



“May I
Please Have
A Cookie?”

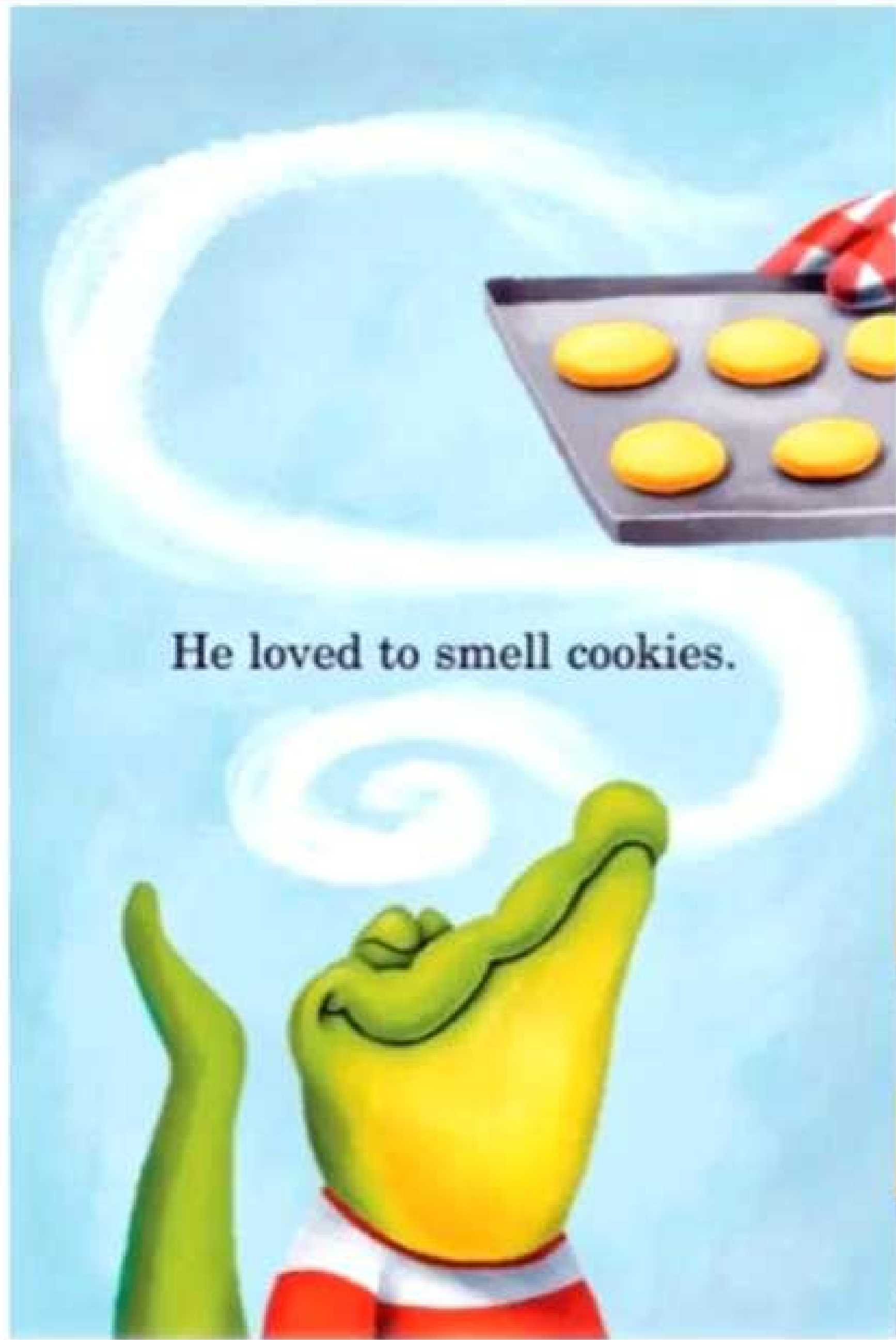


Mommy was baking cookies.



Alfie loved cookies.

