

A whimsical illustration of a young girl with long dark hair and glasses, wearing a blue shirt and dark pants, sitting on a large red mushroom with white spots. She is holding an open book and appears to be reading. The scene is set in a garden with green plants and a smaller red mushroom with white spots nearby. The entire illustration is rendered in a light, faded style.

DRAMATIC READER FOR LOWER GRADES

BY

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GOLDILOCKS & THE THREE BEARS

PERSONS IN THE PLAY—Goldilocks, the Dollie, Father Bear, Mother Bear, Baby Bear

Scene I.—Goldilocks in the Garden with her Doll

Goldilocks. O dear! I do wish mother would come home. I am going to meet her. She told me not to go out of the garden lest I should get lost; but if I keep in the road, I can't get lost! Come, Dollie, you and I will go just a little way to meet mamma.

How warm it is in the sunshine! I think we shall go into the shady wood a little while. Let us pick some of these pretty flowers to make a wreath—won't mother be surprised when I show her all these flowers. Here is a lovely red one; and here's another like a daisy.

How dark it is here! I cannot see the road. I wonder if I'm lost! O mamma, mamma! I'm afraid. Dear Dollie, I'm glad you are with me.

Dollie. But I'm afraid, too!

Goldilocks. Please, dear Dollie, don't be afraid. Why, there's nothing to be afraid of—oh!

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Dollie. What is the matter, Goldilocks?

Goldilocks. Look, what is that?

Dollie. I don't see anything.

Goldilocks. I thought I saw a bear.

Dollie. Well, I hope not. I don't like bears.

Goldilocks. But there is a little house. Isn't it a funny little house? I wonder who lives there!

Dollie. Dear Goldilocks, please, don't you think we'd better go home? I don't like strange little houses in the wood.

Goldilocks. Perhaps a kind fairy lives there who will show us the way home.

Dollie. Yes, or perhaps she is the Gingerbread Witch who will turn us into gingerbread for her supper!

Goldilocks. Don't say such uncomfortable things, Dollie. She couldn't turn you into gingerbread, anyway.

Dollie. Well, I know I'm made of sawdust, but she might make mush of me for breakfast!

Goldilocks. I know you're fooling now, dear Dollie. Let's look in the window. I don't see anyone. I'll knock at the door. No one answers. Come, Dollie, we'll open the door and walk in. How nice and warm it is. There is a good fire in the kitchen stove.



Dollie. Yes, and I smell something good to eat.

Goldilocks. Here it is on the table—what pretty bowls—one, two, three! I'll taste the porridge in the big bowl first. O Dollie, it is too hot! I burned my mouth.

Dollie. Try the next bowl. Perhaps the porridge in the middle-sized bowl is not so hot.

Goldilocks. No, indeed, it isn't; but it is too cold.

Dollie. Aren't you hard to please? I'm so hungry I could eat anything.



Goldilocks. Now this in the little bowl is just right. Sit down, Dollie, and we'll eat it all up.

Dollie. Do you think it is very polite for us to eat it all?

Goldilocks. You should have spoken of that before. It is too late now when it is all gone. Come, let us go into the parlor.

Dollie. Don't you think we'd better go home?

Goldilocks. How can we when I don't know the way? I'm tired, and I think I'll rest awhile in this nice big rocking-chair. But it's too high; I can't get into it.

