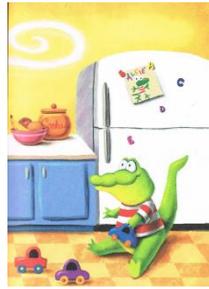
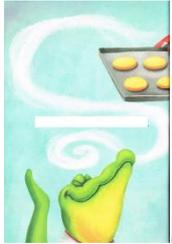


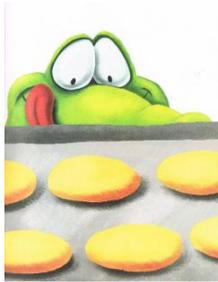
Mommy was baking cookies.



Alfie loved cookies.



He loved to smell cookies.



He loved to look at cookies.



But most of all, Alfie loved to eat cookies.

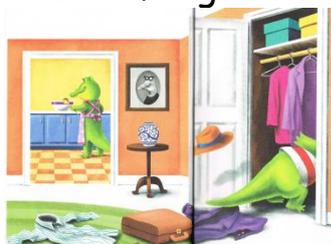
"Don't grab, Alfie," said Mommy.
"Can you think of a better way to get a cookie?"



Alfie thought and thought and thought.



Then Alfie got an idea.

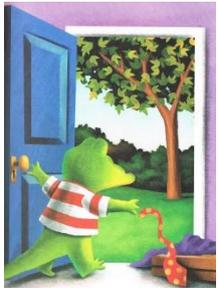


He found a big coat and a big hat.



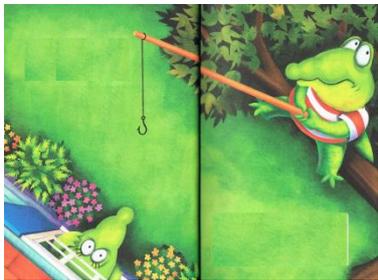
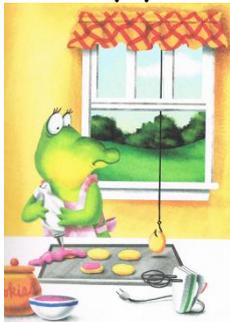
"I want a cookie," said Alfie in a big deep voice.

"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."

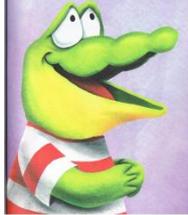
Alfie thought of another idea. He went to his room and got some paper. He cut and he colored. Soon Alfie had his own cookies.



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.

