



# The Three Bears' Breakfast



When three bears wake from a long sleep only one kind of breakfast will do... porridge. When Mummy Bear cooked porridge she insisted on using the microwave and it always came out too hot to eat. There's nothing worse than watching porridge cool, so, despite their hunger, Daddy, Mummy and Baby Bear went out for a walk.

When you're scary and ferocious like a bear you can leave your door on the latch and there is no need to bother with locks and keys, so that's just what they did. And it was trimp, tramp off for a healthy forest walk.

That day someone else was walking in the forest. It was Goldilocks, a feisty little girl with an inquiring mind and no great respect for others' privacy. When she came upon a house, she lifted the latch and went straight in.

Now, as those bears could tell you, walking in the forest works up an appetite. So when Goldilocks saw three bowls of porridge on the table she grabbed herself a spoon.

The porridge in the big bowl was too hot, the porridge in the medium sized bowl was too cold (it must have been in a draught), but the porridge in the small bowl was... "Ah! Just right!"

Soon that little bowl was empty and the porridge that she'd eaten was lying a little heavily on Goldilocks' stomach so she decided to take the weight off her feet.

The big chair was too hard, the medium sized chair was too soft, but the little chair was... "Ah! Just right!"

That was until Goldilocks weight worked on that badly wrought joinery (bears paws aren't made for good carpentry). The chair's leg snapped clean off pitching Goldilocks onto the floor.

Her recumbent position reminded Goldilocks that there are more ways than one of taking a rest. She was sure that up those rickety stairs must be some beds.

She was right but the big bed was too hard and the medium sized bed was too soft. But that little bed was... "Ah! Just right!"

And before long Goldilocks had fallen fast asleep.

Meanwhile the bear family had just arrived home nursing a raging hunger. Nothing much puts you off your food more than finding out someone has been tampering with it.

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

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

"Someone's been eating my porridge," said Baby Bear, "and they've eaten it all up!"

Well, they were shocked and needed a sit down to recover, but then they were shocked again.

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

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

“Someone’s been sitting in my chair,” said Baby Bear, “and they’ve broken it all to pieces!”

Well, they were shocked and needed a lie down to recover, but then they were shocked again.

“Someone’s been sleeping in my bed,” said Daddy Bear.

“Someone’s been sleeping in my bed,” said Mummy Bear.

“Someone’s been sleeping in my bed,” said Baby Bear, “and they’re still there!”

It was only 9 o’clock in the morning and those bears had had enough shocks to last them an entire day. They were at a loss for words. Sometimes words just don’t seem to be able to express how you really feel. They opened their mouths wide and they GROWLED such GROWLS.

Goldilocks, a light sleeper even after a heart breakfast, opened her eyes. When she saw those bears with their gaping jaws it was the work of a moment to be up out of bed; out through the window; down by the drain pipe; across the garden, over the garden fence; and far, far away.

I’ll tell you one thing; she never went into that forest again. Hopefully she never let her curiosity get the better of her either, but I don’t know that for sure. What I can tell you is those bears took to cooking their porridge nice and slow in a big pot over the fire. They never went out for walks before breakfast, and they grew nice and fat just as all bears should be. And, of course, they lived happily, yes, so happily ever after.



where  
words  
work

**Mythstories**  
museum of myth and fable