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# #Goldilocks

A Hashtag Cautionary Tale



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For Dr Sonia Bernard – J.W.  
To Arik, Nell and Ted – T.R.

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There was a girl  
with golden hair  
who used her mobile  
phone to share  
her photos and  
her videos;  
no harm in that,  
you might suppose.



At first, she posted  
boring things –  
a selfie in her fairy wings –  
and looked for likes  
that didn't come  
(she couldn't count the ones from Mum).



She thought, as she lay wallowing,  
“I must increase my following.  
But how can I attract a crowd?  
I know! I’ll make them  
Laugh Out Loud.”



And so, she shared on Instagram  
her baby brother eating jam,



all smothered in it, head to feet,  
her friends adored it: #Sweet!



She shared a talking dog called Rover,



Uncle Richard falling over.

Farting ferrets, frisky rabbits...



little kids with silly habits.



Now her posts got lots of likes.  
Her ginger kittens riding bikes  
got over fifty thousand hits!  
Goldilocks was thrilled to bits.



But then her followers got bored  
of funny cats and they ignored  
her baby brother's latest antic.  
Goldilocks felt friendless, frantic!



Fearful she would fall from fame,  
she felt that she must UP her game  
and look for something far more daring –  
something shocking, good for sharing.



Off she skipped, into a wood  
in which an empty cottage stood.



And with a cheeky little grin  
she took a selfie, breaking in.

She videoed the table laid  
with bowls of porridge,  
freshly made.

She grabbed the smallest,  
ate the lot and posted:  
#Piping Hot!



Then, swinging on the tiny chair,  
it broke and flung her in the air.

She didn't care: **#Fun!**



She filmed the damage that she'd done.

“I wonder what’s upstairs?” she said,  
and bounced from bed to bed to bed.

And then, collapsing in a heap  
upon the smallest: #Sleep.



But as she slept, three bears walked in,  
“It’s her, there’s porridge on her chin!”



“She’s in my cot!” cried Baby Bear.  
“She ate my breakfast, broke my chair.”



The bears were such a scary sight  
that Goldilocks ran home in fright.

But it was no good hiding there,  
for who came knocking? Daddy Bear!



And Daddy Bear was not alone.  
A gruff policeman took her phone.





He'd seen her posts  
and all the shares  
which proved that  
she'd upset the bears.



"You must be punished for this crime,"  
he said, "and you must spend your time  
inside the bears' house, sweeping floors,  
mending chairs and doing chores."

All summer long, she went each day.  
No time for phones, no time to play.  
And even when they set her free...  
Her posts lived on for all to see.



But then, in answer to her prayers  
She was forgiven by the bears;  
She learnt her lesson in the end...



And THINKS before she presses Send!

