



It happened one day
that was just like before;
the porridge was hot, much too hot,
and what's more –
not a pot full of gold
could be found in the den . . .
someone had finished the honey
– again!





... a little girl burst on their rustic tableau.

She found the door open,
and tip-toed inside.
(Her parents — I know! —
would have been horrified.)

She licked that bowl clean,
then she burped like a bear!

higgledy-piggledy!



And leaving the bowls
higgledy-piggledy there,
she went to explore
the bears' snug-looking den . . .