gurgle with hunger.

Goldilocks couldn't resist, so she took a heaping spoonful of the porridge from Papa Bear's huge bowl.

"Yow!" she yelped, fanning her mouth.

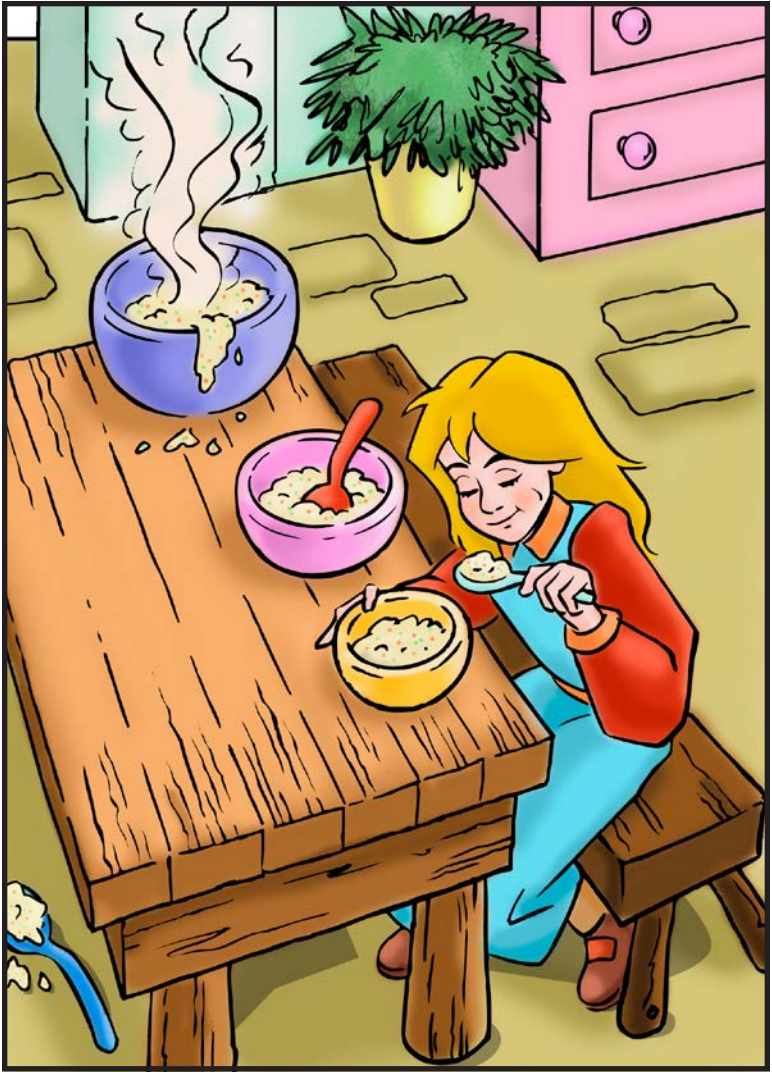
"This porridge is as hot as lava!"

Then Goldilocks tasted the porridge from Mama Bear's medium-sized bowl.

"Bleck!" she groaned, pushing the bowl away. "This porridge is as cold as gazpacho!"

Next, Goldilocks tasted the porridge from Teeny Baby Bear's small bowl and with closed eyes sighed a happy

"Mmmmmmmm."



“This porridge isn’t just good,” she said aloud. “It’s great. In fact, it’s just right.” And she quickly gobbled up every last bit of Teeny Baby Bear’s porridge.

After eating the porridge, Goldilocks was curious about the rest of the cottage, so she wandered into the living room. She saw three chairs and decided to sit for a bit, for she was feeling quite full.

First she sat in Papa Bear's huge chair, but jumped up with a scowl on her face.

"Hmph," she huffed. "This chair is as big as a refrigerator!"

