

WHERE ARE MY COOKIES?

**WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED
NATHAN D'SOUZA**

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO MY
BELOVED ENGLISH TEACHER MS.
ALPHONSA MICHAEL.

“How are you today, Atticus?” Mark asked his pet.

Atticus was special to Mark, a very kind and compassionate dog.



Mark and Atticus had one thing in common.



They had a strange hobby of cookie-eating.

It was a tranquil Tuesday. Mark and Atticus were playing in the backyard as usual...





Suddenly Atticus returned to Mark... It was as-if
he had remembered something.



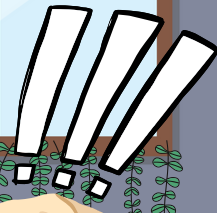
Mark looked at his watch, “3pm..... Cookie-Time
Atticus!”. “Wooodf”, Atticus replied.

They had returned from their fun experience...



But they felt happy, as it was cookie-time!!

However, when they returned they noticed that something was missing...



“Where’s the cookie jar, Atticus?” He asked his pet. But Atticus just said “Woof”.



“The cookie jar is missing Atticus!” Exclaimed
Mark



“And we are going to have to find it!” He
continued. Atticus replied, “Woooooof!”

They first asked their neighbor, Miss Haskins...



But she claimed that she hadn't seen the cookies.
She was honest, surely, she wouldn't lie.

They next went to the park. Just to ask if anyone had, by chance, seen their jar.



They asked Mr. Howe, Mrs. Ume and Mrs. Dex. But none of them had seen the jar.



They decided that they would return to their house and search there...

They began the house search with the backyard.



They searched endlessly....

But they still couldn't find their beloved cookie jar.

Finally they decided to look at the last place in the house...



That place was Mark's attic.

The attic was very old and dusty, as it belonged to Mark's Grandmother.



Mark's Grandmother's name was Grandma Yolanda Merriwhether.

They managed to climb up the ladder, but the attic was very dusty.



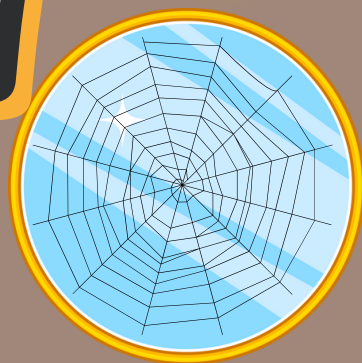
They saw an old chest and heard some meows.

With hesitation Mark and Atticus looked behind the chest...



Only to find their cookie jar with the cat that managed to get up the ladder.

The cat let out an innocent
meow...



Y.M



“Oh Kitty, how did you end up with this jar?”
Mark asked the cat.



Knowing he wouldn't receive a response, he slowly took the jar away.



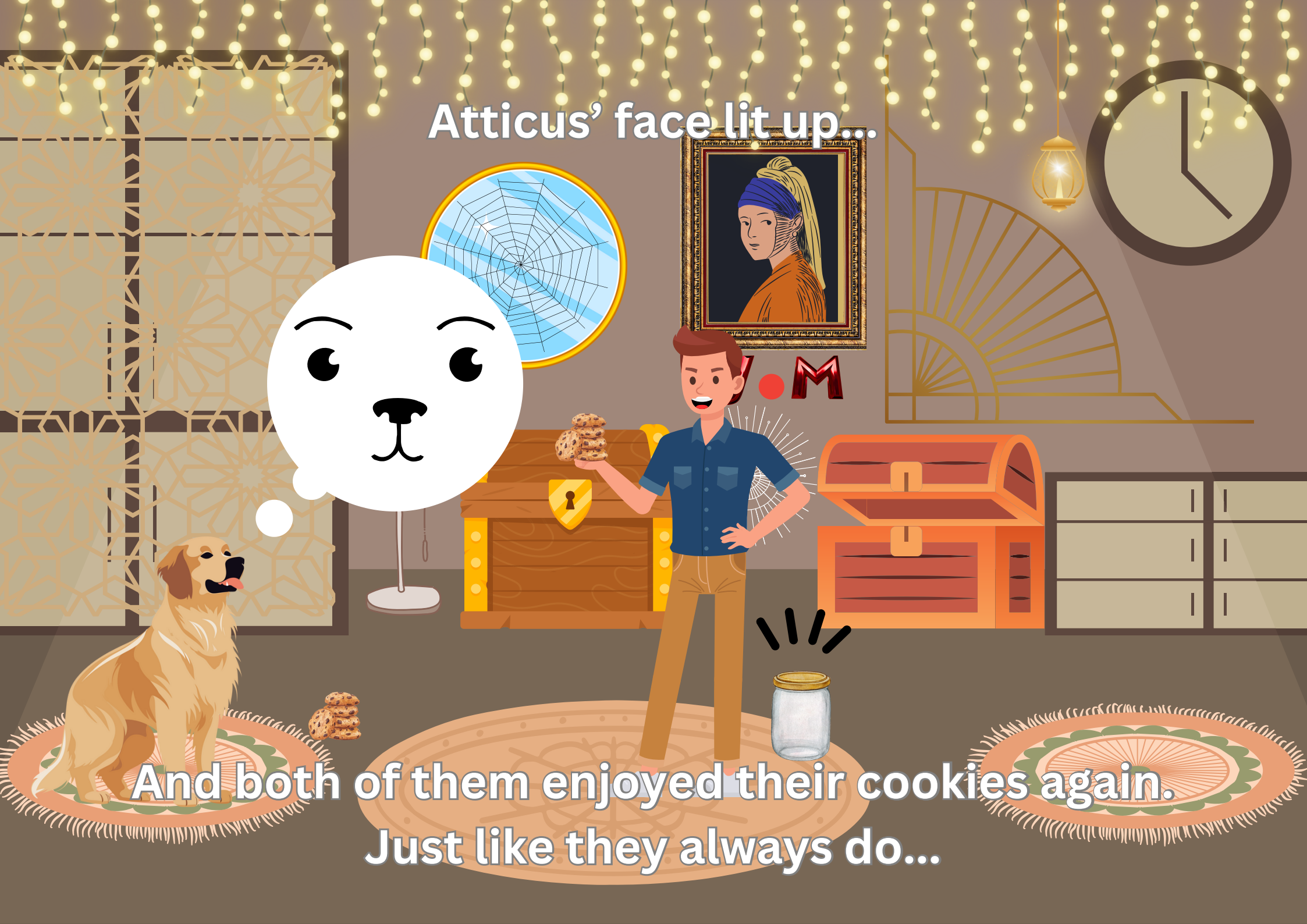
"It's 5 o'clock... Guess it's too late for cookie-time." Mark said.