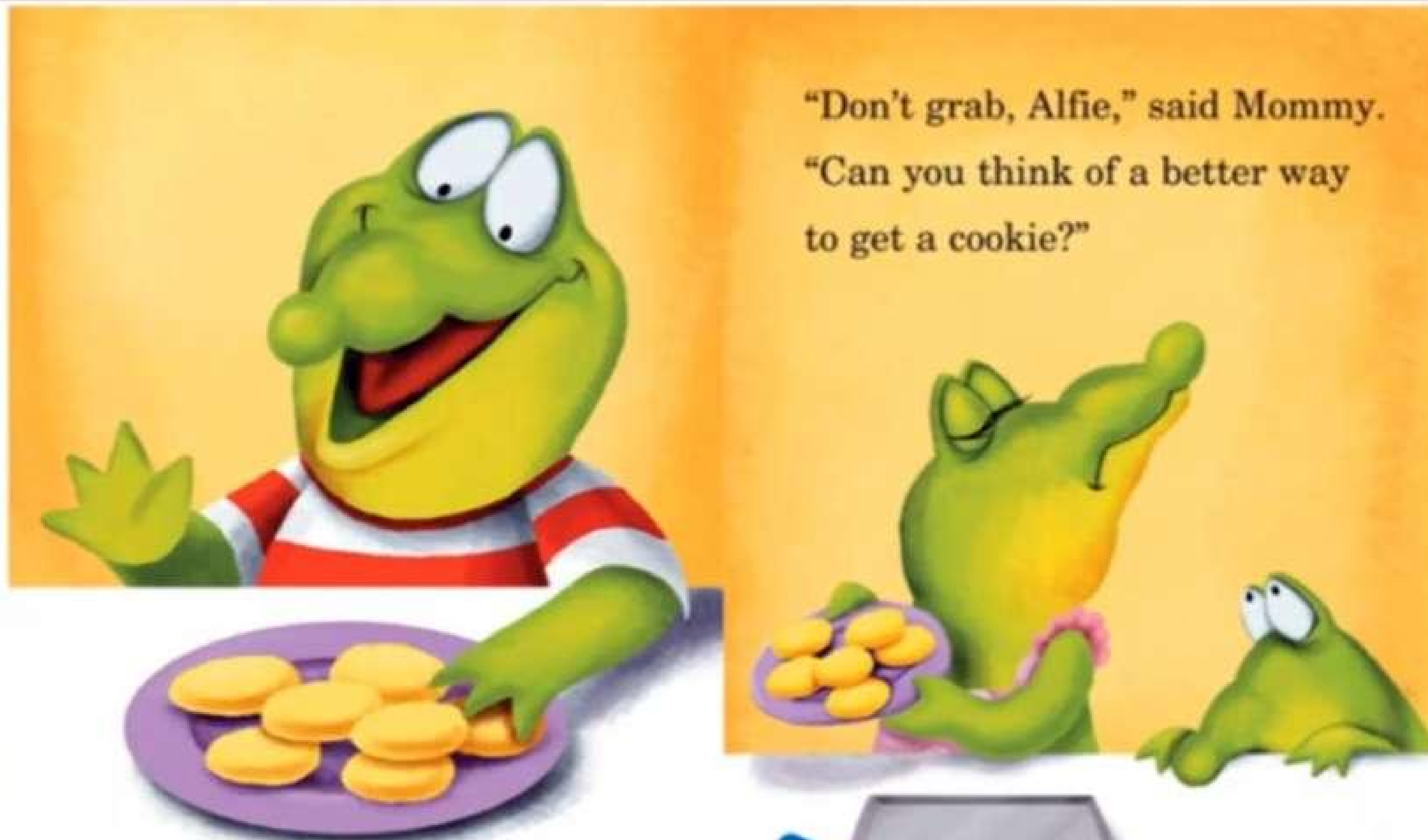




He loved to smell cookies.

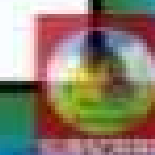
He loved to look at cookies.





“Don’t grab, Alfie,” said Mommy.
“Can you think of a better way
to get a cookie?”

But most of all, Alfie loved to eat
cookies.



