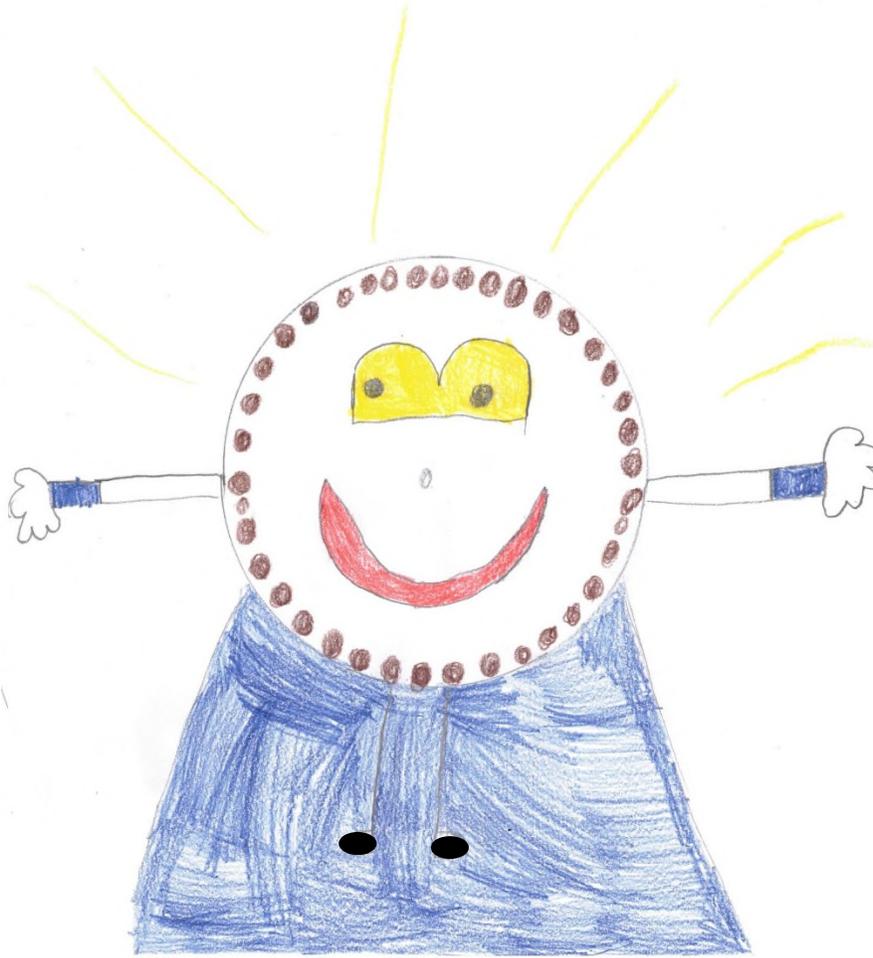
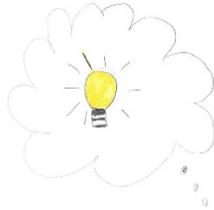


# The Super Cookie



One sunny morning, in his candy house, a cookie arose from his slumber. His name was, in fact, Cookie. Cookie stretched and yawned and went down his gummy stairs to start his day. He loves waking up to the sweet music of the sugar birds that sit on his window sill. They always put him in a good mood. But not today. Today was different. Cookie had a bad dream about The Cookie Monster! The Cookie Monster, in case you didn't know, was a very scary, very hairy, very blue, evil cookie-eating monster. He frightened the whole town of Cookieville. Just then, out of the blue, an idea struck Cookie!

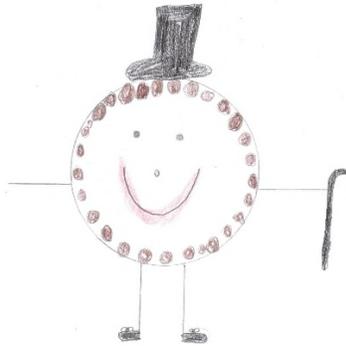


He would become “Super Cookie!” and save everyone from, well, EVERYTHING! He ran as fast as he could to the Cookieville costume shop to buy a super duper super hero costume. Inside the shop, they had yeti costumes and pumpkin costumes and every costume you can imagine. He quickly spotted the superhero costume section and selected the only one without tights. Tights give all cookies wedgies—it’s the whole round bottom thing. He paid the polite pear strudel at the desk and ran out. Just as he put it on, he heard loud sirens. He turned to see a bright red fire truck racing around the corner. He sprinted after it, cape flying in the breeze, and caught up just as the firemen were unscrewing the fire hydrant. “Step aside,” he said confidently. “I got this!” Bewildered, the firemen stepped back. Cookie twisted and twisted until... POP! The top of the fire hydrant flung off. “Sweet sugars!” shouted Cookie as he got sprayed with icing. He spat out a mouthful of icing and trudged home feeling dejected and disappointed-and a little sticky. *I’ll never be a good superhero* thought Cookie. As he was walking home with his head down and lost in his own thoughts, he ran right into a sobbing elderly gummy bear. “Oh Cookie,” she sobbed once she stood back up, “my cat is stuck in a tree!”

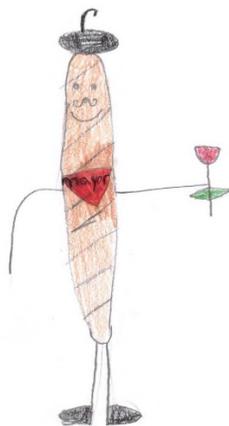


“I will rescue her!” exclaimed Cookie bravely. He jumped. And jumped. And jumped some more. Trying his best to help in any way. Luckily, the branch cracked and the cat jumped into the old lady’s arms. “Yay. Good job, Gumdrop!” she said as she turned and walked away from Cookie. Cookie sighed, and feeling even more dejected, he began the long trudge home.

Along the way, he ran into his best friend Cake, who was looking quite down in the crumbs. “What’s the matter Cake?” he asked. “Oh, the magician and the clown called and cancelled and now my party is ruined!” Cake said this all in one breath. And very fast, so it came out sounding more like high pitched panting. “Hmmmmmmm,” said Cookie “I think I can help. Meet you there!” Cookie zoomed home. He had a fabulous idea. He put on his top hat, laced up his tap shoes, and grabbed his cane.



He raced as fast as he could to Cake’s house and found her hiding in the kitchen. “Since I love tap-dancing so much, I will tap dance to entertain the pastries at your party” said Cookie. “What a great idea!” cried Cake as she grabbed his hand. Cake and Cookie walked into the living room filled with almost everyone from Cookieville—even Mayor Le Pain.



He took a deep breath, started the music, and began to dance. The crowd roared with excitement. After he finished his set, Cake was waiting for him. “Thank you so much Cookie,” said Cake, her eyes shining with tears. “You are so super!” It was then Cookie realized that he

was a super hero just the way he was. “Hey Cake, do you happen to know anyone who wants a superhero costume?”

“Oh Cookie,” said Cake, laughing. And, you know what they say, laughter is contagious. Soon they were both laughing as they danced the day away in Cookieville.

# THE END!