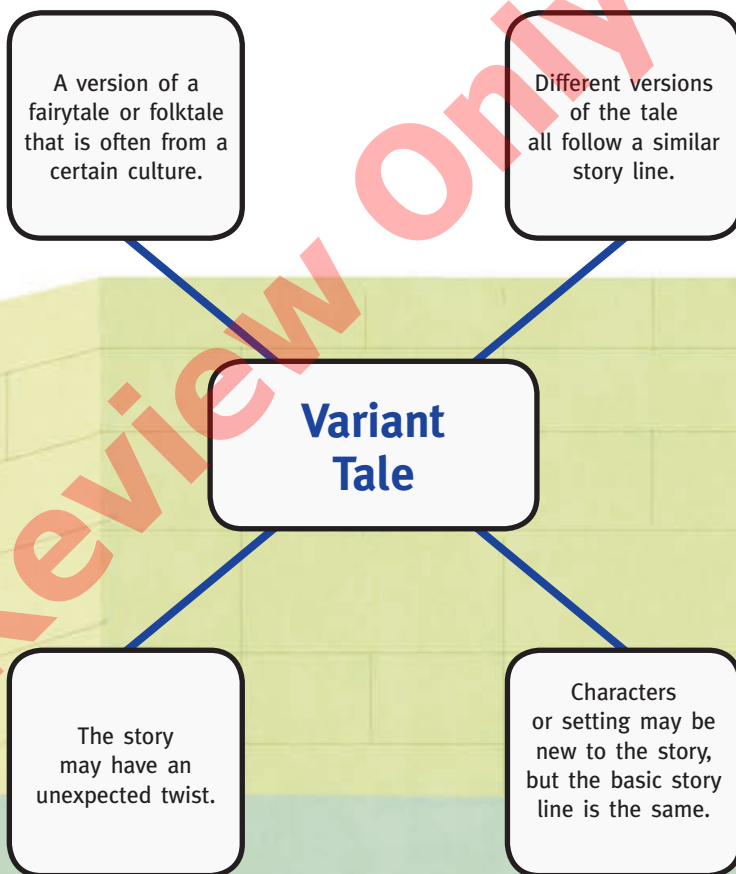


Little Bear and the Golds



Variant Tale

Look for the genre features noted below as you read this book. Use the features to help you understand the text.



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The Golds

Once upon a time, in a little house on the edge of town, there lived the three Golds. There was Ginger Gold, Gilbert Gold, and their son, Gus Gold. The Golds had a spunky mutt named Grover.



GINGER GOLD



GILBERT GOLD



GUS GOLD



GROVER



The Little House





One afternoon, Ginger looked at her watch. We *better* get going, she thought. The Golds were going on vacation. They had a long drive ahead.

“Gus, did you pack?” asked Ginger from the kitchen.



Ginger heard only the screeching of a recorder from Gus's bedroom. Gus was practicing "Three Blind Mice" and not quite hitting all the notes.

Ginger watered her plants. Her favorite was a purple orchid. Gus came into the kitchen.

"Mom, can I take my recorder with us?"

“Oh, I don’t think so, honey,” Ginger replied. “There won’t be much time to play. Did you pack?”

Gus sighed. “Yup, I’m all ready.”

Gilbert came down the stairs with an armful of shoes. He plopped them down by the front door.



“Shoes, check. Clothes, check. Favorite hat, check. I think I’m ready,” said Gilbert very proudly.

Grover sat by Gilbert’s shoes, and whined. He knew what was going on.



“Oh, don’t be sad, boy. We won’t be gone long. The dog sitter will take good care of you while we are away.” Gilbert turned to Ginger and Gus. “How about we take Grover for a walk before we leave?”

Grover barked twice—that was a yes.

With Grover leading the way, the Golds headed out the door.



Little Bear

Little Bear sat in the woods munching on a pine cone. He was bored. He had already explored his usual places, the river and the big barn.

Just then, he heard a dog bark. Being a curious bear, he wandered toward the noise.





As he got closer to the edge of the woods, he saw a house. His mother had always warned him never to go near houses. But he was curious. *Hmm. I wonder what's in that house,* he thought.

A window was open. Little Bear peeked inside. He could see all kinds of things.