

Goldilocks and the Three Pears  
(An adaptation from Goldilocks and the Three Bears)  
Eli W. 9/30/18

One day, Goldilocks strolled her way to her brick house when she spotted someone new. There was a big tree house to Goldilocks' left. She curiously climbed up the ladder and knocked on the door. Nobody answered. She went inside anyway. Inside, there were three salads.



She tried the first one. "This one is way too sweet," she grumbled. She tried the next one. It was too salty. "Ugh, this one is like I ate fire." Goldilocks tried the last one. "This one is perfect!" she delightfully said. Next, she saw three chairs made out of leaves. She sat in the first one. It made a loud plump as it exploded. "Am I that heavy?" she mused.



She tried the second one. It was okay, but slightly too hard for her. She tried the third one. “Ha, ha, this one is great!” she exclaimed. Finally she went to the attic. It was dark and musty, but as soon as she saw the beds she didn’t care about the discomfort. Goldilocks laid down on the first bed. She screamed! “AAH, there is a caterpillar in there!” She quickly tried the next bed. “This one is too soft,” she said. Goldilocks tried the last one. “Ah, this one is perfect.” She quickly fell asleep. Outside, the three pears came into their tree house. “My salad is half eaten,” the father yelled! “Same!” said the mother.” “My salad is eaten!?” bawled the son. They went to their chairs. “Someone exploded mine,” said the father angrily. “Someone sat on mine,” shouted the mother. “Someone sat on mine too,” shrieked the son. The family went up to their “nice” attic and looked at their beds. “Someone laid down on mine,” howled the father in rage. “Someone laid down on mine too,” hollered the mother. “Someone is sleeping on mine right now,” yelled the son. The father and mother yelled, “Why are you sleeping on our son’s bed!” Goldilocks woke up and thought “*Am I dreaming? Talking pears the size of my legs?*” “Who cares?” she said to herself, “I’m starving!” She quickly grabbed the three pears and scarfed them down.

The End

“Yum, some nice pear juice.”

