

The Cookie-Thief Ghost

with Katy the Kid

By Tygo Lee

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Hey, here comes my good friend Katy the Kid walking up the street.

Hi ya, Katy. What's up?

"Halloween, Tygo! *Halloween* is up!"

Oh yeah.

"You *forgot* about it, right!"

Uh, well, no, uh, not too much.

"You *forgot* about it, and I wanna see a *ghost* this Halloween!"

Sure. No problem, Katy. There are *always* a bunch of ghosts around everywhere.

"Hooray! But I asked my mommy about this before I came up here to see ya and she said that there are *no ghosts*. No ghosts anywhere, Tygo!"

Uh-oh.

"But *now* I know that I can see a ghost this Halloween!"

Yikes. I'm gonna get in trouble with her mommy again.

Look, Katy, I was just kidding about the ghosts. You see, the deal is...

"Kidding? Then you *lied* to me, Tygo, you lied!"

Well, uh...

"Adults aren't supposed to lie to kids, right, Tygo? But *you* lied to me!"

I did not! I would never do that, Katy. There are ghosts *all over the place* and I had one in my house when I was a kid. It was... oops!

"Hooray! So tell me about your ghost, Tygo. Come on, tell me, will ya. Will ya? Go ahead and tell me."

Her mommy's going to kill me. I just know it. I should've told Katy that... well, okay. I got it.

Katy, look, I'll tell you the story if you promise me you'll do something for me.

"You don't want me to give you the candy I have with me, do you, Tygo?"

No! Don't be silly. You see, uh, hey, that's one of my *favorite* candies. Yeah, I *love* that stuff! I always...

"Tygo!"

Well, okay. But I *do* like that candy.

Here's the deal. I tell you the ghost story, and you promise not to tell your mommy that I said that there are ghosts or that I told you any story at all. Are we good on that?

"Deal!"

My intuition tells me this isn't going to go well for me. But, okay, here goes.

You see, when I was a little kid around your age, my own mommy used to bake homemade cookies almost every week. And I *love* cookies, Katy, especially my mommy's!

"Yeah, Tygo, yeah!"

But she only let me have maybe two or three at a time, and especially none right before lunch or dinner.

"That's really bad, Tygo. Bad. My mommy does the same thing. Do you suppose my mommy talked to your mommy and that's why they both make us suffer a lot like that?"

Well, could be. I guess. Maybe. Although I don't think my mommy knows your... Gee whiz. You got me distracted with that!

Back to the story. Pay attention now, okay?

So, I wanted to eat a bunch of cookies, you know what I mean? And especially the first day when they were really fresh.

"Yeah, a bunch. A whole bunch! That's why you're my friend, Tygo. You and I know all about cookie eating!"

Got that right, Katy! And here's what I did about the not-eating-too-many rule.

I would quietly sneak into the kitchen when my mommy was busy, and secretly take five or six more cookies from the cookie jar she had on the kitchen counter.

"Wow, and she never knew about it?"

I don't think so because she never said anything about it.

"Cool, Tygo!"

But, after doing that maybe three times when she had baked new, fresh cookies, the next time I snuck into the kitchen again... the cookie jar was empty! It was *empty*, Katy!

"Huh? That's not good! So what happened to the cookies, Tygo?"

The only thing I could figure out is that a cookie ghost had entered my house, wanted all my cookies for itself, and so it took them out of the jar and hid them somewhere else.

“That’s one bad ghost, Tygo! I don’t like that ghost at all!”

You said it, Katy! Yeah, you’re right. We’re friends because we *understand* each other!

“So, you didn’t get to eat any cookies anymore, Tygo?”

I’m not finished. I decided I was *not* going to lose all my cookies to some Cookie-Thief Ghost, so I looked all around the kitchen, and I found them hidden in a different place!

“Yeah, that’s it. Go looking for them! And? Then what, Tygo? Then what?”

So everything was cool that time. I munched a whole bunch of cookies as I’d done before. Well, it was cool *that* time.

“What do you mean?”

You see, the next time she baked cookies, I checked the cookie jar first. Nope, no cookies. No problem, I thought. So I went to the cookie ghost’s hiding place, and they were not there either!

“No way, Tygo. No way!”

Hey, that’s the story, exactly as it happened.

“And then?”

Once again, I decided I was *not* going to lose all my cookies to some Cookie-Thief Ghost, so I looked all around the kitchen, and I found them hidden in yet a different place!

“Wow, you were really good at hunting down cookies, Tygo.”

You better believe it, Katy. I *loved* the fresh, homemade cookies my mommy made!

“So then everything was great, right!”

Not exactly. Actually, not at all. The next time she baked cookies, they had disappeared again, and I couldn’t find them in *any* of the three previous places!

“That’s really irritating, Tygo! Super irritating!”

Huh? Irrigating? Ah, you mean “irritating.”

“Yeah, Tygo. Super irritating!”

“So did you cry a lot, or break some things in the house, or kick the furniture, or something like that?”

Come on, Katy. I would’ve *never* done anything like that. I was a good little kid. I just got out my crayons and wrote bad stuff about the cookie-thief ghost all over the walls of our kitchen.

“Wow, I would’ve *never* thought of doing that! Wow. What did your mommy do?”

Uh, I don’t want to talk about that, Katy. Let’s just forget about that part of the story. Definitely. Let’s forget about that part.

“So? The ghost, Tygo, the ghost! Then it got *all* your cookies from then on?”

Well, after my mommy calmed down a lot and I explained to her about the bad Cookie-Thief Ghost, she gave me a really strange look, and then said she *knew* about those kinds of ghosts.

“No kidding, Tygo? She *knew* about them!”

Yeah, and she said that from that time on, if I only ate the number of cookies that she told me to, and not right before meals, then the ghost would probably not hide all the rest anymore because it could share some of them with me.

“Hmmm. And what did you say?”

Well, as you can imagine, I wasn’t into sharing my cookies at all with no ghost thief. But then she said that if I didn’t do it, it would probably start hiding all my candies and other favorite stuff I had in the kitchen too. And then there wouldn’t be *anything* left for me! Nothing at all!

“No way, Tygo. No way! That’s one *really* bad, mean, ugly ghost you had in your house!”

You said it, Katy! And until this day, I clearly remember that tricky, sneaky, Cookie-Thief Ghost who came to stay in my house with us.

“Cool story, Tygo!”

Cool? Cool! Hey, Katy. That darn ghost forced me to only eat just a little of the good stuff at one time, and not munch down bunches as I’d always done!

“Yeah, Tygo. Sorry. But now I know that there *really are* ghosts and that I can maybe see one this Halloween in *my* house. Hooray!”

Well, okay. I guess there’s sort of a happy ending to my story. But for *you*, not for *me*!

“Great! I’m gonna go tell my mommy about your story now and let her know that *she was wrong* about there not being no ghosts anywhere. She was *wrong*, Tygo. Yeah!”

Uh-oh. Wait, Katy. We had a deal, remember?

“But first, I gotta go find all my candies and any cookies or other good stuff in our kitchen, and I’m gonna hide it all before a Cookie-Thief Ghost enters *my* house.”

Uh, Katy. Look, it was just a story. Well, it was a *true* story. Darn ghost! But you shouldn’t go tell your mommy that...

“Thanks a bunch, Tygo! You’re a *really* good friend.”

Katy, uh, let’s talk this over a little. Uh, how about a glass of milk? Yeah. And I have some cookies in my house now. We can sit out on my front porch and...

“See ya, Tygo! I’ll tell ya about *my* ghost when it visits, okay? See ya!”

Katy, no! Please. Katy!

Noooooooooooooo!

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