

Goldithief and the Three Innocent Bears

Once upon a time, there were three bears who lived in a section of the woods far from any residential areas. Now the mama and the papa were always bickering and whenever they started to fight, the cub would suggest a walk in the woods. One day, mama bear made porridge for breakfast. The papa bear took one bite and spit it out.

"Oh, what's wrong now!?" said Mama bear. She had had to wake up at 6:00 that morning to make it.

"It's too hot! That's what's wrong with it!" Papa bear answered.

"Oh, yer always complaining! If anything, it's too cold!"

"I think it's time for another one of those therapeutical walks in the woods," Baby bear said putting down his spoon. He'd finished his because it was just right. (Go figure.)

"Good idea," the two adult bears said simultaneously. They went out the door in opposite directions.

Baby bear cleared his throat. "I kinda meant *together*."

"Oh, *all right*," Mama and Papa agreed. Baby had always known best.

"Say, don't you think that you ought to lock the door?" said Baby. "I've heard that a little girl has been entering unlocked houses without permission lately."

"Bah. The talking doorknocker will scare `er off." Papa bear waved his hand.

"Suit yourself!" Baby shrugged, and the three of them started to leave.

"Wait a second! I've got a potty emergency!" Papa bear shouted as he ran back into the house.

"I swear, he just drinks too much coffee in the morning." Mama bear shook her head.

"Well, the best part of waking up is coffee in your cup," Baby bear said.

After a while, who should come along but little Goldithief. She saw the tiny cottage in the woods and thought to herself, "Hoo hoo! My next target!" She knocked on the door to make sure it was empty.

"Bugger off!"

"Who said that?" asked Goldithief, looking around.

"I did!" the talking doorknocker said. "Now make like a tree and leaf!"

"I don't have to listen to you." Goldithief sneered.

"Wha...of course you do! People always listen to talking inanimate objects in these kind of stories! It's in our contract!" the doorknocker shouted. "I'm in a union, ya know!"

"Yeah, sure, whatever." Goldithief shrugged and walked in.

"Hey, HEY, HEY! Get back here you little punk! Why if I had arms, I'd wallop ya right here! C'mon, c'mon..."

She entered the kitchen, where she saw the bowls of porridge sitting on the table. The food reminded her how hungry she was. She looked in the bowls and saw that there was already a bite out of each bowl except for baby bear's, which was empty.

I'm not too fond of porridge anyways, she thought. So, she went to the fridge, got out some luncheon meats and vegetables and made a triple decker sandwich.

Then she decided to find a place to sit and relax. In the living room stood a little plastic chair (Baby's), a couch (Mama's), and a recliner (Papa's). She decided to try Baby's chair first. The chair was sturdy, but for people over the age of three it happened to literally be a pain in the butt.

Next she sat on the couch. But it was way too soft, for Mama bear took long naps on it.

Finally, she plopped onto the recliner. Something hard was stuck under the seat cushion, though, and when she reached under the pillow to pull it out, it turned out to be the chair's remote control. A Massagio-matic 2000+, one of the most relaxing chairs on the market. What luck, she thought.

She sat on the chair and turned it on. The rollers made a whirring white noise as the chair gently massaged her back. After a while, she saw a button on the control that read, "Do not press." Wondering why, she decided to see what happened if you pressed it. (She wasn't very bright, or she wouldn't have broke in in the first place.)

Suddenly, the massage rollers went into hyper speed! It was relaxing for a while, but the chair couldn't take it. It blew up, throwing Goldithief to the other side of the room. She had a short cursing streak (For shame, Goldithief!) before deciding to take a nap. "At least a bed won't blow up on me," she muttered to herself.

Upstairs in the master bedroom, Goldithief saw a double bed. It had been sawed in half due to the technical difficulties of Mama and Papa bear's marriage. I can't sleep on that, she thought, I might fall off and get splinters! So she went into Baby's room. There she found a rocket bed and several pictures of Albert Einstein. This'll do, she thought as she settled into the bed. I'll just have a quick nap and leave.

Well, about an hour later, the bears came back. Unfortunately, the walk hadn't been quite as therapeutical as Baby bear had hoped and his parents still weren't talking to each other. Baby bear was thinking about the chances of a divorce if things kept going the way they were when he noticed the talking doorknocker fuming to itself.

"Hey, what's wrong?" asked Baby bear.

"What's wrong!?! WHAT'S WRONG!?! I'll tell you what's wrong! Some stupid little girl didn't listen to me and entered the house! I swear, if you don't start locking your doors, I'm quitting and heading to Reno! That'd be a lot more fun than working at this dump," the doorknocker burst out, eventually diminishing to a low mumble, in which he began to mutter something about fun and the showgirls down in Reno.

"Well, Baby bear DID tell you to lock the door, *honey*." Mama bear glared at Papa.

"Hey, nobody asked YOU for a comment," Papa growled.

"Listen, let's just go in and check for damages," Baby bear suggested.
"All right," Mama and Papa agreed.

The first thing Papa bear noticed was the bites in the porridge.
"SOMEBODY'S BEEN EATING OUR PORRIDGE!" he shouted.