Alfie thought



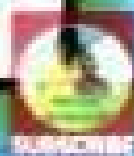
and thought

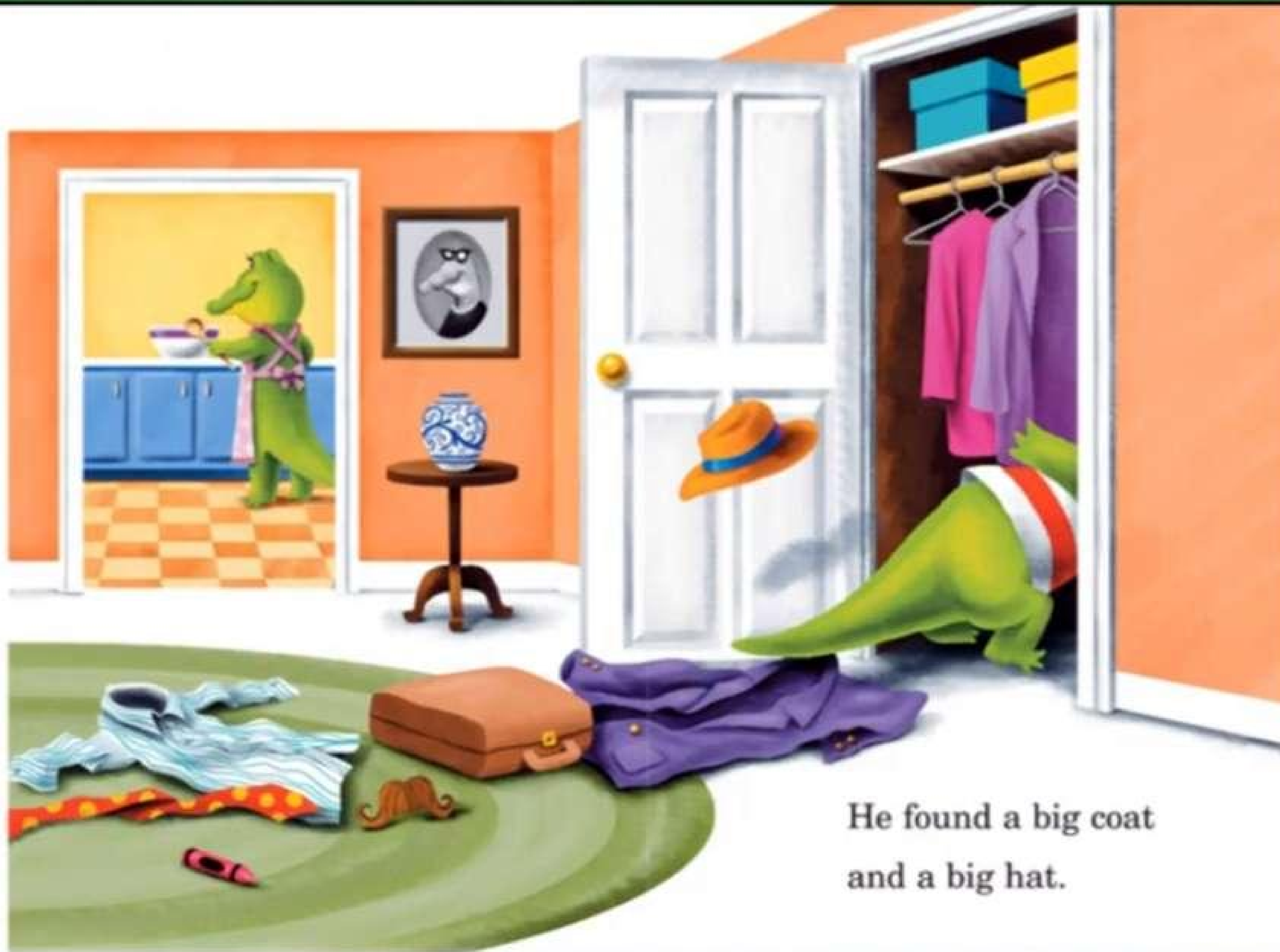


and thought.

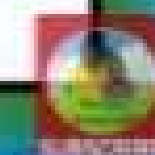


Then Alfie got
an idea.





He found a big coat
and a big hat.



"I want a cookie,"
said Alfie in a big,
deep voice.

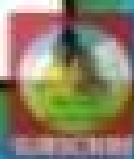
Oops.



“No, Alfie,” said Mommy.
“Think of a better way to get
a cookie.”



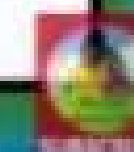
Alfie had another idea.
He went outside.



