

The Three Bears.

A far more accurate account of the events of that fateful morning...

Baby Bear goes downstairs, sits in his small chair at the table.

He looks into his small bowl. It is empty. 'Who's been eating my porridge?' he squeaks.

Daddy Bear arrives at the big table and sits in his big chair.

He looks into his big 3D bowl and it is also empty. 'Who's been eating my porridge?!?' he roars.

Mummy Bear puts her head through the serving hatch from the kitchen and yells,

For God's sake, how many times do I have to go through this with you idiots?

It was Mummy Bear who got up first.

It was Mummy Bear who woke everyone in the house.

It was Mummy Bear who made the coffee.

It was Mummy Bear who unloaded the dishwasher from last night and put everything away.

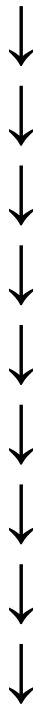
It was Mummy Bear who swept the floor in the kitchen.

It was Mummy Bear who went out in the cold air to fetch the newspaper and croissants.

It was Mummy Bear who set the damn table.

It was Mummy Bear who walked the bloody dog, cleaned the cat's litter tray,
and gave them their food, and refilled their water bowls.

And now that you've decided to drag your sorry bear-asses downstairs and grace Mummy Bear with your grumpy presence, listen carefully, because I'm only going to say this once....



I HAVEN'T MADE THE FUCKING PORRIDGE YET!!!