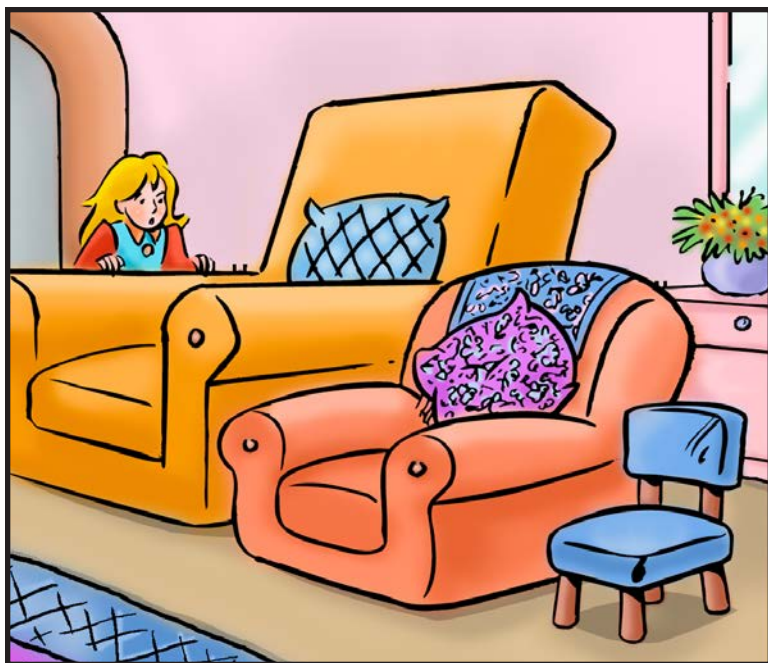
Then Goldilocks sat in Mama Bear's medium-sized chair and again jumped up in an instant. "This chair is still too big!" she whined.

Next, Goldilocks sat in Teeny Baby Bear's small chair and began to bounce with glee.

"This chair isn't just a little comfortable," she beamed. "It's really comfortable. In fact, it's just—

Crack!

—right."



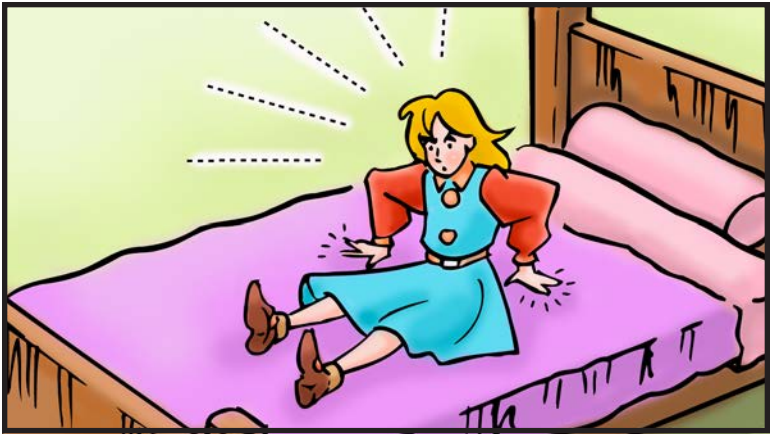
“Oh well,” she yawned. She didn’t have the energy to fix the broken chair. A sleepy Goldilocks wearily climbed the stairs searching for a bed. She plopped onto the first bed she saw—Papa Bear’s huge bed.

“No, no, no,” she complained. “This bed is as hard as granite.”

When she plopped onto Mama Bear’s medium-sized bed, she screamed, “Help! I’m sinking!”

After a struggle, she finally climbed out from the middle of the mattress. “This bed is as soft as a giant, girl-eating cotton ball,” she said, frowning at the messy pile of blankets and pillows.

When Goldilocks plopped onto Teeny Baby Bear’s small bed, she smiled, closed her eyes, and whispered, “This bed isn’t just a little comfy and cozy. It’s really comfy and cozy. In fact, it’s just . . . Zzzzz.”