“Woof” Atticus let out a sad woof...



“But it’s never too late for a cookie!” Mark exclaimed.

Atticus' face lit up...

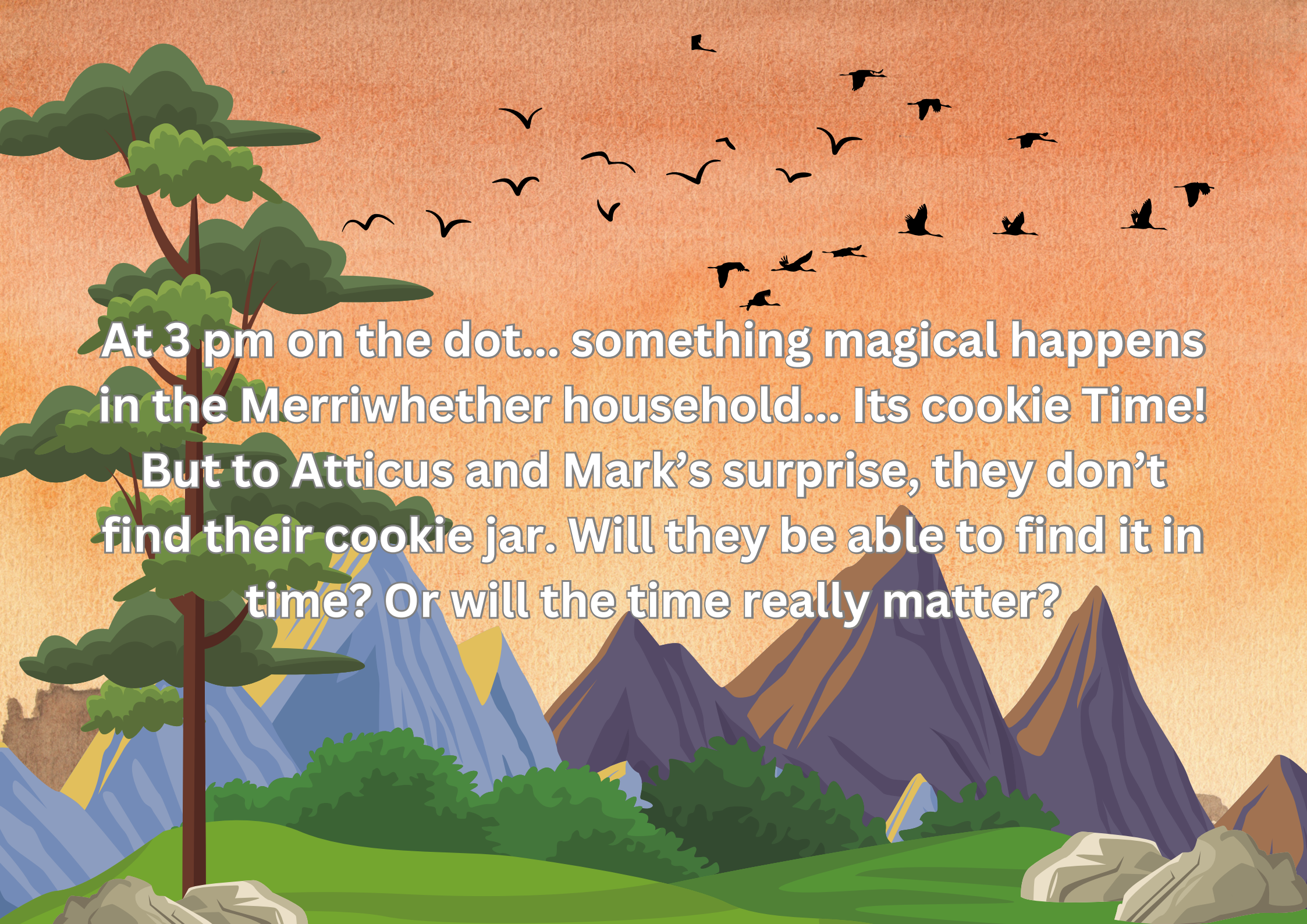


And both of them enjoyed their cookies again.
Just like they always do...

About the Author

Born in 2010 in the beautiful city of Dubai, student, writer and active dreamer, Nathan Dsouza loves to share experiences and explore the world using his gift of writing and being able to tell stories using remarkable use of imagery and wordings. His book 'Where are my cookies?' talks about the special bond that humans share with their pets, even at an emotional level. It also shows how interconnected they can be.





**At 3 pm on the dot... something magical happens
in the Merriwhether household... Its cookie Time!
But to Atticus and Mark's surprise, they don't
find their cookie jar. Will they be able to find it in
time? Or will the time really matter?**