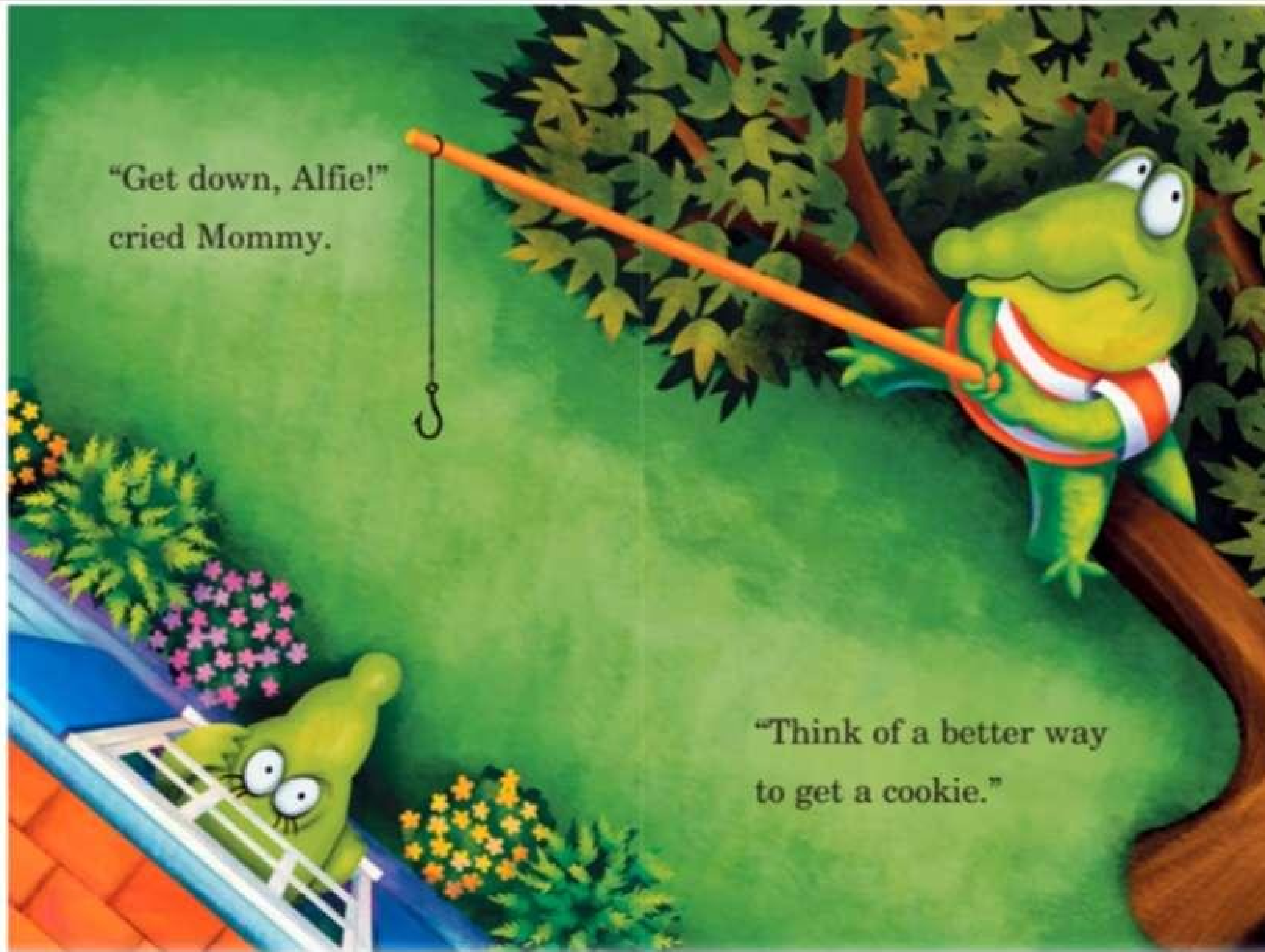


Mommy put icing on the cookies.

Then she saw something.



“Get down, Alfie!”
cried Mommy.



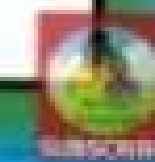
“Think of a better way
to get a cookie.”