Back From Blueberry Picking

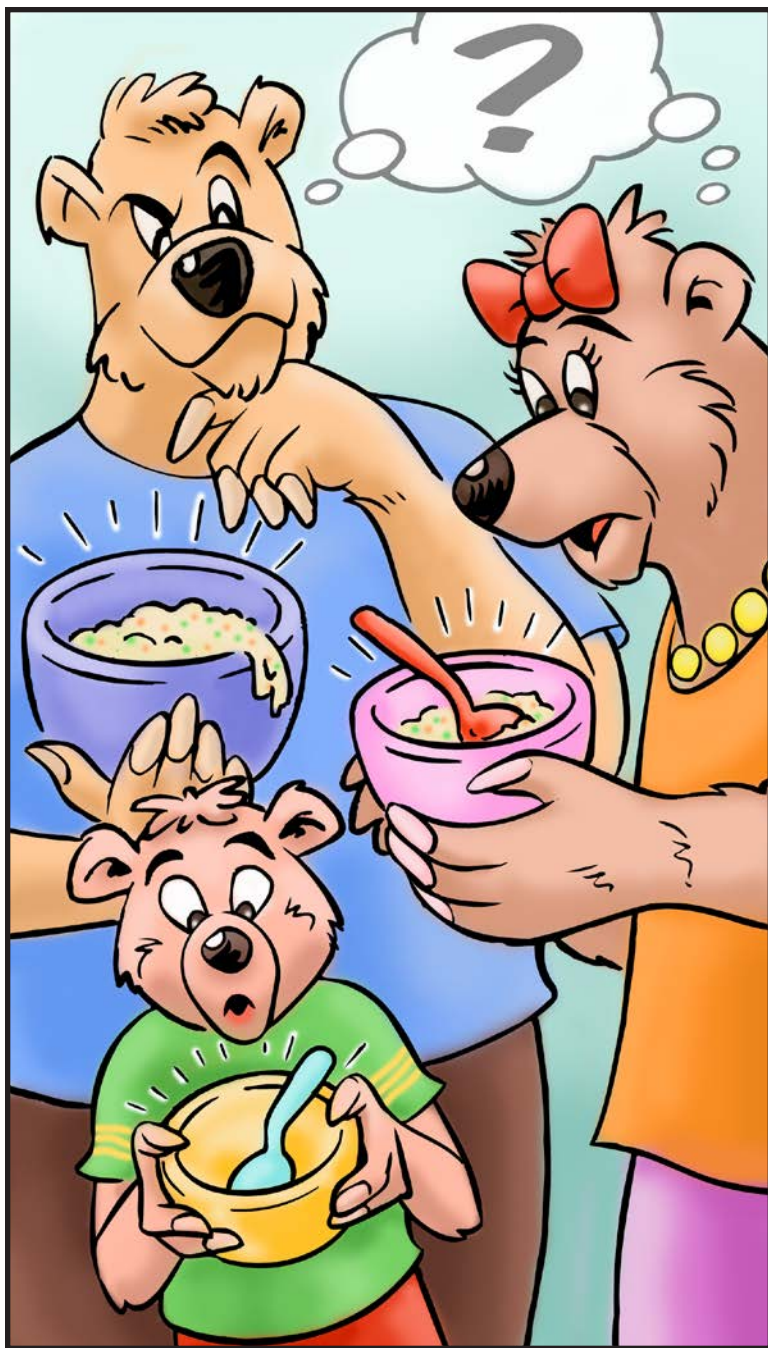
While Goldilocks slept, the owners of the house returned from blueberry picking. Papa Bear carried a huge basket brimming with blueberries. Mama Bear carried a medium-sized basket brimming with blueberries. And Teeny Baby Bear carried a small basket brimming with blueberries.

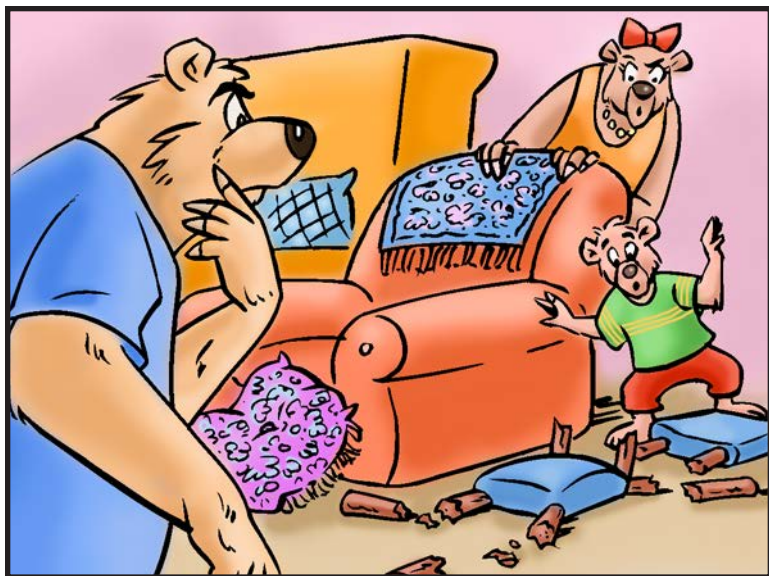
The three bears were not prepared for what they found when they opened their cottage door.

“Someone’s been eating my porridge,” growled Papa Bear in a huge bear growl.

“Someone’s been eating my porridge,” growled Mama Bear in a medium bear growl.

“Someone’s been eating my porridge,” growled Teeny Baby Bear in a teeny bear growl. “And it’s all gone!”





Next, the hungry bears walked into the living room and saw their chairs.

