JEANNE WILLIS   TONY ROSS

#Goldilocks

A Hashtag Cautionary Tale

Brought to you in partnership with **vodafone**

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

#Goldilocks

A Hashtag Cautionary Tale

JEANNE WILLIS

TONY ROSS

ANDERSEN PRESS

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
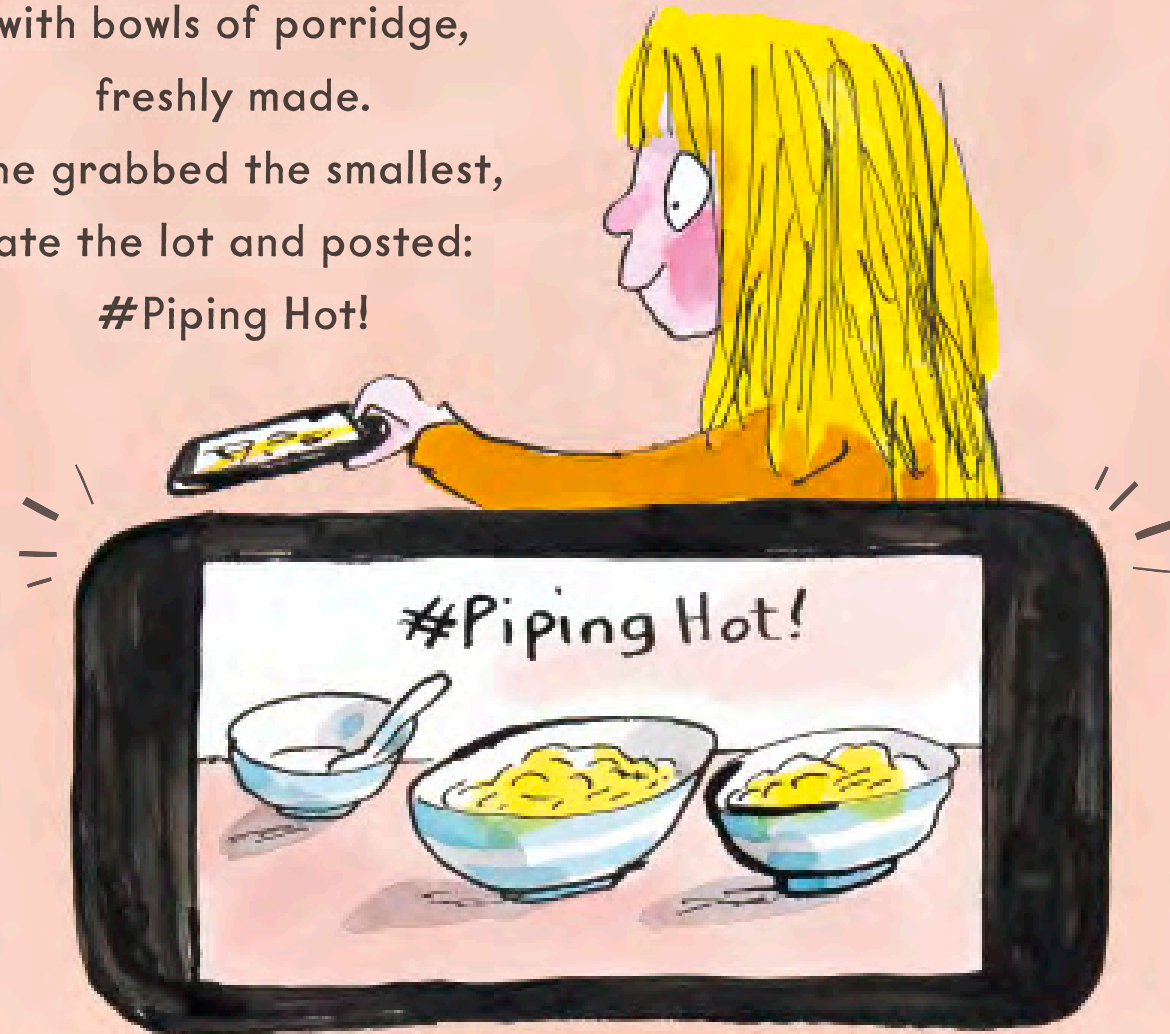in which an empty cottage stood.

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!

#Piping Hot!

Then, swinging on the tiny chair,
it broke and flung her in the air.
She didn't care: #Fun!

#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!