







TONY ROSS



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.







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.





But then her followers got bored of funny cats and they ignored her baby brother's latest antic.

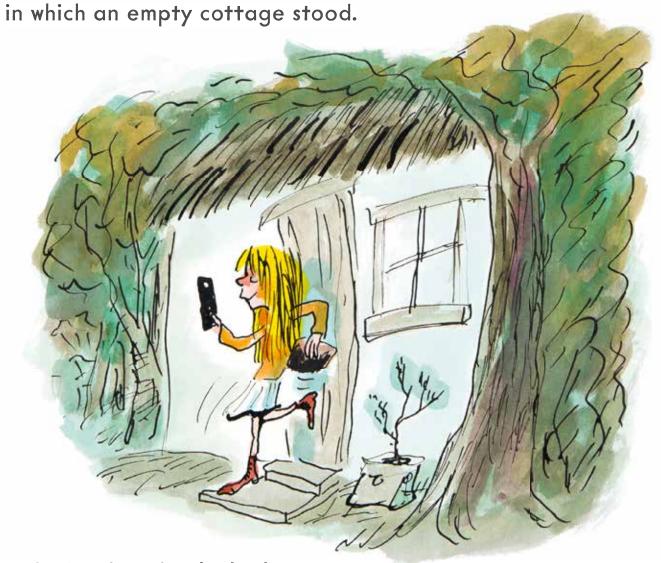
Goldilocks felt friendless, frantic!



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.

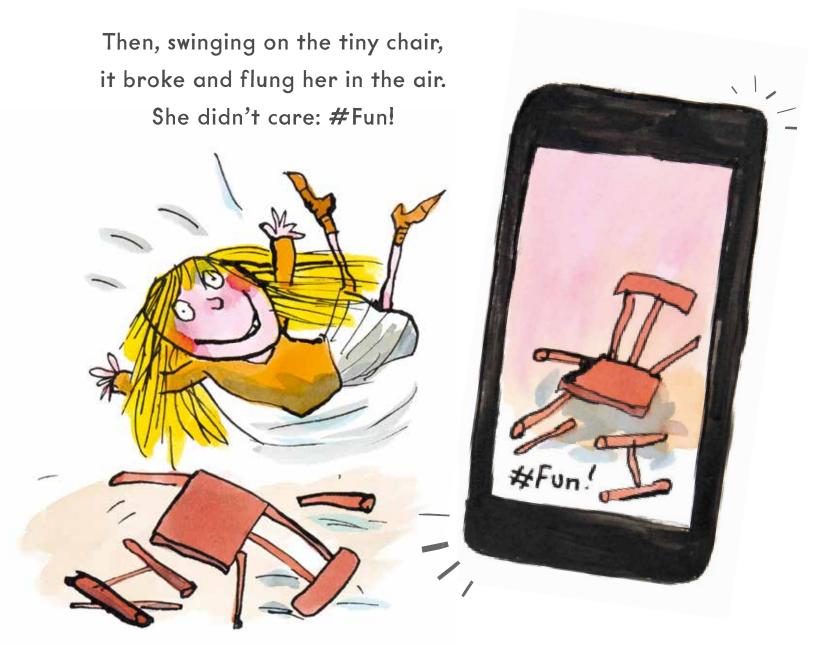


Off she skipped, into a wood



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





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.

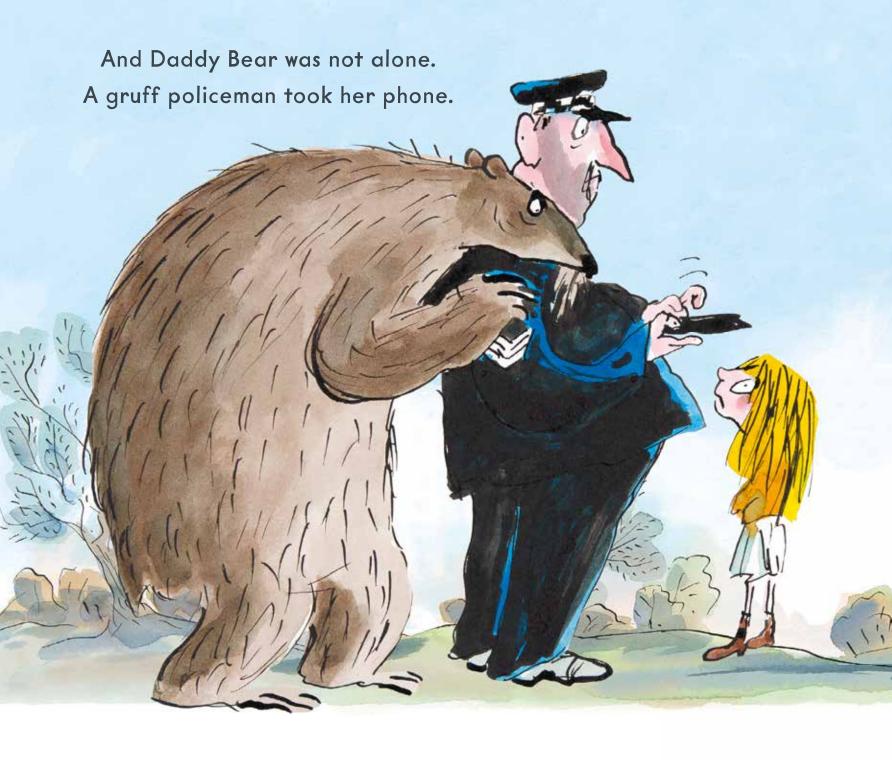
"She ate my breakfast, broke my chair."



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!







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!

