

Date: _____
English 30B

Cookies

by Thomas Hunt

The sun shone brightly on this mild winter's day in Sunnyvale, California. Two girl scouts skipped down the street in front of the 7th Street Cookie Shop. They passed the shop and went around the corner. A middle aged man walked down the street. He paused in front of the shop and looked around. He didn't seem to see what he was looking for and entered the cookie shop.

Inside the shop, the clerk was flipping through the pages of last month's *Sports Illustrated*. He wore a baseball cap with the name of the local high school team embroidered on it. He had the look of a ballplayer. His eyes were sharp as he scanned the magazine and his fingers clicked along the counter, slowly tensing and relaxing.

The bell on the door rang and a customer walked in. The customer was a middle aged man, with unusually long arms. He was wearing a white t-shirt and blue jeans. The clerk set aside his magazine and prepared to help him.

"Welcome to the Seventh Street Cookie Shop, "Are you looking for a specific cookie or can I suggest our double chocolate chip? It's, *out-of-this-world*." the clerk said.

"Hmmm, the chip one sounds maighty good, but I'm actually looking for a spacific cookie. Hell, I'm not even sure you're gonna have it."

The clerk nodded slowly. Every once in a while he had a hot shot customer who thought he could stump him. The shop had quite a vast selection and the clerk was confident that he'd be able to deal with this request, no problem.

His overconfidence was evident in his voice, "I'm sure we have it, sir. What kind of cookie was it?"

"It was green with a bit of white in it."

The clerk thought he had him, and on the first try too. "Was it a vanilla peppermint cookie, sir?"

"Nope, sure wasn't. The flavor wasn't nothing like peppermint."

The clerk looked stunned. He thought he had him. "Could you describe the flavor for me, sir?"

"Oh boy, I don't know if I could, but I sure will give it a try." He said, pausing to think, "I'd describe it as a deep, dark and sultry taste. You popped a piece in your mouth and it just melts on your tongue. But it was

special, because it was the kind of cookie that made a lot of noise, you know, when you're chewing?"

The clerk sat back on his stool. It sounded like a damn fine cookie. "Was it a homemade cookie or a brand name?"

"I think it was a brand name. Something like Scouts or America Brand or something."

The clerk tried to think. He had never heard of any of those brands. But then he had an idea, "was it a Girl Scouts of America cookie, sir?"

"You know boy, I think it was. You got any of those?"

"Not on hand, but I have an order form, would you like to order some? If I told you the name of the cookie, do you think you'd remember it?"

"Sure, Read 'em to me."

The clerk read off the names of the cookies. . .Tagalongs. . .Thin Mints. . .Gauchos. . .The man just kept shaking his head. Finally after the clerk had read the whole list, the man shook his head, one-last-time. The clerk shrugged his shoulders and asked him "Are you sure they were girl scout cookies?"

"Yes sir, they sure was. They came right to my door and everything."

"Could you describe them, once more?"

"Sure" the man said, "they was green and white, pretty big but not too big. They was maighty tasty. It's too bad you don't have 'em." He said, shaking his head.

"Sorry, sir", the clerk said.

The tall man turned to leave. As he turned a small pin fell out of his pocket and onto the floor. "Yup, it's too bad. They was maighty tasty and free too. I guess I'll just have to wait for them to come round again. I'm sure they'll be by in a couple of weeks. Damn good cookies and shit. They was free too." He added, walking out of the store.

The clerk got out a broom and a dustpan and started sweeping up the floor. As he emptied the dustpan he noticed a small Girl Scouts of America pin. The clerk picked up the pin and looked at it closely. It had a small speck of red on it. He tossed it in the trash can. It went right in. Swish! Two points. He wondered if he might be able to try out for the basketball team next season, but he shrugged off the idea and put the broom and dustpan back and started wiping off the counter with an old rag and a spray bottle.

The bell rang again. A woman who could only be described as a soccer mom stuck her head in. "Excuse me, have you seen my daughter and her friend in here?"

"Ummmm, what do they look like?"

"They're both about seven years old, wearing girl scout uniforms." She said.

"Nope, haven't seen 'em."

"Thanks anyway." She said, closing the door.

He sat back on the stool and picked up his magazine. He turned the page and started to read a new article. He looked up. suddenly.