



The Cookie Thief – Valerie Cox

A woman was waiting at an airport one night
With several long hours before her flight
She hunted for a book in the airport shop
Bought a bag of cookies and found a place to drop

She was engrossed in her book but happened to see
That the man beside her, as bold as could be
Grabbed a cookie or two from the bag in between
Which she tried to ignore to avoid a scene

She munched cookies and watched the clock
As the gutsy cookie thief diminished her stock
She was getting more irritated as the minutes ticked by
Thinking if I wasn't so nice, I'd blacken his eye

With each cookie she took, he took one too
With only one left she wondered what he'd do
With a smile on his face and a nervous laugh
He took the last cookie and broke it in half

He offered her half as he ate the other
She snatched it from him and thought; O' brother
This guy has some nerve and he's also rude
Why he didn't even show any gratitude

She had never known when she had been so galled
And sighed with relief when her flight was called
She gathered her belongings and headed to the gate
Refusing to look back at the thieving ingrate

She boarded the plane and sank in her seat
Then sought her book which was almost complete
As she reached in her bag she gasped with surprise
There was HER bag of cookies in front of her eyes

If mine are here she moaned with despair
Then the others were his and he tried to share
Too late to apologise she realised with grief
That she was the rude one, the ingrate, the THIEF!