Creative writing on a day in the life of a cookie thief

Business, Marketing



Cock-A-Doodle-Doo!!! The sound of the rooster pierces my dreams. My eyes open widely to the dark of the morning. I lie in bed thinking about what I will do today knowing I must go to work earlier than usual, as yesterday was not very profitable. The street markets were full of vagrants begging, and there were more food being given out than sales being made. This always makes my job so difficult, seeing that hand-outs mean no takings.

I stand from my bed, and walk to the dressing table. I splash crisp, cold water in my face to wake up. My mother yells up to me, "Breakfast!" I quickly throw on my trousers and a shirt, buttoning as I run down the stairs. There is a bountiful breakfast of apples, bread and butter, fresh farm eggs and ham; it looks disgusting. I hate hearty breakfast. "Why must we always have hearty breakfast, Mother?" "What else would you like, Child?" "Cookies?" "Those are the devil's food and you must not eat them. Now, eat your breakfast. Or you'll be late for work."

I shovelled a few bites of eggs in my mouth, chewed quickly and swallowed fast. I rinsed the after taste down with bread and a swig of cow's milk. Vile, this breakfast, but Mother was right. I could not be late to work. I walked to the wheat mill and made sure Mr. Perkins saw me. He was the owner, and trusted I did my work whilst he napped in the barn—like every day. I quickly, ran to the street markets. There were several bakers and farmer's wives at the market today. I had hit the jackpot. I snuck around tables and wagons, distracting the women with my doe like eyes and charm. Then, snatching what I could off the table. For the men, I waited until another market goer distracted them, and then hoisted all the confectionary goodness I could off their table of gold.

Who am I? I am a cookie thief. A sinner in my Mother's eyes, but I cannot live without cookies--lovely and amazing, delectable, delicious cookies. I steal them every day.