“Someone’s been sitting in my chair,” growled Papa Bear in a huge bear growl.

“Someone’s been sitting in my chair,” growled Mama Bear in a medium bear growl.

“Someone’s been sitting in my chair,” growled Teeny Baby Bear in a teeny bear growl. “And it’s broken in hundreds of pieces!”

Then the hungry, angry bears marched noisily up the stairs.

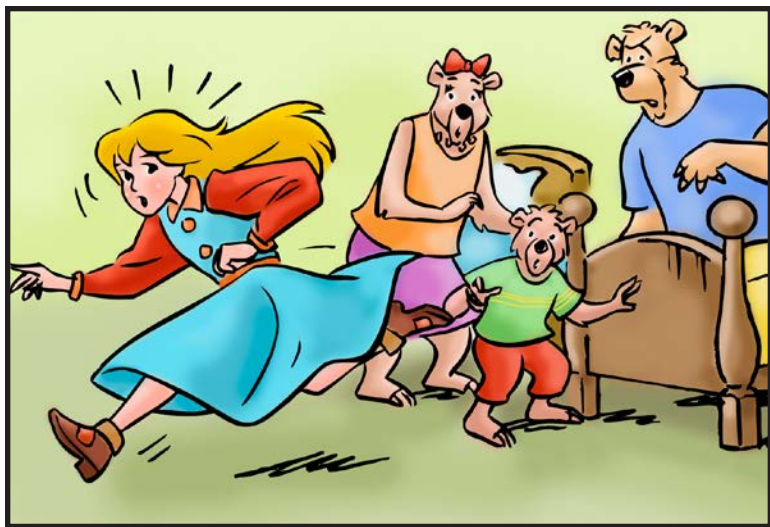
“Someone’s been sleeping in my bed,” growled Papa Bear in a huge growl.

“Someone’s been sleeping in my bed,” growled Mama Bear in a medium growl.

“Someone’s been sleeping in my bed,” growled Teeny Baby Bear in a teeny growl. “And she’s still there!”

“Shhhh! I’m trying to sleep!” whined Goldilocks.





Help!

When she saw three hungry, angry bears staring at her, she leapt out of bed.

“Help!” she screamed, running down the stairs, past the chairs, past the bowls of porridge, and out the door.

Goldilocks never again went to the home of the three bears. But she did often daydream about that delicious bowl of porridge, and that perfect little wooden chair, and that comfy, cozy bed. They really were just right.

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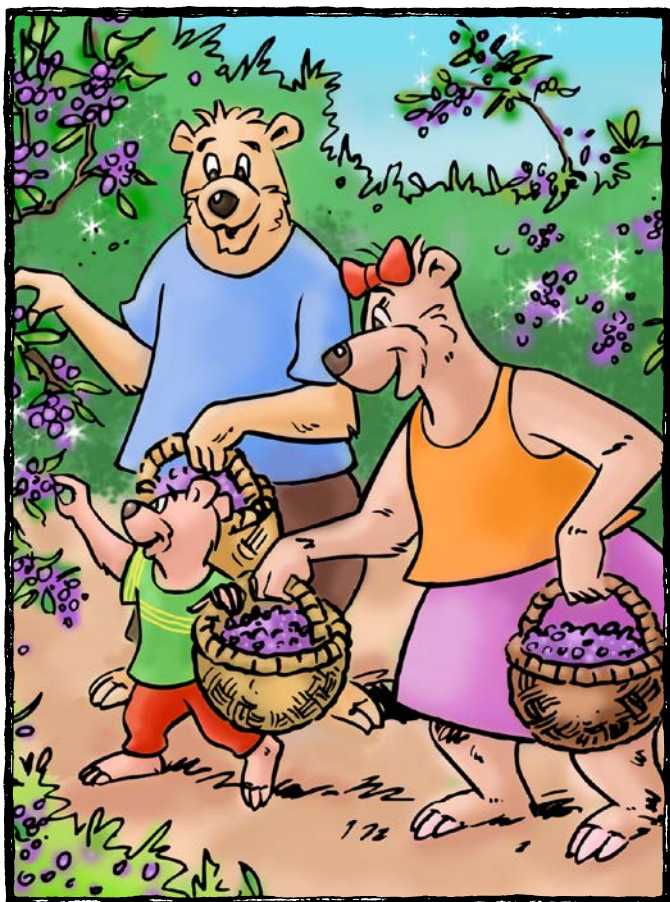
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