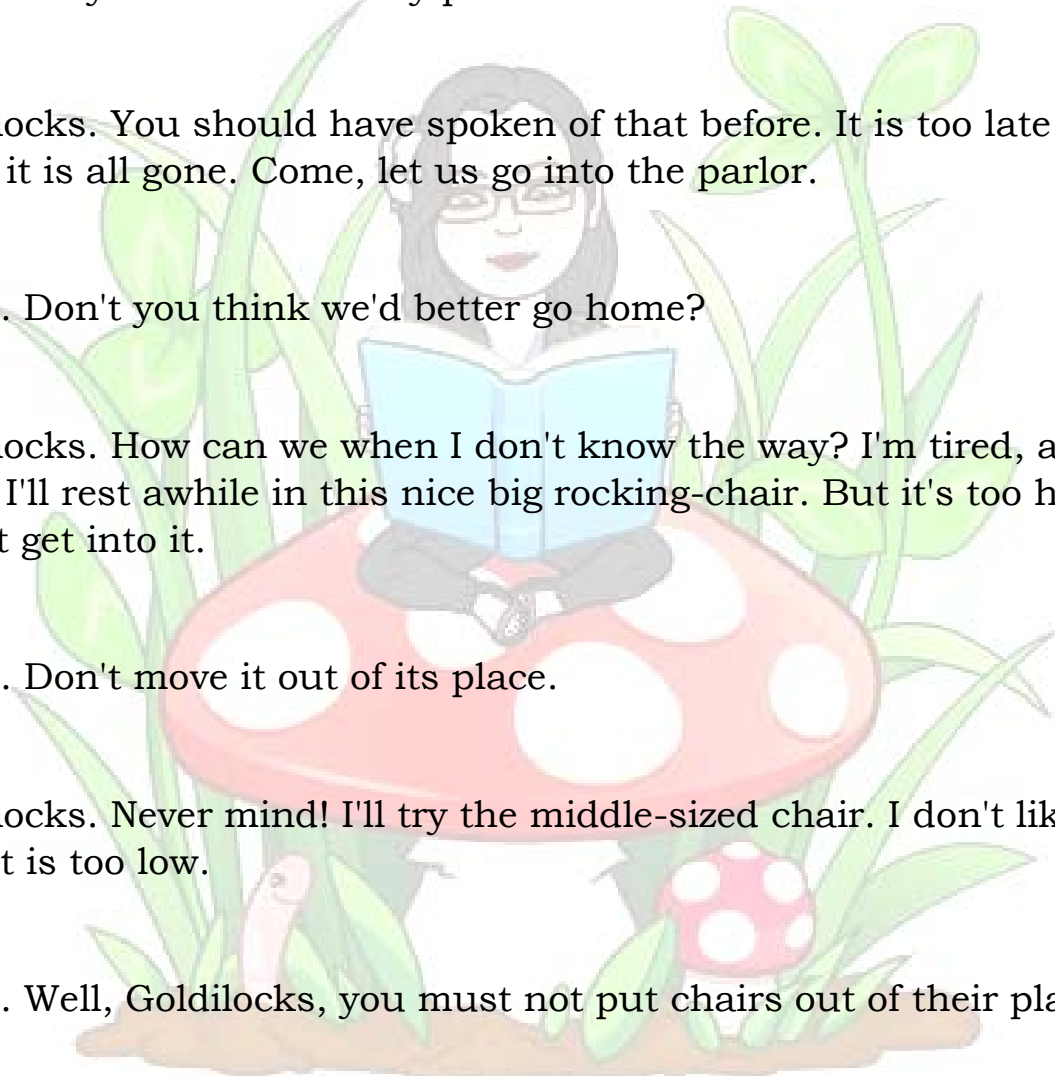
Dollie. Don't move it out of its place.

Goldilocks. Never mind! I'll try the middle-sized chair. I don't like this, it is too low.

Dollie. Well, Goldilocks, you must not put chairs out of their places!

Goldilocks. Oh, it won't hurt them. Now let us try this pretty little chair. Come, Dollie, I'll sing you a song:

Rock-a-bye, Dollie, in the treetop,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;



When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall
And down will come Dollie, cradle and all!
[Chair breaks.]



Dollie. Well, something broke then!

Goldilocks. Yes, the cradle and all came down that time. Dear, O dear! I wish I hadn't rocked you so hard. I wish I hadn't run away!
[Crying.]

Dollie. Don't cry, dear Goldilocks. Let us see what we can find in the next room. Perhaps someone is in there who will take us to your dear mother.

Goldilocks. O Dollie! I'm a naughty girl not to mind my mother. If I'd only stayed at home in the garden!

Dollie. Oh, see the big bed!

Goldilocks. I'm so tired I believe I'll climb in and go to sleep. But I don't like it. This big bed is too hard.

Dollie. And this middle-sized one is too soft.

