

# Goldilocks and the Three Tenors

There was, in the woods, as there usually is in these tales, a large wooded area. In the middle of this large wooded area, was a log cabin, where resided three tenors, one large, one medium and a small one on the side to go.

Each day, the three of them would rise together in unison, as they were practically conjoined, had breakfast, clean their teeth and then did vocal exercises together, usually while they were tidying up. It would go like this...

'I'm going to vacuum!' The large one would sing out.

'He's going to vacuum!' The medium one would echo. 'I don't believe it, I can't conceive it, he's going to vacuum!'

'You'd better believe it! I'm going to vacuum!'

And then they would all roar together in chorus, 'To vacuum is a marvellous thing, to vacuum is, incredible thing for vacuuming the carpet and things...'

This will go on for a very long time, so long in fact, that the vacuuming would never actually get done.

Then there would be washing up to do, and it will all start over again.

Singing constantly at the top of your voice for no particular reason like that, is very tiring, so tiring in fact that the Three Tenors would go out for an invigorating walk.

While they were out walking, they would carrying on singing, usually until all of the birds had fallen from the trees and the badgers were comatosed. When they were refilled with energy and joy de vivre once more, they would return to the house.

One morning, for no reason at all, they abandoned their uneaten pasta breakfasts, and went out on one such walk, and that was the exact time a little girl was skipping through the woods. It was a little girl called Goldilocks, who had hair of golden locks, and black roots, although her best friends would pretend not to notice.

Goldilocks had with her, a little wicker basket. It didn't actually contain anything, but it was a done thing that if you were to go skipping anywhere, in specific, through wooded areas, then the skipper should carry with them a wicker basket.

*(See Red Riding Hood Vs the Wolf-Granny 1542 .)*

Wandering through wooded areas, especially whilst wielding a small basket, can be both exhausting and make a small girl hungry, when she spied the cabin of the Three Tenors, she sighed with relief and knocked upon the door. Then, as no one seemed to be answering, she tried the handle.

'Just my luck!' she exclaimed. 'I am tired and I am hungry and the selfish devils who live at this place have bugged off and left the door locked.'

But young Goldilocks was a resourceful girl, she always carried with her in her backpack, the emergency housebreaking kit she'd bought online, for the occasions that she might come across a locked cabin door. This included a jemmy bar, hammer and her very favourite skeleton key collection.

Soon, and without a fuss, she was inside, and what a mess it is, she thought as she gazed upon all the dust on the floor and the unwashed breakfast bowls piled up by the sink. Then she spotted on the table, three more, uneaten bowls of pasta and bolognese sauce. Yum-yum, she thought to herself and tried the largest bowl.

But this was far too hot, so hot that she burnt her little lips.

So she tried the medium-sized bowl, but that was far too cold.

Then, not being the sort to give up, despite having acquired burnt lips already in the process, she tried the smallest bowl. This was, the right size and at exactly the correct temperature for her to enjoy an Italian mid-morning meal.

When she finished, she was very tired, and so she went to find somewhere to lie down. At the other side of the cabin, against the log walls, were three chaise lounges.

She lay on the largest one first, but this was too large, and too high off the ground. If she fell off whilst asleep, she could have sustained fairly serious injuries, possibly to her upper body and head, resulting in minor fractures to the skull and sudden lack of consciousness, perhaps even concussion..

And so, having considered all of the health and safety implications, she tried the medium chaise lounge, but that too was fairly high off the ground, and there was a throw on it that was quite rough on the skin. This was not going to be suitable either. Then she tried the smallest one, and although it was yellow and it clashed with her hair, it was just the right size to accommodate her bodily proportions, and as soon as the next heartbeat, she fell fast asleep.

Not long after that, as timing is everything, the Three Tenors arrived home after their long walk. They were now completely revived, and ready to belt out a string of arias.

'Let's eat our breakfasts!' the largest one's voice struck the rafters with its volume.

'Yes,' the medium Tenor joined in harmony, 'let's eat our breakfast!'

'I totally and wholeheartedly concur!' the smallest sang out.

But as they approached the table, their eyes were met by sheer horror. Something was amiss.

'Something's amiss!' sang the large Tenor.

'Yes, something's amiss!' sang the medium one.

'Something's amiss!' sang the small Tenor, then 'What is amiss?'

The large one sang, 'My bowl was here and now it's there! Why is it there and not right here?'

'Why is it there and not right here?' the others echoed.

Then it was the medium Tenor's turn. 'What is this? Something's amiss!'

'What is what?' sang the other two, 'what is amiss?'

'My bowl was here and now it's there! Why is it there and not right here?'

'Why is it there and not right here?' the others echoed.

But the situation was not the same for the smallest Tenor. 'What is this?' he bellowed in perfect high C, 'something's amiss!'

'What is what?' sang the other two, 'what is amiss?'

The smallest one had to sit down for his next contribution, which was to be a said, but very emotive aria, like that penned by his idol, the magnificent Giuseppe Verdi.

‘Once I had some pasta, such beautiful pasta, like the one my mamma would make for me back in Sicily, just before the angels took her away from me.

‘But now, I glance into my bowl and now my beloved pasta, which reminds me of my dead mother, is like her no more.’

It was an aria called, *A longing for my dead mamma’s pasta.*

His performance was such, that it brought tears to the eyes of the other too, and also to their ears. Never had they heard before something so beautiful and so heartfelt. The small one’s music plucked away at the strings of the heart like the lover on a banjo.

And so tiring was the performing his ordeal using the medium of opera, that the fellow needed to rest, and the other two, twisted in confusion and the pain of the strange situation, that they too required a rest.

And so all three, flounced over to the wall where their chaise lounges were.

But like before, their eyes were met by a horrific sight.

There was a dent in the cushion of the largest of the chaise lounges, a bottom sinkage dent, no less.

‘What is this?’ sang the large Tenor. ‘I mean what is this?’

‘What is what?’ the others joined in.

‘There is sinkage in the cushion of my chaise lounge, made by a bottom that was definitely not mine!’

The others reacted again in song. ‘There is sinkage in the cushion of his chaise lounge, made by a bottom that was definitely not his!’

Then it was the medium Tenor’s turn. ‘What is this?’ he sang. ‘I mean what is this?’

‘What is what?’ the others joined in.

‘There is sinkage in the cushion of my chaise lounge, made by a bottom that was definitely not mine!’

The others reacted again in song. ‘There is sinkage in the cushion of his chaise lounge, made by a bottom that was definitely not his!’

Soon it was the smallest Tenor’s turn. ‘What is this?’ he sang. ‘I mean what is this?’

‘What is what?’ the others joined in.

‘There is sinkage in the cushion of my chaise lounge, made by a bottom that was definitely not mine!’

The others reacted again in song. ‘There is sinkage in the cushion of his chaise lounge, made by a bottom that was definitely not his!’

‘And what is more!’

‘And what is more!’

‘And what is more!’

‘And what is more!’

‘The person who is responsible for making the bottom sinkage in my chaise lounge, is still here!’

This was too much for the Three Tenors, who promptly and in unison after removing their handkerchiefs from their breast pockets and giving their troubled brows a mop, fainted, allowing Goldilocks the opportunity to escape, before they sang her into a coma.