

I thought I'd do well, damn it to hell, it was just a matter of a good job and working hard and going to the gym, and yet here I am the dust memory of an orchid, all charred up romance, fear and cynicism, overweight and hated by my kids, drunk before I wake up most days.

"Nuts!"

At Thirty Nine, Goldilocks was not so beat down that she needed to die, but still pretty wrenched out of shape, perennially tired and sick of her messes, worst of all she had no idea what had gone wrong or how to start over. Fate makes whores of the kindest souls she was thinking when she came upon a sign in front of a house that read "The Bear's House". (She had been wandering in the woods in the back of a golf course called "The Sweetest 18")

The bear's house was a hybrid place, located at a fissure in the conscious world, existing in perfect balance between imaginary and real, it had a very cartoonish appearance, and drastically changed how it looked when you looked at it from different angles.

"Whoa, a bear's house, amazing!" said Goldilocks, and in she went.

Too much

Too little

Just enough

Too hot

Too cold

Just right

Too big

Too little

Just right

Too hard

Too soft

Just right

Goldilocks snapped into a conscious dream with her skin steaming. The colors, the textures, and the sensory intensity of this world, was like a mental tapestry upon which Goldilocks imagined her real self, her real soul, had splashed and painted itself, unfurled and blazed to life.

"Fuuuuck!"

She was naked and riding across the sky on a bear's stomach like he was a magic carpet, rocking her hips happily on his wonderful bear cock, steering and accelerating with her vaginal muscles, and the occasional slap, the bear looking up at her gratefully and happily when he wasn't hanging his head down backwards and watching the scenes below. She had a sense that he had not dreamed such an amazing dream ever before either. And there was little question in her mind that they were both dreaming, though the mind space of this dream was much more real than reality.

What should I do?

Why am I me?

Are these real questions?

Goldilocks spun 360 degrees and felt a huge bear load explode inside her...damn...it was like a liter of milk had just been shot into her with a compression sprayer. The bear was looking at her rather differently now, and they were not flying any more, they were falling out of the sky.

The bear bit her left breast and tore, it felt like a mixture of pain and release, he swung his huge paws around her neck, pulled her towards him and bit into the top of her head, it was like a pressure valve finally blew and all the trapped swamp gas that had been impacted inside her skull was finally released. The Earth's oncoming dirt and some new kind of waking up called her home more and more urgently.

The bear bit into the front of her head. Her eyes filled with black blood and a twisting mist of golden hair. Goldilocks began screaming her brains out happily.