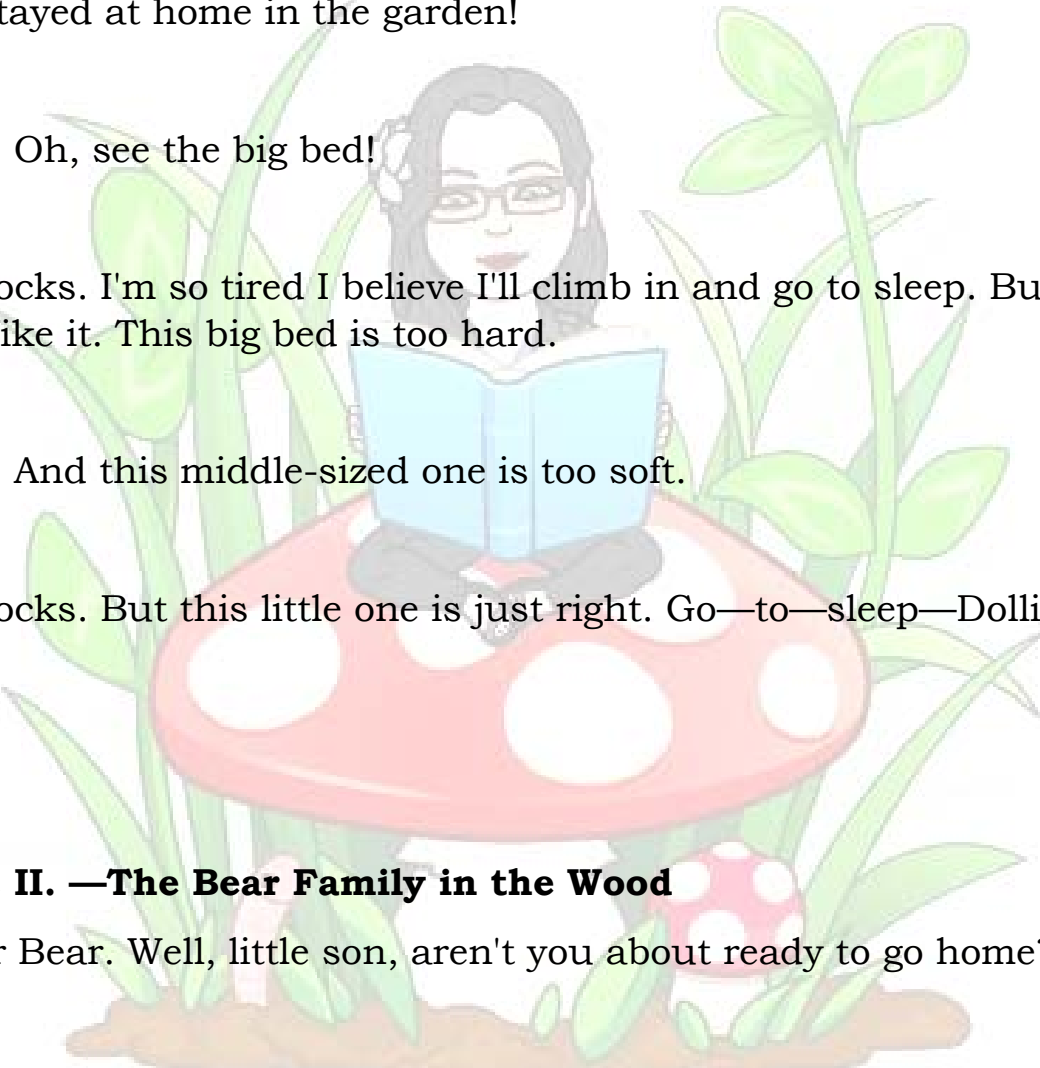
Goldilocks. But this little one is just right. Go—to—sleep—Dollie—

Scene II. —The Bear Family in the Wood

Father Bear. Well, little son, aren't you about ready to go home?

Sonny Bear. Oh, no, father! Let me play just a little longer. Here are such good places to hide in the shady wood.

Mother Bear. No, dear little sonny, we must go home now. It is getting late. It's time for you to have your supper and go to bed.



Sonny Bear. All right, mother dear. I believe I am hungry, and your porridge is always so good.

Mother Bear. Most children like porridge. Perhaps you can have a nice red apple, too.

Sonny Bear. Oh, goody! Little sonny bears always like apples, don't they, papa?

Father Bear. Yes, my dear. Mother let me take your knitting basket. What are you making now?

Mother Bear. A warm cap for sonny. Isn't it pretty?

Father Bear. Very pretty, and he should be very glad he has such a good mother.

Sonny Bear. She is a good mother, and you are a very good father, too.

Father Bear. Well, here we are at home again. But the door is open. I'm certain I closed it when we went away. Who has been here?

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Mother Bear. Let us take off our wraps and have our tea.

Father Bear. Why, somebody has been tasting my porridge.

Mother Bear. What? Let me see! Someone has left a spoon in my porridge, too.

Sonny Bear. Oh, mamma! Look at my bowl! Someone has eaten my porridge all up.

Mother Bear. Never mind, sonny boy, you may have some of mine. But I wonder who has been here. Let us go into the parlor and see if anyone is there.

Father Bear. Who's been moving my chair?

Mother Bear. Someone has been sitting in my chair!

Sonny Bear. Look, mother! Someone has been rocking in my chair and broken it all to pieces! O dear! my nice little chair!

Father Bear. Never mind, Sonny Bear; don't cry. I'll buy you another chair at Mr. Wolf's store to-morrow.

Mother Bear. And now it is time for us to go to bed. Our little son is tired and sleepy.

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Father Bear. I'll carry him upstairs. Come, sonny, there you are up on my shoulder.

Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross

To see an old woman, ride on a white horse.

With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes!
Well, who's been in my bed, I'd like to know?

Mother Bear. Why, look at my bed. Someone has been lying on my bed!

Sonny Bear. Come quick, Mother! Father, come! Someone is in my bed.



Story

101

Goldilocks (waking and frightened). Oh, see the three Bears. Come, Dollie, let us jump out of the window. [Runs away.]

Mother Bear. The little girl has gone, dear. Now you must go to sleep.



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