

Westside Notes

*The Opposite of Addiction is Not Sobriety.
The Opposite of Addiction is Connection. — Johann Hari*

The Cookie Thief

by Valerie Cox

(submitted by Jen Davis, Associate MFT)

A woman was waiting at an airport one night
With several long hours before her flight
She hunted for a book in the airport shops
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'd blacken his eye"

With each cookie she took he took one too
When only one was 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 "Oh 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 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

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