

## The Case of the Runaway Cookies

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Everyone knew that my sister was a cookie monster. She bragged about how many cookies she ate in one day (400 was the maximum). She loved cookies so much that she said she couldn't live without them! I still remember helping my sister solve a case when the cookies ran away.

We were sitting under a tree in the park when my sister pulled a cookie out of her pocket. But before she could take a bite, the cookie ran away! "Oh, no!" shouted my sister. I could see that she was trying not to cry.

Seconds later, my sister went chasing after the cookie. "Stop!" I yelled. "You could get lost!" But she kept chasing over the one single cookie. Just then, 100 cookies flew out of her shirt pockets (since she was running so fast), and 200 cookies flew out of her pant pockets. Shame on her for running so fast! Now we had to chase 301 cookies! I rolled my eyes. But still, I chased over my little sister.

We ran past our mom. "Kids, where are you going?" she asked. "Just out for a nature walk," I lied. "OK," Mom said, "but come back soon!" I nodded and continued chasing my sister.

Before we realized, we already ran out of the park and ended up in nobody-know-where. Whatever place it was, it sure looked beautiful! Oatmeal cookie trees bordered a chocolate milk stream that smelled sweet. Houses made of candies were built onto M&M dirt roads. Marshmallow clouds floated above them. The sky looked like a painting of a rainbow.

"See, Sissy?" I groaned, "Told you we would get lost!" "But this is Cookieland!" my sister said. "I read about it in a book. This is where all cookies live." We looked around. Suddenly, we saw some blackish-brownish crumbs. They looked like cookie tracks! "Let's follow them." I said. We carefully followed the

cookie tracks but unfortunately, not after too long, we saw a sign that read “DEAD END.” “We’re doomed.” said my sister. “No, we’re not.” I disagreed. There was a clearing path that was made of more cookie crumbs. But just then, we saw a cookie running across a bridge. “Psst,” I whispered to my sister, “I saw a cookie. Let’s follow it!”

We were an inch closer. That was when my sister leaped into the air and grabbed the cookie just in time. Just then, we saw hundreds of millions of cookies! These cookies sure looked happy! A group of Oreos were bathing and laughing in the chocolate stream. Some vanilla wafers were climbing up an oatmeal cookie tree. Most of the cookies were doing choir practice on the M&M road. Some took off pieces from themselves and used the pieces as clappers. Others just sang along. Some cookies were chasing around. Adult cookies boiled syrup that smelled so good it would lure the cookie children back home for breakfast.

“Sis, I think we’d better leave the cookies alone. They look happy the way they are.” “But I want one for dinner.” my sister whined. “By the way,” I said, “it’s almost your birthday. What do you want for a present? What about 100 bars of chocolate?” “Yes! Of course!” my sister exclaimed. “You can have all the chocolate if you set the cookies free.” I replied. I waited anxiously for my sister to answer. She didn’t just like cookies, she loved cookies more than anything else. “Fine,” She finally mumbled.

After we set the cookies free, my sister changed her mind about her future. “I’m going to not eat cookies but eat chocolate for the rest of my life.” She said.

And she did.