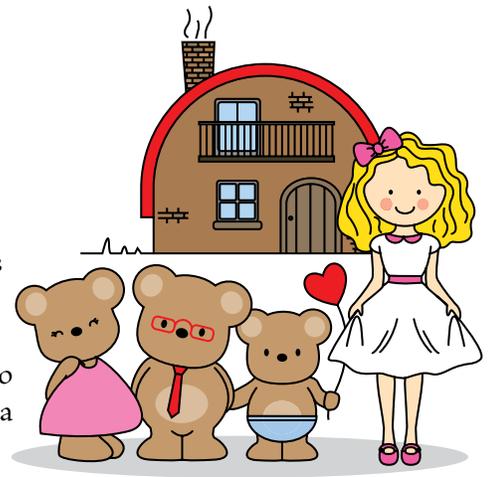


Fibro-Goldie & the 3 Bears

by Margy Squires

It just happened one day that Fibro-Goldie was out walking when she was mesmerized by a field of colorful flowers. She started picking her summer bouquet only to look up and realize she did not know where she was. Somehow she was surrounded by tall trees that were not familiar at all. Not a good time to have fibro fog or for her legs to decide not to move. She calmed herself down with a Fibro-GABA™ made just for anxiety. That's when she noticed a little path and following it, found a small cottage tucked away almost out of sight.



She tentatively knocked on the front door. Tap, tap, tap! No answer. Being weary and needing rest, she knocked louder, hoping to find help to get home. Still no answer. So she tried the knob and found the door gave way, opening up to expose quite the inviting room. A colorful rug and yes, a comfy looking sofa adorned with lots of pillows beckoned to her.



Fibro-Goldie ventured in and a wonderful aroma of food let her know she was hungry, too. In the corner of the room was a table set with three bowls. Oh, my! The temptation was too much and sitting down at the table, she couldn't resist sampling the first bowl. Wow! It almost scalded her tongue it was so hot! The second wasn't even warm. Ah! The third was just right and she ate it all up. Well, what to do now?

Her body was telling her she needed a bit of a rest. Looking around, she saw three chairs. The first was way too big and hard. When she tried the second she sunk so deep she could barely retrieve herself. Alas when she sat on the smallest chair, it broke under her, sending her tumbling to the rug. Ow! Now I really need a fibro break and my Fibro-Care™ to ease my achy muscles, she thought. Since she never went anywhere without her Fibro-Care™, she opened her little vitamin case and finding some water, took a couple.



If only she could take a nap! She wandered into the other room to find three beds lined up against the wall. She decided on the big bed where she could stretch out. Bigger wasn't better; it was so hard she felt every muscle. Even adding extra pillows did not help. Fibro-Goldie tentatively sat on the edge of the middle bed. Hmm. Softer. But laying down, the mattress was too soft, giving her no support at all and making the quilt unmanageable. Well, that just leaves this little thing she thought, looking at the smallest bed. To her surprise, it was perfect! Not too hard, not too soft. Just right! She looked into her little vitamin case and found the Valerian Rest™ to help her relax. Before she knew it, she fell into a deep sleep. While she was sleeping, the real occupants

of the house came home, noticing first that the door was wide open. Mama bear exclaimed, "We've been robbed!" But papa bear peered inside and saw nothing was missing. Little bear immediately spotted his broken chair and started to cry. Mama bear noticed the table. The once neatly placed spoons were now stuck in each porridge bowl. Little bear scampered over and saw his bowl was empty. "Someone ate mine all up!"

Papa bear checked the bedroom, followed by little bear. He saw the big pile of pillows on his bed. Mama bear's quilt was all in disarray as if someone had been rolling around in it. Then his eyes rested on little bear's bed. Sound asleep with her golden curls adorning the pillow was Fibro-Goldie. "Someone's been sleeping in my bed and there she is!" Little bear pointed. Fibro-Goldie woke with a start. When she saw the three bears, she fainted right away. The next thing she knew, she was being shaken gently by mama bear who told her everything was going to be all right.

The bears were hungry so they all sat at the table after mama bear made little bear more porridge. Fibro-Goldie told them all about fibromyalgia and why she needed to rest. They were so sympathetic with her pain that they helped her to her cottage and invited her back to theirs (if she could remember where it was). Fibro-Goldie gave them three bottles of Multi-Gold™ Advanced Vitamin-Mineral Complex for their trouble, along with a copy of *Health Points*, (the newsletter that helps you and your family stay healthy all year long). Then she waved them goodbye, knowing she'd see her new friends again.



Not too hot, not too cold. Not too big, not too small. Not too hard, not too soft. The moral of this story is that if you have fibro, you need to find your own "comfortable" and take your

Fibro-Care™ to make everything "just right"! *The End*

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