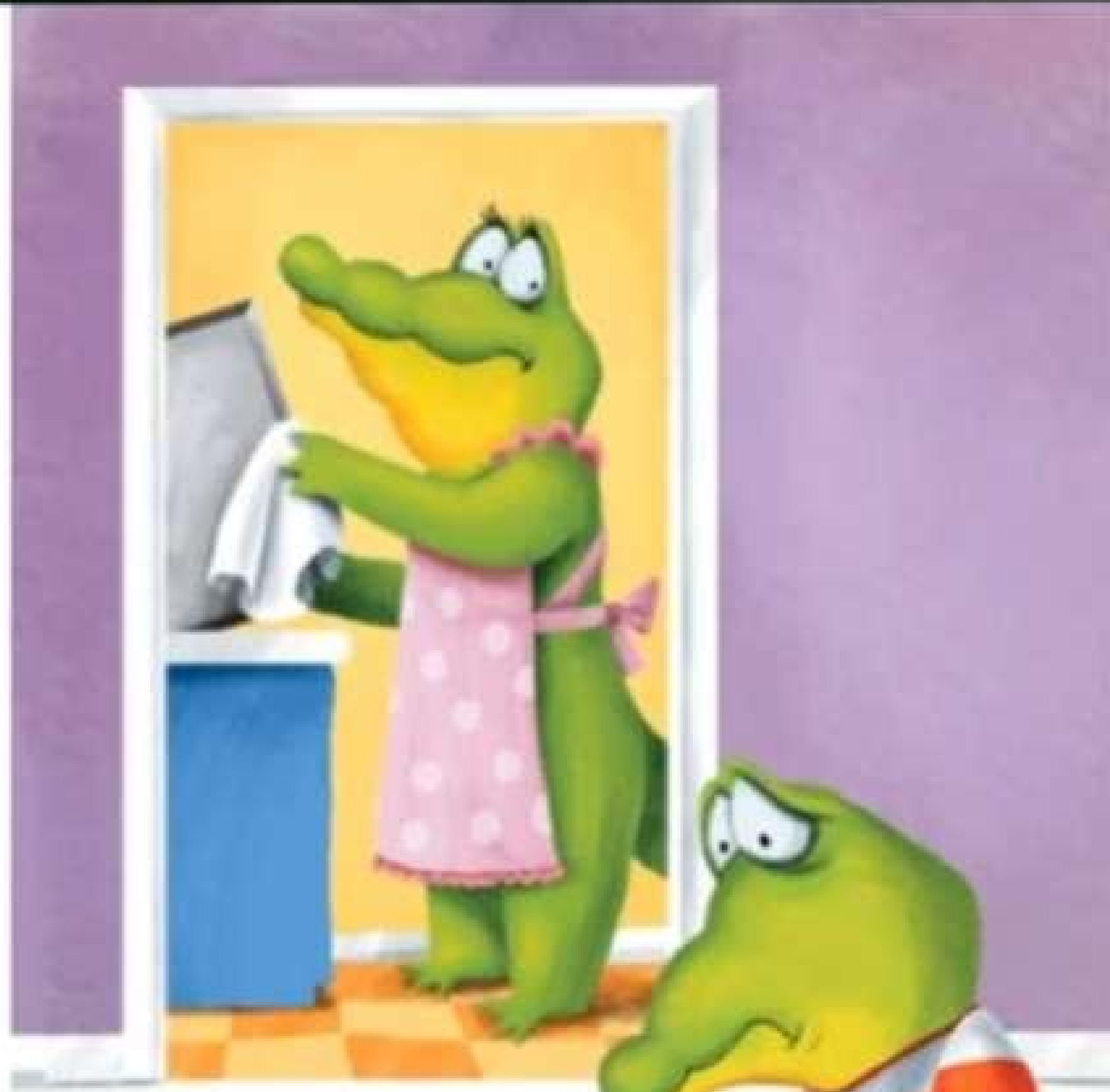


Alfie thought of another idea.
He went to his room and got
some paper.



He cut and he colored.
Soon Alfie had his own cookies.

