

Please reread the text from yesterday and answer the set of questions below.

This famous wicked little tale  
Should never have been put on sale.  
It is a mystery to me  
Why loving parents cannot see  
That this is actually a book  
About a brazen little crook.  
Had I the chance I wouldn't fail  
To clap young Goldilocks in jail.  
Now just imagine how *you'd* feel  
If you had cooked a lovely meal,  
Delicious porridge, steaming hot,  
Fresh coffee in the coffee-pot,  
With maybe toast and marmalade,  
The table beautifully laid,  
One place for you and one for dad,  
Another for your little lad.  
Then dad cries, 'Golly-gosh! Gee-whizz!  
'Oh cripes! How hot this porridge is!



'Let's take a walk along the street  
'Until it's cool enough to eat.'  
He adds, 'An early morning stroll  
'Is good for people on the whole.  
'It makes your appetite improve  
'It also helps your bowels to move.'  
No proper wife would dare to question  
Such a sensible suggestion,  
Above all not at breakfast-time  
When men are seldom at their prime.  
No sooner are you down the road  
Than Goldilocks, that little toad,  
That nosey thieving little louse,  
Comes sneaking in your empty house.  
She looks around. She quickly notes  
Three bowls brimful of porridge oats.  
And while still standing on her feet,  
She grabs a spoon and starts to eat.



I say again, how *would* you feel  
If you had made this lovely meal  
And some delinquent little tot  
Broke in and gobbled up the lot?

But wait! That's not the worst of it!  
Now comes the most distressing bit.  
You are of course a houseproud wife,  
And all your happy married life  
You have collected lovely things  
Like gilded cherubs wearing wings,  
And furniture by Chippendale  
Bought at some famous auction sale.  
But your most special valued treasure,  
The piece that gives you endless pleasure,  
Is one small children's dining-chair,  
Elizabethan, very rare.  
It is in fact your joy and pride,  
Passed down to you on grandma's side.  
But Goldilocks, like many freaks,  
Does not appreciate antiques.  
She doesn't care, she doesn't mind,  
And now she plonks her fat behind  
Upon this dainty precious chair,  
And crunch! It busts beyond repair.  
A nice girl would at once exclaim,  
'Oh dear! Oh heavens! What a shame!'





Not Goldie. She begins to swear.  
She bellows, 'What a lousy chair!'  
And uses *one* disgusting word  
That luckily you've never heard.  
(I dare not write it, even hint it.  
Nobody would ever print it.)  
You'd think by now this little skunk  
Would have the sense to do a bunk.  
But no. I very much regret  
She hasn't nearly finished yet.  
Deciding she would like a rest,  
She says, 'Let's see which bed is best.'  
Upstairs she goes and tries all three.  
(Here comes the next catastrophe.)  
Most educated people choose  
To rid themselves of socks and shoes  
Before they clamber into bed.  
But Goldie didn't give a shred.  
Her filthy shoes were thick with grime,  
And mud and mush and slush and slime.  
Worse still, upon the heel of one  
Was something that a dog had done.  
I say once more, what *would* you think  
If all this horrid dirt and stink  
Was smeared upon your eiderdown  
By this revolting little clown?  
(The famous story has no clues  
To show the girl removed her shoes.)

Oh, what a tale of crime on crime!  
Let's check it for a second time.

*Crime One*, the prosecution's case:  
She breaks and enters someone's place.

*Crime Two*, the prosecutor notes:  
She steals a bowl of porridge oats.

*Crime Three*: She breaks a precious chair  
Belonging to the Baby Bear.

*Crime Four*: She smears each spotless sheet  
With filthy messes from her feet.

A judge would say without a blink,  
'Ten years hard labour in the clink!'   
But in the book, as you will see,  
The little beast gets off scot-free,  
While tiny children near and far  
Shout, 'Goody-good! Hooray! Hurrah!'   
'Poor darling Goldilocks!' they say,  
'Thank goodness that she got away!'   
Myself, I think I'd rather send  
Young Goldie to a sticky end.  
'Oh daddy!' cried the Baby Bear,  
'My porridge gone! It isn't fair!'   
'Then go upstairs,' the Big Bear said,  
'Your porridge is upon the bed.  
'But as it's inside mademoiselle,  
'You'll have to eat *her* up as well.'

## Find and copy

- 1) Find and copy a word on p.29 that means 'bold'.
- 2) Find and copy a phrase on p.30 that tells you when the bears went for a walk.
- 3) Find and copy a phrase on p.30 that tells you Goldie didn't sit to eat.
- 4) Find and copy a phrase on p.32 that tells you the furniture is important.
- 5) Find and copy the word on p.34 that means 'girl'.