

The Cookie Thief, author unknown

The woman arrived
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 sitting 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.

So she munched the 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 would blacken his eye."

With each cookie she took,
He took one too,
When only one was left,
She wondered what he would 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... ooh, 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 she sought her book,
Which was almost complete.

As she reached in her baggage,
She gasped with surprise,
There was her bag of cookies,
In front of her eyes.

If mine are here,
She moaned in despair,
The others were his,
And he tried to share.

Too late to apologize,
She realized with grief,
That she was the rude one,
The ingrate, the thief!

How many times have we absolutely
known that something was a certain
way, only to discover later that what
we believed to be true...was not?

"Keep An Open Mind And An Open Heart,
Because..... You Just Never Know..."
Ya might be eating someone else's cookies....