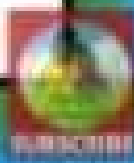
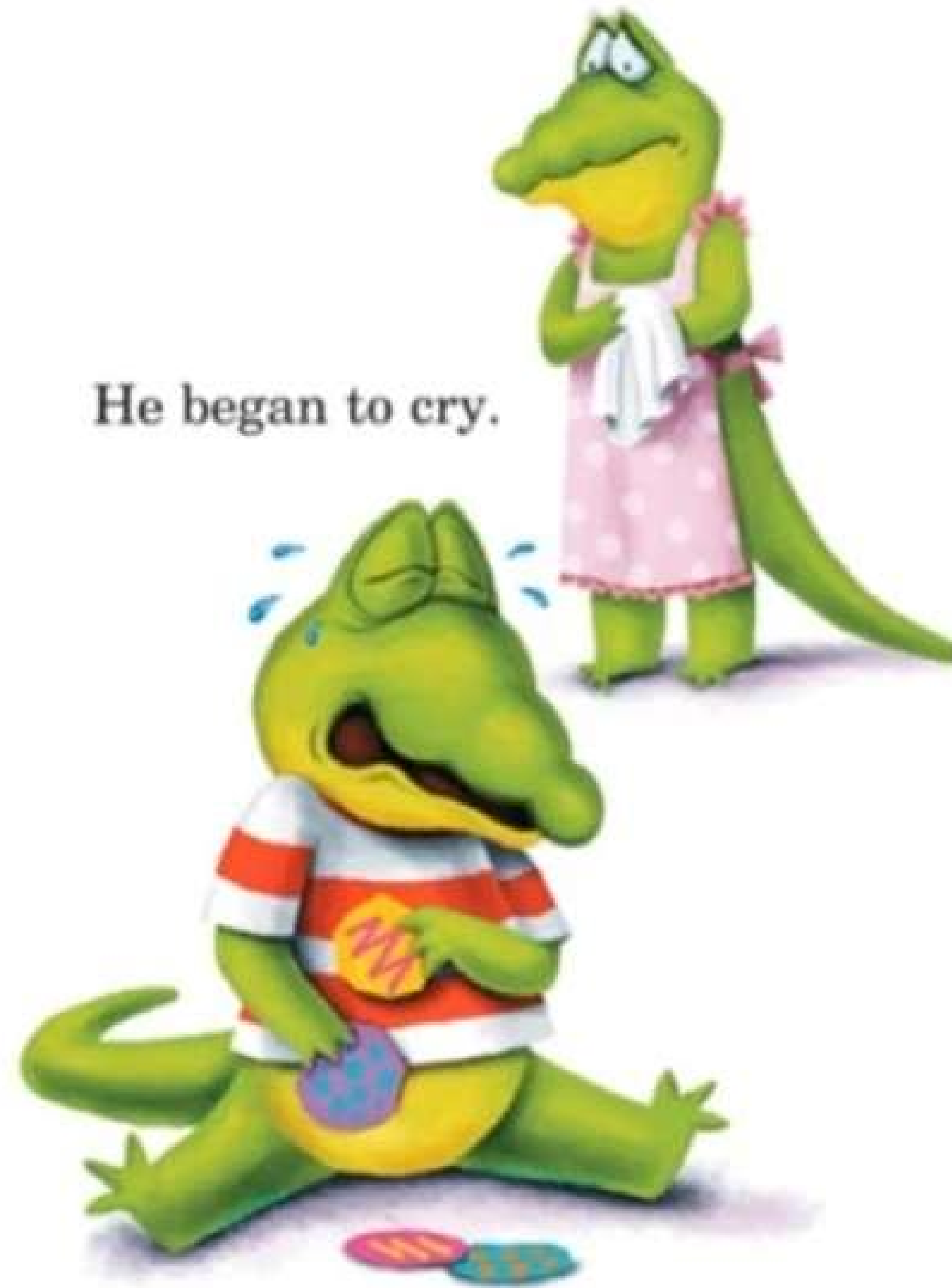




But he still wanted
a real cookie.



He began to cry.



Mommy hugged Alfie.
"Your cookies look yummy.
May I please have one?"



Then Alfie had the best idea
of all.



“Mommy, may I please have
a cookie?” he said.





"Yes, you may, Alfie," said Mommy.

"Thank you," said Alfie.

"You're welcome," said Mommy.