Mama scowled. "Oh hush up. Those're just the bites we took this morning."

"Well, somebody raided the refrigerator, that's for sure," Baby said, noting the open refrigerator. "That somebody isn't very conservant about electricity, either."

"I knew it! I knew you had something more than going to the privvy in mind when you said you had to do your business!" Mama bear exclaimed.

Papa looked shocked. "I didn't raid it!"

"Oh, c'mon, we've got better things to do than argue. Let's check the living room," Baby said.

"AHHHHHHHH!!!!!! SOMEBODY BROKE MY \$1000 MASSAGIO-MATIC 2000+!" Papa shouted when he saw his chair.

"Obviously, our unwelcome guest doesn't know how to listen to instructions," Baby said. "Let's check the bedrooms."

The parents went into the master bedroom while Baby checked his room. "Well, nothing different here," Papa mused. Suddenly, Baby dashed into the room.

"Hey! I just found our culprit sleeping in my bed!" Baby exclaimed.

"Stay quiet. I'll call the local authorities," said Mama. She then went to the phone and dialed 911.

"Hello, is this the police? Yeah, this is Mama bear at 41951, Yellowstone forest, and we have that girl that's been breaking into houses lately. She's asleep in our baby's room." She paused to listen. Details of the area? Yeah, we live by Old Faithful, about 20 meters south." She paused again. "Is she armed? No, I don't think she's armed. All right, thanks a lot, bye bye."

The fairy tale you have just read is true. Only the names have been changed to protect the innocent.

Goldithief was caught trying to escape through the window of Baby's room and was sentenced to five months in jail for unlawful entry. She was taken home and grounded for two years without any dessert.

Papa bear was unlawfully shot by a hunter and his head is now mounted on a wall somewhere in Wyoming. Mama bear, happier than ever, became rich off the stocks she bought with the insurance money. She now lives somewhere in Honolulu.

Baby bear enrolled into police school and served on the force for three years before joining the fire department. He now goes around putting out forest fires and visiting summer camps.

The true story of Little Red Riding Hood

Once upon a time, there was a girl named Little Red Riding Hood. One horrible rainy Monday, she put on her red hood and started walking to her grandmothers. She was going to deliver some poisonous "goodies" she had baked that morning. She carried them in a basket.

While walking through the rainy forest, she slipped on a slimy slug. Boy, was she ever mad! All of a sudden, when she was about to slip on another slug, she felt someone catch her by the arm. She looked up to discover Elvis Prestley. She was wondering if it was him, or just another sighting! She thought it was very nice of him to help her, so she offered him one of her cookies. About a minute after eating the cookie, Elvis dropped to the forest floor, dead as a doorknob. She felt terrible, but only for a second. After all, she was planning on testing them on someone before she got to her grandmother's house.

The whole time she had been walking in the forest, a wolf named Charming Charlie had been following her. There was one thing most people didn't know about Charlie. Poison didn't get to him. He could gobble down all the cookies in her basket and feel great!

When he realized that she was going to poison her grandmother with the cookies, he ran ahead to get to Grandmother's house before Little Red Riding Hood arrived.

He told her grandmother that Little Red had poisonous cookies, but she did not believe it at first. Then she thought about it and remembered how she killed the cat with poisonous cat food after it scratched her. Her grandmother also remembered how mad Little Red was when her grandmother didn't buy her the newest 2000 addition Barbie Doll. Come to think of it, grandmother remembered how mad she gets anytime when she doesn't get her way.

He told the Grandmother to hide in the closet. Then he got dressed up as the grandmother and jumped in bed and pulled the sheets up to his nose. Little Red came skipping in and said, "I sure wish you would have bought me that pretty Barbie for Christmas, Grandmother." Then she offered her grandmother one of the poisonous cookies she had baked. Her grandmother (who was really the wolf) pretended to die, but as you know was really fine.

Little Red Riding Hood left her grandmother's house and was walking home when the police stopped her, arrested her, and sent her away to the big house for attempted murder.

THE THREE LITTLE GIRLS AND THE BIG BAD BOY!

One day Mary, Jean and Emily were playing hop scotch and there was a boy who was named Jason. He hated girls so much that he pulled their hair. All of the girls ran inside when they would see Jason coming.

Jean's mother said "I'm going to give you girls money, so that all of you can go build houses." Mary saw bricks and she said, "can I buy those bricks from you?" The man said "yes."

"How much are they?" asked Mary. I will give you them, for free so Mary built a house. When they were finished Jason came over and he said "knock! Knock!" who's there? My name is Jason. Sorry you can not come in. Then I will punch the wall down. So the girls said let me see you, "okay" said the boy. 1-2-3 boom the brick wall came down.

The two last girls wanted to live together. One of the girls said I have a plan. So the little girls made a house out of steel.

"Here comes Jason are you ready?" said Emily, all ready! Jason knocked on the door. "Is anyone home?" Jason asked. All of the girls said yes. So the boy punched down the door and he stepped in. The girls threw a net on him and they tied him up to a chair. The girls gave him a make over, so Jason was never mean again.