

Cookie Crumbles

From the hallway he looked into the kitchen. The house was quiet; the hour was late. The light from a hanging chandelier illuminated a single container of cookies on the kitchen table. These were not just any cookies -- these cookies were chocolate chip cookies. They called to him.

He walked from the dark hallway toward the light. His mouth began to water as he imagined ripping open the plastic container and cramming a handful of delicious chocolate chip cookies into his mouth. His heartbeat and pace quickened as he made his way across the room. He grabbed the container of cookies violently and ripped the top off completely sending it flying across the room -- he did not at this point care where (or if) it landed.

He was completely out of control. His vision was blurred with pure chocolate desire. He wrapped his eager fingers around three of the cookies clutching them almost but not quite to the point of crumbling, and he excitedly lifted them to his now wide-open mouth. For a fleeting instant he thought of pouring a glass of milk -- but there wasn't time. He closed his eyes as all three cookies were inserted at once, and the wonderfully anticipated flavor of cookie dough and chocolate began to make its welcome presence known in a delightful symphony of tastes and textures...

Except that it didn't. Suddenly the sweet symphony clattered and clanged to a clumsy stop. A realization of truth began to spread from the mouth to the face and then on to the rest of the body. Taste buds raged and screamed of betrayal. Something had gone dreadfully wrong. Truth begat disappointment, and disappointment begat anger, and anger begat rejection -- he spat the three partially chewed cookies into the nearby trash can, turned on his heels, and stumbled back into the darkness. He carried a heavy mix of anger and disappointment into the night.

Sadly, those were not chocolate chips in those cookies -- they were raisins.

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