

GOLDILOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS

by
Roald Dahl

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 depressing 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 plomks her fat behind
Upon this dainty precious chair
And crunch! It bursts beyond repair
A nice girl would at once exclaim
“Oh dear! Oh heavens! What a shame.”
Not Goldilocks, she begins to swear
She bellows, “What a lousy chair.”
And used 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 somehting 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