

WALT DISNEY'S

Daisylocks



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In a pretty little cottage, deep in the woods, lived the Three Bears—Papa Bear, Mama Bear, and Baby Bear. They were nice bears, but no one knew

that.

“I wish someone would come visit us,” Papa Bear said in his great big voice.

“I think the other animals are scared of us,” Mama Bear said in her medium-sized voice.

“I’m too small to scare anybody,” Baby Bear said in his wee little voice.

One morning, right before breakfast, the Three Bears decided to go for a walk.

On the other side of the woods there lived a girl named Daisylocks. Just before eating her breakfast, she decided to go for a walk, too.

While out in the woods, the Three Bears and Daisylocks passed right by each other, but the only one who noticed was Baby Bear.



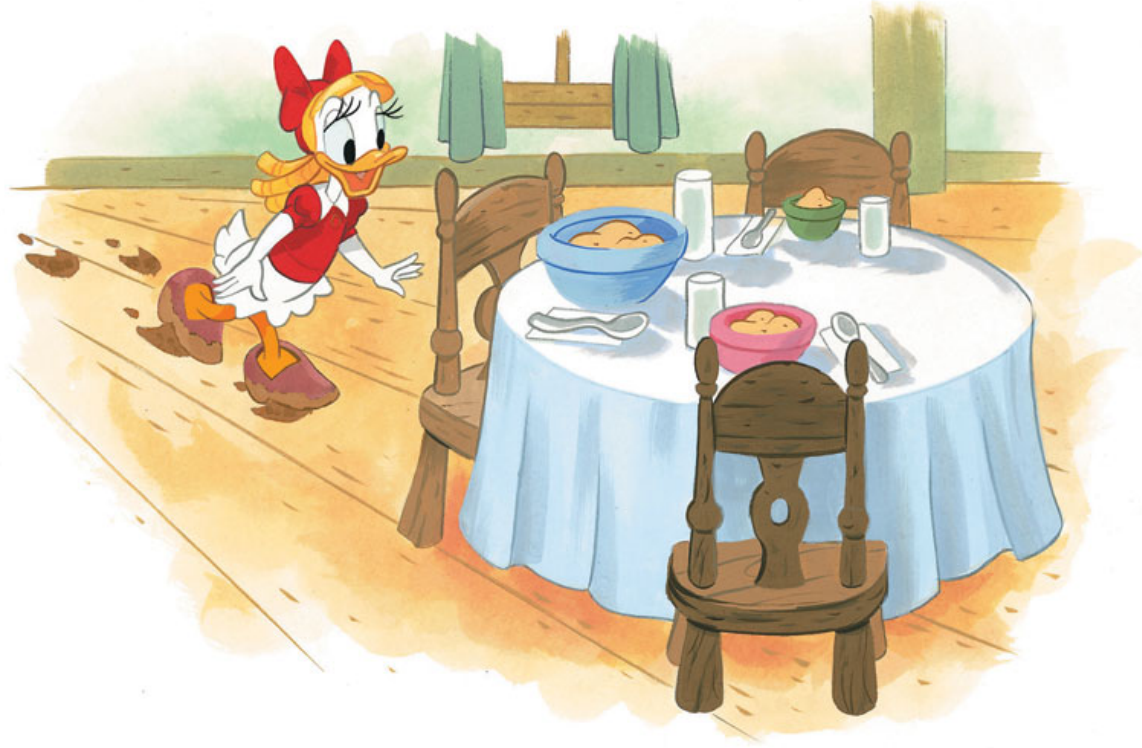
After walking for a while, Daisylocks came upon the Three Bears' home. "Oh, look! A pretty little cottage!" she cried. Daisylocks knew she shouldn't go in without being invited, but being a curious girl, she tried the front door anyway.



“It’s unlocked!” she exclaimed. “I’ll be a good neighbor and make sure nothing is wrong.”

Daisylocks opened the door and went inside.

She walked into a cozy kitchen and smelled something delicious. There, sitting on the table, were three bowls of porridge—a great big bowl, a medium-sized bowl, and a wee little bowl.



Daisylocks hadn't eaten breakfast yet, and boy, was she hungry.

So she helped herself to the porridge in the great big bowl. "*Wowsa!*" Daisylocks gasped. "That's too hot!"



Then she tried the porridge in the medium-sized bowl. “Ick!”
Daisylocks cried. “It’s too cold!”

