

# *The Story of Curlylocks and the Three Bears*



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The Bear Family circled the bed and looked at the sleeping child. They wondered who she was and where she came from. "Can we keep her?" asked Baby Bear.

"No, Baby Bear. She's a little girl, not a stray kitten." Papa Bear chuckled. "I bet she has a very worried Mama or Papa wondering where she is right now."

Just then, Curlylocks woke up and saw the three bears. With a scream of fright, Curlylocks jumped up and ran out of the room, down the stairs, and into the forest. She ran all the way home, not stopping even once. Her mother hugged her and let Curlylocks help make a tasty dinner of vegetable stew and green salad.



**THE END**



This version of *Curlylocks and the Three Bears* was created by the State ECEAP Office, Washington State Department of Early Learning, 2006.

After breakfast, the Bear Family decided to rest in their chairs near the fireplace and take turns telling stories.

They walked into the living room, and stopped and stared.



"Someone's been sitting in my chair." Papa Bear was starting to get a little upset. "Someone's been sitting in my chair, too," Mama Bear pointed out. "Someone's been sitting in my chair and it's broken," wailed Baby Bear.



Baby Bear was having a really tough day.

Papa Bear picked up Baby Bear and hugged him close. Together, they picked up the pieces of the broken chair, and Papa Bear helped Baby Bear fix the little chair. Then the Bear Family decided to take a nap, so they went upstairs.



At the top of the stairs, they stopped in amazement.

"Someone's been sleeping in my bed!" Papa Bear felt angry. "Someone's been sleeping in my bed, too," said



Mama Bear, feeling rather annoyed herself. "Someone's been sleeping in my bed and she's still there!"

exclaimed Baby Bear, peering over Papa Bear's shoulder at the sleeping

little girl.

## The Story of Curlylocks and the Three Bears



Once upon a time, a little girl called Curlylocks lived near a forest.

Curlylocks loved exploring the forest behind her home. Birds sang merrily in the trees.

Sunshine peeked through the branches. Little flowers nestled in the wild grass. Today, Curlylocks walked farther than she ever had before.



Soon, Curlylocks found a snug log cabin. "I wonder who lives here," she thought, and knocked on the door. But no one answered, so she opened the door. Inside she saw a table and three bowls of porridge.

Curlylocks' stomach rumbled. She was hungry! And her favorite snack was porridge, especially with banana mixed into it. Curlylocks tasted the porridge in the first bowl. "Ow! This porridge is too hot!" she cried. She tried the second bowl. "Brrr! This porridge is too cold." She tasted the third bowl of porridge. "Ahhh, this porridge is just right," she sighed, and happily ate it all up.



After eating, Curlylocks explored the next room. She saw three chairs next to a fireplace. Curlylocks climbed into the first chair, a very large wooden rocking chair. "This chair is too big!" she exclaimed. Her feet didn't even touch the floor!



She sat in the second chair. "This chair is too soft!" Curlylocks whimpered, sinking down in the soft chair. She wiggled around until her feet found the floor, and looked at the next chair curiously.

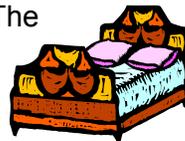
It was a small wooden chair. Curlylocks smiled and sat down with relief. At last, a chair her size! Just then, the chair made a horrible cracking sound and Curlylocks fell to the floor with a thump.



Curlylocks started to cry. She felt very tired and wanted a nap. So, she climbed the stairs looking for a place to lie down. At the top of the stairs, she saw a room with three beds.



Curlylocks sat down on the first bed, and gave a little bounce. "Ouch!" she said. The mattress felt hard as a rock. She poked the



second bed with her hand, but it was too soft. What if she got stuck in all those blankets?



So, she walked over to the third bed, and carefully stretched out on it. When it didn't break, she sighed happily and wrapped the patchwork quilt around her. Soon, she started to snore.



Not long after, the three bears came home. They went walking that morning to let their porridge cool, and because they knew walking was good for their bodies. Now, they were hungry! They washed their hands and sat down at the table, ready to eat their porridge.

But then, Papa Bear said in a surprised voice, "'Someone's been eating my porridge!' "And someone's been eating my porridge," said Mama Bear,



concerned about germs. "Someone's been eating my porridge and they ate it all up!" cried Baby Bear, sad that his porridge was all gone. He liked



porridge with bananas, too! Mama Bear hugged Baby Bear close. And then the Bear Family ate apple slices and cheese for breakfast instead.