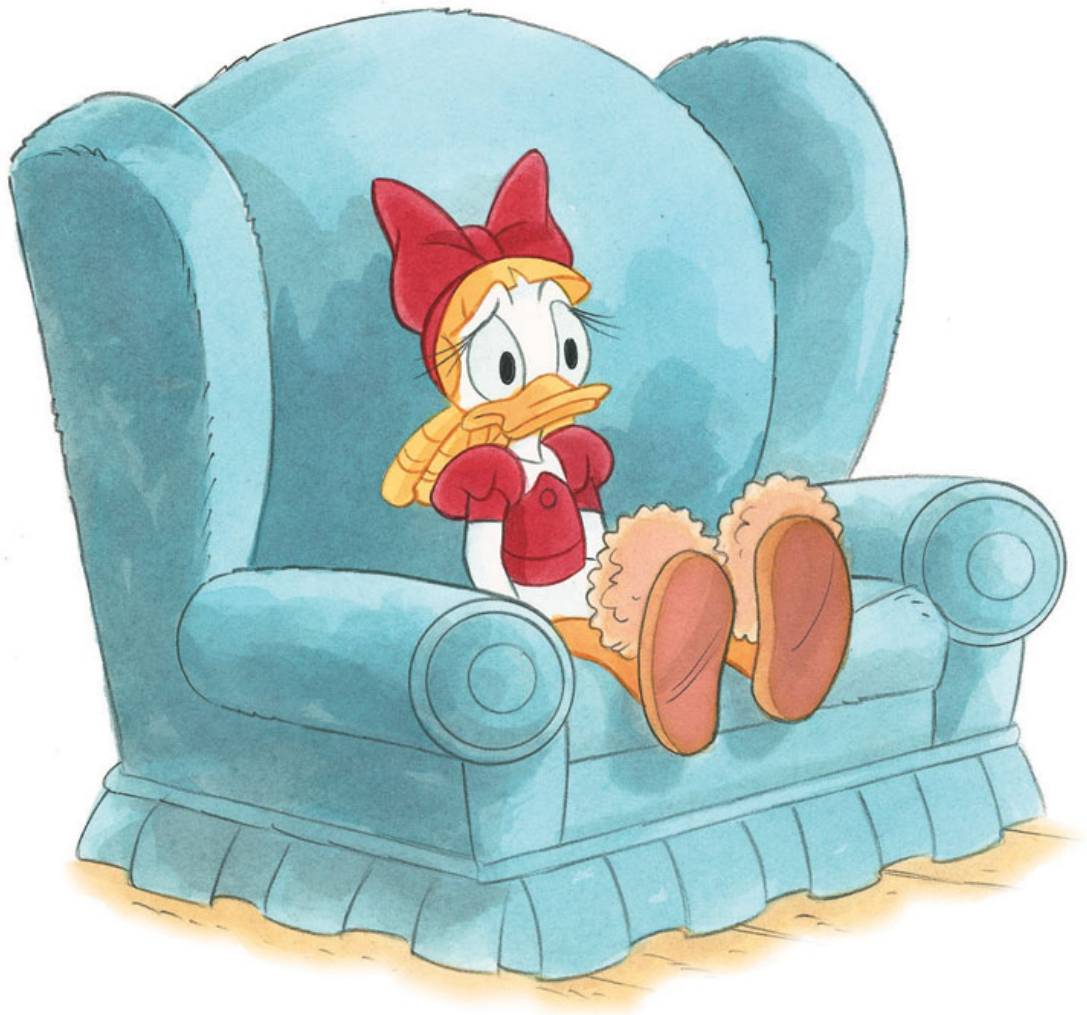


Next, Daisylocks took a taste of the porridge in the wee little bowl. It was just right. She ate it all. She finished the porridge and left the table so quickly that she didn't even notice that she'd spilled some on the floor.



Daisylocks went into the living room. There she found three chairs—a great big chair, a medium-sized chair, and a wee little chair.

Now, poor Daisylocks's feet hurt from all that walking in the woods and the chairs looked mighty comfortable, so she decided to make herself at home. She climbed into the great big chair. She frowned. The chair was hard as a rock. It hurt her tail feathers.



The medium-sized chair was too soft. She couldn't see over all the pillows.



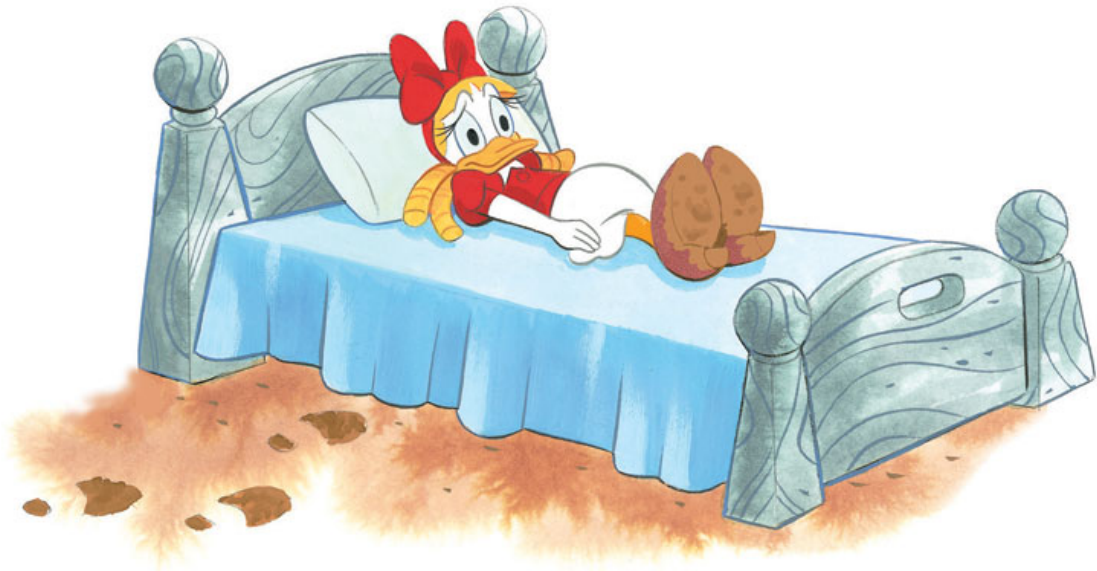
The wee little chair was just right, though. She leaned way back and... *crraaasshh!* The chair tipped over and broke.



“Oh, well,” Daisylocks said as she dusted herself off. “I guess it wasn’t just right after all.”

Daisylocks decided to see what was in the next room. There she found three beds—a great big bed, a medium-sized bed, and a wee little bed.

Daisylocks yawned. She was feeling rather sleepy, so she climbed up into the great big bed. It was too hard. “Must be extra firm,” she said.



Next, Daisylocks tried the medium-sized bed. “Too squishy,” she said.



Finally she went over to the wee little bed and got in.
“Not too hard. Not too soft,” she said. “Yes, this is just right.”
And Daisylocks pulled up the covers and fell fast asleep.



Daisylocks had only been asleep for a few minutes when the Three Bears came home. They noticed Daisylocks's muddy footprints right away.



“I wonder who is in our house!” cried Papa Bear.

The Three Bears decided to investigate.

First, they went into the kitchen.

“Someone has been eating my porridge!” Papa Bear bellowed in his great big voice.

“Someone has been eating *my* porridge!” Mama Bear cried in her medium-sized voice.

Baby Bear looked into his empty bowl. “Someone has been eating my porridge, too,” he said in his wee little voice. “Every last bit is gone!”



Next, the Three Bears went into the living room.

“Someone has been sitting in my chair!” Papa Bear roared in his great big voice. His favorite slippers had been moved.



“Someone has been sitting in my chair, too!” Mama Bear wailed in her medium-sized voice as she put the pillows back on her chair.

Meanwhile, Baby Bear had found his chair...or what was left of it. “Someone has been sitting in my chair,” he said in his wee little voice. “And now it’s broken!”

Then the Three Bears followed the muddy footprints into the bedroom. Papa Bear looked at his bed and growled in his great big voice, “Someone has been sleeping in my bed!”



“Someone has been sleeping in my bed, too!” Mama Bear groaned in her medium-sized voice when she saw the rumpled quilts.

“Someone has been sleeping in my bed!” Baby Bear said in his wee little voice. “And there she is!”



His mama and papa hurried over.

All the noise woke up Daisylocks. She opened her eyes and saw the Three Bears staring at her. “*Eek!*” she shrieked.

Daisylocks leaped out of the wee little bed. She jumped through the window and ran away from the cottage as fast as her feet could carry her.



The Three Bears never saw Daisylocks again. They cleaned everything up—some new friends they'd made on their walk were coming to visit.

And Daisylocks? Well she decided she'd never go into anyone's house without being invited again!



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